

## Letter of Petition

Dear Harry

Remember when we first met? 1912, the year you married Liza. I, your faithful Joanna, was the first to move into your new home. You were always a man to get his priorities right. Though I know there were others. You had flirtations – an accordion, some fiddles. And you had a mistress for years – another upright piano, the one in the local picture house. Liza loved to talk of her to the grandchildren after you died. Right there in front of me she'd tell them of your set pieces with her – *Hearts and Flowers* for romance, a *galop* for chase scenes, *mysterioso pizzicato* for suspense or villainy.

But enough reminiscing. 2020 now. You have long left that old body, but your spirit – the part of you that was the musician - still survives. Can you influence someone living now, to play me again? I sit here in the basement of a church hall, beneath a musty old curtain. I've been here since your grandson finally dumped me. We had a relationship when he first inherited me as a teenager, but it didn't last. Music lessons were forced upon him. From his hands flowed only guilt and boredom. He ignored me for years, took me up again when he turned fifty. Got me *tuned*. Do you know what the piano tuner said? *Well, at its best, this was a mediocre piano, and it's well past its best now.*

How that hurt. I was offended for your sake too, Harry. I know how much you spent on me – more than a month's wages. I believe you loved me more than you did Liza. The grandson finally dumped me at seventy; decided to *downsize*. I've never downsized. That's my problem. Silicone chips and the like play music for them now.

Please, please, could you influence someone above to notice me? The next time they come down to collect Christmas decorations perhaps. . . . perhaps a child who enjoys piano lessons? If they do such things now. I don't know. Perhaps it's hopeless. But could you try?

Yours aye,



Joanna aka Anne B Murray