

FINDING A SPARK OF LUCK

Dear followers, what a day! I can't even put into words how excited I am, but I feel the need to tell you what has happened to me today so I am going to do it.

As you already know, I moved to Nashville about a year ago chasing a dream that until today seemed impossible. I left everything I had behind and I sold all my belongings at age seventeen to be able to afford a little apartment in this city full of skyscrapers, traffic lights and strange faces. I have been working in a little coffee shop plenty of hours to pay for my bills, which was not what I thought I would still be doing a year after moving here. However, I have never forgotten the purpose of all of this. I have played my guitar in every corner, I have sung in all the subway stations of this city, looking for a spark of luck to find my place in the music industry.

Well, today luck finally found me. It was a day like any other, I woke up and I went to the coffee shop to work for my morning shift, wearing my stylish brown uniform and dealing with a couple of rude customers. I took a break to have lunch with the only friend this city has given me. Nobody ever tells you how lonely moving to a new city really is. There are so many different lives, all trying to chase their own dreams, but always stressed and in a rush. Noah is the only one that has taken the time that nobody seems to have to get to know me, and now we share everything together. We are two lonely teenagers in a lonely city.

After eating a cheap sandwich with him, I returned to the coffee shop and I worked the rest of my shift until closing time. By the time I arrived at my apartment after having cleaned the shop, it was already ten o'clock and I had no intention of doing anything. In spite of that, something inside me told me to go outside and play some songs in the street. Maybe today would be the day that everything would change.

About an hour later, I decided to sing one last song while a very well dressed gentleman approached me. I didn't know it at that moment, but he was a well-known producer in the industry. He stood in silence in front of me with his eyes closed, and as my fingers caressed the strings of my guitar and the lyrics of one of my songs came out of my mouth, after years of dreaming about this moment, luck finally found me.

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