

### 13. O Pianista M

- Não pode ser – sussurrou o pianista.

Já tinha dormido mal, e assim que se sentou para realizar as dedilhações matinais – ainda em pijama - percebeu que a ordem do teclado tinha sido invertida: os agudos encontravam-se no lugar dos graves e estes, por incrível que parecesse, no dos agudos.

Como pianista de carreira, que cumpre prazos, assumiu a hercúlea tarefa de reaprender a tocar tudo ao contrário. Era preciso inverter o gesto – o que era pior do que aprender um gesto novo - e ainda por cima a peça era difícil. Acabou por gastar o triplo do tempo para preparar aquele concerto.

Mas em público, com as mãos a transpirar, executou o primeiro acorde: soava mal. Aquele piano era igual a todos os outros, à exceção do seu.

Foi, compreenda-se, incapaz de tocar.

### 13. *The Pianist M*

*"It can't be," the pianist whispered.*

*He had already slept badly, and as soon as he sat down to perform his morning fingerings - still in his pyjama - he realized that the keyboard order had been reversed: the higher notes were in the place of the bass and, oddly enough, the lower notes in the place of the higher ones.*

*As a career pianist who is used to deadlines, he took on the herculean task of relearning to play everything in reverse. The gesture had to be reversed — which was worse than learning a new gesture — and additionally, the piece was difficult. He spent three times as much to prepare for that concert.*

*But in public, his hands sweating, he played the first chord: it sounded bad. That piano was the same as all the others, except, of course, is own one.*

*He was, understandably, unable to play.*