

An Evening of Song

Aunt Annie turned briskly to Jock. "Play us a wee tune on your fiddle," she said. Jock rose awkwardly and reached for his violin. Sheila went to the piano to accompany him.

Jock, his violin tucked under his chin, moved the bow slowly and lovingly across the strings. And, after the tuning, the music came, strong and clear, rising above Sheila's wholly inadequate accompaniment, finally taking the room to itself so that Sheila need not have been playing at all. The old Scottish songs, the wailing lament of Flowers o' the Forest, the gay lilt of The Keel Row. Then quite spontaneously, the tune changed, they were singing Bonnie Charlie with him.

The music ended on the pleading refrain, and Jock put the violin carefully into its case. He came over and sat by Moira. The fire burned low. And nobody, not even Aunt Annie, said a word.

Alice Dalgliesh

1. **Why did "nobody, not even Aunt Annie" say a word? What caused the change seen in the final paragraph?**