

From the story that envisions how C. hatched his raindrop.

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In 1838, after discovering he possessed a terrible illness, Polish compositor Frédéric Chopin secluded himself in an uphill monastery at Valldemossa, Majorca, accompanied by his beloved French writer, Baroness George Sand. During a stormy night when Sand had not returned from her evening walk, the virtuoso pianist began interpreting natural sounds as musical thought. He wrote a masterpiece, moved by the idea of imminent death. The following is an interpretation of both Sand's and Chopin's diaries, in hopes of reviving Chopin's 'génie' during the turbulent night when the prelude of Opus 28, No.15 was born: Raindrop.

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C. sat alone by the moonlight dim, the shattered night of transfigured time displayed the downcast shadow of his protuberant, hooked nose, as his whole figure prepared to bear an unprecedented manuscript – the manuscript of his own, turbulent skies.

C. was awed. C. was awed because the lovely George had walked out earlier that mildly-shadowed evening, embraced by the sun's latest life-giving forces, and had not yet

returned. The sky now shivered and fragmented itself in a raging plethora of tiny tears that once composed its heavenly body. C. imagined the lovely George drowned in the lugubrious cliffs of the beach, a suicidal martyr whose love for him drove her to tedious exile along the dying lover.

C. awed. C. awed because George was accompanied by the finest of C.'s comrades, the exceedingly virtuous Franz, whose remarkable Hungarian Rhapsodies were destined to become a sigh, a whisper, a rustle cry that'd prevail amongst the musically degenerated generations to come.

C. sat enlightened by the moon gleam dim, furiously devising the subsequent note his prolific hands would give birth to, a note of ravishing delight for his sorrowful ears.

C. sat thoughtful by the moonbeam dim, turning nature to music - Falling rain against the window sill, ferocious downpour with claps of thunder, resounding, rioting in disturbed noises, erecting itself as an endless consecration to the mystical force bestowed by the eonian Gaia.

Sublime. Sublime how a procession of mourning monks droned lugubrious prayers at the cloistered court of the monastery.

Sublime. Sublime how the elegiac monks carried a defunct fellow to his eternal abode.

Sublime. Sublime how C. did not imitate. Sublime how C. translated the words of nature into words of music.

C. sat nostalgic by the moonshine dim, as he remembered Amandine, Aurore, Lucie and Dupin, Baroness Dudeyant. As he remembered his beloved George, her five feet of height, her shiny dark hair, her boyish trousers and the smelly cigars that she smoked. C. felt he would hear no more the "Fryk-Fryk" and "Chip Chip" (as she dubbed him), and his bony, haggard countenance twisted with sorrow as he felt the rage and wrath and frenzy and violent turmoil of the tempestuous darkness filling the nightly firmament.

C. was in awe. C. was in awe as the angry chilly tempest found its way through the thin window slots and whispered glacial death to his ears, his feeble chest shook roughly and he coughed and coughed in the silk of his handkerchief that turned cerise with thick substance, revealing his dreaded possession of the writers' disease - A disease that had secluded him, that had banished him to that ancient, four-walled, dimly-lit stone room at the desperately gelid monastery of Majorca.

Gentle patter of rain. Gentle patter of rain in A- flat.
Gentle patter of rain. Gentle patter of rain in A- flat.

C. saw himself drowned in a lake.

Gentle patter of rain. Gentle patter of rain in A- flat.
Gentle patter of rain. Gentle patter of rain in A- flat.
Gentle patter of rain.

Distortion brewed as the gentle pattern of rain turned
into beautiful visceral sounds.

George. George. George. George. George. George. George.

A-flat. A-flat. George. A-flat. A-flat. A-flat. George.
A-flat. A-flat. A-flat. George. A-flat. A-flat.

Rain. Rain. Rain. Drop. Rain. Rain. Rain. Drop.

Ponderous drops showered his chest with a humdrum
musicality - No. It showered the roof above his head - No. It
showered the stumble steps of his great-great-great
grandparents. Stumble. Stumble. Stumble. His mind stumbled
with memories and fears and dreams, as he could no longer
distinguish feeble reality from the whimsical phantasmagoria
of anxiety and fright.

George. George. George. George. George. George. George.

A-flat. A-flat. A-flat. George. A-flat. A-flat. A-flat.
 George. A-flat. A-flat. A-flat. George. A-flat. A-flat.

Rain. Rain. Rain. Rain. Rain. Rain. Rain. Rain. Drop.

Rain. Rain. Drop. Rain. Rain. Rain. Drop. Rain. Drop.

The flattened cry of a rusty wooden door preceded George and Franz, soaked to the spine after emerging from the heavy downpour that struck Valldemossa that melancholic winter night of 1838.

C. sighed at their sight as the chilly night air slinked through his nostrils; he silenced his raindrop, nature at the zenith of its musical equivalent.

- Ah! - He exclaimed with a frosty smile. - I
 knew well that you were dead.

Gentle patter of rain. Gentle patter of rain in A- flat.
 Gentle patter of George. Gentle patter of rain in Raindrop.
 Gentle patter of George. Gentle patter of rain in A- flat.
 Gentle patter of rain.

THE END