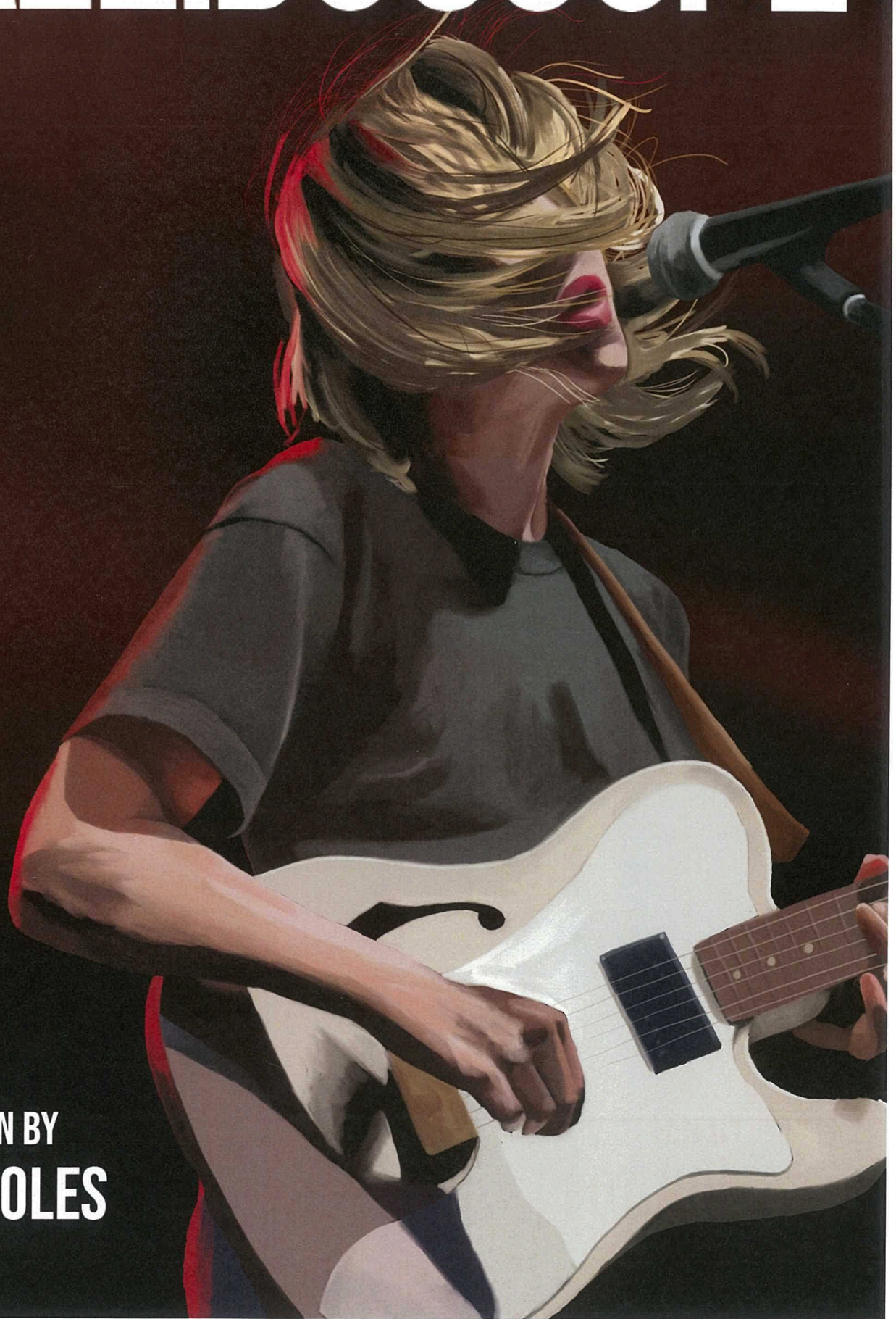


# KALEIDOSCOPE



WRITTEN BY  
PLOT HOLES



# **KILBREDA COLLEGE**

## **PLOT HOLES**

### **PARAMETERS**

Primary Character 1: Garbage Collector

Primary Character 2: Cheese Maker

Non-human Character: Alpaca

Setting: Rock concert

Issue: A hoax

### **RANDOM WORDS**

Whistle

Light

Gold

Hungry

Bubbly



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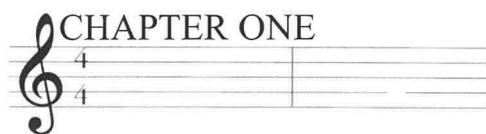
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CHAPTER ONE



Brie was just about ready to knock herself out. The next song listed in the schedule her father had printed was *Must the Winter Come So Soon?* If she had to sing another classical ballad, she was going to burst into tears.

None of the other patrons at Vanderbilt Wine and Cheese restaurant seemed to share her concerns. The sound of Brie's voice floating softly overhead intertwined with the mumble of conversation and the occasional ripple of laughter, soothing the diners as they enjoyed their lunch.



Brie scanned across the room, eyes jumping from person to person. They paid little attention to her, as usual. She was just background music, never appreciated

by a real audience. If only she could slam her fingers down on the piano and play with the force that her heart desired. Then they'd listen.

Over the years, she'd fallen into the same dull rhythm, playing quiet, classical melodies to please her father and the hundreds of customers who passed through the restaurant doors. This wasn't what she really wanted. She longed for the pulsing and electric thrum of rock music, the upbeat tones and deafening slam of the drums.

Brie let out a sigh and pushed through the last notes of her song. Finished, she let her fingers rest gently on the piano and turned her head to peer at the clock which hung on the stark white wall. Despite endlessly begging her father for the opportunity to perform, the lifeless audience and gentle music was draining.

Turning back to her piano, her attention caught on one of the diners. His hair was thinning, and his eyes were fixated directly on her. There was something about his stare caught her off guard; Brie was unaccustomed to notice. As their glances locked on each other, the man grinned and Brie felt a cold shiver rush down her spine.

