

✂️ PART.010 - Season 1, Episode 7:

"TANYA's Musical Meditation"

A New Kind of Lesson

Tanya smiled as she adjusted her laptop, the screen glowing softly in the dimly lit room.

— "Alright, Susie, today's lesson isn't just about listening—it's about feeling. Welcome to Musical Meditation."

Susie, sitting cross-legged on her couch, raised an eyebrow. "So, we're not taking notes?"

Tanya chuckled. "Nope. Just breathe, listen, and let the music guide you."

A soft hum filled the air as Tanya played a simple melody on a small keyboard beside her.

The notes rose and fell like waves, steady and gentle, wrapping around them like a warm hug.

— "Music can hold memories, heal wounds, and give

strength when words fail," Tanya said. "And today, we're creating something new—a song that carries the lessons from our Confident Egg class."

— "Wait...we're writing a song?" Susie blinked.

Tanya grinned. "Not just writing—we're recording it. A song for moms, for kids, for anyone who needs it. And who knows? Maybe one day, this song will help another mom out there."

The Promise & The Pact

Tanya set her keyboard aside, her tone shifting.

— "Susie, let's talk about something important. Your safety, your baby's safety, and your future—these things don't happen by chance. They happen because we **choose** to make them happen."

Susie nodded, feeling the weight of those words.

— "So here's my pact with you," Tanya continued. "Every Saturday at noon, I'll teach you something valuable—skills, knowledge, ways to protect and **empower** yourself. But you have to promise me one thing."

— "What's that?"

Tanya leaned forward. "You have to apply it. No just listening—doing."

Susie took a deep breath. "Deal."

Music That Speaks

Tanya opened a notebook and sketched out simple lyrics, weaving Teacher M's lessons on confidence into them.

— "Confidence isn't just words—it's rhythm, movement, energy. And what better way to remember it than with a melody?"

She hummed a tune, soft at first, then stronger.

— "Come on, Susie—help me finish it."

Together, line by line, they created a song.

Lyrics to 'Step by Step'

(A song of confidence, courage, and moving forward)

[Verse 1]

When the night feels long, and the road is wide,

Take a breath, take a step, stand by my side.
Every stumble, every fall, it's not the end,
It's just a way to rise again.

[Chorus]

Step by step, we'll climb this hill,
With every note, our hearts stand still.
Not perfect, not flawless, just brave and true,
The strongest song starts inside you.

[Verse 2]

If your voice shakes, if you feel too small,
Sing it louder, give it your all.
The wind may whisper, the doubts may creep,
But we are stronger than what they speak.

[Chorus Repeat]

Step by step, we'll climb this hill,
With every note, our hearts stand still.
Not perfect, not flawless, just brave and true,
The strongest song starts inside you.

[Outro – Soft Humming]

(A gentle hum fades, like a lullaby...)

Tanya whispered as the last note faded, "This song is
for you, Susie. For every mom. For every step we

take."

A Rooftop Moment – Recording Together

Susie held the notebook to her chest, blinking back tears. "I never thought I'd write a song."

Tanya laughed. "You just did! And now... let's **record it**." With a playful spark, she adjusted the microphone, turning their small session into something bigger. ****They weren't just singing. They were capturing a moment—****a promise, a lesson, a **piece of themselves** in music.

— "Let's do it **rooftop demo style!**" Tanya grinned.

Susie laughed, shaking her head. "You really think someone will listen to this?"

Tanya winked. "I think one day, a mom—somewhere, someday—**will need this song**. And when she hears it, she'll remember she's not alone."

The Final Scene: Hunter at the Piano

Later that evening, in a quiet corner of Grandpa

Ken's store, Hunter climbed onto the piano bench.

The winter light streamed through the window, casting golden hues on the black-and-white keys. His small fingers hovered over them, hesitating.

Susie stood nearby, watching.

— "Do you want to try playing it?" she asked softly.

Hunter nodded. He didn't need sheet music—he had listened to the song enough times to know it by heart.

The first note rang out, clear and warm. Then another. And another.

Grandpa Ken leaned against the counter, arms crossed, a proud smile tugging at his lips.

— "Well now," he murmured. "A boy who knows warmth when he sees it. That's confidence right there."

Grandma Lucy leaned in, winking. "Hunter, next time, maybe you can teach Grandpa how to be this wise!"

Laughter bubbled up as Hunter played on, filling the

store with the song of confidence, courage, and stepping forward.

✨ END OF EPISODE 7 ✨