

Molly

MOLLY has to play the piano because her parents want her to, but she is not happy about it. Here she describes why piano lessons are no fun at all.

MOLLY: I have to take these stupid piano lessons every Wednesday after school. From old Mrs Campbell. She's like this big tall lady who lives over on Euclid Avenue. She has a great big grand piano in her living room where she teaches a whole bunch of kids. Her house is always freezing cold in the winter. *(She shivers)* Mrs Campbell sits next to me on the piano bench and yells at me when I make a mistake. I hate piano lessons and I tell my mom I do but she doesn't listen. Nobody listens to kids.

I'm in the beginners' book. It's supposed to be real easy, but it isn't. It's real hard. The hardest part for me is trying to keep the right time. I can't. Even though Mrs Campbell counts out loud. *(She impersonates Mrs Campbell counting aloud)* "One-two-three-four, one-two-three-four." So far, after almost a year, all I can play are these dumb little pieces. Mostly only with my right hand. My left hand doesn't work right. *(She makes awkward, piano playing movements with her left hand)*

I have to practice every day, too. While other kids are out playing, I have to stay in and do my piano lesson. I keep telling Mom how much I hate it but she says I have talent. Know what? Having talent isn't any fun.

by Ruth Mae Roddy