

IN THE CRACKS



I STILL REMEMBER
THE FIRST TIME I
EVER PLAYED A
GUITAR...

YEAH?
GO ON THEN.

EPISODE THREE: THE GUITAR

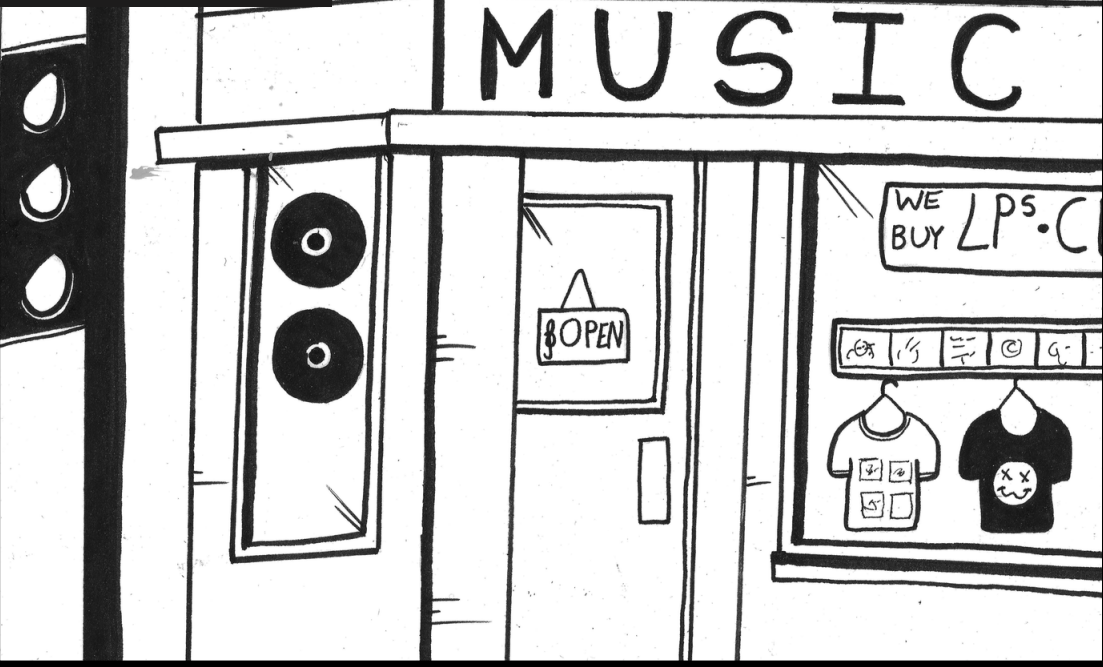
I WASN'T GOOD AT TALKING ABOUT MY PAST. MOST OF IT STAYED LOCKED AWAY WHERE NOBODY COULD POKE AT IT. OPENING UP, LETTING PEOPLE SEE THE BITS OF ME THAT STILL HURT—THAT WASN'T HOW I SURVIVED. VULNERABILITY GOT YOU HURT. BETTER TO SHRUG, CRACK A JOKE, CHANGE THE SUBJECT AND KEEP MOVING. BUT KEIRA WAS DIFFERENT.

SHE NEVER PUSHED. NEVER DUG FOR ANSWERS OR ACTED LIKE I OWED HER MY HISTORY. SHE JUST LISTENED WHENEVER I CHOSE TO SPEAK, AND SOMEHOW THAT MADE ME WANT TO. AROUND HER, THE WORDS DIDN'T FEEL LIKE WEAPONS SOMEONE COULD TURN BACK ON ME. THEY JUST FELT... SAFE.

I TOOK A SLOW BREATH, TRYING TO STEADY THE KNOT IN MY CHEST. IT WAS ONLY A STORY ABOUT A GUITAR. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I TOLD MYSELF. THEN I STARTED TALKING.



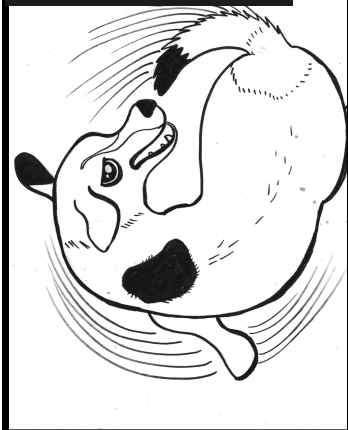
...I USED TO GO IN AND SPEND HOURS LOOKING AT THE VINYL.



