

The Snow Song

Martí was eight years old and had a very clear dream: he wanted to make music that would make people smile.

He didn’t have a guitar, a piano, or drums... but he did have his old, slightly cracked wooden xylophone, which had belonged to his grandfather.

Every afternoon, when he came home from school, Martí would lock himself in his room and start playing. At first, the notes all sounded mixed up: plin, plon, plan! But he didn’t mind.

“Each note is a word,” he would say, “and if I put them together well, a story might come out.”

His parents listened to him from the kitchen.

“He doesn’t play badly,” his father would say.

“And he has a lot of patience,” his mother would add, smiling.

One day, the school announced that they would be holding a Christmas festival, and each class could present an act. Martí’s classmates wanted to do a dance, but he raised his hand and said,

“I could play a song on the xylophone!”

Some of them laughed.

“On the xylophone? It looks like a toy!” said Pol.

Martí lowered his eyes, but that very afternoon he decided to prove that the xylophone could sound like a whole orchestra. For days and days he practiced, searching for new melodies. He tried slow, fast, and soft rhythms… until one night, while it was snowing outside, he discovered a song that sounded like the music of falling snow.

When the day of the festival arrived, all the students danced, sang, or recited. And when it was his turn, Martí came out with his xylophone under his arm.

He took a deep breath and… plin, plon, plan…

The notes began to sound like tiny stars. The auditorium fell silent. The parents, the teachers, and even Pol listened, speechless. It was a simple melody, but full of light.

When it finished, no one said anything for a few seconds… and then, everyone began to applaud.

Then, the teacher said to him:

“Martí, today you did something very special. You didn’t just play a song: you let the music inside you be heard.”

Martí smiled, proud. That night, before going to bed, he left the xylophone by his bed and whispered to it:

“Thank you for teaching me that even with just a few notes, great stories can be told.”