

ABRSM 7

Claire Yang

“Are you ready yet?”

My mom looked at me, her eyes were flashing a light of excitement. She sat closer, I didn't meet her eyes, instead, I looked outside the window.

I took a deep breath, I was ready, I have already known these notes for one whole year. I practiced every single day for an hour. My effort has got to pay off. But still, when I stepped foot inside the high building, A feeling called nervous still creped inside of me. This is just so strange.

Ding! The elevator door opened as it came to a stop to its destination. The cold, magnetic voice announced its stop. As I looked at the numbers on the elevator, my heart started beating vigorously, again. This is the first time I have ever hated that an elevator can go up just so quickly.

tap, tap, tap. The sound of footsteps vibrated clearly inside the empty hallway. The pair, or, what should I say, two pairs of leather shoes stopped at a small room, they hesitated, then stepped in as the hallway sunk into an eerie silence again.

I looked down; clutched my bag as I sat inside the waiting room. The texture of the cloth felt warm beneath my fingers. It was strangely relaxing. I closed my eyes; I can only wait for that moment to come.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock. I can only hear the sound of the clock ticking as the moments pass. The sound seemed like a lawyer, announcing a suspect's fate. It was defiantly not delightful to my ears.

I locked myself in a practice room. It seemed, at least, much warmer compared to the waiting room. There were two green couches inside; in the middle, there was a small table filled with a white laced tablecloth and a clear glass vase; which, whatsoever had nothing inside. I looked around, velvet curtains hung loosely in front of the clear windows, the white grand piano shimmered as sunlight hit it's surface-----Soft music was playing outside, as smooth as ever.

The case slowly opened, the black and white keyboard seemed just so dazzled under the bright lights. It was an uncomfortable feeling. My fingers felt cold and sweaty, they even turned a bit numb. Shaking, I started to play the melody that I have known so well. But this time, the melody seemed to be a bit

strange; I was shocked, I looked down at my hands, they fumbled. An undelightful sound rang inside loudly through the practice rooms. A cold voice rang out, loud and clear, though with no feelings: "If Claire Yang student is here, please come to room 0113 and meet Dr. Bill, repeat, please come to room 0113 and meet Dr. Bill for your test. Thank you!"

My spine felt icy, from top to bottom as the voice finished it's call. (I don't remember the names and room numbers that well, I'm not that sure if I'm right or not)

"He is a bald man." Was my first impression of Bill. And that was true, at least. He's is nearly-bald and wearing glasses; a little fat and was wearing a purplish-white suit and was topped off with a red tie. He seems kind, though.

The test started. The nauseas feeling also came back as well. I shakily sat in front of the piano; the music was already opened up on the music stand. The black little notes made me feel dizzy, words and checkmarks written by my tutor were also shown on the music book, dark and bold. The nervous feeling had all came back. I sat back uncomfortably on my chair, my fingers were sweaty and numb, I can nearly feel that they are unconscious. I wasn't paying much attention, I decided to let them play their self, I can memorize it anyway. I felt my fingers fumble again, my eyes stared, I think that they are bulging out, it is not a good feeling.

I maybe wasn't listening to myself play, but I can totally feel it.

The melody was absolutely terrible.

I looked at the judge again, cold sweat broke out. He wasn't smiling, in fact, He didn't have any expressions on his face, he looked at me, shook his head, then started to write a number down. I quickly interrupted the scratching pen.

"Wait, can I play it again? I, I just have to practice a little! "

I pulled out a stiff smile, trying to ease the atmosphere. The judge nodded wistfully; seeing that the judge agreeing with my request, I let my breath out, I have a second chance now.

I placed my fingers on the keyboard again, the white and black keys felt cold under my fingers, I flinched.

A strange melody floated out of the piano, it was unfamiliar, but familiar at the same time. This was just so strange. I scrunched up my eyebrows; I guessed that it was better than the last time.

The piano's sound stopped; I was onto my next level of test.

I came out of the room, the test was shorter than I thought it would've been, I didn't even test my hearing. I'm not sure that whether it was because the time wasn't enough or because I was doing too lousy.

I'd choose the second one.

I watched the next examinee skip inside the room. She didn't seem to be worried. I was a little envy.

I was on the car again, it was the same sight as when I was coming, it all seemed that nothing has changed, but only I knew, what was different.

I was waiting for a moment when I was coming, and I was also waiting for a moment right now, just a different one.