Name: Angeles Belen Yach Ramirez.

A piano and two songs.

-Come on Carla, play something for us.

-No, I don't play the piano.

-Your father used to do it, we do not doubt that you have the same gift, you are a Pierce.

-My father did it, my great-grandfather did too, it doesn't mean that I did too.

-Being a woman does not mean that it does not turn out well for you.

-Only men have managed to make that note.

-You can, let yourself go.

I leave the excuses and begin to let myself be carried away by the movement of my fingers on the keys of my piano forte.