

## The Power of Music

Taylor Goodwin

(2021)

*Name:* Orchid Davis.

*Date of birth:* 24<sup>th</sup> of October 2002.

*Address:* 17 Woodridge Lane, Sunshine Coast, QLD, Australia.

*Instrument:* Flute.

*Music composition:*

Orchid's mind was blank and staring at the questionnaire didn't make the answers magically appear. The fact that she had *no* idea of what piece she would do for the biggest audition of her life made her heart shatter into a million pieces. She could ask but decided not to. Her mum hated the idea of her becoming a flutist, or a musician at all. Although, there was one person who supported her, Angelita, her little sister and best friend.

'Ugh!' she said.

Her door opened. 'It's okay. It's just me,' Angelita said.

Orchid sighed and took a deep breath, as she pointed to 'Music composition' on the questionnaire.

Understanding her sister, Alita said, 'Let's research!'

8:00 PM: They still couldn't find the perfect piece.

10:00 PM: They found it.

'It's perfect. I know it, I love it, and me and the piece go way back,' Orchid said.

'History?' Angelita asked, confused.

'It was Dad's favourite,' she explained. 'Before you were born, and Dad wasn't around much, Mum used to sing and play instruments. It was our thing. She always said that the song she was playing was Dad's favourite. I remember taking a look at the music sheet to hum along and saw the name of the piece. It was *Harvest Time*. That's the last thing I remember doing with Mum,' she said, filling out the last question on the questionnaire.

Music composition: Harvest Time by Carol Barrett.

Her favourite piece.

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'So? Is it done? Did you send it?'

There was a new voice that Orchid and Angelita didn't hear often. They spun around to see their mother. Orchid knew something bad would happen. Their mother, Georgia, never spoke to them. There were questions flying around the room. If anyone was to tell their mother the truth, Orchid's mum would be the one waking the neighbours.

Her mother despised the idea of Orchid being a flutist. It wasn't because she didn't love her daughters, but because of what had once happened. What was once the best part of Georgia's life but was now a fading memory. She had made a promise to never take part in music again.

Orchid remembered when her mother used to sing and play music to her. It was a faint memory, but it was still there. That song still meant a lot to Orchid, but that was before Angelita was born. She doesn't know why her mum stopped, but over the years, she grew not to care. Orchid had always loved music; after all, her first learning years were in music, so she continued and wanted to make a career out of it.

It wasn't easy growing up, looking after her little sister, ignoring her mother, and pursuing music, which was a forbidden activity. Orchid and Angelita had to have their birthdays, Christmases, Easters, and all other holidays with only each other because they didn't trust their untrustworthy, backstabbing, terrible mother. Orchid never wanted to speak to her mother, but of course, Georgia wanted the opposite.

Interrupted by her mother, Orchid snapped her computer shut.

'What are you hiding?' her mum asked.

'Nothing important,' Orchid replied.

Her mum sighed. Orchid couldn't figure out why her mum was talking to her.

'Would you like to hear a story?' Georgia asked.

'Why would I? You've never been interested enough in my life to do that before. So, no.'

'Once, I was just like you,' Georgia said, reaching for Orchid's smooth hands.

Orchid snatched her hand away, her face filled with anger.

'I was naive and young. I loved music and the idea of it. I wasn't the only one. Your father loved it too, so did your godmother. We had a band, you know. We called ourselves The New 52 because your father *loved* DC and comics. He was really just a big boofhead.'

Orchid giggled.

‘Of course, you were too little to remember. We got an acceptance letter for a world tour. Unfortunately, I was pregnant with Angelita, so I couldn’t go with the band. Although *I* couldn’t go, I made sure that the others could.’

Waving her hands like a queen waves hello, Orchid rushed her mum, ‘Go on’ she pleaded.

‘Okay, halfway through The New 52’s Tour, I went into labour. The bands next tour wasn’t far from here, so they caught the next flight to see me and your little sister. The plane went through a severe thunderstorm and crashed. No one survived. I’ve hated music ever since. If we didn’t love it so much, you two would have a dad and you, Orchid, would have a godmother.’

Tearing up, they said nothing and left an awkward silence in place. Orchid opened her computer, as well as opening her heart. ‘I know it will be hard and you may not support it, but I am applying to Queensland’s School of Music. I have an audition in a few weeks.’

‘Maybe if Angelita would come with me? To help me get through it and to support you?’ Georgia asked.

‘Of course. I would be happy to,’ said Angelita.

Orchid’s mum and sister leaned in for a hug, which was shocking but also a relief for Orchid.