

I always have my guitar on my back, and a battery powered mini amplifier on my belt, whenever I leave the house. Why? Protection. Some people may have pepper spray or karate skills to defend themselves, but not me. I have an extensive knowledge of classic rock. Why don't I stick to conventional means? Well, once I saved the world from aliens through the power of guitar alone, and since then, I have been given a massive boost in confidence with my 6 string. Well, that's a another story.

Let me tell you of the time I witnessed a mugging in a busy London street. I know what you're thinking, 'what kind of person mugs someone in a busy street?' Well, this person was clever. I think. He seemed to know of the bystander effect, where the more people who witness something, the less likely they are to act. But I am no mere everyday witness, I am the Raging Rocker! The mugger didn't notice me, but I managed to headbang and walk, to just a few feet away from him. 'Give me your wallet!' he screamed to his helpless old age victim. 'Did you say 'Give me your... rock it?'' I responded, wittily. I took my instrument off my back, being careful not to scratch it, then I plugged in. I played just one note, before the criminal's attention focused on me.

Everything was about to go swimmingly, until a child requested me to play some Van Halen. Foolishly, and yes, perhaps amazingly, I forgot about the illegal activity, and started rocking out. After all, my favourite artist had just been mentioned. I began playing the solo to Michael Jackson's 'Beat it', and before long, a knife was in my face. It was too late to play a full, rich power chord, that could bring any hardened criminal into submission. I had to stop the knife, so I grabbed the attacker's hands. 'Does anyone in the audience know how to play guitar?' I shouted, as I struggled. 'I do', said a youngster, not so far away. 'Play mine! Trust me!' I screamed. As he ran, I gave the hero further instructions. 'Just play any old power chord, strum it with a coin, or something! He'll back off!' Behind my back, and with his arms around me, he plucked the strings with a 50 pence piece.

You know how I once saved the world from aliens, with my guitar? Well, it turns out, the maniac in front of me, was quite different from the foreign beings I once faced. The chord did nothing to stop the situation. Why not? I have no idea. Was the knifist smarter than a species who travelled space? If so, why was he challenging me? All I could think of to say, was 'play another power chord!' The brave soul did what he was asked, and more. He strummed with such force, he broke all of the strings on my instrument. Miraculously, the snapping strips of metal stabbed the foe in both eyes. I started to sing to the now victim, 'don't you ever come around here, don't want to see your face, you better disappear. The fire's in our eyes, and our words are really clear, so beat it, just beat it.' However, he didn't run away, he just covered his face with both hands, and screamed a huge variety of obscenities for a very long time.

I knew the police would arrive at any second. I didn't want them to call me 'inappropriate' or something else ridiculous, and take my instrument of me. I had to act, fast, if I wanted to have my moment. I pulled out a pack of guitar strings from my pocket, and restrung my guitar, in a flash. What made my efficiency particularly impressive, was the fact I had one eye on the soon to be jailbird the whole time. So did everyone else, but I was multitasking. Eventually, I finished the restringing, and

could finally play the whole of that Van Halen solo.

I heard sirens getting nearer. It was now my chance to do something really clever. I not only played 'Message in a Bottle', by the Police (You see what I did there), I also sung its lyrics, 'I'm sending out an S.O.S to the world.... I'm sending out an S.O.S, to the world'. Yes, I killed two birds with one stone, in what can only be described as true glory. However, soon those ultra-relevant words had to come to an end. I panicked. Without thinking, I played another song by The Police, and started singing 'de do do do, de da da da.' I know. It made no sense whatsoever, and even though I didn't have the strength to look at anyone, anymore, I knew people were cringing. My job was done, so it was time to go home, without drawing any more attention to myself. The first few minutes of leaving were the worst, but soon enough, the encouraging and embarrassed crowds I once knew were gone. Phew!