

The story of the Voice that found it's way back home

By Mikal Nielsen, 1996

"Once upon a time there ..."

Oh sorry, I'm writing an article, not a fairy tale.

Well, on the other hand, one could say the journey of my Voice is a fairy tale, one of the sad ones. But as it is with fairy tales, they normally have a happy ending.

"If you dig yourself straight through the earth and take a sharp right turn, you will end up where this Voice was born. On a chilly, dark winter night, the Voice uttered its first sound - a loud scream, probably due to the shock of the world it was born into. The story goes, that this Voice was exceptionally good at screaming, which might have been due to lots and lots of frequent practising. Oh yes - the Voice practised and practised, it really wanted to be a singer when it grew up.

But the sad thing was, that nobody liked its voice, no matter how much it practised, the big people got more and more tired of listening. "What's wrong with them", the Voice thought. "Not even those who made me can stand my singing, always asking me to be quiet". The little, but very powerful Voice, was as a matter of fact, very pleased with its own performances, screaming for hours with a very resonant and rich voice, and being able to hold the key all the way through. D-sharp minor it was.

So it happened, over time the big Voice got smaller and smaller and eventually stopped singing. It was very sad. Only left with talking, it tried to forget about those lovely days of vibrant singing. This is how it went on for many years, so many years that it completely forgot the happy days of singing and the sadness of a lost voice.

Then one day, it met the Guitar who asked "Would you like to sing together with me?" The Voice thought, I'm no good at singing, but since the Guitar was no good at playing, they got together and became very close friends.

They practised and practised and thought themselves pretty good after a while. The Voice started to feel happy again and one day they shyly slipped a song in while together with friends. There was no clapping or acknowledgment! Well, obviously we are no good at all - they agreed. They tried a few more times, but no, still nobody saying "How lovely you sound". A few times the Voice was asked "Can't you whistle either?". This really hurt the Voice.

So once again, the Voice got very, very sad and decided to never sing again in front of other people. It said to itself - "I can't sing nor can I learn it, I'm just not a born singer". However, the Voice and the Guitar stayed together and became even closer friends. They enjoyed playing and singing and were quite happy when together, just the two of them. Occasionally they were dreaming about becoming big stars, performing in front of lots and lots of fans.

Many, many years went by this way.

Then one great day a miracle came their way. The Voice was invited to attend a course led by the Magic Voice of the Big One. The magic of the Big One's voice is, that it can teach lost voices to find the natural beautiful voice they were born with, even though they have completely forgotten.

The Voice was so excited about going, but admittedly, it was also very scared, but it couldn't say no to an invitation that seemed to come as a gift from deep beyond the daily life of the Voice. So it went on its travel to meet the Big Voice.

And what an amazing voice that was, and very funny too. After lots of laughing and making funny sounds, the Voice suddenly experienced the beautiful voice it was born with. This was a very brief moment, but a very beautiful and moving one for the Voice, who shed a tear of pure pleasure. It suddenly remembered that time when it sang so beautifully and effortlessly.

The Voice was very grateful to the Big Voice and promised to keep practising. It shared what it had learnt with others, and the happiness from the old days started to return. It so happened, that the Voice travelled over the sea to be trained by the Big Voice, so it too could teach other lost voices to find the joy of singing.

So now the Voice again sings for other people and has even become a voice teacher itself. It will do everything it can to help other voices that have been saddened like itself once upon a time.

And so the story ends: The Voice and the Guitar lived happily together thereafter till the present day."

It has been said, that this fairy tale, actually is the true story of a voice. I would like to acknowledge Chris James as The Big Voice.

Happy Singing!!!