

# Terrorizing Twins

Alex

Some nights when Alex practices his piano, he feels the piano merging into him like a sense. He feels his fingers dancing across the sea of keys, and he hears the perfect rhythm and sound. But not all nights are like that for Alex. Some nights are like this . . .

**“Get out of this room so I can practice in peace!”** That’s what Alex angrily bellows to his brothers Elliot and Tobin when they annoy him when he is practicing piano. Ten seconds later he goes back to playing Sonata Number 3 by Clementi. Without warning a wooden block zips across his eyesight. He turns to see the launch point of the block. It appears to be Elliot. Alex bellows, **“I thought I told you to get out of this room!”** Elliot instantly scrambles away. Alex is left thinking, why oh why he can’t get his brothers to stop annoying him.

The next day Alex goes straight to his mom and asks, “How can I get my brothers to stop annoying me while I practice piano?” she replies, “Why don’t you be really rough with them before you practice, then they’ll be really tired and fall asleep while you practice.” “It’s worth a try,” responded Alex. So Alex did exactly what his mom said to do.

He tried rampaging with them around the kitchen. He tried having a big pillow fight with them. He even tried wrestling with them. But instead of his brothers falling asleep, he fell asleep. Alex is again left thinking, why oh why he can’t get his brothers to stop annoying him.

When Alex wakes up the next day, he goes immediately to his dad. Alex asks him the one thing that is on his mind “How can I get my brothers to stop annoying me while I practice piano?” His dad replies in a humorous tone of voice, “Stop practicing, it’s that simple.” Very funny thought Alex, as he realized his dad was just as stuck as he was about how to stop the terrorizing twins.

Alex goes back to his room and thinks for a while. Then the idea comes to him. What if he taught his brothers to play piano. If he did this, they wouldn't annoy him because they would understand that they had to be quiet while he was practicing piano. It was the perfect idea, thought Alex.

When Alex woke up the next morning, he was prepared to start the operation of teaching his brothers how to play the piano. As soon as Elliot and Tobin woke up, Alex hauled them into the piano room. But as soon as he started teaching, it was unlike Alex had imagined. It seemed more like a war than a peaceful doing. The twins were wrecking the place and causing havoc. At that very moment Alex knew it was going to be a very long day.

On the next day Alex was ready to fight a war like a fully equipped soldier. He knew the twins were going to play dirty. He knew they were going to yell and scream. He knew they were going to throw toys. So he had a few tricks up his sleeve (Mostly about getting them in trouble). He also had a few songs in mind to teach them like Chopsticks, Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star, and tunes to their favorite nursery rhymes.

It was war in the piano room that day, but amazingly enough, Alex overcame by placing their hands on the keys when they were moving away, by keeping them on the bench, by showing them what keys to play, and by threatening them.

The twins were only one week into the operation and doing astoundingly well! They are able to play some of the major scales and they even know how to play some simple songs. Also, they were starting to have less and less battles with Alex. **To make a long story short the twins were doing very well in their “piano training” and were just plain astounding. Until. . .**

One day well into the operation, Alex rounded the twins into the piano room and started them on their daily routines. Alex was completely horrified to find the twins were back to their old ways causing havoc in the piano room.

The next day Alex came up with an other solution to stop the twins from annoying him. He could practice when the twins were in bed. When 7:00p.m. finally rolled around, Alex started practicing piano. He had the feeling of the lightness, of the piano becoming a sense to him, the feeling of perfect rhythm, and the feeling of playing a piece perfectly all at once. But that didn't last long. Soon Alex was surrounded by the screaming twins and whizzing toys. Alex finally decided it was destined for the twins to create havoc, and he was destined to practice in that havoc.

*Alex's text, p. 3.*