

Chapter 2 *A beautiful day*

I woke up. I looked around me. Where was I? Then I remembered. I was in a hotel in Barcelona. With the Barston Symphony Orchestra. But without my double bass.

I went to the dining room and had coffee. Simon Hunt was at my table. I was his girlfriend, and he was my boyfriend. I think.

‘Listen,’ he said. ‘You know tonight’s concert.’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘and I can’t play in it.’

‘Well, you can if you want,’ he smiled. ‘You can play in my place.’

‘Oh Simon, really?’

‘Yes, I’ve hurt my hand, so ... erm ... I can’t play, you see.’

I looked at his hand. I couldn’t see anything wrong.

‘It looks OK,’ I said.

‘Well, it isn’t,’ he answered quickly.

I liked Simon very much. He was tall and handsome. He had dark hair and blue eyes. He was double bass number two in our orchestra and ten years older than me.

‘Are you all right?’ I put my hand on his arm.

‘I’ll be fine.’ He took my hand away. ‘I’ve talked to Candida about tonight.’ (Candida was the leader of the double basses.) ‘She says it’s OK.’

‘Thanks, Simon.’

‘Yes, well, it’s nothing. It means that I get a free afternoon.’

‘Well, we’re both free this morning,’ I said. ‘We can do something together.’

‘Hmmm,’ he said.

‘Perhaps we can go to the Picasso museum. Or the Parc Güell? Or up to Montjuïc? Or to the beach?’ (Barcelona’s got everything: beautiful buildings, good restaurants, the sea.)

‘Yes,’ said Simon. He wasn’t listening to me at all.

‘You’re not listening to me at all!’ I said.

‘Sorry?’ he said, looking back at me.

‘I said “You’re not listening to me at all”.’

‘OK, OK, sorry. It’s just, well, I’ve got a lot that I have to think about.’ He looked strange.

‘Do you want to do something together this morning or not?’ I asked.

‘No. No, I don’t ...’

At that moment Adriana walked over to our table. ‘Morning!’ she said happily. ‘It’s a beautiful day. What are you two going to do today?’

‘I don’t know,’ I said. I was watching Simon. He was smiling at Adriana.

‘Well, look,’ she said to me. ‘We’ve got lots of free time. Let’s go to the beach or something.’

‘Yes, that’s a great idea.’ I was pleased. It was going to be a good day after all, I thought. But I didn’t know what was going to happen then, did I?

