

The Pianist



By Gráinne Caoimhe Aoife Sorcha Nic an tSídhe

Aka Ciarán Handley

11th September 2018

The Pianist

Chapter 1



I know that I need to produce a masterpiece

Golden Age failed. The next window has been pushed right back. Humanity is in serious, serious trouble. The most significant event in history has been blocked.

I need to get through to a number of not-so-Enlightened people in order to salvage something. Some remnant of Golden Age. Some shred. And so I must produce a masterpiece. Something to break through the blindness and obtuseness of those unenlightened few who would destroy any chance of the Ascent of humanity over their small, petty concerns.

I have an extraordinarily high level. Yet I must pander to those who would destroy all on a whim. Maybe, just maybe something of what I write might break through.

[Chopin Ballade in G Minor – The Pianist](#)

The Pianist



End