IT WAS RUN BY THIS GUY MICK WHO WAS HARD AS NAILS.



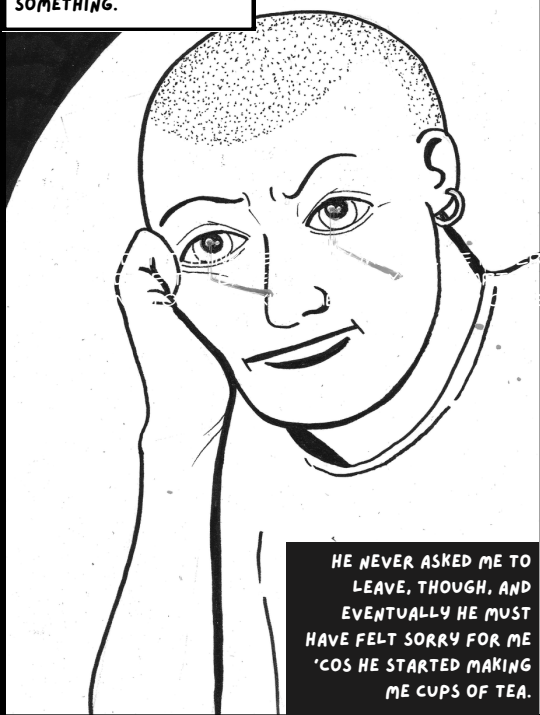
HE HAD THIS THICK AS SHIT DOG THAT WAS ALWAYS CHASING ITS TAIL.



I NEVER HAD ANY MONEY
TO SPEND. I WAS JUST
KEEPING OUT OF THE COLD.

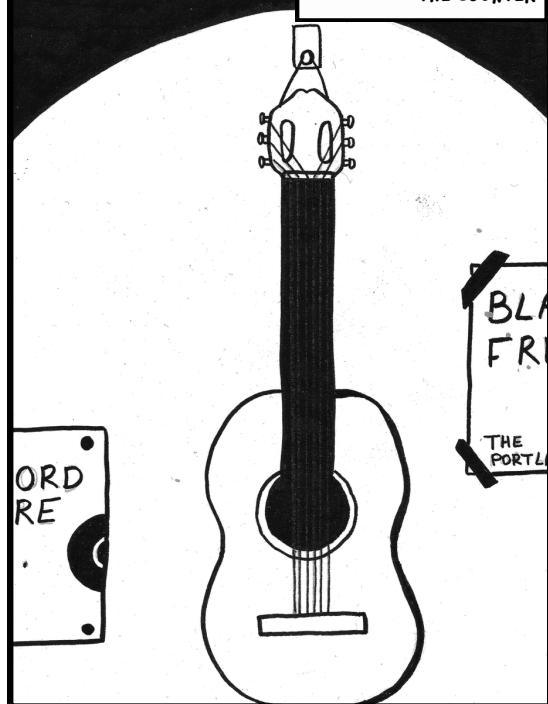


SOMETIMES MICK
WATCHED ME LIKE I WAS
GOING TO STEAL
SOMETHING.



HE NEVER ASKED ME TO
LEAVE, THOUGH, AND
EVENTUALLY HE MUST
HAVE FELT SORRY FOR ME
'COS HE STARTED MAKING
ME CUPS OF TEA.

THERE WAS THIS OLD
ACOUSTIC GUITAR THAT
HUNG BEHIND
THE COUNTER



ONE DAY, I FELT BRAVE,
AND I JUST ASKED.

HEY,
COULD I
PLAY
THAT?

