

The piano

Playing the first note of my new song (it was called memories) memories flooded through my pounding heart. Playing my wondrous grand piano, my eyes started watering as I had flashbacks of all my emotional memories threw out my entire life. The music helped me think because my wife Amy bought it for me and she passed away four years ago so I was thinking about my beautiful wife whilst I created the music from happy and gleeful to upset and depressed and that's when I realised I was crying! This song was her favourite song so I was playing it for her because it was her birthday. I could taste the salty tears tickling down my face and I could only just smell her perfume it faded away. My heart had shattered into a million pieces like a crystal.

Putrid smoke filled the air, bullets everywhere; sirens wailing all around us planes swooped down disposing there bombs the sound of the crackling fire it was too much. Then suddenly there was a ringing shot, it was a direct hit he was shot.