



The Violin's Ghost

This book Belongs To: _____

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Mr. Grisini was a baker who lived in the north of Italy. He was a quiet, solitary man. Every Saturday afternoon, he donned a top hat and went out for a stroll through the city center.

One Saturday, Mr. Grisini put on his top hat to go out for his walk.

As usual, he stopped in front of the music shop. But this time he didn't stay outside gazing into the shop window, no. That afternoon Mr. Grisini walked decidedly into the shop to buy himself a violin.



"That's the one I like best," said the shopkeeper pointing to one of the violins hanging on the wall. "I like the color of the wood, it has four strings, and the price is right. Okay! I'll take it! Don't bother to wrap it; I'll take it just as is."



And that was that. He paid and hurried home because he was so impatient to start playing.

What Mr. Grisini didn't know was that he was about to become the victim of:

THE VIOLIN'S GHOST

Not in his wildest dreams could Mr. Grisini imagine what was about to

happen to him. He arrived home happy as a lark. Moments later, with just enough time to pull off his hat, he started playing the violin, nyiiii-nyiiii-nyiiii, filling the whole room with notes.

Poor Mr. Grisini's playing couldn't have been worse. It was just awful! Even the bugs couldn't bear the screeching! But he went on playing, nyiiii-nyiiii-nyiiii, unaware that he was making lots of noise, not music.



When the strings on the violin screeched like a cat whose tail had been pulled, suddenly, a ghostly figure appeared right in front of Mr. Grisini. Leaping lizards! What a fright! It was a real live ghost! A tall, thin, gloomy apparition with long wavy hair that fell over part of his pale, drawn face.

Naturally, Mr. Grisini was panic-stricken. His heart was beating so loudly that it sounded like the bass drum in a symphony orchestra—boom ba-boom boom-ba-boom!

Shaking like a leaf, he tossed his violin up into the air and ran out of the room as fast as he could.

A few days later, after he had calmed down a bit, Mr. Grisini bravely picked up his violin once again. But just in case, he decided to play it in another room.



Nyiii, the screeching sounds from the violin were awful, but that horrible noise seemed to attract the ghost because once again, it appeared right in front of the terrified Mr. Grisini.



It made no difference what room he played in, whether in the kitchen or the bathroom, the living room or the hall; it didn't matter if it were day or night, early morning or dinnertime, every time Mr. Grisini played the violin, the ghost appeared.

Weeks passed and Mr. Grisini

slowly grew used to his fear of that gloomy specter.

Every day was the same story—the ghost would appear right before him. He'd stand there frozen, without batting an eyelash, and then he'd finally walk off and disappear through a wall.

"I wonder where the ghost goes when he disappears through the wall?"

Mr. Grisini was so curious that one day he decided to follow the ghost.

He kept a big sharp pick ready and waiting at his side. Soon after, he began his serenade: nyiiii-nyiii-nyiii.

In less than five minutes the ghost reappeared.



And soon after that, the gloomy apparition walked off and disappeared as always through the same wall.

"It's now or never!" he said taking up the pick with great determination. Mr. Grisini began to pound away until he had made a huge hole in the middle of the wall.



And much to his astonishment, a mysterious box appeared hidden inside the wall.

"What the devil is that?" he asked himself fearfully. "It looks like a very old box. What if it turns out to be where the ghost lives?!" He removed the box from wall and was scared to death as he opened it up. He was ready for anything.

But there was no ghost inside the box; instead, he found a real treasure—a Stradivarius, the only one of its kind in the world, the most magnificent violin he had ever seen.

Ever since then, that's the only violin that Mr. Grisini plays. And like magic, he never again made that unbearable squeaking sound—nyiii, nyiiii, nyiiii. Now, Mr. Grisini plays so well that music experts consider him one of the greatest violinists of his times.

Some people claim that it's not Mr. Grisini playing the violin, but the invisible hands of the ghost of its former owner. But no one can prove it. The only ones who know the true story are you and me.



Shhh! Quiet! The concert is about to begin. Bravo! Bravo!

The End

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