

The Piano, the Mouth Organ and the Drum

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(FYI—Beethoven's Fifth is in C minor)

Once upon a time a Spanish piano, a mouth organ and a drum went out one day to buy broccoli. They came to a crosswalk and the traffic wouldn't stop.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear," wailed the mouth organ, "how are we going to get across?"

"Stop huffing and puffing," said the piano. "The drum can stand on the crosswalk and beat a tattoo. Then the cars will stop."

"Oh, no," said the drum, not liking that one little bit, "I have a much better idea. The piano is bigger than me. He can storm onto the crosswalk playing Beethoven's Fifth. Everybody will be impressed and come to a stop."

To this the friends agreed.

So the piano stormed onto the crosswalk with Beethoven's Fifth: "Ta-ta-ta-DAAAAA! Ta-ta-ta-DAAAAA!" he played, and got hit by a bus. Out jumped the passengers and listened as the piano sang the last movement. It was so horrible that they booed.

"Wait, wait," said the drum, "I can do the Fifth better than that," and started to beat the beat: "Boom-boom-boom-BOOM! "Boom-boom-boom-BOOM!"

"Hissssss!" cried the crowd, throwing rotten tomatoes at him.

"Hear me! Hear me!" shouted the mouth organ. "I am a much better musician than those two sillies," and began to wail: "Wa-wa-wa-WAH! Wa-wa-wa-WAH!"

"That's terrible! That's awful! Have mercy on us!" cried the people. They ran back into the bus with their hands over their ears and the driver took off down the road at full speed.

The mouth organ and drum went to the piano. He was on the last cadence and singing sadly in minor. "Are you okay?" they asked.

"C," he said, and that was the last they heard of him.