



Play On, Maestro

by Deborah L. Kloepfel

...Few appreciated the gift of life as much as Cas; he embraced each new day with the reverence such a miracle deserved.

...He sighed heavily, glancing once more at the despicable number which had marred his forearm from the age of fifteen; a grisly reminder of unspeakable horrors.

...His eyes followed the shaft of sunlight spotlighting his name at the bottom of a yellowed theater poster... “Casimir Szumski, Virtuoso Extraordinaire”.

...It represented more than a personal honor; it was the billing of a lifetime; the most profound performance he had ever delivered...

...The voice of an angel emanated from his priceless instrument; its haunting resonance infusing the air with life as if he had freed the embodied spirits of his family and countrymen; their singing souls emerging from his ancient violin

...He looked toward the door, wondering who it could be... he found an equally tiny note handwritten in German: “Spiel an, Maestro, spiel an: Play on, Maestro, play on.”