

After grasping onto the door handle, before plucking up the courage to enter, the familiar scent of lingering dust attracted me; my mind immediately shot back to the olden days, sad but memorable. I lowered myself onto the stool from all those years ago and stared at the ivory keys. Automatically, my wrinkled fingers started to play a harmonious melody. I couldn't believe I still had the skills to play the piano. Slowly, a tear full of nostalgia welled up in my eye and softly dribbled down my ruddy cheeks. Penetrating the translucent curtains, sunlight poured into the dull room, like a spotlight glowing on my weathered face, illuminating what used to be full of laughter as the images of my younger years (around fifty to seventy years ago) flooded back to me. Although they were aching, my fingers kept dancing - building up confidence - because I had implored myself to reflect upon those times before I left this world. Each note carried unspoken feelings, creating a swirling mess of beauty. Edging into this room was worth it, bringing me back in time to these fantasies. I am grateful I came here and I wish I had sooner.

Aizel