

Power of Music

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I clutched my bag tight against my chest as hard as I could as I gripped Mentor's jacket. We maneuvered past crowds of people. One man reached out a dirt crusted hand to grab me, but Mentor smacked him hard in the face. The person staggered back, letting out a cry of surprise. Mentor grabbed my small, dark hand and pulled me along. I glanced back and saw the man watching us, a hungry light in his fevered eyes. I gulped and looked away.

We finally made it through the crowd and cut off from the road and into a forest. Or, at least what was once a forest. The trees were bare as if they were in the winters that Mentor had described. The trees were as black as night and as thin as my fingers. Some weren't even taller than me. I would feel Mentor take my hand in his. I looked up at his face. He had emerald green eyes flecked with brown and his chin had a bit of hair growing on it. He was dressed in a brown leather jacket and had a headband with the words *Earth Power* written on it in ink.

"This is where we'll be staying for now. Sir Terence said we should start here. I don't quite agree, but oh well. "For a young girl like you, it ain't safe here." He shrugged.

I looked past Mentor and gasped. A huge mansion, overgrown with creepers and ivy, loomed over us. When we reached the front door, Mentor gave a little push and it clattered to the ground. Dust, bugs, and dirt floated upward, dancing in the feeble rays of light. We slowly stepped over the door and surveyed the dimly lit living room. I could see a beaten couch and a broken T.V., along with overturned tables and broken lamps. Mentor grumbled something under his breath as he tried to turn on the lights.

"Mentor, where are we?" I asked. He shrugged and kept on flicking the light switches up and down. Even though he was hiding it, I could tell he was getting more frustrated by the minute since the ground began to shake. I tiptoed off, hearing Mentor curse underneath his breath.

Soon I found myself in what used to be the house's kitchen. The cupboards were ripped from the wall and the table was leaning at a crazy angle. Floorboards had been ripped out and pots and pans lay scattered on the dusty floor. The kitchen counter was in decent shape, but glass shards from cups lay all over it, like a minefield full of bombs. I sat down on a chair and leapt up again. A rat scurried out from underneath the padding of the seat and made a mad dash for a hole in the cracked wall. I watched it, and checked to see if any other rats were hiding under the seat. None.

I sat down and set my bag onto my lap. I took out the slip of paper my mother had given me.

Music is strong, like your blood. It will flow inside of you, head to toe. It fills you with life, and when you don't have anything to say, music will be your words of wisdom. Now make your dreams come true, and don't worry, I'll always be with you.

*Love,
Mommy*

I tucked it back in my bag, smiling. My mother and I were almost alike, only me being smaller. We both had coal black hair and azure mist eyes. We were both elegant and dark skinned. Beautiful. I open my bag and take out my guitar. The black wood shimmered and the silver strings turned a rainbow hue in the sunlight that creeped through the shattered window. I slowly adjusted the tuning, and began to play.

Almost immediately I could feel the change, the change that Sir Terence was talking about. The moaning wind outside stopped and the creaking of the mansion came to a halt. I stood up and looked out the window, watching as the black thundercloud clad sky began to clear. The sun's rays brightened as puffy white clouds floated by in the baby blue sky. I played from my heart, just like my mother said I should. Slowly the ashen trees began to straighten and turn the color of the brown flecks in Mentor's eyes. Little green things began to blossom on their branches. *Leaves*, I thought as my hands floated over the strings. Soon, a lush forest had grown in front of me. Wanting to see more, I continued to weave my musical spell.

The ivy and creepers on the mansion walls slowly retreated as little things with miniature leaves popped up and around the house. *Flowers*. The ground soon began being covered by tiny blades of green things. *Grass*. A healthy breeze blew by, playing with my hair. I stopped to rest, then, I heard something. It was like a melodic tune without a rhythm.

Something was singing.

It had no words to it, just a tune. I looked out the window and found myself face to face with a little fluffy creature. It spread its arms, which were covered by something, and took off, still singing its wordless song.

"That's a bird. I haven't seen one in ages." I jumped. Mentor had appeared next to me. He nodded, giving me permission to continue playing. I did, letting the notes of the song weave through the silence that was now filled with the sound of leaves whispering, birds twittering, and the sound of... something. Mentor looked down, his eyes wide.

"Water!" He whispered. I came to a slow stop and peeked over the edge of the window. Blue, silky stuff was traveling under us, glimmering in the sun's strong rays. I looked at the transformed landscape and smiled.

*Play from your heart.
For music is the silence that you hear.
The silence, that gives life a song,
To sing.*