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## The Hermit Saxophone

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### About the Contributor

I am currently a student at Cedarville University, where I am studying English. I am hoping to become an author and editor.

# THE HERMIT SAXOPHONE

*Madelene E. Fish*

The garage door slammed closed behind Zachery Jerome as he strode into the mud room of his house. Taking off his shoes, he slipped on his shabby slippers and headed into the kitchen where he set down his work bag onto the scratched kitchen table. He knew that no one besides himself and his wife's tuxedo cat, Aslan, were in the house since his wife, Mandy, had told him that morning that she was going out with a friend from their college years.

Knowing Mandy and her friend, his wife would come gamboling home when the moon had reached its zenith. It was the perfect time to pull out his saxophone from their closet and play some tunes. Now that there was no crowd to try to thrill, the ever present nerves that raked through Zachery whenever others might hear him play dissolved. Even Mandy had never heard him play, no matter how she begged to hear him play even just one song. Zachery loved his wife, but playing for her would not be an option. For now. At least not until he could play without breaking down in his nervousness.

As Zachery pulled out the faded case covered in band stickers, he smiled to himself. The dust cloaking the case testified to the amount of time since he had last played. Brushing the dust off, his smile grew in anticipation of letting his

fingers dance on the golden keys. After pulling the saxophone from its case and tuning it, Zachery played his favorite classic jazz song "Joy Spring" by Clifford Brown by memory. The feel of the neck strap draping around his neck and the bell balanced on his hip felt like an embrace from an old friend. The notes sashayed on the air, filling the house, and soon Zachery let himself get lost in the metallic notes.