

The first piano concert in my life

[Art & Culture](#), [Music](#)



One of my least favorite things in the world is playing the piano. Yet I have done it for 6 years now. Along with just practicing and having lessons every week, I also have to do recitals every May. This was always my least favorite time of the year. During the recitals you have to memorize one piece and play it in front of everyone. Now that I'm 12 and have done multiple recitals. I've gotten better over the years, but the first one I did was I major fail. Here is that story.

I was 6 years old and I was finishing up my first year of kindergarten. My two older sisters, Kim-Van and Tammy, (ages 13 and 10) were also playing in the recital, but they had already done a number of recitals. I was doing a song with my oldest sister, where I had the melody and she had a side part. I was so happy to be doing this with my sister. Not only would I have somebody right next to me while I was playing, I also would get to experience my first recital, with my sister.

When we arrived at the church, where the recital would be taking place, other people were already there. I guess when your nervous time flies because before I knew it, everybody was in their seats and the recital had already started. After waiting and listening to everybody else it was almost my turn to go. I was waiting on the side in my frilly pink dress, staring at the beautiful stained glass in the church. My whole first year of piano had led up to this. All those hours of practicing was about to pay off. After years of watching my sisters it was finally my turn. I was feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness. My hands were getting clammy with sweat, my heart was racing faster than a (put something fast here). Then the person in front of me finished. Time seemed to slow down as I got up and walked to the piano,

<https://assignbuster.com/the-first-piano-concert-in-my-life/>

with my sister by my side. I sat down and placed my fingers on the keys. I could feel the audience's eyes staring down at me. I could see my parents smiling at me with their cameras ready. I could feel the keys under my fingertips as I got ready to play. I couldn't play. I froze. Something in my little 6 year old body couldn't do it. Even with my big sister right there next to me, I couldn't. I just couldn't and I didn't.

To this day, I have no idea what got into me. Maybe it was anxiety, maybe I forgot the song, or maybe I just didn't feel like playing. Who knows? After that very first recital, I've done a lot more recitals. I didn't necessarily do well in them, but I have gotten better. I no longer freeze up (though I've messed up multiple times,) and I don't need my sister anymore. I do get nervous every time, but if there is one thing I've learned, it's that worrying just makes things worse. Though it can be hard, it's better to just be brave and step outside of your comfort zone. I know the next time I have a piano recital, I will try to be more brave and I will definitely think of my very first recital.