## The little pianist - By Bridge katari

There was once a little boy named Azul. He loved to play the piano and dreamed of becoming a
Pianist someday. Every Sunday Azul went to his piano class and every night at home
just before going to bed.
Azul became good at it because he was so He would forget to brush his teeth, but
would never forget to practice playing the piano.
One day Vicky, his piano teacher told him: « Azul you will perform tomorrow in front of a large
audience. You are getting to be quite a pianist. Your fingers move like a on the piano
keys, But there is something missing ».
« What is it? » Azul just had to know. He really really wanted to be not just a good pianist, but a great pianist.
Vicky smiled. She into Azul's ear a piano teacher secret : « Play with your heart not
with your fingers ».
As always Vicky pulled out her box of stickers. Azul held out his hand and Vicky stuck on it a
of a butterfly. « There. Think of this butterfly when you want to play with your
heart ». She said
That day when all the children played in the park Azul just at his butterfly.
He « I can play with my fingers because I can move them. I can touch the piano
keys. How can I play with my heart? I can't even see my heart ».
For the first time in a long time Azul went to bed without playing the piano. The night before his He did not practice because he did not know how to play with his heart.
When Azul woke up he looked for the butterfly sticker.
« Oh, no », the sticker was gone, too. Now Azul was really nervous. So he tried
playing the piano but his fingers would just not move.
However, that did not stop the
Soon it was performance time. The piano was in the middle of a surrounded by
of people. Azul walked onto the stage,sat on the piano and closed his
eyes for a second. Remembering Vicki's words, he thought of the butterfly. In the quiet of the
auditorium Azul heard the
A butterfly sat on his shoulder and started to
His fingers began to move by themselves. His heart began to play The Butterfly Song.