Fairytale In A String Of 4

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 My older brother and I are 4 years apart, he joined a ukulele club at school when he was 11 years old, with his club, he performed in Memorial Park, and Nico Hotel. Though, I never played the ukulele until I was at the same age as him. I became interested in wanting to learn how to play the instrument. I thought it would be easy to learn how to play it because it is such a small instrument but I was wrong. It took time and hours of practice to strum the strings correctly, and to have a smooth transition with the chord progressions.

 Two years of playing the uke has passed. My mom surprised me by giving me, my very own ukulele for my 13th birthday. I loved it more because it was a tad bigger than my brothers ukulele, it was a tenor uke. My brother and I played Brown Eyed Girl By Van Morrison, together in front of my parents and it would feel like we’re in a concert because they would hold up their phones and have those pretty lights flashed on us. As I had gotten older, playing the uke was my getaway.

 I loved learning new songs and fingerstyle versions. My go to song to play is Riptide by Vance Joy. I would play my moms favorite song, Can’t Help Falling In Love By Elvis, and she would say, “ I feel like I’m in a buffet at a fancy hotel.” Which always was a pleasure sharing what I have learned to others. I am someone that carefully thinks of what I’m getting myself into. Thinking of the pros and cons. I guess you can say I over think. Over the little things, Should I enroll in this Online Course? Should I join this team? While thoughts keep running in my head; I notice that I automatically look for my ukulele. In times, when I felt overwhelmed with school, or when the unexpected came. I felt comfort in playing the uke. Strumming the stress away, feeling the strings, and hearing the music, eases my mind. I found paradise in playing the ukulele; until one day, I couldn’t get a hold get of it.

 Hours before Typhoon Yutu hit, we had moved to my uncle and his family’s apartment for the meantime. I didn’t bring my ukulele, because like other typhoons, we’ll go home the next day, I was wrong. After I found out how destroyed my home was, I thought of my ukulele. Is it destroyed? Would I be able to play it again? The one thing that could make me feel safe and sound, my safety net that I would fall back on. I followed my dad back home to go find it, he was moving wood, and tin. As I turned back, there he was holding it up like a trophy, Like how Rafiki held up Simba in Lion King. The amount of joy I felt even seeing the aftermath of the typhoon, couldn’t be measured. As long as I had my ukulele in my hand, I’ll pour everything in playing it, letting my mind flow, strumming slow, bringing me back to paradise. I believe that an instrument, can be a source of happiness, like what my ukulele is to me.