Twitter Thread by Mrs. Salley

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How I came to play the bagpipes

A story... and a thread

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Melodie. She liked music. In fact, she liked music so much that she made it her job! She connected with many people because of her abilities, and had many opportunities to obtain, play with, and try out many different instruments.

When Melodie was very young, she began collecting musical instruments. A flute here, a clarinet there, six trombones here, an accordion there, and the list goes on and on. As she got older, her collection grew. She got married, and her husband had his own collection as well.

Melodie developed many unlikely friends. Her personality was such that she could make friends with and talk to almost anyone. One day she made friends with a boy who played the bagpipes. He told her many wonderful stories of highland games and competitions. This did two things,

First of all, it made Melodie question whether or not the "mutt" of her father's heritage was at all Scottish in origin, but it also made her consider what playing the bagpipes must be like. Her studies led her to search for her genealogy.

She knew she was half Armenian, but what exactly was the blend on her father's side? She thought it was predominantly British, but upon further inspection, she found that 3/4 of her Father's side is actually Scottish. This led her to the highland games.

She scribbled on a piece of paper her genealogy tracing back as far as she could go, and highlighting the Scottish clan names. She walked through the highland games in search of answers. She talked to members of many clans, showing them her list of names, and how she fit in.

Most people were impressed by her thorough research, and contributed further by telling her how important her ancestors were. At the Highland games, there were pipebands and bagpipe competitions. It was an exciting time. Melodie left the games feeling empowered and invigorated.

She talked about the Highland games with her friend, and a bit about her heritage. He said to her that one day he may like to compete at the highland games. This was an exciting thought. Melodie was also competitive.

Later that year, her friend told her about a "bagpipe camp" that was happening right down the road from her. This was really cool. Melodie said to herself, "maybe I should learn to play the bagpipes, then I could compete for my clan, and maybe be better than my friend."

Her friend told her that bagpipers start on a "practice chanter," so she ordered one, along with a book in order to get started. She poured over the book, and practiced in every ounce of "free time" she had (often to the neglect of her housework).

After several weeks of constant improvement and positive feedback, she decided that she was ready to buy a set of bagpipes. She knew it was going to be an investment, and that her ADHD hyper-fixation on it would most likely diminish over time or when it became "too difficult."

She decided to take the gamble and invest in it anyway. Even if the fixation wore off, it was still a musical instrument, and she still collected musical instruments. She bought a very high quality instrument, and decked it out with the finest reeds and accessories.

After working with her friend to get her started, she decided she needed an instructor. She decided to consult the Bagpiping forum, where some of the guys encouraged her to email a Bagpiping LEGEND. She nervously did. When he called her, she wasn't ready. *shock* *awe*

With a voicemail from a legend, she was star struck and shocked. Not only did he tell her there was an instructor in the same county as her, he informed her that there was one who lived ON THE SAME ROAD as her, and he already called to inform them she was interested in lessons.

Now, Melodie is taking lessons and about to become a pro bagpiper.

The end.

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