



# PSUL Magazine: *Fiction Contest*

Winner

## Sticky Keys

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Every night they sit down and play me. Touching my keys, lightly, they fill the room with song and with rhythm. You love the happy songs. The songs you can dance to. You fly around the room, turning and leaping and feel the low notes in your chest. The slow and sad songs make you sleepy. You're not ready to sleep... not yet. Sometimes, you sit down and play my keys yourself. Your little fingers can barely make sound. A, B, C, C, C. That's not music. But it is. It's music to you and again, the room is filled with notes and wonder.

The cat walks across my keys. He plays a beautiful tune. He's the next Mozart, a miracle, but no one is around to hear it. The simple melody he played with his paws would change the course of music forever. But it ever will.

You wonder if when your father closes his eyes and plays, with the windows open on a summer night, if I am playing myself. I might be, you'll never know. One of my keys tends to stick. This used to annoy you. But now, when you hear the note in *When the Saints go Marching in*, a little softer than the rest, it reminds you that you are human... and I'm not.

Sit down and play, little darling. Play all the happy songs you want. And when you're grown and can no longer hear the music, when the world stops singing all at once, I'll be here.