Brie tore her eyes from his and attempted to regain her focus. Sitting at her piano, she felt exposed. Her fingers fell over the keys for the final time, lilting music giving way to the clamour of conversation that filled her father's restaurant.

When she looked up from the piano, she noticed that the man from earlier had left his table and was now approaching her.

His shadow fell over her. He was a powerful man, Brie noted; only powerful men stood this close to strangers, confident that no one would bother to correct them for their mistake.

“Sir,” she said politely, “can I help you with something?”

“As a matter of fact,” the man said, his voice smooth and careful. “I think you can help me.”

Brie resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Who was this man?

“I like what you did up there. The voice, I mean. There’s just something about you,” he said. “Do you write originals?”

Brie nodded. She loved them. The beat of the music mirroring the beat of her own heart. The songs living, breathing attachments to her soul. “I do.”

He narrowed his eyes, studied her. Brie felt as though she was being examined, weighed up and judged. He must’ve found what he was searching for, because the next thing he said was: “I believe I can shape you into the next big star.”

Brie resisted the urge to laugh. This man was convinced he could make her a star? Based on a few melodies? Even Brie didn’t particularly enjoy the sound the classical songs she was forced to sing for the clientele at the winery. If she had the opportunity to belt one of her original songs, what would this man say then? The man slipped his hand into his suit pocket and withdrew a slim white business card, and placing it on the top of the piano, he slid it towards Brie with one finger.



She picked it up curiously. The embossed lettering shone under the bright lighting that hung gracefully from the ceiling. Printed on the card was Harrison McCoy, Music Producer. Brie's expression slipped into a frown, and she looked up at the man strangely.

"Pleasure," he said, offering a handshake to Brie.

"Harrison McCoy?" she asked.

"In the flesh," he replied, his chest puffed proudly.

