

The Singer's Dream



“Kelly, make sure you get a good sleep for your big performance tomorrow,” my manager Delilah said as she exited the door to my one-bedroom apartment.

“That’s what everyone says,” I thought to myself, now alone, the night before my first singing appearance at Madison Square Garden. Was I nervous? Oh, much more than nervous. I couldn’t eat, too worried it might come right back up, and there were butterflies fluttering around all in my stomach. No matter what I did, they wouldn’t go away. I just didn’t want to expose my heart through my songs and all the work I’d put into it, and something go wrong. I was doing what I loved, singing, but I didn’t know that there was much more to it. Everywhere I went now, paparazzi followed me, flashing their bright cameras in my face. They titled the headlines of every magazine saying, “Kelly Landon’s first appearance, Saturday, May 7... Is she ready for the fame?” The answer to that was a definite no. Yes, I had already sold 3 million copies of my new album, but I had yet to

perform in front of as many people as I would be faced with the following day. I wasn't ready to face any criticism toward what I had worked my whole life for. I decided to try and get my mind off of everything, and slid my favorite movie of all time, *Steel Magnolias* into my flat screen television, and plopped myself onto my brown leather, expensive, but not at all comfortable couch.

The words of the movie slowly became softer and softer as an old, recognizable song grew louder. "Crazy, crazy for feeling so lonely," echoed throughout the room, sung by a very bold voice. It sounded so real, one of my mother's favorite songs. I followed the voice that led me to my small pink closet, and a very elegant lady stood before me, Patsy Cline, swiping



her hand softly against the line of clothes. Her hair was curled, a tint of dark brown. She had on dangling diamond earrings, and a long, ever-flowing magenta dress. Her heels made her three inches taller, and her rosy red lipstick outlined her big, bright smile.

I took several steps back, frightened by the southern lady who stood before me that I knew had been

deceased for years. I couldn't believe my eyes. "Umm, what are you doing here?" I said timidly.

In her soft, fragile, but yet still bold voice she said, "Sweetheart, I'm only here to help you."

"But you're... you're dead. This can't be happening, I must be dreaming," I said shaking my head as though to wake myself from a deep sleep.

"Just 'cause I'm dead doesn't mean my crazy spirit isn't still alive," Patsy responded, placing a hand on her thin waist.

"Okay, you're freaking me out! How'd you get in here? What do I need help with?" I stammered.

"Well, I've been sent here to help with your pre-show jitters," she stated. With a southern draw.

"How'd you know I've been nervous?" I questioned.

"I have my ways. So, I'm here to give you some tips, and throughout the night, you will be visited by several other singing sensations. Together we have unique experiences that will help you begin your own legacy. We want you to be as successful as we once were. I remember all too well the nerves rattling in me the night before my big performance at the Grand Ole Opry." She looked up at the ceiling as if she was having a flashback.

“You’ve been nervous before?” I asked in shock.

“Many ‘a times my dear one, but I got through it by doing several things.”

“Like what?” I asked, anticipating an easy solution to rid the butterflies dancing in my stomach.

“Well, you see, people know me as being so confident, with class, but it took a while for me to get there. I had to put my mind at ease. Do you know how I did that?”

“How?” I quickly responded.

“I began with the end in mind before I ever stepped on any stage. As odd as it may seem, I pictured putting on the best performance, and the pleasure I would feel after doing so. That’s how I gained my confidence. I knew I had it all in me, I just had to let it show. And you, missy, need to do the same to win over that crowd.”

“But, it’s just not as simple as it seems.”

“You have to make it simple by being yourself. There’s nothing more simple than that.”

“What if they don’t like who I am?” That question had rang in my head a million times over the past weeks.

"Don't you worry about that. Being yourself is all you can do. When you act uncomfortable on stage, the audience can sense it. That's why you must be confident. A good friend of mine once told me that nerves form from a lack of self confidence."

"Wow, I never thought of it that way. I guess it makes sense."

"Tomorrow, when you walk up on that stage, forget about everything else and all the distractions, and own the song. Make it yours, and be yourself," Patsy said as her image began to fade into the thin air.

"Make it mine?" The words seemed to drift off into space as I walked around my apartment, desperately looking for the country singer's spirit, only to find that I was once again all alone.



A bit confused about what had just gone on, I walked over to the fridge to get something to drink. Just when I finished filling my glass with icy cold water, the old radio sitting in the corner of my living room flickered on. Startled, the glass of water slipped from my hands and shattered onto the clean wooden floor. I bent down and wiped up the mess.

The radio static crackled on as the hit "Singing in the Rain" started playing. Like the snap of a finger, I heard rain pounding outside. I slid my balcony screen door open as the large droplets pelted onto the concrete, like the beating of a drum, and soaked my luscious brown locks. To my surprise, Frank Sinatra, with his umbrella in hand, jacket zipped up to the top, and rain boots pulled on tight, was singing in the rain.

"What a glorious feeling, and I'm happy again," he sang as he twirled around.

I interrupted his little musical taking place on my back porch. "Not another one," I moaned.

"Not another what?" he said.

"Another singing sensation." I replied.

"Thanks for the compliment," he said with the wink of an eye.

I rubbed off his reply to get to the bottom of things. "So what advice are you here to give?" I questioned with some sass. I knew that I had already gone crazy so I decided to make the most out of the experience.

