

██████████
McGough
6/7 Core
12/12/14

The Concert

The floor seemed to vibrate as the trombones blared. This signaled the end of Harrison's guitar solo, and the beginning of mine. My palms were so slick with sweat, I felt as if I was going to drop my trumpet. I couldn't have been more nervous. The Oakland Children's' Hospital was like a cavern; every voice echoed, and every wrong note was amplified. Although *Song for my Father* was not extremely difficult to solo on, I suddenly wished to play any other tune. Without realizing it, I started playing, starting off with a simple "D". That wasn't so bad.

The scene was almost dreamlike; confused and hazy, and I began to feel exhausted. As my solo progressed, I was feeling more and more confident until I played a loud "A". I felt like a game show contestant who had just botched a question. My face burned and my trumpet seemed to stammer. I stumbled through the rest of my solo and went out with a bang; finishing with the highest note I could play. There was a polite applause as Sidra began her solo.

Gary leaned toward me.

"Nice." he murmured. I tried to respond, but it came out as a quiet slur of gibberish; my lips were sore from playing. As Sidra played on, I caught Mr. Lee's eye. He smiled and gave me the "thumbs up". Feeling better, I straightened myself up and turned my eyes to the crowd. I saw a small girl in the first row smiling from the throng below the stage. I smiled back.