Brie had never heard of this man in her life. She was fairly certain that he was a self-absorbed nobody attempting to recruit her with no real prior knowledge about music, but there was something terribly intriguing about him. Maybe it was less to do with McCoy, and far more to do with her desperation to break into the industry. She would cling to the slimmest glimmer of hope.

She ran her fingers over the surface of the card in quiet consideration. Maybe this was the place where it all started.

She turned back to the man, an answer ready on her lips.

"Call me," he said before Brie could get anything thing out, "my number is on the back."



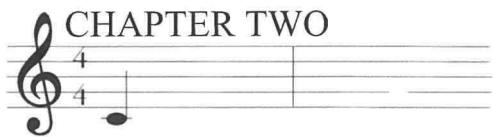
She flipped the card over, and as promised, a phone number was printed on the back of the card. Brie gripped it tightly, the edge of the card pressing sharply against her palm.

When Brie looked up towards the man once more, she found that he had disappeared. She quickly turned towards the doors to see them swinging on their hinges.

How strange, she thought.

She tucked the card safely into a pocket on her jacket, and despite her struggle to understand what had just occurred, she set her fingers on the piano and lurched into another song.

In the back of her mind, she had a strange feeling that something was about to begin.



“But Dad, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity!”

Brie was perched on the edge of a bench, watching as her father shuffled around the restaurant. He was hesitant, as if unwilling to break the tension, careful to toe the line between crushing his daughters dreams and encouraging her to pursue a safe career. It was a familiar dance; Brie, determined to sing, her father, a cheese maker with an established career that could be Brie’s if only she would accept.

“I’m just not sure how genuine this so-called ‘music producer’ is,” he said. “I don’t want you getting hurt and... and... how much do you know about him?”



“I’ll be careful, Dad,” Brie expressed defensively, “I just want to listen to what he has to say. Just to see what he could do for my career. I don’t have to make any decisions straight away.”

“Honey, I just think you should do some research. These kind of men make false promises. I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

Brie turned to her phone and the bright light glistened on her strikingly defensive face. Her dad continued to clean and pack up the restaurant for the night. He moved in and out of the kitchen, hastily stacking dishes and cleaning counters. Brie paused from her phone and looked up at him.

The bags under his eyes were evidence of years of exhaustion built up from the demands of the business, but underneath was the passion and love for his job. She could see the care in what surrounded him, the goals he had nurtured that had flourished into a prosperous career. Brie wanted that too; that passion, that love. She wouldn’t find it making cheese.

She wanted more. A life outside of a cheese maker’s daughter. A life where everyone knew her name.

Brie glanced back at her phone, typing ‘McCoy music producer’ into the search bar. Her father rested his head on her shoulder as she opened the first article that appeared on Google.

‘Talent Scout or Garbage Collector? Studio receives severe backlash after failure of ‘upcoming artist’ signed by washed up producer McCoy.’

If the aim of a producer is to develop naïve young artists into industry professionals, Harrison McCoy has failed on every level. The only talent to come out of McCoy Productions is his son, William, and McCoy never had to scout for his success. We can only hope the next artist that McCoy signs proves to be something more than garbage.



“Well,” said Brie. “That’s not the most flattering description.”

Brie could feel the weight of her father’s gaze. I told you so, were the unspoken words between them. “Brie, it just doesn’t sound promising. You perform for me a few times, and a producer has picked you up? Don’t go into this blindly; you never know what might be hidden within the contract.”

She didn’t know how to make her dad see that there was so much more out there for her than performing a lullaby in front of their customers. Here was an opportunity and Brie was willing to take it.

Something more than garbage. Brie was better than that. She knew it.

She needed to pursue this to avoid the inevitable regret that would haunt her if she passed up this opportunity. A renewed resolve to bring about change bubbled in her mind.

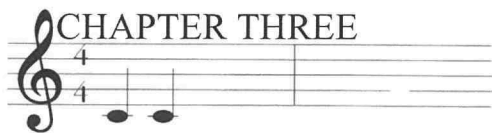
Her father watched on, a solitary figure untouched by Brie’s excitement.

