

Rootless

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

“There's only three chord voicings you need — ” (three fingers held up, kinda like saying “ok,” to a crowd of millions at home — or just practicing in the mirror; it's not YouTube either, it's 1989) “ — a F chord” (not “*an* F” chord, but “uh eff”), “a B \flat — ” (the other finger goes down, now, too, leaving the pinky — the others is holding the pick) “ — and the D-*esque* one.” (he smiles at the camera, not like a smirk, but like a dumbass. *Grin.*)

The mirror shows this: “And you can go up and down the neck — ” (he demonstrates for a few *chinky-chink* exchanges — then puts both his hands in the air, shoulders ashrug, for a “what's the big deal?” look even though he has to keep from toppling over with the Fender Stratocaster across his chest and stay in mirror-frame) “ — and that's it!

“You don't even need effects pedals! Just a Peavey amp!

“You could play Stravinsky that way! Bach! Beethoven! *The Rites of Spring!*

“But usually — ” (*quietly, almost confidentially*)

“It's ‘Franklin's Tower.’

“For *half an hour.*”

THE END

“Bob! Are you coming down for dinner!”

“*Mom!*”

“You don't gave a *girl* up there, do you . . . ?”

“*Of course not!*”

(etc.)