

MY STORY

If I hadn't been complaining over and over people could have called me by my real name. But it was just my fault and I don't want to find fault with them. I only wanted to play a piano. I only want to play a piano. Why must it be so difficult?

If I had a lot of money I could buy a piano and might be famous. If I were famous I would be very happy. If I were happy I might make people around me happy. Why must it be so difficult?

If I hadn't left home I might attended school. If I had acquired a lot of skills I could have gotten a good job and if I had made quite a few dollars I would have afforded music lessons. If all these things had happened my life would be different. For instance: if I had studied music I would play whenever I wanted, I could have a job as a musician and might earn a lot of money. And of course I couldn't complain anymore. But unfortunately things aren't always as one wishes and I don't have a piano and if I had it I wouldn't know how to play it.

But if I study music at the Conservatorio I will learn the main issues about music, I will be able to play an instrument, I may have success as an artist or, at least, if I am invited, I can play at parties. But stop dreaming. I know it is out of the question. I'd better change my mind. I'm gong to try to ignore what others think about me. Complaining too much doesn't solve problems. When I accept my real situation I'll start to be myself and stop being "Mr If".