

# A piano play

Von alanqi

## in the pavillion

About an hour later Riff took the tea to the library but Cain was nowhere to be seen.

Tea tablet in hand he searched for him everywhere where his master could have gone but found no trace of him in the house. In the hall he realized the frontdoor had been opened again. The faithful servant sighed and took his coat and walked out into the icy nightwind.

Footsteps in the snow showed someone had taken the right passage from the front porch to the garden in direction of the old pavilion, where they had stuffed some things unused or with a memory attached to them. The staff had done it at Cain's order when they moved into the manor on the faraway outskirts of London.

The wind was blowing quite hard into Riff's face as he sat out for the pavilion. It was a quite and challenging route through the dark. He reached the pavillion after nearly wandering off in the wrong direction at the new cut sculpture of a hedgehog. Glad that he remembered the gardener boasting about the accuracy of the animal's features Riff congratulated himself for knowing his master so well.

A small circle of light was visible through one bolted side-window. It shone like a guiding light towards his searching soul. Drawn by master's loneliness he was indeed. No way to deny that the black earring had been just a cover-up-lie to calm down a suspicious father. What's hidden best is hidden in plain sight, Riff smiled. He reached for the doorknob which was recovered in snow already. So Cain had to have been in here for quite a while now.

Carefully he opened the door so as not to disturb his master. The door made no noise a clear sign of how well kept the grounds were under Riff's supervision. Riff checked the wooden floor and made a note to send someone here in the morrow to do some waxing. With a keen eye his master's servant took in the state of the room in one glance before it came to rest on the ever so slim figure in the room.

Cain was standing there in the damp light of one single gas lamp gazing at the old piano stored there. The warm light illuminated his form wrapping Cain in a warm inviting glow.