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Ms. Lacy

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### The Absolute Perfect Piece

When my dad and I pulled into the broken drive of the small corner string store, I fearfully stepped out of the beaten-up car into the frosty air and looked at the foreboding wooden door. I forced myself to keep moving. I walked with my dad up to the medieval styled door, and it opened with a creak. I walked in. Inside the dark building, I saw a large black desk with a very old woman behind it (don't tell her I said that) who warmly welcomed me and my dad inside, out of the freezing cold. After I nervously told her that I wanted a violin, she gestured my father and me into the back of her shop where there was a jaw-dropping number of instruments stacked upon one another like sardines. Finally, I got over the sheer amount of strings and wood expertly cut and glued to make something that would eventually make something so amazing it would have someone crying by the power of melody. It was like standing in a nuclear power plant – you could almost feel the energy coming off in waves, nearly crushing you.

“What kind of violin would you like?” she asked me.

“I don't know, one that plays, maybe?” I tried to explain that I hadn't thought that far ahead. She laughed at what she must have thought was a joke and measured my arms to see what size I would need. The kind woman went into the basement and called someone named Kyle. A tall man with a broken cello climbed the stone stairs and almost tripped over the violins she had laid out for me.

“Okay, let's get this kid an instrument!” he said in a surprisingly deep but scratchy voice. He remeasured my arms and got a slightly different number. After retrieving a reddish violin, he asked, “Wanna hear a song, kid?” I enthusiastically agreed, and he started to play one of my now favorite songs, “The Devil went down to Georgia.”

Afterwards, my dad and I left with my red violin. As soon as I got home, I tried to play what the man, who I later learned was Kyle Dillingham, a famous violinist, had played. Obviously, I failed. I then went to lessons to learn how to play my magical instrument.

Half a year later my violin teacher, Ronda Issacs, informed me about an upcoming recital. We worked for weeks to perfect my routine and finally, it was recital time! After nervously reading the order of players for the fifth time, I checked my equipment: *violin*, check; *bow*, check; *music*, *oh no! Where is my music?*

I frantically searched for my music, but I could not find it. I heard the announcer call the musician before me walk onstage. I looked for my binder until he finished his last piece, and then I finally saw and snatched the beautiful white binder from under my chair like a parched man grabs at water. I then went on to play my piece perfectly, and after I finished, I looked over to the side of the stage and saw Ronda and my family smiling up at me. I smiled back as I thought of how close I was to missing my turn.

Now, almost two years later, I remember and try not to smile as I recall that feeling of frantic searching and stressful build-up to the final performance, and the absolute perfect piece.