

THE PIANO

As I sit on my old, dusty piano, reaching for the first note of Victoria's favourite tune (to celebrate what would have been her 90th birthday,) I see her silhouette out the corner of my eye playing a duet with me just like the old times. I feel a kiss burning on my cheek. I could still smell her lavender perfume surrounding us. The room was filled with love and memories.

As my beautiful wife faded into the darkness, I remember Dexter and I running to a wall for cover in the war. Suddenly, Dexter peaked his head out to shoot and in a blink of an eye he was on the floor with a bullet in his head... everything turned into slow motion and he stopped breathing. He was dead.

I'm back to playing my dusty piano until my dear grandson Tom appeared- I've always wanted to give him this gift that I received especially from my dad on Christmas 80 years ago today so I thought it was about time I gave it to him. So slowly, the gift approached his hands and he unboxed it. It was my old hobby horse. He loved it he could not stop playing with it just like it was his brother. As my grandson Tom finally put his hobby horse down he joined me for the last note of the song and both of us hit the last note. We glanced at each other with love.