



To My Beloved Fender Guitar,

Your black wooden body contours into such an iconic shape. The smell of nickel and sweat is potent from your strings. The once-alive flesh from my fingers tells a story on your newly polished fretboard. Your worn-out (yet still extremely tasteful) flamed maple neck grows bigger into a white plastic surface, scratched from the years of strumming. Under that scratched surface you gently house three single-coil pickups capable of sheer sonic power; you store rock and roll history under these simple yet so complex parts.

I feel in control of you (although at times you break down on me) and with the turn of your volume knob, I can make you sing through a face-melting solo or make you cry through a soulful blues riff. You produce rich sound in many diverse tongues thanks to your six-way pickup selection. Your tone knob allows me to bend your voice at my will. I can make you mutter or I can make you clear.

All the greats have played your type, including me of course. From the early rockabilly clean tunes of Buddy Holly, to the stoned melodies of Jimi Hendrix, to the cocaine-infused riffs of Eric Clapton, and to the heroin-driven runs of John Frusciante you have seen it all.

Among my vast collection of guitars, you are my favorite. As a son is to a dad, as a star is to a sky, as a fish is to the sea, you complete me. You are my best friend. When you talk, I listen; when you weep, I console; when you scream, I yell. You changed my life forever and for the better, and for that I thank you.