

A LIFE IN THE DAY OF "ME"

I have to get up quite early on a Saturday, well early for me, half nine – ridiculous. It's because I have a music lesson at half ten. The sound of that droning alarm with that repetitive beeping seems to wake you up by attempting to drive you insane. As I turn to flick that grey switch which will bring the peace and tranquillity back, the light gets me, blinding, like a thousand knives piercing my eyes over and over. My body as I twist to flick the switch moulds into a twisted archway, like an archway of vines or ivy, my arm and fingers stretch out, feeling the air. Like a snake flicking its tongue I squirm to relieve my ears of the BEEP, BEEP BEEPIN' noise.

I swing my legs over the edge of my bed like an anchor being thrown over board to land a Caribbean pirate ship. The floor seems soft but hard at the same time; a sudden chill shoots up my spine as the covers sail away from my body, towards the far away land of the floor by the door. Legs and arms work together, giving me balance and leverage to lift my half asleep body from the mattress that seems so far below. I'm flying, I'm so high, no, I'm a giant, my galumphing feet carry me as they do each and every morning to the loo, where the waterworks commence and a strange feeling of relief and morning floods into my body. Now onwards, "into the breech my friends, into the breech." once again the tape is trickling from my parents a few hours before, the water is warm funnily, quite soothing, a daze seems to come over me, I'm away with the clouds my hands moving backwards and forwards under the tap. No slowly, too and fro, it has a massaging quality of peacefulness. Startled with the sounds of the beast downstairs, yeah that's father yelling "get a move on or we'll be late." I swoop like an eagle, about to take its prey, into my bedroom. Cupboard doors swing open I grab the same pair of tracksuit as every week, the same sorry five-pound fruit of the loom hoody that I bought in Cornwall such a long time ago.

Changed, finally, now what's the next thing, oh yes it's that horrible drink of tea, you know the one, "you have to have a hot drink inside you or you'll have wind for the rest of the day." Mothers, I'm a teenage boy, the only thing wind will do is give me and my mates a good laugh every so often.

Only fifteen minutes to be in Stanmore, got the music books, got the trainers and most of all got the cd's that drive my dad up the wall. Don't you love being a teenager? The drive is, well unique to say in the slightest, I have to be one of the most depressing, boring, brain cell killing experiences anyone could experience. And people think that it is bad the first time, wait until you have done the same journey since you were seven, yeah, that brings me back I've been playing the piano eight and a half years. I play using the Suzuki method, that's when there aren't exams and so you don't forget the reason you are playing is to have fun and not try to be the best.

My dad pulls up to the house, a beautiful looking one, decorated superbly inside, quite exquisite! Ring the front bell, as I star through the glass door, and see the familiar shadow of my teacher, moving awkwardly but professionally towards the door. CLICK, the latch is up the door opens, the same words of exchange are passed between him and me, those are, "how are you, how's your week been, it's a lovely or gloomy day." You know the usual that passes between two people upon meeting at the same time in the same place for so many years.

In front of the piano, sitting on the stool, I press that button to ignite and bring life into the instrument before my eyes. A stream of colour shoots along the dashboard as it were on the piano, illuminating the room slightly. A gold lamp hangs over the music stand providing a viewable music score. As my fingers run over the keys, softly dancing upon them my eyes follow the lines of music until it is almost instinct and I am simply lulled along by the music, my hands know their places and although my eyes are upon the music score they are elsewhere. On other matters, they see through the paper to a world of thought and depth. Things of relevance in my life spring to mind, important things, but as always the dominant thought is that of my girlfriend, her smile and kindness that warms me and fills me with joy no matter how I feel. I feel of satisfaction forms an alliance with this

thought and time seems meaning less. The lesson is over, time is realised once again, and the farewells and good tidings for the following week are uttered between the teacher and his pupil.

Upon re-entering the car my dad is on his mobile phone, talking business of several matters to which he must address, I have control once more and I slip into my music again on the way back. My dad tries to be funny, succeeds but looks ridiculous, he dances and makes jokes as we drive along and sings. As if things couldn't be funnier my dad opens his mouth, heaven and hell part on the sound that shall now exit his contracting vocal chords. The rest of the day seems to drift by, a quite light feel of relaxation.

During the afternoon my crew comes over and we make a tape or simply have a mix and a laugh, the turntables are spinning, the tunes are dropping and the sweat is flooding of us, like torrents. Whir, whir, whir the fan speeds up, its blade spin round and round like a dog trying to chase his tale, with no idea that it shall never catch it.

About twelve, me and my mate our in our beds down stairs watching TV, parents our out or just got in, the days tolls and the fun with the crew begin to take their tolls and sleep seems to be a good option.