



# The Violin's Story

This book Belongs To: \_\_\_\_\_

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**It was eight in the morning and the underground was full of men wearing damp raincoats, women with umbrellas, children on their way to school, and old folks who couldn't sleep. Regina was with her mother and was a bit angry. She wished she could have slept in. Regina hated rainy days and hated the morning tube ride even more. Luckily, a man got on at the next step and started playing a musical instrument that Regina had never**



**seen before. Regina couldn't help staring at the man as she listened spellbound to the music. The other passengers could only hear the gypsy melody. But Regina heard the strange instrument's voice as it spoke the following words,**

**"Close your eye's and listen to**

### **The Violin's Story."**

**It all began on a cold winter's night. Everyone in the gypsy camp was sleeping. A lone couple sat by the camp bonfire. The woman was crying and the man was stroking her tenderly. It was then that one of those wonderful things happened that**



only seem possible in fairy stories, but that sometimes also happen in real life – a fairy appeared out of thin air in the middle of the gypsy camp. She was just like the ones in fairy stories – she had golden hair and smelt of roses. She held out a pumpkin to the gypsy women, speaking these words,



“If you want to stop crying, open this pumpkin, drink all the milk inside it and in nine months time you will have the child you yearn for.”

With these words, the fairy mysteriously vanished – just like they do in all good fairy stories.



The woman followed the fairy’s advice and sure enough, nine months later, on a summer night, Jossa was born. He was an inquisitive, observant boy. His deep brown eyes could see into people’s

hearts. Jossa was one of those boys who always seem older and who become either angels or devils.

Jossa had a happy life until his mother died one bitter cold winter. His father died soon afterwards in the following sad Autumn. Jossa decided to pack his bags and travel the world. He wandered through pine woods where he learnt the language of the birds,



roamed by the sea where he built and leveled sandcastles, and discovered towns and villages. But one fine day he came up to a great castle with seven tall towers and heard the king's voice booming from within,

"I shall give all my riches and the hand of my daughter in marriage to the youth who shows that he can do something that has never been done before and that will benefit the kingdom. The princess deserves no less, so be it."

On hearing the king's words, Jossa, who was a determined lad, made his way to see the king. Now, the king was a vain tyrant, but his daughter was a sweet girl and, like Jossa, she too could see into people's hearts. The king didn't wait to hear what Jossa could do - not a bit of



it. Instead, he said that a scoundrel like Jossa was not worthy of his daughter and he had the lad thrown into the dungeons without more ado.

Jossa, sad and dejected, accepted his fate. But he didn't know how much time he could stand being imprisoned in that dank cell. The lad yearned for freedom. He couldn't get used to seeing the world through prison bars. But one fine night, a strong whiff of roses woke Jossa and suddenly, a beautiful woman appeared before him. She was a fairy and she uttered the following comforting words:

"Jossa, do not lose hope. I shall help to set you free."

The fairy gave him a pumpkin and told him to take a lock of his hair and stretch four strands tightly from one end of the pumpkin to the other. Then she told him to do the same with 100 strands of hair and a wand. Jossa did as she bade and soon he had made the world's first violin. But something else was needed to make the violin notes

convey feelings and to make those who listened to the music laugh or cry. So she gave the instrument a soul. The fairy made two f-shaped slits in the pumpkin. Into one, she wept her bitterest tears. In the other, she set her most



joyous laughter. The violin now had a soul. The fairy told Jossa to draw the bow made from a wand over the hairs of the pumpkin to play wonderful tunes.

The sound of the violin wafted through the castle and reached the King's ears. The King, who had never heard anything like it, sent for Jossa and ordered him to play the violin.



The music from the instrument enchanted everyone in the court. The King marveled at the boy's skill and offered all the riches of the kingdom and even more important, the hand of his daughter in marriage. But Jossa did not want the King's riches or even his lovely daughter. All he wanted was

to be free again and to live his life. The King did not like the boy's reply, but his daughter begged the tyrant to let Jossa go. And Jossa, like his parents and grandparents before him, traveled the world, thrilling people with his melodies.

"Next stop: Besòs" The loudspeaker boomed over the notes of the violin. Regina woke from that sweet dream. The violinist looked at her and smiled,



then he got off and disappeared into the crowd on the platform.

The End

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