

The First Sad Song (aka One + One = One)

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***poof*!**

Out of the mist of creation came a violin.

And the creator thought (**this is good**).

But, the instrument made no sound and the maker was not happy.

poof

A bow appeared next to the violin and it was good.

The violin could now play its music. Songs of strength and power flowed through the air. The world rejoiced and all was right in the world. The creator was happy.

The master looked down upon the violin and realized something was missing. So, across the world, its eyes scanned the many things that had been planted upon the land...



Animals walked, crawled and flew with two legs, two wings. They hugged and fed with two arms, two paws. And they made love and multiplied in twos.

The creator then smiled and***poof***

A second violin appeared. This one more tender and its songs softer upon the wind. The world again cheered for the new music.

Together the two violins spread their music upon the land. Each of the animals danced to the beautiful melody that came.

The master was happy and allowed itself to rest within the heart of the earth. It fell to sleep listening to what it had created and joy filled its heart.

As the master slept, the two violins continued their song writing. Joy filled the land.

That night, as the two violins worked together, the first violin felt the strength of its songs and realized that the other violin could not make the strong notes, but, only produced soft ones.

The strong violin admired its more powerful music and no longer respected the other. It thought **(I am bigger, stronger and better than that one. How dare it think it is my equal.)**

The first violin picked up the bow and struck the second one down. It had the control and knew the soft one could not stand up to its size or strength. The big one would now control how and

when the soft one could join in.



The first Violin used any reason to use its power over the second. If the first one played a wrong note on a song, it was the second's fault.

Frequently, the bow would come out, ***smack* *smack* *smack***, and the soft violin would cower and come to realize that 'it' was the reason for all of the first's anger.

The next day, the creator awoke and listened for his violins beautiful harmony. Instead, a new

song came and it made the master cry.

[This story is meant to show how an abuser can take something nice and damage it. Showing how ugly their actions are. Dedicated to anyone who has/is/will be abused by someone else]

Some of my art on this subject:

Violin Duet: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-324.htm>

We Are One: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-418.htm>

Dedication To Love: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-550.htm>

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