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When My Dream Comes True

I hate summer break, since it means it is necessary for me to see my brother's face a bunch of times in a day. My little brother is so annoying. He always decides to practice jazz drums when I just start playing the piano. When I am frustrated about the big jump with octave on keyboard and try to turn off all electronics in the bedroom to make the place silent contemplation, he starts singing “The Show Must Go On” by the band Queen as if this is his very last time to sing it right before he commits seppuku, even though he has sung this music tons of times before. In order to shut his mouth, I open the window and pretend to speak loudly with Alice. "Jostin is busy right now, hold on a second, Alice. I am coming." Alice is the prettiest girl in this small town. We usually play a tea game together in my room every summer. After that, Jostin magically does not sing that song at all, so that I can go to my peaceful land. Then, somehow I fall asleep on the chair, and the dream just comes true.

The music of Sergei Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto Number Two is going to the end. I am smashing the keyboard and playing the interval scale intensively. The lights are on only the piano and me, although the orchestra is just behind me. I cannot stop thinking back to every memory about music that has impacted my life. On my very first piano lesson, my piano teacher who was a conservatory student that my mom found to teach me, was staring at my hands and said "You will not be a pianist, ever." At the piano competition in the elementary school, the girl who wore a fancy and elegant white dress, sat right beside me, faced me, and asked me why I was not ashamed to play in the competition without wearing a concert dress. Also, four years ago, when I was applying to a very famous conservatory in New York, Nick, one of my piano teacher's students, gambled heavily on me because he did not believe the school will accept me. There is only one rest in this movement. I beat the very last two keys on the piano and throw my arms in the air. The dream is clapping for all the efforts I did for today.

After that concert, the poster with my profile is all around the city. I am the most successful and youngest pianist in this century. I think my dream came true. "Brett dinner tonight?" It is David, my boyfriend. We met in Yo- Yo Ma's concert in Carnegie Hall. We almost fell in love at first sight. He chatted me up during the intermission. When he told me he is studying in the New England Conservatory as a piano major student, I was absolutely sure that we are meant to be. "Sounds great! Love you, bye."

Before dating, I decided to stay in the studio and prepare the program for next season. I sat on the piano chair and started playing some pop music like I usually do. "What a beautiful day." I said. I start thinking about my future. David will propose to me in three months, and I definitely would say yes, but I am going tell him that I want our wedding to be held in Haiku Mill, Hawaii. After the wedding, we will travel around Asia. The first stop will be Tokyo, in Japan. I will also have a recital in Suntory Hall. Then we will go to Beijing, Hong Kong, and Taipei. This Honeymoon trip will not only be for fun, but also so I can gain publicity in Asia. Sony might offer a contract about publishing an album with me. I am trying to dream every detail.

Suddenly, Marimba sounds pull me back to reality. It is David. I put on my earphones and touch the green-colored bottom on the screen. "Hi, dear, what are you doing?'' "I am practicing. You know I have a recital in New York next week." "Can I pick you up in forty-five minutes?" "Sure, thank you. See you soon."

David finally takes me to a sumptuous restaurant which offers French food with beautiful and soft light. It is a perfect dining place for a marriage proposal! I cannot believe the day is coming so fast. Fortunately, I did change into a white dress and took a shower this afternoon. I am trying to keep myself calm and act like usual during dinner time.

It is time to serve dessert. I decided to go to restroom, because I knew that guys always need time to prepare, and I need to check that everything on my face is super beautiful. When I go back to the table, David looks so nervous. " Dear, I have to tell you..." he stared my eyes and said." What's up?" I am actually very nervous too.

"Oh, Brett, it is you. I am so surprised to see you here! I miss you so much." A guy's voice behind my back. He is Swan, and we were taking the same musical theory class in college. We used to chat loudly in the class. He is not here at the right time though, I still say hi to him. I saw that David does not feel alright when I was talking to him. Finally, Swan leaves and I sit back in the chair. "Sorry for making you wait, honey."

"Sweetie, it is nine o'clock. Why you are still here? You should be in house practicing the piano!" This time, my mom suddenly appears in the restaurant. Typically, she is not my mom. She is my second piano teacher, and I do not know why I think she is my mom right now. I feel so confused and scared.

"Brett, I told you. You have no chance to be a pianist. Do not let me see you again here. You have no right to be here!" I knew who said that, even though I do not turn my head to see him. This voice is Nick. I almost cry right now, and I am scared of his voice. I still do not forgive him for what he said four years ago. I am almost a pianist right now, why is he still yelling at me like that!?

"Look at her! Guess what! She is wearing an ugly dress and she still dreams to be a pianist!" I knew her, too. She is the girl who I met at the piano competition. I cannot try to be calm any more. Tears make it so I cannot see the world clearly anymore. I knew that she is telling the truth. I am not beautiful at all. I turn my head and try to not hide my face from David.

"Brett, I am so sorry, but you really make me upset. Sorry, Brett. Brett, let me drive you home." I cannot stop tearing. My makeup is messy right now. I grab my purse fast and run to the front door. BOMP! I crashed into the waitress. The chocolate mousse spots my white dress. She angrily looks at me. Everyone just stares at me in the restaurant.

"Brett!" a guy suddenly grabs my hand and leads me to leave this dining place. I can recognize him by his back. He is Jostin. He is almost taller than I am. We run past many blocks, and we still keep running.

"Brett! Wake up! Hey, wake up. It is dinner time. Brett!" I open my eyes and see Jostin sitting on my bed. " Come on. We are all waiting for you. "

I see my grandparents, Dad, Mom, and Jostin all in the dinning room while I walk down the stairs. "Brett, how is your first day in summer break?" mom asked me. "It is awesome. I love summer break from now on, because I made my dream come true today.”