

The talking banjo

1.

Just another end of a school day. Just another walk down the street, through the park and up the stairs leading to my miserable apartment. I slowly open the door and head into the small kitchen to find dad cooking his so called "pasta delizioso" listening to the sport podcast. "Hey!" he said. "How was school?" "Fine." I grunted and trudged slowly into my lonely room to get ready for my band meetup. I play an unusual instrument. I only agreed to playing the banjo 'cause mum gave me her mum store when I said no. "Roobeeerrrt!" I heard my mum shout. "I'm coming, I'm coming!" I said quietly. I sighed. Things were hard. I dragged myself into the car put my earbuds in and put on my seatbelt as the car slowly trundled along. While we were driving I thought about how I was getting constantly bullied at school. Whenever I was, the "ha ha!" echoed in my ears as if it would never stop. "Weeeerrree heeerrree!" mum sang as I sank down into my seat. Everyone's looking at me now. Veeery uncomfortable. I cover my head with my hat. I could feel my face turning red. I hurried to the stage and played my piece (which I completely messed up) and sped back to the car.

Once I got back I sat on the tip of my green bed. I felt a tear roll down my red freckled cheek then I thought to myself w- "Pst hey!" come a voice I did not recognise. I spun around to see nothing but my normal room. "Maybe I was just imagin-" "Over here!" said the voice sounding a little frustrated. Once again I turned around. That was when my very own banjo grew legs, arms eyes and a mouth. "I-I-I must be dreaming!" I stammered. "Well you're not!" snapped the banjo. His eyes turning narrow. "I was created because that particular piece you played was so-so beautiful that-well you get the idea. I decided that I needed to become myself again." he said. "I just don't get it!" I screamed a little too badly. "Robert!!" shouted my mother rushing into my room. "What araaa-aaaaa!" "Um-well-uh I can explain!"

"You've got 20 seconds," said my mother sternly. "I-um-well-you see..."
 "Tik Tok!" she said with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. "It's a school project!" I blurted. "It's all fake yep yeah definitely all fake!" My mother looked at me with that mom stare again. I grimed nervously but said nothing. She turned around and left the room. "What was that all about?" I hear the voice of the banjo. "Oh nothing!" I said. "Come on! You can tell me!" its almost musical sounding voice said again. "I JUST WISH THAT I COULD LEAVE THE UNIVERSE!!!" I screamed. "I..... could help with that." The banjo whispered.

"I'm sorry what?!" I said shocked. "I said I could get you out of this universe. it snapped. "I'll start packing." I said full of excitement. I skipped out of my room to get the things I needed. "Name boy? Check! Complete set of David Walliams books? Check. Timtams? Check!" I said to myself walking back to my battered room. I opened the door to find a huge swirly circle thing. Sort of like a portal. "No way!" I shouted. "IS THIS SERIOUSLY GONNA TELEPORT US TO THAT ALTERNATE UNIVERSE?" "Yup!" the banjo said proudly. "You ready?" "AS I'LL EVER BE!" I exclaimed. 1 2 3 2 0 0 3!!

After I stepped out of the portal a deep creaky voice greeted us. "Hello there! Welcome to esrevinu!" I looked up to see a huge walking talking piece of cheese. "Um, hello!" I said in my friendliest voice. "Esrevinu must mean universe backwards! I thought to myself. Smart! Please feel free to find a nice efac to eat in. "Efac = cafe!" I muttered. "But please." The cheese said. "Just don't order anything with cheese in it, okay?" "Oh sure!" I said brightly. We found a nice cafe/efac to eat in and sat down.

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"Excuse me?" I looked up to see a pencil case with a notepad staring down at me and the banjo. "Can I take your redo?" "Yes." said. "I'll have the double cheese supreme." "Okay" said the pencil case. "Now how about you?" it asked looking at the banjo. "I'll have the same" he said. "Okay! Two double cheese supremes coming up!" "Hey!" said the banjo "There's my friend Flute!" I spun around to see. "Oh no!" I shrieked "Not you!" The person who I had just seen was Mitchell, the leader of the bullies at school. He was sitting with the flute enjoying a nice hot chocolate in a clay cup. While the banjo and flute chatted me and Mitchell sat so awkwardly that you would think we had just had a porcupine shaved down our pants.

"So... what's up with you?" I blurted. Then Mitchell told me everything. How hard it was for him at home. "Wow." I said in a dazed state. "Yeah" he said, "The more we talked the more I understood." "Hey." He said. "Let's get back." "We'll talk more tomorrow." "Okay." I said waving. Finally! A new person that I could trust.

The next day I headed for home room. Mitchell grabbed me from behind. "Waif." he said. He had the whole bully crew behind him. "Guys?" he said. "This is Robert."