

The Piano

Remembering the good, old times, when I was still learning to play my beloved piano, I gently pressed the first few keys to my latest song, for it would have been my darling wife's 80th birthday. However, she passed away a couple of years ago, due to cancer. As my fingers glide over the keys, a tremendous feeling of warmth passed through my body, tickling all of the bones in it. It felt like she was back with me again. All of a sudden, in the corner of my eye, her ghost began to resonate; I could not mistake her presence now. Memories of my past waltz slowly and sadly around the room, as the love of my life gently placed a kiss on my cheek, whilst doing a duet with me. Suddenly the room seems to echo with my life's most vivid moments. My warm, fuzzy tunes come back into a sharp focus, as an almost opposite vision consumes me.

Putrid smoke filled the air as me and Max took cover behind an unstable wall. A burst of rapid fire surrounds us, sirens wailing, planes swooping low to drop bombs on us, our only hope was Max. For some stupid reason, I gave him the all- clear sign, and he revealed himself from behind the wall, head first, and fired gunshots at the rotten Germans. A crystal-clear shot rang out. He was down. Shot. Never to awake again. As I was holding his hand, I realised that it was entirely my fault. I made him do it. Told him it was ok to go. I wish I could of traded places with him, with his life. Precious memories flood my heart, and pulse through my veins. My best friend (my only friend) was dead. First my wife, now my best friend. My anger was erupting within me now, I just wanted to charge at them and shoot them all, but I held myself back. I knew that I should not do it, for Max's sake. My head started whirling round, making me remember all of my oldest memories, and my music switched my emotions, and made me remember something, but I could not quite make out what it was. It was becoming clearer and clearer, until it became so clear that I could tell exactly what the memory was, it me when I was younger- much younger.

As I fumbled with a neatly wrapped gift in front of me, I wondered what it could be. Who would actually be able to afford this big of a gift for me? What had I done to deserve this? I opened the gift as quick as I could, for I was extremely excited. Although I was only seven, I still could not believe it when I opened the gift. Its green- glass eyes stood out to me the most, it was a glorious day. Me parading him around the house, all day long. My hobby-horse was the best gift that anyone ever got me.

My grandson now rides up to me, as I continue to play this melody the very same hobby-horse. Our clothing at that age may look different, but I know that the depths of our thoughts and feelings are repeated equally.

Beside me as we complete the tune together, I let my grandson hit the final note of my song. I certainly understand the way that life moves; love, death and birth will always go on, even after my hands have played their last...