

## Violin

A beautiful instrument,  
Sounds like a perfect voice singing to me.

Its gentle strings,

Its lovely music.

Day after day I try to get it right.

I play soft but it sounds horrible.

I want to give up, but I know I can't.

The big shiny light pointing at me to play.

I couldn't move a muscle.

Everyone stared at me waiting.

My heart tried to help.

I just couldn't listen.

I looked at my mother like I was about to cry.

But then I knew she saw I could.

I played soft and the best.

When I saw everyone was with rejoice a tear of joy came down my face.

I didn't come last or third,

I came out the best.