She punched in the number on the back of the card and brought the phone to her ear.

“This is Harrison McCoy.”

“Yeah, hi. This is Brie Vanderbilt.”





“Well, here we are.”

McCoy led Brie into a compact, dimly lit studio room. Along the front wall was a wide glass window, too dark to see through. The front of the room was home to a large production table, different buttons and gadgets everywhere, the type of thing that Brie hadn't the slightest idea about. Behind the desk was a red studio chair, lined with gold, which McCoy plonked down in and reclined, a proud grin creeping across his lips.

Despite the small luxuries, it all seemed rather small and dark to Brie. McCoy seemed overly proud of what Brie considered an altogether unimpressive establishment.

“What do you think?” McCoy asked Brie, arms outstretched as if he was presenting the world’s most wonderful treasure to her.

“It’s...” Brie struggled to find a word to describe her surroundings, “...tranquil.”

McCoy’s grin turned into a rather large smile. With the flick of a switch, McCoy brought up the lights to reveal a monumental studio on the other side of the glass, a staircase leading down to the studio floor. Guitars were hanging from the walls and an elaborate drum set was sitting in the left corner. The centre of the room was filled by an extravagant grand piano; atop the stool sat William McCoy. Harrison’s pride and joy. His rock star.

“Will,” said McCoy, calling to his son. Will looked up, revealing the face Brie had seen splashed across the inside of a magazine. “Come meet our newest recruit.”

Will strolled out to greet them, an easy grin on his face. “Brie, right?” he said, holding out his hand to her. “Welcome to the team.”

Brie clasped her hand in his. “I have to get on the team first,” she said.

Will shrugged. “Haven’t you heard? It’s not a difficult team to join,” he said, and the look his father shot him was poisonous. Will didn’t seem affected.

“Although I have no doubt you’ll make the A Team.”

“And who will I be joining?” Brie inquired.

“Me, of course,” said Will. It was arrogant of him, Brie noted. But according to that article, it was also honest.

McCoy rapped his fingers on the desk. He wasn't the kind of man who enjoyed sharing attention. "What do you think of the studio?"

"It reminds me of Abbey Road, or at least the pictures I've seen of it." Brie said. The studio was impressive, yes, but Brie also felt that McCoy was the kind of man who liked to show off. He needed her to express adequate awe for the opulence of his studio, mostly to fuel his ego.

"My dear, Abbey Road Studios is nothing in comparison to what you're going to experience here." McCoy seemed inordinately confident in himself.

Arrogance ran in the family.

"You write originals, don't you, Brie?" said Will. "Classical?"

"Rock," said Brie.

She looked at McCoy, who was eyeing her with consideration. "Rock, huh? I see you working with Pop. Rock clashes with the girl-next-door image you've got going on."

Brie frowned. "I sing rock."

"And classical, apparently," Will commented. "How multitalented you are."

McCoy shrugged. "Well, come on then, let's see what you've got."

He gestured for Brie to enter the recording studio. Hesitantly, she placed her bag down by the studio door, then walked down the stairs and into the booth. She looked up nervously towards the glass window, Will and McCoy staring at her with matching expressions of curiosity.



For a father and son that clearly had such a fraught relationship, there was some astounding similarities between them.

McCoy pressed a button on his panel and his voice echoed throughout the studio. “Well, don’t just stand there!”

Brie felt inexperienced beneath the weight of their gazes. They were established fixtures in the industry. She was an up-and-coming artist amongst thousands, all desperate for their one shot.

“Can I use the guitar?”

“Grab it,” said Will. Under his breath, Brie heard him mutter, “I can’t wait to see this.”



So that’s what he really thought. He was waiting for another naïve artist without the talent to make it big. Another failure for the Garbage Collector to add to his resume. The feigned confidence from earlier seemed lost now, but his lack of belief only strengthened Brie’s resolve.

