

Death of a rock star: Sandra Faase

He'd seen Instagram videos of my blustering guitar riffs. Me, a girl of 18, knew nothing about old age or death. And there I was, preening to posture in front of an old man with a terminal illness. A famous old man at that.

I rapped on the mansion door and stared up at the CCTV. A woman in a white opened the door.

"Miss Minty is here to see you," the nurse shouted. She bustled me into the light-filled room. A slither of a man lay on a large bed surrounded by all manner of medical machinery.

The man shuffled slowly up against the pillows.

"Ah, the wonderful Miss Minty. Welcome."

I did not recognise him without his mane of black hair.

"I know, I know, Miss Minty. I'm not the man I used to be, but I'm still that man somewhere inside. It's not widely known that I wore a wig. And thank God they stayed on. Check them out in that room if you like, along with my guitar collection." He smiled for the first time, showing a mouth full of impossibly robust white teeth.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr Hartman."

"Please, Miss Minty, call me Ziggy. And what's your real name?"

"Romy."

"Such a great name, Miss Minty. Your mum picked well."

"It was my dad who picked it." I did not wish to correct him, but my mum wanted to call me Charlotte. Horrible.

"Well, it becomes you." His breath was becoming laboured, and he took a suck at the oxygen mask.

"Now, show me your guitar, Romy Minty."

I opened the case, which was the original velvet lined leather case.

"Ah. What good taste. A Gibson Les Paul. How did you manage that, Romy Minty?"

"It was my dad's. He had an accident at work and can no longer play. He was good."

"But so good he encouraged you." He motioned to the amp that had been set up in the corner of the room. "Plug in, Miss Minty. Let me hear you play."

Hendrix, Led Zep, Stones... and his most famous song: Forbidden. I played and played as he lay transfixed, a big smile on his face, his toe tapping under the starched sheets.

“Ms Minty, you inherit my guitar collection.”

I visited three more times and then he died. And good for his word, I inherited 20 of the best guitars ever.

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