

My hand started to jolt in the middle of my third piece. "Cello Sonata No. 3". Notes that were supposed to be light and sweet turned into an intense vibrato. My fingers were fumbling as I struggled to carry on with the performance. Notes were mislaid left and right. I checked my hand and saw that it was turning into a harsh purple. I began to lose feeling in my left hand, the one they couldn't explain why it had gone weak in the car crash.

I glanced at the audience then focused on Adam as he walked to one of the managers with a concerned look in his eye. I still carried on, even as the audience began to chatter, pointing to my hand. My head got dizzy and I didn't even recognize what I was playing at that point.

Next thing I knew my precious cello was taken from me and a medical stretcher was being rolled on stage. Everything was happening so fast I couldn't think straight. The audience chatter turned into a roaring of comments as they were being escorted out of the theatre. Their voices drowning out as I hear a whisper in my ear.

"Just relax, everything's fine," Adam whispered in my ear finding his hand finding my right. Our fingers were locked together until the stretcher strolled away into the back of the ambulance. Adam's words replayed in my head, over and over.

I began to daze off, but then I felt a sharp pain in my wrist. An I.V. was being submerged into my veins. Quickly, I came back to reality with sweat on my forehead. Random beeps were coming left and right. The torturous smell was all too familiar to me. I was now in the hospital where I spent many times before. I made sure I was in my own body and not just a ghost of my corpse. When I realized I couldn't move out of what seemed to be my hospital bed, I figured I wasn't in a coma.

Nurses and doctors surrounded me sticking more pins and needles into my arm. Once they realized I was aware of what was happening they began to ask me questions. My head was swirling, giving me a headache, so I didn't answer any of them. I scanned the room for Adam, but he wasn't there. Realizing more of what just happened to me, I gave my hand that was just playing a piece by Beethoven a look. It was still purple, but a little more red. I had no feeling in it whatsoever.

"We're going to have to consider amputation," I overheard a doctor whisper to a nurse. My eyes grew wide and I felt my whole body shake.

"N-no, you can't," I managed to stutter out of my mouth. The doctor realized I had overheard and started explaining to me my situation. I didn't listen. Playing the cello was my life, I couldn't stop now. You can't play the cello without your fingers being able to dance across the strings. I can't live without that. It's the reason I didn't give up. It's the reason I stayed.

"It's only getting worse, we have to go into surgery to amputate it," the doctor explained as I was panicking to my breaking point. "Is that alright with you-" before he finished his sentence Adam rushed into the room with an ipod in his hand. "Sir, you can't be -"

"It's fine, I know her," he said interrupting the doctor again. A smile grew on my face as he kneeled down next to my hospital bed. "It'll all be okay Mia, there are other ways to play," he said as if knowing what I was thinking. He must've overheard the doctor too before he bursted in.

"B-but I can't," I started to say but then he grabbed my hand and leaned closer into my ear.

“Trust me, there are other ways. We will find some, together,” his speech sent shivers down my spine. The doctor told him he had to go, but before he went he placed the ipod on my chest. He hit a button and classical music came out. It vibrated through my body and made me relax.

I finally let the words go, “Let’s do it,” then closed my eyes letting the music take control.