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The desire to play acoustic blues guitar
burned in my teenaged brain like a fever.

The problem was that I could find no remedy
for my affliction. I bought books

that were mostly pictures of sad old men
and pages of tablature that looked

like Phoenician hen scratches. I tried
to find a teacher, but acoustic country
blues guitar is a highly specialised skill.

The one instructor I found wanted
fifty bucks a lesson.

I told him I wouldn't pay that
much for Jesus Christ to give me
unicycle lessons.