
My Hate-Love Relationship With Piano

"I really regret letting you learn the piano!" my mom yelled sitting beside me on the piano bench: "You're just wasting my money." Eight-year-old me jumped up, ran into my room and broke into tears. I hate it! I shouldn't have choose it!

First Impressions

I remember four years ago when I stepped into the musical instrument store with my mom. I grabbed her hand, pointed to the most dazzling thing in the store, a bright dark upright piano, and said "I want that!" My mom looked at the price and hesitated, but I promised her to play it every day and to enjoy it, which is why she agreed to buy it for me. At first, I was crazy about my piano. When I saw it being brought into my house and I spent hours on it in the first few days, although I knew nothing about it. But things changed after my mom decided to let me take piano classes.

Boring Piano Lessons

My mom is a competitive woman. Not only for herself but also for me. "All things must be done best", she would say to me. I found taking piano lessons dry and boring, I always stayed in the piano room for hours playing the song that my teacher told me to, again and again. My mom's goal for me was finish the ABRSM (the piano grading system) Grade one to eight, it was a long way to go. Little by little, playing the piano was no longer a pleasure for me but was instead, a mission which is hard to complete. This caused conflict between my mom and me. Under my mother's lewdness, I had no choice, and the passion I had one felt began fading away.

Returning to My Old Feelings

Years passed, when I finally reached my mom's goal, she left my piano alone. I don't think I'll ever play it. I covered it with fabric, let the dust fall on it and swore I would never touch it again. Until one day, by chance, I heard a popular song which was arranged by piano. I was attracted by it and sang it every day. Then I had a crazy idea: what would happen if I played this song by my own hand? Action is better than the thought. I printed out the sheet and lifted the fabric up the first time in years and the old feeling came back to me. But this time was different: I was playing a song that I really enjoyed. When I took a deep breath, put my hands on the key, I felt like there was a clear stream running through my head brushing all the bad memorizes away. There was a voice whispering by my ear "Go and get what you really want."

My Piano: A Friend and a Teacher

Now, my piano accompanies me at all time. It has become my best friend. Every day I go home from school, I run toward it. When people ask me what instrument you can play, I say it out loud and proud. I love the feeling when my fingers tap on the keys and the sound of the applause after I finish playing a song. After rough start with the piano, I feel myself strengthened with confidence. Piano is not only a friend but a teacher. It had taught me a lesson: Never look down

on yourself, you are limitless. Never define yourself with others' sight, you have great potential.

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