

The Grand Ornate Piano!

As precious memories flood my heart and pulse through my veins, my fingers caress the keys as I sit down to play my beloved, grand piano. Remembering the first time reaching over to play the keys was harder than ever. It was a party, but not anyone's party, it was darling wife 70th. Thinking back all that time made tears come to my eyes as my fingers glide across the keys. I think back when suddenly a ghost kisses me on the cheek. Its Emily thinking of the time when we played our majestic song together. A familiar, mournful song waltzes slowly around the room, filling it with ghosts and memories from the past – my past. I am so lonely now without out my wife it was as if I could feel her now. The room seems to echo with my life's most vivid moments. My heart has crushed like a crystal. My saddest memories come back to me, but nothing is worse than this one.

Putrid smoke fills the air as me and James fight for our lives. Low flying planes swoop down to fight, rapid fire surrounds us, sirens wailing and crystal-clear shots shoot past us. I was running across the airfield to the wall then gave James the ready sign. He went out into the open then straight away; he is dead lying on the field. I was running over to him with my salty tears running down my cheeks. My best friend and only friend. Was dead now. Never to awake again. If only, there was not a crystal-clear shot straight into the head. My head was whirling; my heart was pounding, as I thought would I make it out alive or would I be a dead body that lay there from that day on.

Time transports me to my childhood, where I sit in front of a present. I cracked it open, ripping of the wrapping paper to find a hobbyhorse. The shiny wood, that it was made out of, and its green-crystal eyes was all my eyes could take in. I watched myself ride it round the room as I start to fade away.

My grandson starts to appear riding the hobbyhorse, as I play my grand piano, and gliding my fingers across the white keys. My one and only grandson joined me to play my beloved piano as I continue to play my melody. Beside me, as we complete the tune, my grandson hits the final note. Certainly, I understand the rhythms of life: love, death and birth will always go on, even after my hands have played their last...