

## Vignette

I used to not like music much at all, just the little songs coming from my video game console. Now, I am completely in my own world with my own style of music. I started to like music in like 7th grade, but not really that much. I never really knew why I didn't like music because my dad always was trying to get me into it. He has records upon records of just any type of music really, but the main style that he liked was reggae. But, to my dad's disliking, I never did, so whenever he talked or played his music, I never wanted to listen. And he took me to record stores constantly, even though I absolutely hated it.

Anyway, I did sorta like rock music, and from there I branched off. I'd get introduced, and I'd find some new bands, and all of a sudden, I was totally into it. I then had a sudden yearning to play the guitar, because all my life my dad had an acoustic guitar in his room, that no one in my family including him could play. So I wanted to learn play it to all my favorite songs really badly. So I tried to learn them myself, on youtube. It was pretty useful, but I couldn't learn my favorite songs, what I really wanted was an electric guitar. But this reminded me of a past memory. From 5th to 8th grade, I went to a music school. That Means that I was taught music theory and HAD to play an instrument. I didnt want to end up with no interest again, as I had went through many instruments before. Maybe this one will stick.

So, I asked my dad about getting a guitar. He was skeptical, because I had already asked him about two other instruments that had been long gone now. Ah, drums and trumpet, my old instruments that had left behind. They had always served as a reminder about how I never followed through with not one, but two things in my life. And of course, my dad referred to these things once again. But this time, I had a better argument. Those instruments were through school, and were basically forced upon me. But this new interest was my idea, not anyone else's. My dad eventual told me this: If I learned the basics on the old acoustic guitar, he'd maybe look into getting me an electric one. And you may be thinking, "wow that was easy", but my dad always was trying to get me into a sport or a hobby, and here I was asking *him* to start one. After maybe a month of learning chords (i was bad), my dad told me some great news. His friend, and my friends dad, was offering to let me borrow one of his guitars. This came as a surprise to me, because I thought no one would let some kid borrow an expensive piece of machinery. But here we are. So one night, we walked over to his house and picked up the guitar, and an amp. It was sweet! I was so looking forward to picking it up and playing it with all of these cool effects and sounds. I had finally found something that seemed like it was for me, and I loved it.

Fast forward to now, a few months later, and I have my own guitar all for myself. I went through a few of his guitars, each one with more to learn from the last. But it was totally worth the trouble, because I have an awesome guitar with a few skills for myself. I feel like I really belong. One thing that really stuck with me throughout this experience was what he said to me each time I was getting a guitar. He told me that you don't need lessons, just learn it yourself, there is no wrong way to learn. That really showed me that if you really want to do something, sometimes, you just try yourself. This is really the only thing that I have tried for myself, and I think my work will pay off.