

*Monologue: A monologue is one character talking out loud. It is usually used to show what a character is thinking or feeling.*

### The Piano

Playing the piano is like a gateway to my memories; I play to remember the good ones. As I play, I am surrounded by silence and darkness. This song was made for my wife.

My wife, Rose, was the love of my life; however, the day she died, my life turned upside-down. She looked as beautiful as she played: it was an honour to be with her. We shared a love of the piano and we shared our precious wedding rings. My heart aches when I think of her - I miss her so much. Thinking of my wonderful wife and how I lost her leads me to think of darker times...

My mind wanders to my friend, William. We joined the army together and were side by side as we were called to the front line; I had no idea that only one of us would make it back. It was my fault he died - I should have saved him. The guilt still swallows me up. Sometimes it consumes me so much that I don't think I can go on. It should have been me: he didn't deserve it. Thinking of such wretched times forces me to think more positively and I begin to reminisce about my childhood...

The day I received that beautifully wrapped gift was one of the happiest days of my life! I had always wanted a hobby horse but, knowing how little money we had, I never expected that my parents would actually buy me one. I was overjoyed. It was made of oak from the finest trees and was expertly crafted. I used to tear around the house on it, whooping and cheering as I went - my mother didn't mind, as long as I was having fun.

I gave the horse to my son who gave it to his son. Watching him play with it often makes me feel like I'm still playing with it myself. When my wife died, I felt as though I had nothing left to live for - but now my grandson, Henry, is my reason to live.

Henry shares the gift Rose and I shared: playing the piano. His eyes glow like my wife's and I just know that there are more memories yet to be made.