

The Singer

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She spent hours and hours singing, and no one was interested in stopping and actually listening to her. She had put her whole life and soul into her profession, and though it is not a formidable and respectable job such as being a rescuer or part of the police drug squad, she had grown to feel proud of her simple achievements.

"Once, the manager told me I was a rare jewel," she had said to her counterparts, puffing up her chest.

"He tells that to all his girls, Robin," one of them had answered. The one who was always dressed in a tailored shiny, black and blue gown, with a tail that made her look as if she was as tall as a tree.

Robin was certainly upset by her jealous comments, however, she just laughed and glared at her, repressing the urge to jump at her and rip away all her pretty (6)plumes. Instead, she just frivolously smiled at her and turned. She would not put her down like that; she always tries to make her feel less than she really is.

If what the black-and-blue feathery one had said was true, it would be an injustice to Robin. It would be just unfair, for she spent day and night arranging and composing her complex repertoire, fixing the tempo and pitch, and perfecting her timbre—which was her most valuable asset, as it gave her melodies a whole different character. It would be unfair that the manager should tell the same thing to *all* his girls—they did not put the same effort into it as she did.

And then, one day, one beautiful, spring day of May, what she was most expecting finally happened. The glorious day, in which she would travel to another state— hopefully New York—had arrived. After the cold winter blues that never seemed to go away, she felt deserving of new beginnings and a renewed sense of hope.

Confident that she would be taken away, she knew she would travel the world. She could see it in mind's eye: She would wear a long, white and gold dress, she would have her hair done in a fashionable and modern way, she would sing for hundreds, thousands maybe. She would never see the manager again, or hear the jealousy and pedantry of the black-and-blue feathery one. She would fulfill her dreams.

A short, old man wearing a fancy beret, smoking a cigar, and pulling a face that looked as if it had seen the worst horrors of humanity, sat down in a corner to speak to the manager. From afar, they were a couple of insects discussing which picnic to attack next. However, when they got closer, their eyeballs shone as those of wild, hungry cats contemplating their prey.

"Robin is an amazing singer every day of the year. The dark one over there sings beautifully, too, but only during the winter... Or, more likely, whenever she wants. She's quite a diva. They are both rare jewels," said the manager with a proud smile on his wrinkly face.

This was a dagger through Robin's heart. How could he compare her unique talents to those of the black-and-blue feathery one? She felt she could cry a river.

"My wife likes to hold parties a lot, would that be a problem for Robin?" the old man asked, as if he could not hear how excited she got when she heard "parties".

"Oh! She would love that! I think we have found you a partner here!"

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Robin felt she could sing with joy. It was definitely the best day of her short and mighty life. She had been waiting for this sort of change for so long now, she felt it had been ages since this little dream of hers became something she thought achievable, and since she found herself trapped by her own fear of failure. She would come out from behind the rusty bars of the past, and welcome the future with the most heavenly song ever heard. She would spread her wings and soar the skies of this big world.

Once the manager explained thoroughly all her requirements and demands to the old man, she was given the time to take a long and victorious bath, and to puff up her chest in the eyes of her counterparts, one last time. She said goodbye to them, triumphantly. She also lied when she said that “she hoped they would meet again sometime.” Inside, she laughed. She knew they would only get to be buskers, if they ever got out of the moldy, soundproofed walls of this eternal practice room. In her case, she knew fame would greet her as an old friend.

She hopped up into a long, black car, and met with a wrinkled lady—but not so wrinkled as her husband—with the shiniest jewelry she had ever seen. Robin could see her reflection in it.

All she could think about at that moment was the connections she was going to make, the amount of parties she was going to be part of, or maybe the reason why there would be a party at all. She sang again. She could not stop singing.

“A singing bird! Thank you, my darling!” Said the bejeweled woman with the widest lipstick stained smile.

“Happy Bird Day, my love.”