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Wren was the youngest of three sisters born into the Fitzgerald family. A family with much to its name not only inherited the title of patricians, but also millions of dollars from a distant uncle some fifty odd years ago. They were known for their cosmopolitan, aristocratic nature as well as the extravagant balls they held to showcase just how much wealth they owned. Wren's oldest sister often spent their time picking out frilly dresses and chasing after suitors while the other spent time in her room studying foreign literature. Her parents weren't very different. Her father liked to hunt for sport and display the fruits of his labor by hanging an animal head on almost every wall. The few times she woke up in the middle of the night to fetch herself a glass of water and bumped into the horrifyingly disfigured head of a decapitated bear were less than amusing. Her mother spent the majority of her time styling her hair into over the top buns, sometimes Wren wondered if they were affected by the laws of gravity or physics at all.

She did not enjoy any of the activities the rest of her family took part in, though she was alike them in appearance, frail bodied, skin pale as snow and a head full of auburn curls, her personal interests and values were drastically different. It seemed the only thing the only thing they shared recreationally was their love of music. Wren, as well as her older sisters, had been taught the art of instruments from a young age. The oldest, Beatrice, was 17, and had been playing the violin since she was five years old. The long, elegant sweeping motions of her bow as did her long caramel locks always seemed to mesmerize guests. Violet was the second oldest, two years Wren's senior. Excelled at piano. She was usually quiet and reserved, with hair dark as ground coffee beans many had mistaken her for belonging to a different house. However, for

someone of her nature when her fingers touched the ivory keys of the grand piano it was almost like she became a whole different person. She no longer was the shy girl in the corner but eager to show off her abilities as her hands moved apace to keep up with her overzealous pace. Then there was Wren, the youngest at 14 and the least experienced she had taken a liking to the cello.

Despite the fact it was nearly as tall as her she was she had been determined to master the instrument as her older sisters had done with theirs. She practiced the classical pieces her siblings had done for years but the music never quite came out as appealing to her. They always seemed so stiff and stringent, when they played. Quite reminiscent of the marble statues they had placed in various spots in their home. But Wren liked to play loose and free, hair flowing and smacking into her face. She discovered the way she played never quite fit the elegance of the music. Her parents got her a private teacher after she refused to play her the music they had assigned her, the gala they held every year in time for the Summer Solstice was approaching quickly. It had been a family tradition for each sister to play a traditional song before the banquet was served.

The first one was a short stubby woman clad in. She slammed a sheet of Bach onto the stand and demanded her to play. Wren ignored her, turning her head and sat there until she became fed up and left, calling her a “nasty child” on the way out. Next, a lanky and feeble looking man cracked open the door. He sat next to Wren and pushed the bridge of his glasses as asking her to play in a shaky voice which she would respond no, each time until he became discouraged. and gave up. Finally, the door clicked upon and the sound of heels clicking against the marble floor caused Wren to look up from the floor.

She reminded her of a shard of obsidian, dark, sleek and sharp but also poignant. She took a seat next to her and said nothing. Wren gave her a scrutinizing glare, studying her face

and waiting for her to try to convince her to play the music she was assigned. She did not, instead she asked in a voice soft like velvet, “Why won’t you play”. Her eyes softly gazing into the others. It was a few moments before Wren hesitantly responded “I don’t want to play classical music.” She expected a look of disgust or a reprimand but she just nodded her head understandingly. “Then what do you want to play?” She probed again with such calmness that it startled her. “I don’t want to be restricted to playing one thing” she finally said. “I want to play something that I enjoy listening to, something exciting, something original..” she trailed off. She felt a hand upon her shoulder the woman’s eyes were full of compassion. “Play for me” she said. Countless other teachers had said that to her before but she knew what she meant when it was said this time. She began slowly, gliding her bow across the strings barely touching the strings but then, she pressed with such intensity you could see the rosin puffing off the hairs of the bow as she played the chords , the song much like a strike of lightning, putting emotion into every note. Before she knew it she was done and the woman whose hands were neatly placed in her lap before were now level to her chest as she applauded her. “I think you’re ready” was all she said.

The night of the gala, Wren’s stomach was in knots. Her mother had tied her long ash blonde hair into a frighteningly tight bun. Her palms so balmy, she was afraid she was going to drop her cello off the stage. But she was comforted by the woman’s presence who she had learned from her parents was named Ebele. She was born in Africa and had graduated from one of the best schools of music there they also informed her. Oh, how grateful they were for fixing their rebellious child they had told her. She did not respond but exchanged with Wren a mischievous wink. “Wren,” she told her after she had finished playing. “You have a gift and you can’t let it go to waste. Let people hear your song and how you truly feel”. Remembering those

words her heart swelled with pride. Feelings reassured, she stepped onto the platform as the polite applause from Violet's performance died down. She gave her an encouraging smile as they passed each other which Wren reciprocated. It was silent as she set up her rock stop the silence except for a few yawns from the crowd. Her nerves quickly resurfaced as she remembered exactly what she was going to do. Now, in front of all these people she wasn't sure she could go through with it. However, trying to regain the strength Ebele had given her she played the first notes. The audience half asleep barely noticed that she was playing an entirely different song. After she had finished the beginning measures the real song had begun. After she played the first forte note a few people jumped, suddenly shocked from their stupors. As the song continued many began to catch on that this wasn't the piece she was supposed to be playing. It was dark except for the bright lights that blinded her from seeing anything but her music, its heat being absorbed by her black gown causing her to perspire but she couldn't give up now. She had fought so much to express how she truly felt and she was going to show everyone. As she neared the end she slowed back down, the notes quite somber and with a sudden flourish ended. The silence from the crowd was deafening it seemed until she heard the roar of applause. People had begun pulling roses from her parent's expensive vases to throw at her. She let out a sigh of relief. Her parents, outraged, had gotten up out of their seats and tried to make their way to Wren but were swept away by the crowd coming to congratulate her. She felt a sudden presence behind her, fearing it was her mother and father she turned but it was only, Ebele. She smiled at her and hugged her as the swarm of people around increased. Not only were there elderly men and women, but children around her age as well. One girl slipped her a piece of paper with a name and address with the words "write me" in frilly script before running away back into the crowd.

Her sisters had come to congratulate her as well, hoisting her upon their shoulders so she could see the extent of the group, arms raised in the air she couldn't have felt any more free.