The Second Side

Julián had two of his sister's records left. One had songs he knew by heart. The other was still in a sleeve with the price written by hand.

He put on the second. The saxophone on the first side seemed too slow to him, and he lifted the needle before it finished. When he turned the record over, he found a scrap of paper between the sleeve and the cardboard. His sister had written, “Listen after midnight.”

It was eleven fifty-eight. He stayed in his seat. From the street came the clatter of someone dragging a bin to the corner.

At midnight he put the needle down on the other side. It was the same saxophone again. This time, when it reached the part where he had lifted the needle, he heard the electric piano come in.