

Piano



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Piano Piano and I share a unique and strange relation with each other. Piano makes me stronger in my feeling; whatever I have at a particular point in time. The sound of a piano takes me back to the days of my early childhood. When I am sad and want to be left alone for a while, piano makes me forget all my worries and delve into an enlightening experience; an experience, that takes me to another world, where there is only peace, and happiness, and tranquility all around me. While I am hearing the piano being played, I feel like the time has stopped going by. I feel like everything has become still. There is no motion anywhere; like everything is paying tribute to the beautiful music. In this sense of extreme calm and motionlessness, I can feel goose-bumps every now and then when an unusually appealing note gets me overwhelmed.

When I am overjoyed with happiness, the sound of piano helps me sustain that feeling of being overjoyed. Particularly, if a fast track is being played, nothing matches the occasion better than that. When I attain this match by fortune, I cannot help dancing. While I know that I am a very pathetic dancer otherwise, my dancing skills unimaginably get polished at such occasions as if by magic or a miracle. I dance like I have learnt dancing formally from some dance school. Maybe it is this frequency that I share with the sound of a piano that it helps me explore my hidden capabilities and surprise my friends and family with that.

When I hear piano, it frequently reminds me of my second birthday when I had received piano as a gift from my dearest grandmother who is no more with me today. Thus my grandmother established my relation with piano the very day. I have spent my early childhood at my grandmother's place and she is one of the people who have not only shaped my life and personality

but have left many positive influences and examples for me to follow throughout my life. That was the first time I happened to own a piano. Probably that is where my association with piano started and has continued to date. May be this is the reason why at every special occasion, I feel incomplete and undone unless I have heard piano and cherished a memory of my grandmother.

Piano affects me almost just like alcohol affects people. Drunk people excel in the emotion that they have at a particular point in time unless something different happens to catch their attention and make them take a turn.

Likewise, piano helps me retain and indeed strengthen whatever feeling I have at a particular point in time while I am hearing piano, but surprisingly, the sound has always affected my mood for the better. Even at times when I am sad, it makes me forget my worries. Paradoxically, when I am happy, it makes me even happier. Piano is something that I am obsessed with and cannot hear enough.