

Piano Charlie

Piano Charlie was known to be a bit obsessive. He loved his music with such concentrated passion that he needed it like the air he breathed. He needed it like the earth he walked, like the blood that pulsed through his veins.

School was just a dark smudge on his daily agenda. Each morning he would wake up at 7am and pack whatever sheet music his fingers would stumble upon in the piano seat. Then he would catch a bus to the train station, and by 8 he would be on the train.

When he reached school at 8:20 he headed straight for the music room and took out his sheet music. It was here that he woke up from his sub-conscious being every morning. Here he would wake up and feel the music.

Beneath his elongated fingers, the keys seemed to flow like the gentle waves of the ocean. He would become lost in his music.

Piano Charlie was an absolutely perpetual believer of fate, which is why he randomly chose his music in the morning. Whatever song he played could determine his mood for the rest of the day. He believed that was the way he was supposed to feel. Piano Charlie believed in his music.

He played dramatic and harmonic music that morning. It empowered his soul and he felt invincible. He felt like he could make it through school that day.

Each second in the classroom relentlessly gnawed at the next and by 3:15, Piano Charlie's 'morning song' had played over a thousand times in his head. He was almost sick of it - but that was impossible. The day that Charlie fell out of love with a piece of music would be the day that music died.

He arrived at the train station a few minutes early that day, so he sat down quietly on an aging bench and began to wistfully dream of feeling the smooth keys beneath his eager fingers. In the cooling breeze, he dreamt of the sweet rush of glee he would feel at the sound of the music. It had been such a long day without his piano.

The train seemed to take hours and the wind was getting colder. Charlie tediously fidgeted with his fingers, as he grew more and more restless. "I need to see my music," he thought.

Charlie reached into his school bag and carefully pulled out his slightly crinkled sheets of music. At the sight, he sighed with such relief that you would believe he had just sucked in a vital drug. As he basked in the moment, an unexpected gush of wind blustered past him. It snatched his Beloved from his shocked hands and lay them gently, teasingly on the train tracks. Charlie was stunned for a moment. He just watched them dance along the rust. And then he lost his mind.

Like a desperate mouse he scattered onto the tracks to retrieve his music. A mad grin spread across his face and delusional victory shone through his eyes. He had eyes that saw nothing more beautiful than music. His eyes saw nothing other than music.

Charlie did not see the train approaching the station. He did not hear the people who were screaming at him from the platforms.

Piano Charlie clutched to his cherished possession. He felt his music – he did not feel the train.