Emily Lynch

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A Song of Memories

She played it beautifully, no one could argue with the assurance that she was the best. The soft notes pulsed around her as she pressed each key with purpose, as if today was her last day on Earth. Every rhythm spun out to its perfection throughout the long, blissful piece of music. Her mind completely in sync with her fingers and feet as she pushed the pedals to create beautiful undertones. The lower bass notes brought out the higher melodic notes balancing the music. The melody picked up the pace, pushing into a bright jubilant rhythm with accents creating a stinging counterpoint in the music. As the piece came to a close, the notes drew out, and it was as if time itself slowed down momentarily and the last note softly sang for what seemed an eternity. She took her hands off the keys and sighed. The song had finally been perfected enough to where she could perform it for any audition or a concert. She had hoped to audition to play with a famous cellist or violinist. *Piano goes so well with orchestral instruments,* she thought to herself. She noticed someone was standing in the doorway of the large practice room she had rented, but they left as soon as they realized she had finished the piece of music. She looked around the practice room, the grand piano stood in the center. Chairs and stands littered the room waiting for other musicians, and some blank sheet music was scattered across the floor. The bright, airy atmosphere was her favorite characteristic of the practice room. She then gathered her sheet music and tucked it in her black bag, and walked out of the practice room. The concert hall was a beautiful building with the best stages and practice areas; the halls were slightly dark since it was late in the night; she checked her phone and realized it was almost midnight. She had practiced a little later than usual due to her strong determination. She eventually was able to make it back to her apartment in the city of Berlin.

He composed the music delicately, checking that the notes and rhythms fit perfectly together. He wanted the music to flow like a breeze through the room. He was trying to compose a duet that spun a story, a memory that people would hear and would be pulled into. Every piece of music has a story behind it, if it listened to right. But every story can be perceived in a different way, and he wanted the music to be like a story with multiple meanings. Every single person that would hear it would perceive the meaning in a way important to them, one that would make them happy, or sad, or surprised, or loved, or any feeling really. The man took out his instrument to play one part of the duet. He tuned the instrument, and played a note that sounded like a low hum. The sound was steady and slow. He played one of the duet parts, the music carried strong emotions just as he planned, but it could be stronger, much deeper with the second player…

The young girl sat at an enormous piano – it was twenty times bigger than her, at least. She pressed a single key, and the sound rung in her ears. She had seen a famous pianist play a piece of music just a week ago and now she was hooked. She practiced day after day, hour after hour, perfecting her blooming skills. She played a little melody that her mother had taught her, it reminded her so much of her mother. She had promised herself that one day she would compose a song for her mother, based solely on this melody. She woke up, just another day to go practice or maybe start composing that piece she had wanted to do for so many years. She made her way to the autobahn and into the city, she was also looking for a full-time job as a musician, but that was so hard to find these days. The musician picked up side jobs, playing at restaurants or shopping centers that wanted live music. After a morning of job hunting and coffee at her favorite café, she eventually made it to the concert hall to practice. The concert hall was not empty today, many people were bustling around setting up for the symphony orchestra concert that was tonight. She quickly navigated to her normal practice room. When she walked in, she noticed a note on the piano, it was from a manager of an important composer asking her to come play tomorrow morning for an audition. She jumped up and down hugging the note so excitedly. She thought to herself, I have an audition, an *actual* audition for a *composer*! Maybe I’ll play with another famous musician! She quickly realized she needed to get back to practicing especially if she was to go to ace the audition tomorrow. She sat down and played that melody of hers, and then practiced away for hours to come.

He exited the practice room, thinking he was done for the night, but his manager showed up. His manager had told him he would need to hold auditions for his new piece, but he did not think that was the best idea. Especially with how particular he was and how he absolutely hated the fact of listening to musician after musician over and over. He would find his musician himself. Then, floating through the air, the composer heard the perfect sound for his piece.

She entered where the audition would take place and she mused to herself of course it was on the best stage in the concert hall. She slowly walked down the aisle and up the stairs to the grand piano. With a flicker of recognition she realized it was her piano, the one from the practice room she always used. Her fingers brushed the surface of the piano and she smiled to herself, very thankfully to the person who had actually moved it here just for her audition. She had chosen the piece of music that had inspired her to learn in the first place, and after years of practicing it, it was finally ready. She sat at the instrument, and warmed up with a few runs and scales, and adjusted herself so she could play comfortably. Then the composer walked in, or a woman who she thought was the composer.

As it turned out she was just the manager, she walked up to the stage and told the musician it was a normal audition­ – a few scales, and the composition of choice. Then the manager walked off stage, and sat near the back of the concert hall. Then he walked in. The musician assumed he was the composer. He just sat down in the middle of the hall. He asked for a few relatively easy scales and rhythms, and then asked for the main piece of the audition, the song the musician had practiced for years. She slowly inhaled, then set her fingers delicately on the piano’s keys, breathed out, and began. It poured out through her, her soul and passion was in this music. It was her purpose in life, to play this song in one of the best concert halls in the world. It was played perfectly; every note, accent, dynamic, everything. All she had worked for fell into place. The composer then stood up, walked up to the stage, and set his composition on the piano. He asked her to play the song. The musician was not prepared, but she would play it anyway, her career relied on it. She glanced through the piece for a brief minute, then she set it back down. The composer told her to begin with a short, static command, and she proceeded to play.

As she played though the piece of music he had given her, she thought she recognized a familiar pattern in it. The music flowed perfectly with a melody, it was on the tip of her tongue, she just couldn’t remember. Then it slowly dawned on her. This was the melody that her mother had taught her, the one that accompanied her life – it was her melody.