

The Cost of Music

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When I made it to the sixth grade, I wasn't like my friends at all. They were all joining the Football team, and band. I on the other hand, was undecided. I knew I loved music, but I never had a chance to learn anything about it. My peers would listen to Modern stuff, but I loved to listen to things that were written in the 1700, and 1802s. I couldn't explain that to any of them, and like my usual school life, I was alone.

One of my friends, Corey was his name, asked me to go to the band meeting with him, so we could join together. I was so excited that I finally had a chance to pursue what I wanted to, and better yet I didn't have to do it alone. When we went through the door I saw all my friends messing with all these wonderful instruments. They were all arguing over which one was the best, and which one was lame. I personally didn't care what I played, as long as I was part of making real music. We all took our seats with our parents, except me because mine were working, and the man began to speak. He was speaking of all the joys playing music brought, and how happy he was they we chose this path. It was all real cheeky, until he got to the price. The moment he began to utter what everything was going to cost, I made my way out the door. On my way out I saw my friends and their parents writing checks, and picking horns. Where were my parents? Where was my check? Oh yea they were working to keep us alive, and the check was spent on keeping a roof over our heads.

I didn't blame my parents for not having the money, I know they did the best they could. That still didn't stop the pain, and solitude I felt. Now I was walking through the hall with the same, alone in the world look I always had, when a man stopped me. I looked up and realized it was Mr. Cook, the band director. He asked me why I left the band meeting, and I told him I had stuff to do that day. He quickly noticed that I was full of crap, and asked me what the real issue was. I couldn't take it, I spilled my guts about how I wanted to play music, but I couldn't afford the price. I told him how I liked old music, and I only ever get to hear it when to the band plays. When I was finished ranting, he just looked at me in a curious way. I figured he thought I was crazy, and he would have had good reason to, but instead he said something that changed my whole outlook on people. He told me I could be in band for free, and told me not to ever worry about the price, because music should be available to everyone. I couldn't move I was just speechless. He sort of laughed a told me he expects to see me in band class later. After that day Mr. Cook has always had my back.

One time when I was about to start High School, it was time to go to band camp. I knew I couldn't afford the hundred dollar entry fee, so I didn't even bother. Mr. Cook called me at five o'clock in the morning while I was sleeping. He asked me why I wasn't at band camp, and I explained that we already had this conversation before. He replied (In a rather hostile tone), if I wasn't at camp in one hour he was going to call my mother, and have her drag me down there personally. That whole year he allowed the less fortunate kids be in band for free. He knew he couldn't afford it, but he sacrificed for us.

In closing I wanted to inform everyone that a few years ago Mr. Cook Transferred to Westview, so he could teach his daughter. I was so destroyed when he left, I didn't know what to do. It took me a long time to realize he wasn't truly gone, he lives strong in my heart. He showed me that money means nothing in this world. He taught me that money can't. It can't stop you from treating people on this earth with respect and kindness. Most of all he taught me to never give up. Always try, and fight like hades for what you love. And never forget there's Mr. Cooks out there to help you through things.