RECORD
RE

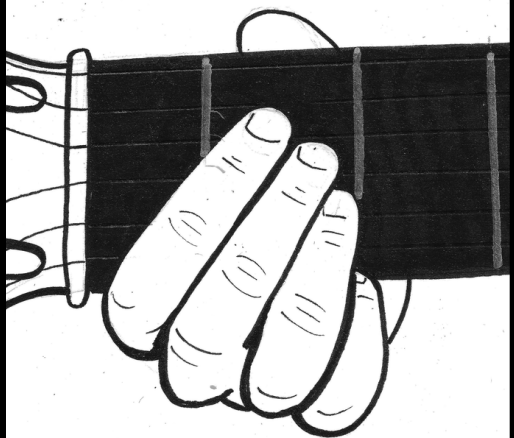
HE JUST SHRUGGED
AND HANDED IT TO ME.

RECORD
FAYRE
15th June

ROCK PUNK POP COUNTRY RAP

IT WAS NOTHING SPECIAL.
AND NEITHER WAS I. I'D
NEVER PLAYED GUITAR
BEFORE

BUT I LIKED HOW IT FELT...



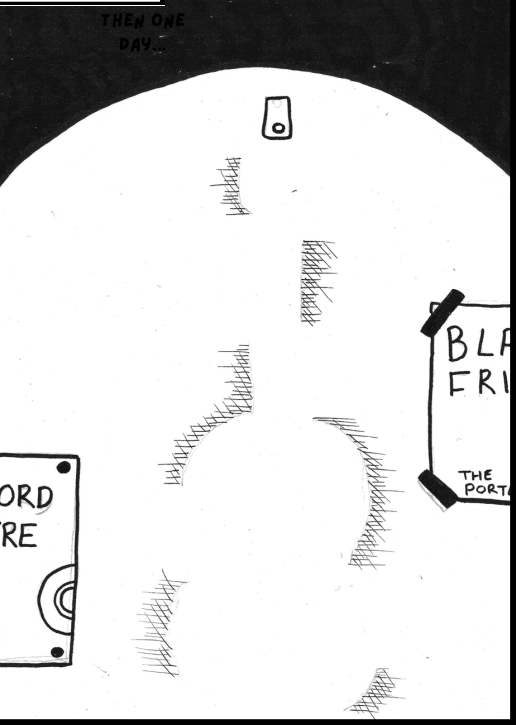
...AND HOW IT SOUNDED.



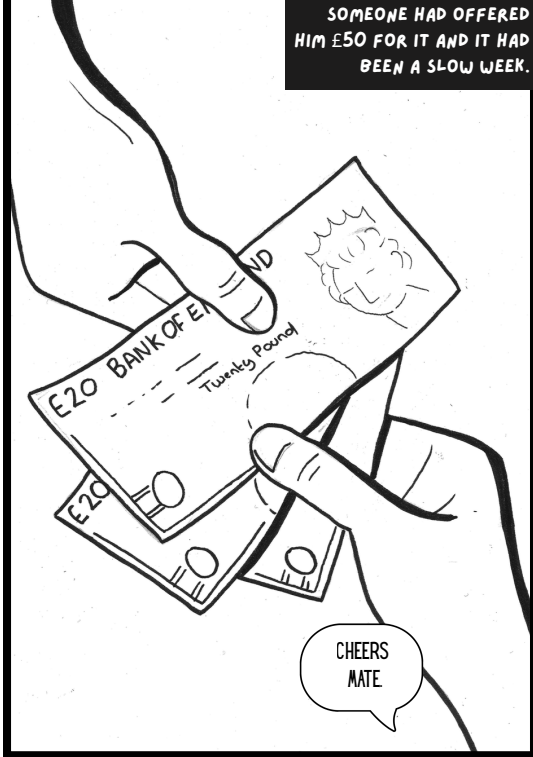
EVENTUALLY, IT GOT TO THE POINT WHERE I DIDN'T HAVE TO ASK. MICK WOULD SEE ME COMING AND JUST HAND IT TO ME.



THEN ONE DAY...



SOMEONE HAD OFFERED HIM £50 FOR IT AND IT HAD BEEN A SLOW WEEK.



I JUST WENT OUTSIDE AND SAT ON THE KERB.

I FELT MORE SAD THAN I
HAD IN A LONG TIME.



IT WAS LIKE I LOST
SOMEHITNG THAT DAY.



AND IT HADN'T EVEN
BEEN MINE TO
BEGIN WITH...



YEAH, BUT
THAT DOESN'T
MEAN IT DIDN'T
MATTER.

