

# The Violinist

## by Joseph Dunn

Adam was strolling along the main street of London. He was the commander of The Army of London and lived a rich life in a house near the centre of the great city. It was a bright summer day in the middle of July. The street was packed with people, merchants and servants running around buying the necessary provisions. The noise was immense, people shouting, store holders declaring prices and their customers arguing about the sums of money demanded.

Meanwhile in a gigantic almost silent graveyard complete with five thousand head stones, on the outskirts of London, a musician was playing sorrowful music at the foot of his mothers grave. Suddenly a grave close by ripped apart and a half man, half skeleton emerged and walked towards him. His name was evil Eric. He spoke in a deathly voice. "If you give me that violin, musician, I will spare you life."

"I will do so but may I ask what you are?" stammered the petrified musician. After a pause the terrible voice replied, "I have been resurrected from the dead by your music and will take over the world. NOW hand over that instrument!" Shakily the musician handed over the violin and ran for his life.

Ghostly Eric waited until darkness had fallen before strolling among the graves playing the sorrowful music that the musician had been playing. All around him graves were splitting open and skeletal forms were emerging. Soon five thousand half skeletons were ready to try and take over the world.

A few minutes later in London the musician hurried through the city gates. He bumped into Adam.

Then the musician said “Do you command London’s army?”

“Yes I do” replied Adam. The musician stammered “In a graveyard outside the city an army of five thousand skeletons is about to invade and they will invade tomorrow.” Soon the two of them were running towards the army command centre. When they got there Adam spoke into a microphone which came out of loud speakers situated around strategic points in London. “Citizens of London we are about to be invaded by an army of the dead. London warriors get to your battle stations.”

Soon ten thousand warriors were in position on the wall and ready for battle. It was nightfall when the attacking army arrived. Their speed was phenomenal. They could jump as high as a two storey house and with one punch they could throw a man ten feet backwards. The only advantage the warriors of London had were numbers, swords, shields, bows and arrows. The dead army had no weapons. They were gradually getting closer and closer. Suddenly the Dead sprinted so fast towards the walls they were like blurs. The battle had begun.

Five thousand arrows were released but they all missed because the enemy were running so fast. Then before they could fire again they had jumped right over the top of the wall. Soon they were beaten back into huge fields. Adam was fighting as hard as he could but the next thing he knew was a rock hurtling towards him. He was knocked unconscious and remembered nothing

more. When he woke up some of the warriors were walking around collecting the dead. Adam walked up to one of them and said "What happened?" The man replied "We won the battle but lost half of our troops but the violin has been recovered."

Adam went back to London a happy man. He found the musician and returned the violin. From that day on, the musician played joyful music. He didn't feel sad any more because he had met someone and started a new family. It was good to be alive.