***The frozen moment***

As the battered violin chimed with the pluck of its strings, wax dangled from the candle and the fluttering documents of paper stopped in the chaotic autumn wind. A moment that felt like decades approached Maria, her fingers spontaneously touched the floating papers and hovering leaves. Maria, an ordinary woman, like an ant in a cyclone. The world’s rowdy betrayal made her life unbearable, work, eat, sleep, work, eat and sleep. The time she was 8 years old, she couldn’t wait to come home from school to demonstrate her elegant fingers and pluck the delicate strings of her violin. Every pluck accompanied with a harmonic tune like the gentle hum on a raining day. Her dad, on the other hand, does not understand the beauty behind it, how music could change someone’s life in a positive way. As Maria came home from school when she was 9 years old, she could only place her beloved violin in the corner of her room- smashed like every strained string in her heart ready to snap. From that day, music had been separated away from profound connections from Maria, with a bridge that stretches for miles.

That moment when everything paused strikes, her computer stopped at the letter ‘a’. Maria checked the cable connection and wondered around. Candle wax grasped onto the candle and a feather outside balancing vertically on the puddles like a ballerina. The second hand suspended between ten past five and eleven past five. Despite her worries, she wasn’t stressed- she admired. She admired the floating diamonds of red, gold and orange outside in the autumn chill. She admired the candles. She admired her still smashed violin. Maria opened her rusted windows in front of her desk to admire.

Maria meandered into her room as an ominous echo reverberated through the rambunctious yet empty room. Maria clutched onto the edge for her shirt her head ached, she rocked back and forth and her tense fingers drum against her desk. Cars honked on the highways, dad stared at her through the windows and chefs crashed saucepans. Repeated sound swiveled in her head as if the world no longer was frozen but tumulted until she felt sick.

She trudged outside her room and swung the door behind her. Those clamorous noises began to fade away from her head to her ankle. Maria’s hunched back straightened up, her frowning forehead flattened. Gradually, all ten fingers released the edge of her clothes. Suddenly, an echo returned within Maria like an injection. This was not like before, there is other sound.

“I hear my favourite violin piece. I hear ecstatic laughter and chuckling. With Dad. My violin still has life to it, still colours and melody!” Maria exclaimed.

As the windows reopened again, leaves fall onto the ground, the cars started to zoom.

She raced towards the living room and translucent drops of tears dotted at the corner of her eyes. The violin couldn’t be fixed to its normal shape to play. Although this is the truth, but there is something Maria could certainly change. Rapidly rapped a jacket around her shoulders and drove towards 66 Albert St. Ding!

“Dad!” Maria shrieked.

She could feel her body slouched on dad’s beige shirt. They just said nothing but embraced. They squeezed so tightly that no words needed to be said. Maria amused the world around her, the honking composers, the shouting alto and the dancing sopranos. She picked up her violin like gold. She realized, it was not merely the change of the violin of the frozen moment. It was her time to realize that music never fades within us. Even in the most violent wind, the flame in our hearts of music would never be extinguished.