



Simon and the wedding band

Once upon a time, in a little yellow house at the end of Beach Avenue, lived a cheerful boy named Simon. Simon's father played guitar in a band, and today they were rehearsing for a wedding—right in their living room! As the band practiced downstairs, Simon grabbed his little red accordion and begun to play along from the top of the stairs.

Oompah-pah, oompah-pah! The rhythm matched the beat of the band. He played louder. The band paused.

“Was that an accordion?” asked the drummer.

Simon peeked down. “It was me.”

His dad smiled. “Want to play one song with us at the wedding?”

Simon nodded fast. “Yes, please!”

The next morning, dressed in his best clothes and shiny shoes, Simon stood beside the band in the sunny park. When it was time for the bride to walk down the aisle, Simon squeezed his accordion gently and joined in the melody. The music floated through the air like butterflies, soft and joyful. Everyone smiled. Simon did too.

