

What do you do when you hear music all the time? Would you dance? Play along with the rhythm of the beat? Or would you scream until your lungs bleed, trying to drown it all out. I tried it all. One day however, something amazing happened. I learned I could conduct the music. I notice these changes when I watch this world go by and I add my own contribution. Maybe a comment or I would just change someone's path and off the music would go. Matching their mood and what happened next. It wasn't enough after a while. I wanted more. A big change was needed. I didn't just want to adjust the arrangement. I wanted to change the score. One day that moment came. I stood over this life, baton in hand, and as I approached the music, oh the music, it was so full of suspense. It gave me shivers, I could hardly contain myself. I listen to the strain of the strings, no other sound or instrument, just the strings. Do you know what it's like when a life changes so dramatically? What it sounds like? It's not a pluck or a boom. No crashing cymbals or even a melodic conclusion of piano keys. It is a harsh squeal, quick and sudden. The horrid sound that can only be made as the violin string fails under the pressure. From that moment on though, there is nothing but silence. I had to do it again. Another place, another arrangement. Hearing that pluck and then left in silence, it was addicting. Like any addiction just one at a time wasn't enough. I needed to hear more. I needed to change more. I guess that was the moment I became this... Monster of yours. The real monstrosity was when I did nothing. When I made myself nothing. But now. Now I am a conductor. Not just any regular musician, I was in charge. I still am. Even now I can hear your arrangement. It's tempo hastens a bit as you stare into me. But let me ask you one more thing, officer. How will your instrument break, now that my bindings have come loose?