She picked an electric guitar off the wall, and stood at a microphone connected to an amplifier. The recording studio was foreign, but she belonged here.

Her fingers fell on the strings, the first chord of her song washing over her, and her eyes were locked with Will’s. She drew in a deep breath, and opened her mouth to sing.



When the thrum of the guitar faded, Brie looked up.

McCoy signalled for her to join him outside the room. She couldn't help her hands from shaking as she placed the guitar back on its rack.

"That was good," said McCoy. "There's a lot to work on. Come back up here, we'll discuss your contract."

Contract. She was getting a contract. She knew it; she loved rock, and she was good at it. She could already see her name plastered across billboards, the strum of the electric guitar filling a stadium. Ideas that had once been fleeting daydreams, suddenly close enough to touch. She made her way back up the stairs to McCoy.

Will was grinning at her. The arrogance of earlier had melted to reveal pure joy. She couldn't help but smiling back.

McCoy seemed contemplative. "Kid, I think you've got a lot of potential. I want to sign you. But I haven't changed my mind. I think you're more suited to pop."

Brie wanted to scream. "Oh."

She wanted to yell at him. She wanted to sing rock. She was sick and tired of lying every time she began to sing, burying her truth beneath the dull notes of classical music or the monotonous beats of pop.

"If you're not interested—"

"Yes. Yes, I'm in." Brie didn't like pop music, but the thought of returning to Vanderbilt Wine and Cheese, forever waiting for another opportunity, was worse.

McCoy looked immensely pleased with himself. Brie felt as though she'd sold her soul. "Great. I'll go let my guys know, they'll have that contract drawn up for you right now."

"Great," said Brie faintly.

McCoy sauntered out of the room, the jaunty skip in his step making Brie smile. He thought she was good. Talented.

"So, you're on the A team now," Will said.

"Apparently," Brie said in response. She looked at the door McCoy had just vanished through.

“So, do you like the studio?” He gestured grandly at the array of guitars in a mocking imitation of his father.

“He does enjoys showing off,” Brie admitted. “Why does your dad seem like the kind of guy to own an exotic pet as a status symbol?”

Will looked as if he was fighting a smile. His fraught relationship with his father was clearly the key to winning his friendship. “He wishes he was rich enough to own an exotic animal. He does have an alpaca though.”

“He has a what?”

“An alpaca,” he repeated. “Her name is Bessie.”

Brie laughed. “Oh my god.”

They were quiet for a moment, both of them smiling faintly. Will looked back towards the recording booth. “What was the name of that song?”

“Kaleidoscope,” said Brie. “It was the first song I ever finished.”

Will wasn’t looking at her. “Just so you know,” he said. “I don’t think you should go into pop.”

Brie didn’t have a chance to respond before McCoy burst back into the room. “Your contract is getting sorted now, Brie. The publicity team is going to start working with us tomorrow, work to promote your image.”

“Publicity?” said Will. “Oh, she’s really on the A team.”



“McCoy! Over here!” A crowd of blinding flashes rushed at them. Brie had gotten used the studio, had almost gotten used writing pop songs and recording them while resisting the urge to smash her head in at the synthetic beats.

She was yet to accustom herself to paparazzi, hundreds of cameras trained on the Garbage Collector’s new prize.

A paparazzo let out a **whistle** to catch McCoy’s attention. “So, who’s your new star?” said the interviewer mockingly, with a glint in his eye.

“This is the beautiful Brie Vanderbilt, just recently signed with ‘McCoy Industries’, just a few weeks ago,” McCoy said enthusiastically. “We’re currently working on producing her first album.”

Brie plastered a camera-ready smile on her face. McCoy laid out the details of Brie’s album, the cameramen clinging to his every word. They were interested, and interested in her.

When McCoy moved into regaling the exploits of his latest failed diva artist, Brie was drawn into the sea of well-dressed and affluent creators.



