

The Piano

I'm so lonely - I miss my wife so much. She sadly passed away two years ago. I start to play my grand piano, as my fingers slowly press the keys, soft memories flow through my mind. I smell the lingering smell of perfume that was my darling wife's favourite. It broke my already crushed heart to imagine her any longer but she made me so happy.

I remember the smell of smoke filling my lungs as if it was killing me. We are stood behind a wall -if we move we could die ...any movement could potentially kill us.