**Example**

All around me, sweet succulent air wafts graciously throughout the musty, dingy barely lit room. Melancholy notes dance in the shadows as my skilled hands tap away along the ivory keys. My wrinkled face shows that I was lost in vivid thought, whilst my delicate bony fingers recite a once much loved melody.

Bewildered from the start, my eyes sunk low delving into memories from times gone past. All of a sudden, the music starts to rejuvenate me and a burst of energy can be seen rushing across my face. Suddenly I felt another key lightly being tapped. Looking over I recognise the ghostly figure of my wonderful wife. A smile of bliss engulfs my core and I’m fully engaged in the spiritual duet, enthralled with the music. Seldom can such passion be witnessed as what was currently running through me. On the stroke of a key she was gone…. Alone again in the bitter darkness.

Upon the key change, my hand starts to quiver and the euphoric moment passes. Springing to the forefront of my mind, I feel a surge of danger as my memories throw me back into war. As my posture drops low, hesitation and regret overpower me, I’m trembling as I continue the melody. All around me I can recall the noises of gun fire and the desolation that was caused by them. My heart aches as I witness the loss of my brother in arms as his life drains away whilst cradled in my arms. A stream of guilt and depression rip through me, why me?

Abruptly I try to force the memory away. Out of despair, I rise and boldly continue playing on, a glimmer of hope twinkles in my eyes. As the seconds passed overwhelming delight rejuvenated me, due to recalling a memory of Christmas time….

Getting my toy. How this affected me.

Getting older and passing it onto my grandson.

Seeing the joy my grandson feels towards the melody as he plays.

Contentment.

Peace fills the room as they stare at each other.