

2009 WLC Student Essay Contest Finalist
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I imagine that once upon a time there was a magical land. It was full of instruments. People said it didn't exist, but I believe in it, we just don't exist in their world. The only life was the life of instruments. I always wanted to go, but I'm not an instrument. That night I went outside on the back porch and I saw a shooting star. As fast as I could, I made a wish that I was an instrument. I started to feel weird. I wasn't on the back porch anymore. I saw a big bass holding hands with a mandolin. I went into my room and looked around. My picture of me with my three friends turned into four violins. I went to see my brother's snake and there was a harmonica slithering in the snake's cage. I went to get on the computer. I got on my favorite website, howrse.com and it changed to MusicRest.com. I jumped back. This was freaky. I grabbed the phone. The numbers were notes. I realized this was Instrument City. I saw that all my friends were violins. I wasn't scared anymore. Maybe I could learn to like this place. I went shopping with my friends. Violins have very attractive clothes. If only people had clothes as cute as they did! The only problem is that I don't want to be a violin for my whole entire life. In instrument time there are only six hours in a day. It was late. That morning I woke up on the floor. I didn't feel like a violin. I looked around really fast. Everything was the same. I looked in the mirror. I was a person. I guess I was just dreaming!