"Can we go inside away from the rain first?" he suggested.

"Sure," I replied, opening the screen door and escaping from the rain.

“Okay” he said, closing his soaked umbrella as I pushed the door shut. “So, since you’ve been having troubles with nerves, I want to tell you how I ended mine.”

“Okay.”

“My very first appearance was on the radio. I remember how jittery I was the day before, frightened that my dreams could come to an end if I were to make one mistake on my song. To stop my nerves and shakiness, I found a way to relax. I grabbed a book and sat in my old wooden chair by the fireplace of my home sweet home. After a while, I calmed down, and my nerves just seemed to vanish. For some people, it takes a while to figure out their true way of relaxing, but once you do, it makes such a difference in relieving nerves.”

“Does it work every time?”

“Pretty much, but eventually, you’ll get so comfortable that your nerves will probably vanish for good.” he replied.

And just like that, he too vanished, leaving me behind with so many unanswered questions.

I settled down on the couch, pulled my red fleece blanket on top of me, and started to read a book, something I liked to do as well because I could escape to a fantasy place. All of the sudden, as Bella Swan was introducing me to Forks in the Twilight book, I heard the metal pans in the kitchen.

clanking like drums and loud, stern vocals singing, "We will, we will rock you!" They were the words of the main man of queen, Freddie Mercury. His hair was shaggy, as black as night, and you could tell he was a rockstar by his wardrobe of tight pants and dark shades.

"Hey, what's up?" he said in his rocker tone as he sat the pans down on the marble countertop and unintentionally stomped my way.

I wasn't quite sure how to respond to his awkward presence, so I just said, "I'm reading."

"Put down that old raggedy book, and listen here," Freddie exclaimed. "Do you have any clue who I am?"

"Of course! You're a legend. My dad used to play your CD over and over again."

When I was growing up, my dad had every single Queen album. He'd been to several concerts and knew every word to every one of their rock n' roll hits.

"Hmmm, okay then. I'm the last singing sensation who will visit you tonight, so listen very carefully to my wise words. When I was just a young rocker, I loved the spotlights and the production of the arts. I never grew nervous at all with my band mates."

"Why?" I interrupted.

“Because every single time I got on that stage, I took one big, long, deep breath and imagined every single person in the audience being in their tidy whities.”

I couldn't help but laugh. “You really did that?”

“I really did dude. And when I didn't do that, I would pretend they didn't even exist, as though my band and I were playing solely for ourselves.”

“What if I don't want to imagine the crowd in their... underwear?” I questioned.

“Then just look above their heads, or find a focal point in the very back of the place, such as an exit door or a back wall, and sing to it. That'll really put your mind at ease. Just remember, when you're rocking and rolling, have fun. If you don't enjoy singing for everybody, it may just not be the right thing for you, but I wouldn't be here if I didn't believe it was.”

“You believe in me?”



There was no reply, just the still quiet of my dead-beat apartment.

I awoke on the couch of my living room, realizing it was all just my imagination. I wasn't sure whether to refer to it as a dream or a nightmare,

seeing as though it scared the pee out of me. It might have been a miracle. I looked at the clock above the television, and saw that it was 10:00 in the morning. "Oh no," I said to myself. I only had thirty minutes until my limo would arrive to pick me up. I rushed across my entire apartment trying to get ready. Luckily, I was down at the lobby by exactly 10:30 just as my limo pulled in. The concierge opened the door for me, and I let out a big sigh as I settled into the leather seats, surprisingly relieved after the incidents I had experienced in my dreams, because without them, I wouldn't be prepared for the performance.

After the makeup artists and hair stylists dolled me up for the show, and the costume designer helped me get dressed, the awaited time had come. I stepped onto the huge stage, making it my home, as the crowd cheered my name, "Kelly, Kelly!" The butterflies that danced all around my stomach the night before were no longer there, seeming to vanish like dark clouds shifting across the sky on a sunny day. I had never pictured the moment to be like this. I grasped tightly to my bedazzled pink microphone and poured my heart out into the song. The crowd roared.



after the song ended and even cheered “Encore! Encore!” I couldn’t believe it. They liked me, they really liked me.

I wanted so badly to see the spirits one more time that had visited me in my dream. I wanted to thank them for their advice, but sadly, I didn’t know how. Hopefully one day, I will enter the golden gates above, and be able to share my own unique legacy with them.

You see, singing is more than just making musical sounds with your voice. When you sing, you let all of your emotions out and release everything from way down deep in your soul. Sometimes, you can even help others cope with hard times or help them celebrate the good ones. Singing is something that comes naturally. The singing legends that entered my dream and helped me extinguish my nerves, helped me open a new door. Even if your singing only effects one heart of this gigantic world, it’s worth the doing.

Citations:

1- Story: created entirely by me, Madison McKee

2- Pictures: I used the Advanced Pixlr Editor Software to make all 5 pictures from scratch, and to make the picture frames around each photo, I used the Inspector icon from Pages

*Every aspect of this story is original and was made entirely by me. Although there are names of famous singers in this piece, none of the information of their “experiences” in this piece are factual.

I used Pages to create this original piece. I wrote it because I love incorporating things from my life, such as singing, into my writing pieces. I enjoy writing and hope you like this piece.