



the song well—or, as she believed to be well—my roommate did not practice with us until the day before the concert. Then we found that the original song was too low, the drums were too loud, there were controversies on where to enter for the second verse, etc. We had not arrived at a satisfactory run before the concert, so we gave ourselves over to luck.

The first song had to start over again because the guitarist forgot to tune up. Then it was okay and the audience swayed with the music. They received plenty of cheers before I joined them, confidently believing that fate was on our side.

I was so wrong. The main difference between a string instrument and a percussion is that the percussion instrument is much louder. I set the tempo of the piece, and unlike the guitar, I can't try to fit with the singer all the time.

The guitar was not in tune. The vocal did not come in after the interlude. She was on the wrong verse. She stopped the guitarist and they started arguing about chords. She waved and laughed awkwardly and hurried offstage, not even halfway through.

I sat in the back, played drums, stopped when the two people in front of me stopped, and followed them off when they started leaving. The light was so bright on stage that the audience blurred into a vague color patch and I couldn't tell their expressions. Were they discontent? Bored? Or amused that we just performed such a semi-finished song in front of the whole school?

And then I remembered my roommate only decided to do a song two days before the previous concert. We practiced for almost two hours together and still weren't all in sync during the concert. We had already used up our luck, yet were still placing our hope on a fluke.

But I had practiced! I had practiced drums every day since I requested to accompany my roommate. And I carried out my parts fluently on stage. I had fulfilled my responsibility.

