

## 2.3 Symphoney

- Jinghan Xia

The telephone immediately goes dead upon picking up the receiver. Annoyed, you scan the desk for any clue of Coram's whereabouts, discovering that he'd planned to attend a concert beginning in a few hours.

An eerie feeling overcomes you as you step into the concert hall. One would expect the hustling and bustling of old people, fresh faced music enthusiasts, and the busy whispering of ushers. There isn't a single soul to be seen.

A grand piano sat atop the stage, its lid propped open. The single sheet of music on the stand doesn't appear to be written for piano.

