

The Piano

I feel so lonely, my wife sadly passed away two years ago today. She bought this piano for me on our twenty fifth wedding anniversary; I remember it like it was yesterday, and here I am again about to sing her favourite melody. As my fingers gently glide across the keys, soft memories come flooding into my mind. I can still feel my wife sleeping gently leaving my blushed cheek, I can still smell the lingering perfume, and it was my wife's favourite. My heart felt like it had shattered into millions of tiny pieces. I have to move I told myself.

As my beloved wife fades away into the cloudy distance, the warm melody comes gushing back to my shattered heart. Suddenly, an almost opposite memory takes place. Putrid smoke clogs my lungs, a burst of rapid fire surrounds me, sirens scream down my ears, and planes collide and fall to the ground. There he was knelling behind the still standing cobblestone wall. Anxiously, I sprinted to the wall, me and Stewart (my friend) looked at each other tears began to fill my eyes like tsunamis I didn't realise this would be the last time I saw him. Took all my courage and gave him the signal (and to this day I wish I had not). One clear gunshot pounded into his chest, I panicked. Holding him tight in my arms, do not leave me I said to him helplessly but it all went silent he is gone. Lighting struck me back and the same soft melody was playing again.

Time gently floated me back to when I was eleven, my father handed me a blue embroidered gift. Eagerly, I tore open the the box to find a new hobby horse, and that is the exact same hobby horse my grandson rides up to me today as he hits the first note.