“Enjoying yourself?” Will said. She turned to face him with a sigh of relief. He sported a fitted, navy suit, and his hair flopped to the side in its usual style. After weeks spent at McCoy Productions, Will remained her closest friend. Only friend, really.

“Not at all,” said Brie.

“Spending time with my father will do that to you,” said Will, raising his glass of champagne in a mock-toast.

Brie summoned the courage to ask the question that had plagued her for weeks. “Why do you hate him so much?”

Will frowned. “I don’t hate him,” he said. He considered her question for a moment. “I suppose I think he’s egotistical and manipulative.”

“Well,” said Brie. “I suppose you’re not wrong.”



“Never am,” said Will cheerfully. Before she could admonish him for his arrogance, Will grabbed her arm and led her away from the drinks table. “How about I introduce you to some contacts?”

Will led her around the room, introducing her to a number of local musicians and producers. Together they did a full circle of huge space. Brie had never talked to more people in her life.

Will pulled her over to meet one of his friends, a painter named Violet, who sported bubble-gum pink hair and a quirky bright dress. “Hey, William!” she said. “I didn’t think I was going to get to see you before your concert.”

“Concert?” Brie said.

Will shrugged. “Yeah, in June. I set it up. Festival Hall.”

Brie’s eyes shone with pride. “That’s awesome, Will. Festival Hall as well.”

“Oh, Brie Vanderbilt, right?” said Violet. “You made the front cover of The MusicRadar!”

“I did?” said Brie.

“I wouldn’t get too excited,” said Will dryly. “The headline was ‘The Garbage Collectors New Charity Case.’”

“Oh,” said Violet. “Well, don’t worry about that. I’m sure you’re not like the rest.”

“I won’t be,” Brie said. She didn’t know if she was trying to convince Violet or herself. Will’s hand came to rest on her arm, the weight reassuring.

Brie would not let herself fall into the already full bin of unsuccessful artists.



Brie approached the familiar **light** and hum of the studio, dark circles hanging under her eyes from the long days and nights she and McCoy had been spending recording the rest of her album.

Her voice was hoarse, and she could tell that McCoy was starting to reach the end of his patience with her. She felt like a disappointment, the star that had failed to shine, slowly falling out of the sky.

She found herself reminiscing of her childhood, transfixed by the rhythm of drums and the haunting pangs of the guitar pulsating from the stereo in the living room. She would dance on top of her coffee table, jump off the back of the

couch, sing at the top of her tiny lungs. She had been **hungry**, and she knew the only way to satisfy her appetite was to stand on a stage and hear the roars of a loving crowd. Brie missed the naivety of childhood more than she could explain – everything had seemed so simple, so easy. She wanted to be a rock star, and that was that. None of this dodgy business.

“Again!” McCoy yelled from the box for what must have been at least the sixteenth time that session. She sighed – maybe she wasn’t cut out to be a star, after



all. She could never get it just right, never the way McCoy wanted. She was too pitchy, too breathy, not enough emotion... every single time he seemed to find something he didn’t like about it.

Brie didn’t particularly like it either. Pop hadn’t endeared itself to her yet.

He leaned back in his chair. “Alright, take five everyone!” The frustration in his voice was unmistakable.

The guitarist gave her a small pat on the back as he went to take a break and she sat down on the amp, her face in her hands. Her eyes prickled with tears and she blinked furiously. There was no way she was going to let any of these men see her crying. She was going to be a rock star, for crying out loud! Well... one day, maybe. If McCoy let her.

“First albums are always the most difficult.” She looked up and spotted Will leaning in the doorway. She gave him a small smile. “It’s all about finding your sound, figuring out what you like, what you’re proud of.”

“Well according to your father, nothing I’ve done so far is something to be proud of,” she laughed, though the hurt was evident in her voice. He nodded with understanding. He knew the feeling better than she did. Brie took a deep breath. “I just feel like... this isn’t me; you know?”

“What do you mean?”

