



# LUNA AND THE HOUSE BAND

by Adam E. Holton

In the house on Wood Hill  
Each morning she starts,  
On an old pastel blue rug  
In a room red as hearts.

Then down the hill  
To the village she goes,  
To find new ideas,  
Kafuffles or a story, who knows?

She hopped round the streets  
On a fresh quilt of snow,  
Funny looking people in the park  
Chestnut eyes and rainbow scarves on show.

“Oh Luna, you’re shivering  
And look ever so cold”  
Chimed a group of young girls  
“Winter’s arrived, haven’t you been told?”

They walked back home,  
Invited Luna inside  
And once by the fire  
She felt cozy and revived.

They danced about  
Drumming on tables and pans  
“Outside it’s so cold,  
If only we could start a band.”

Luna’s ear shot up  
And she was off like a hare,  
Music and warmth in November  
Is what all humans can share.



She found the toy maker  
And put her paws on his knee  
“Hello little Luna,  
Got something for me?”

She leapt into his hands,  
Then to the desk like a cat  
And when he turned round  
She was in the big thinking hat.

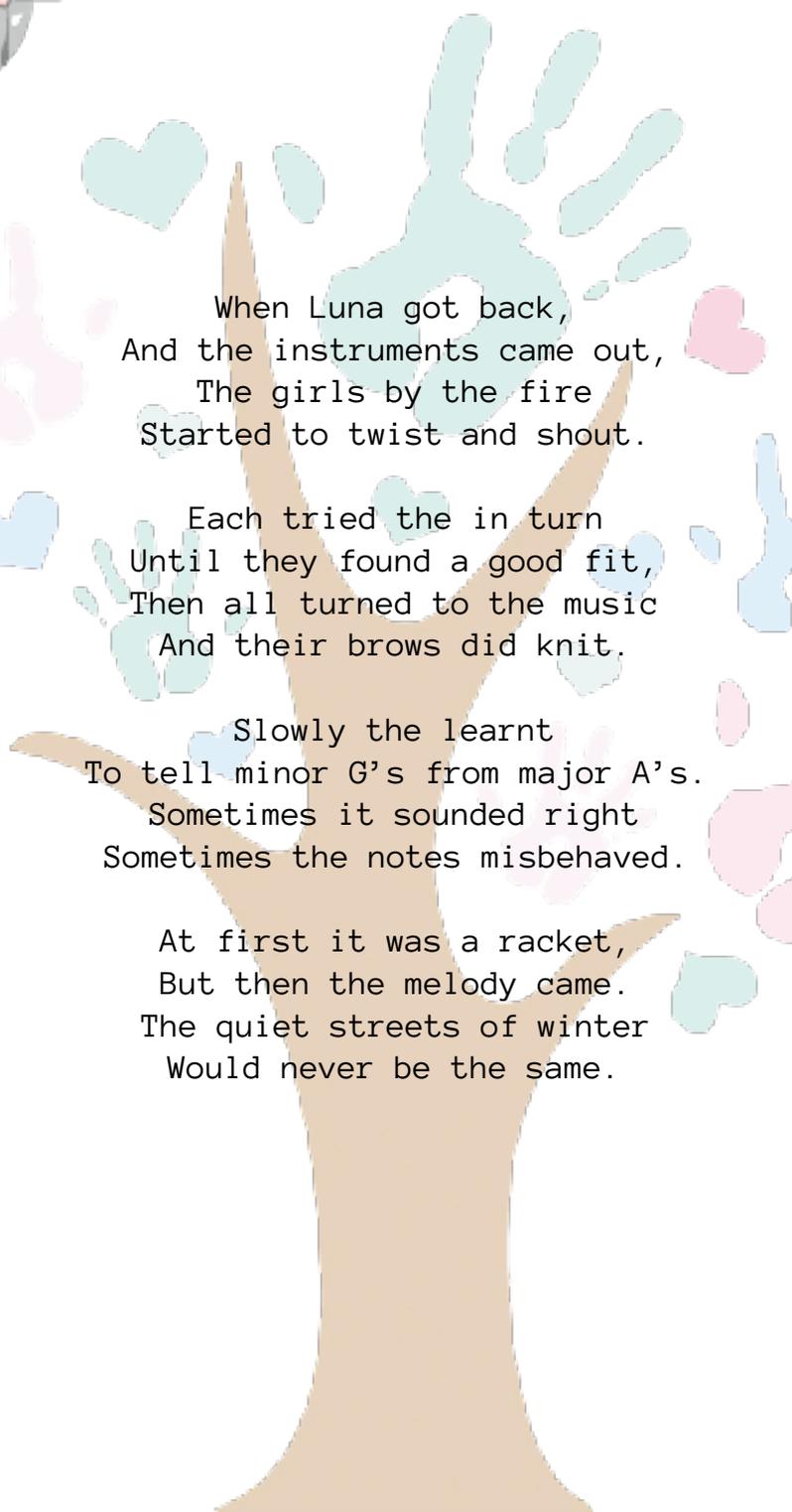
Up and over she went  
Until she sat on his head,  
Inside was so quiet  
Like when everyone's in bed.

She closed her eyes tight  
Saw notes dance to a song,  
In bright lively colours,  
Warmed by a fire as winter grew strong

Through her fur to his hair  
Then to his brain they did sink  
And when she hopped off  
She heard his brain cogs clink.

4 o'clock bells and the toy maker was done.  
“A rainstick in rainbow,  
Xylophone and guitar  
Tambourine and maracas; let the music flow.”

All was packed up,  
With a folk score as well  
And put in a wheelie cart  
Specially made, so when Luna bounced nothing fell.



When Luna got back,  
And the instruments came out,  
The girls by the fire  
Started to twist and shout.

Each tried the in turn  
Until they found a good fit,  
Then all turned to the music  
And their brows did knit.

Slowly the learnt  
To tell minor G's from major A's.  
Sometimes it sounded right  
Sometimes the notes misbehaved.

At first it was a racket,  
But then the melody came.  
The quiet streets of winter  
Would never be the same.