

2010 WLC Student Essay Contest Winner
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I imagine the mixed buzz of the crowd and the orchestra warming up. My face is getting clammy and my eyes are twinkling so brightly from mounting excitement that my face gets hot and sweaty. I hit the button to prolong the moment. I hear the announcer tell the audience what will be playing and I ready myself turning the page in the musical score. I tap my baton three times and suddenly the music swells out with crescendo. I am one with the music there is no difference between me, the piano, the violins, the cellos, the clarinets, the oboes, the French horns, the tubas, and the baritones. I am louder, I am softer, I am faster, I am slower, I am strikes, I am blows, I am plucks – we are done. With a final crash of the cymbals, at first I hear nothing. I am deaf to my surroundings, there is a glow around me and then it hits me. The crowd is roaring with hoots, claps, and encores.

Back to reality, there is no orchestra just the beep of my alarm clock, there is no crash of the cymbals just the crash of the alarm clock being knocked off the nightstand, and finally no cheering from the crowd just my cat meowing at the door and my parents telling me to wake up. I am no conductor, just a 5th grade pianist, but music has power. Music is what gives individuality; it fills your head with things you wouldn't feel otherwise. You can feel ecstatic and music could make you sob. Let music take over and you can have a friend that goes everywhere with you and transforms a 5th grade pianist into a conductor.