“I wanted to sing rock. I wanted to let my hair down and play the guitar and jump around the stage and have fun, not become some Barbie who just sings about boys and does choreography.” She hated how ungrateful she sounded. Of course she was grateful – this was the opportunity of a lifetime – but it just didn’t sit right with her. “At least I wrote these songs. They might be pop, but they’re mine.”

Will looked at the floor before slowly coming over and crouching in front of her. His eyes bore into hers, unrelenting. “Be honest with me, Brie: did you actually read your contract? All of it?”

“I’m not sure,” she whispered, honestly. The contract was long; the fine print an endless sea of letters. “Why? What has he done, Will?”



There was a crease between Will’s eyebrows, a concern that was unfamiliar on him. Will was never worried. He was all charming good looks and carefree rock music. When you’re born a star, what need is there for worry?

Brie could not afford to share Will’s mindset. She wasn’t born a star. But she would tear down the world and climb the rubble until she reached the top if she had to. “Will, what has he done?”

Will was silent. His eyes were shuttered in a way Brie had never seen before; windows that had always been open drawn shut, **gold** sparks of amusement and

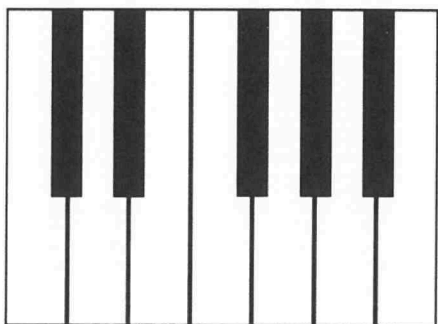
delight dimmed. His face was a canvas stripped of colour. Brie knew something was wrong, knew it intrinsically.

“He didn’t tell you?” said Will, and his voice was quiet, hushed.

“Will—”

“You don’t own the songs.”

Each syllable was a bullet that pierced Brie’s heart. You don’t own the songs, Will had said. But when she thought about each chord, each painstaking lyric that she had written and rehearsed and unearthed from somewhere deep within her, the answering cry was endless litany of they’re mine, they’re mine, they’re mine.



“It was part of your contract,” he said. He wasn’t looking at her; his eyes fell across the room, gaze resting anywhere but on her face and the tears of white-hot anger that threatened to spill over. “You own the music and the

lyrics, yes, but every time you sing into that microphone, he takes that away from you. He owns each and every one of those recordings, and he’ll own your album, too. You’re just his latest project, his last-ditch attempt to make it big again, trying to save his broken reputation and resolve his crippling debt.”

Brie could barely hear him. She felt as if she was underwater, drowning beneath each word, the truth muffled by the crash of waves. That would be easier, she decided, if she didn’t know. But Brie had never been blessed with easy.



“What you’re telling me,” said Brie slowly. “Is that nothing I have worked for, nothing I have done, none of the songs on this goddamn album that your father promised would make me a superstar; none of it belongs to me? It was all a big hoax?”

Will turned to face her in that moment. He didn’t answer, but regret was etched into the planes of his face, sympathy carved into the lines of his frown.

A foreign feeling lurched in Brie’s stomach, a fiery beast that threatened to tear her open. She felt her anger wreath her in flames, harden her heart, render her an invincible creature. Those songs were Brie’s work, her lifeline, her passion, hers. Harrison McCoy, the Garbage Collector himself, did not deserve to lay his claim on what belonged to Brie. She would not be his diamond in the rough.

“You really didn’t know?” Will said, finally.

“No.” Her voice echoed in the tiny studio, a jarring sound against the silence. It was an ugly word; no. It proved that she was stupid, trusting, naïve. Desperate. Blinded by the spotlight that Harrison McCoy had thrust her in and too foolish to consider what was happening in the shadows.

Will came to stand beside her. He didn’t tell her any of those things. Didn’t ask her why she never bothered to read the fine print. Instead, he placed his hand on her shoulder and said: “Do you want to get back at him?”

Brie clenched her fists. Despite her anger, despite her unshed tears, she smiled. It was not sweet or pretty. It was the barred teeth of an animal waiting to pounce and devour its prey.

