The Day Mozart became a soccer teacher

On another windy day, a boring assembly with the principle buzzing about the rules at school, a sudden green flash shocked everyone. Then, a man with a whit-ish grey wig waved a thin stick appeared in the middle of the stage and suddenly shouted “Where did the music go?” and when he opened his eyes, there were students gazing at him. When he heard a light from a rectangular object he exclaimed “What is this?! Sorcery? Witchcraft?”

“No,” replied a chuckling student “it’s called a phone! We use it to send messages to peo-”

“Erm… Mr. Mozart, can you teach our school soccer team? They are struggling at the moment after all,” cut in the school principal.

“Oh, certainly. Bye the way, where and when am I in?” asked Mozart.

When he started learning soccer basics, he got an idea that the ball was a percussive instrument you use with your feet.“The soccer field is basically the bar lines in music and you are the melody of a sweet tune,” explained Mozart. The students, initially bewildered, went on the field and played a tactic Mozart called “Canon in D”. As Mozart conducted the symphony of the game, the students found themselves kicking and passing perfectly. “The goalkeeper is a trombone, swift but tough,” he said. “The defenders are tubas, tough but analyzing. The strikers are flutes, piercing and swift.”

When the day of the semifinals of the championship came, the team practiced “page flipping”. Mozart said that that is where you change tactics in one match. The score board went one nil then, two nil next, three nil. The referee blew his whistle. The sound of cheering and clapping brang back memories for Mozart. The students looked so excited that they got through the semifinals. For the first time, Mozart was split between choices.

Mozart studied the work of music but the finals were only a couple days away. He wasn’t sure what to do since both options were balanced. After two days of thinking, he got an idea. As he walked through the behemoth gates through the school, he explained to the principal that he couldn’t stay. A wave of excitement washed through him as he trained his pupils with “Symphony No. 40 in G minor”.

The day came and his pupils was even more nervous than an elephant near a mouse! Mozart calmed them down as he went to lots of competitions before. Every time he had an opportunity to say something, he would often shout something like this “Page turn to March!” It was like a secret code the students knew but the others were left bewildered. As the referee blew his whistle, on the very last moment, Mozart’s team got a point, and the scoreboard clicked to one nil. Suddenly, a burst of excitement came from the crowd and when Mozart touched the trophy they won, he left with a trail of music, and he was gone. The students learnt that they had just experienced a once-in -a lifetime experience.