

Title the land of lost music

. Who Natalie

.what finds lost music from old ages she helps a 1920 jazz player finish his song and ascend
the guy died before he could finish his solo

.when 2025 & 1920

.where library, school and land of music

.why because she heard an eerie tune from the music room

The land of lost music

Natalie was in the zone. Her fingers were flying on the piano keys as she played the *Mephisto Waltz*. The whole school band fell silent for a moment before erupting in applause. Practice was over and while her peers packed their instruments into velvet-lined cases, Natalie sat motionless. Her hair stood on end. She could hear a faint melody but no one around her seemed to notice.

She was entranced. As the sound grew louder, so did the fear in her heart. The saxophone's distorted song rang out but the composer was nowhere to be seen. Her eyes shifted around the room, then her blood ran cold. A rust-covered saxophone levitated before her. There was no ending note, just a haunting discord on loop.

Then, a voice. Barely a whisper.

"I wish to return home," it said. "To the land of music."

Natalie backed away, closer to the door.

"Can you hear me? Can you help me?"

Suddenly, a figure began to appear. A frail man in a faded three-piece suit, clinging to his instrument as if it was an extension of himself.

Natalie blinked rapidly as if that might help clear the vision before her. But the man remained, staring into her soul from the corner of the room.

"Who are you?" She exclaimed.

"I'm Atticus. You're the first person to be able to hear me. Can you see me, too?"

Natalie nodded. "Hearing voices, seeing ghosts... I'm wondering if I need my head checked."

Atticus smiled. "There's nothing wrong with your head. It's your heart. It's just as connected to music as mine was when I was alive. That's why we're able to communicate."

"Let me show you my life..."

The music room transformed into the nightclub it once was, many years before.

A thick haze of cigarette smoke filled the air. The audience chatter came to a sudden stop as the lights dimmed and a spotlight appeared over Atticus.

Natalie gasped as Atticus played. The saxophone's sound started as a clear wail and evolved into a symphony of feeling and magic. Just as he approached the final notes, his fingers began to tremble - he could no longer press the keys. Suddenly, Atticus' legs gave way and his body and his saxophone crashed to the ground, leaving behind a shadow of his soul wrapped up in the unfinished notes.

The classroom reappeared and Natalie sprinted to the piano.

"I'm going to finish your solo with you," she smiled.

Her fingers glided across the piano keys and Atticus lifted the saxophone to his lips. Their harmony created a feeling of excitement and anticipation and the old melody was resurrected. Together they hit the final note, its sound echoing through the halls and out the building as the ghost peacefully faded away.