

Symphony of Life

by Tatiana Gilfillan

A dreamy lullaby was playing - it was soft; pink and white like a marshmallow. I sank onto the cushions of marshmallow but they suddenly became clouds! I fell through, horrified, and the music became a modern piece.

I landed on life size, black and white cubes and cuboids - the edges poked me, as did the spiky, uncomfortable music. I scrambled over the shapes desperately trying to get away. I didn't notice a hole in one of the cubes though, and as I rushed over it I fell straight down and into a gilded ballroom!

Elaborate, scarlet and gold, Chinese chandeliers, sparkled and glimmered, illuminating the room and the Blue Danube waltz was being played by a red coated orchestra. Silk dresses whirled around, rustling as they brushed each other, and the ladies tall wigs, elaborately decorated with jewels and gold and silver thread, towered above me. The music swept through me and I began to waltz. Then the music suddenly stopped. The ladies and gentlemen stared at me and started whispering. The conductor came up to me and pointed his baton at me, his hand trembling with indignation.

"You dare!" he spat at me between clenched teeth. He had a foreign accent and his voice was menacingly quiet. Terrified, I backed out of the room and then sprinted through the door right into a MASSIVE TREE TRUNK

I sat down heavily, completely shocked and more than a little dizzy. I was standing at the edge of a huge jungle. Exotic music slivered all over me and a rich, spicy smell wafted by. The music felt like a coating of satin and I listened, transfixed. I'd never heard music I could feel before! Open mouthed I gazed as I walked in, at the vibrant colour of this wonderful paradise. Butterflies swarmed around in their hundreds so quickly they were a vivid blur, and a canopy of green hung over my head, entwined with gorgeous flowers. It was

so peaceful, it felt like nothing bad could possibly happen. I wanted to stay forever and ever and never leave.

Strangely though, the music was the only sound to be heard. My body then started tingling with a funny sensation of danger. I glanced around. Nothing. I was now approaching the path to the top of the cliff. A twig snapped breaking the music. I started, whirled round, and gasped. A lion - a real lion - was standing a few metres behind me! I had to shield my eyes, he was so bright!

Ancient music of times of old, when tribes roamed the jungle, was now playing. It was noble, proud, and made me feel braver. But then dreadful visions started flashing through my head. The first was of a family of lions - a mother, a father, and three adorable cubs. They were surrounded by many other lions and it was the christening of the youngest cub. His father looked exactly like the lion in front of me and he was wearing a crown, so I knew he was the pack leader. Suddenly a shot rang out and a pack of hunters came and massacred the whole tribe. Only the father survived, as he hid in a small cave he found as a cub. When the slaughter ended, he crept out. All the lions were gone, presumably taken for their soft, furry skins but a bloodbath of rich red was left.

My throat was dry when this pitiful story ended. I looked at the lion, full of compassion, tears welling up inside me. He was so beautiful, I wondered how anyone could slaughter such wonderful creatures. He was golden, highlighted with orange and the sunlight danced on his coat making it glow magnificently. But the lion couldn't read my thoughts and murder was in his eyes. Man had killed lion, now lion would kill man. Every nerve inside his body was longing to empty his soul of the trapped grief torturing him each day and revenge his family. He roared long and hard, and then leaped in the air, preparing to kill. But my instinct warned me just in time and I ran, terrified, up the cliff, my fright making me faster than usual-I knew each step could be my last. I stopped, puffing and panting, at the top at the very edge of the cliff and looked behind. My fears were confirmed - he was bounding after me. I hesitated, afraid and unsure. What shall I do? I panicked. Shall I jump? Then I took a deep breath, and jumped , down, down, down, into the blue waters below and landed in a

pit filled with green sludge up to my waist! And when I moved the weirdest music started to play! It was random notes with patterns of forte and piano. I then realised I was stuck - I couldn't get out and I was sinking! I scrambled at the walls of the pit, screaming for help. The music got louder and louder as I sank further and further into the green goo.

Stop day dreaming!" My mum's crisp voice cut through my thoughts, jolting me back to reality, "and get back to your composition homework!"