“I want to become a rock star,” she said vehemently. “And I don’t want him to make a cent.”

Will grinned. “You know, when you sing live? He doesn’t own anything.”



“You’re on in 5.”

In the dimly lit dressing room at Festival Hall, Brie stood before a dusty mirror, leaning on the edge of the sink below it. She had long since grown tired of inspecting the stickers on the walls left behind by past performers, and was growing restless, eager to get up on stage.

She followed a **bubbly** stagehand who directed her side-stage. “Once you’re on, just stand to Will’s left,” he instructed. His voice was drowned out by the flood of whistles and applause. Standing side-stage, she looked out to the

audience, still applauding Will's performance. Much bigger than anything she'd sung in front of before.

She smirked. She knew that McCoy was in the VIP section, drinking champagne and clapping politely as the crowd roared for his son. She could just imagine the look on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Will yelled onstage. The churning crowd cheered in response. "I have got a special guest for you. Give it up for my good friend, Brie Vanderbilt!"

Walking onto the stage, she drank in the stadium. Thousands of people screaming her name.

All those years of singing slow classics and now this. All these people. All these cheers. For her.

"Brie will be singing an original song," Will announced. "That belongs completely and entirely to her!"

Brie couldn't help but laugh, drunk on the euphoria of the stage lights and Will's less-than-subtle dig at his father.

Will beamed back at her and gestured to the centre-front of the stage, where the microphone stood waiting for her. It had been waiting for her for her whole life.

Looking out over the crowd again, she saw the eager faces looking up at her expectantly. She felt her chest lift to the skies, and her shoulders hold themselves back.

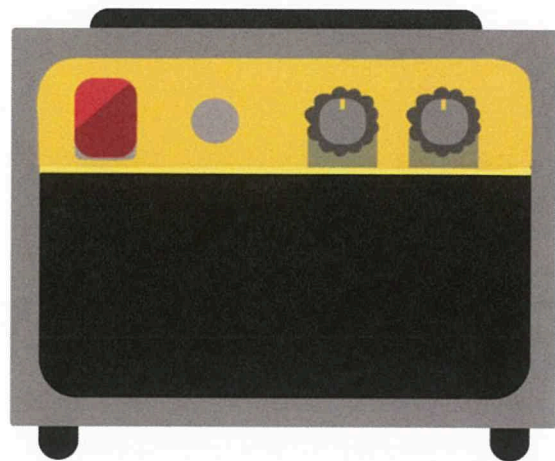
This is it.

Nodding to Will, Brie took the microphone in her hands, looking up to meet the sea of faces before her.

Brie blew a kiss to the audience, but she knew it was for McCoy.

Then the bassist began to play, the opening chords of Kaleidoscope rippling across the stage, filling Festival Hall with her song.

She could finally perform what she wanted to. No more cliché pop ballads or droning classical pieces. Now she could be who she was always meant to be. She was a rock star performing the rock music she always revered.



A calm overcame her as she pushed herself further and further into the song, giving it everything she could. She felt the strain and relished in it. All the work, tears, and facades had been worth it. And as she belted out note after note, she knew this was hers.

Gazing over the flurry of people, Brie felt the rush, the thrill. Heart swelling, she knew she'd never have enough of this feeling. As the song drew to a close, she savoured the deafening music mixing with the crowd's cheers.

She looked to Will, who gave her an empathic nod of approval.

Closing her eyes, she felt the throbbing in the stage floor, the hard and fast beating of her heart, the heat of the stage lights on her skin.

Waving at the crowd and beaming, one of the lyrics came back to her, filling her with pride.

*...not who they want, but my destiny...*





AND AS THE YEARS GO BY,  
I LET GO OF THE GIRL I USED TO BE,  
AS A KALEIDOSCOPE OF SOUND WASHES OVER ME,  
REVEALING NOT WHO THEY WANT,  
BUT MY DESTINY.