

Busking For Change

I thought that music was the answer to my depression. I have busked for two years, every single day from 10am until 4pm. That's over 4,000 hours of trying!

The black hole opened when I left my wife. I met her at college. She understood my need to spend time alone, but she started talking babies and I couldn't cope. It might turn out like me.

As a baby I cried a lot, and as a toddler I touched things that I shouldn't. I also wet the bed. However much my mother smacked me, I couldn't stop. She told me to pray for forgiveness, I prayed hard.

I didn't have friends at school. My mum said no one wanted to play with an ugly naughty boy, so I sat on my own. At break time I watched the others play. It felt safer on my own, not upsetting anyone.

I became so anxious with my wife's baby talk, that I picked up my battered guitar, a bag with a few clothes and bible, and walked into the darkness.

I have been in Cornwall for two years. By day I sing and play guitar in the High Street, then I go 'home' to my tiny hostel room, with a sandwich and bible for company. The rent is only £60 but I don't have enough for next week. People don't seem to carry spare cash now.

I have prayed hard, and realise that for God to save **me** I need to save other people *from* me. So today I leave, I have been saving my sleeping tablets.

I was going to wait until 4pm, but that seems pointless. No one will care, they won't even notice, it's 3:30 so that's it, I'm leaving.

Goodbye Penzance, goodbye world.

"Seth, you know that busker in town? I'm inviting him for dinner. He seems lovely. I want to ask if he could come over once a week for a meal and teach Gareth to play guitar. What do you think?"

"Are you sure he wants to learn?"

"Definitely! He walks past him every day and always comments"

"Then ask him! Don't forget he leaves at 4pm"

"I'll be there before four, I'll make a curry."

Judith was late finishing work. She made her way to the hole in the wall and withdrew the £100 to offer the busker as an incentive. She frowned as she realised that she didn't even know his name.

She pushed the cash into her pocket and made her way to the statue under the clock which said three fifty. "Just in time." He was nowhere to be seen.

"Odd, he's been here every day until 4pm for two years, even if it is raining."

She stared at the empty space where he always stood, as if by staring he would reappear. Then with a shrug of her shoulders, she turned away, not noticing the rubbish bin with the neck of a guitar peering forlornly out of the top.