

I had four or five years of piano when I was aged eight to about thirteen. I usually describe how I felt about it as follows:

Me: "Do you think you could swallow a piano?"

Other: " ... er ... no ... "

Me: "Well, when I was a kid, my parents tried to force one down my throat, and I couldn't, either!"

I liked making music, and picked up some piano on my own because it was the only instrument we had around the house. My parents dragged me to piano lessons, notwithstanding my repeated protests that it wasn't my instrument, with the predictable result that I became so sick of music that it was more than forty years before I could attempt to play any kind of musical instrument without getting angry. Lately I found that my wrath had cooled sufficiently that I could take up guitar, which I did with enthusiasm. I have wanted to play guitar since I was eight; and I told my parents that I wanted to play guitar, not piano, and they ignored me.