

busy. They walked with him to an old wooden building near the farmhouse.

'Now,' said Mr Wood. 'My new car will arrive here next week. I want this building for a garage. Get the rubbish out of the building. Then clean it really well. I want to keep the car in it.'

'What shall we do with the rubbish, Mr Wood?' asked Pip.

'Get rid of it, of course!' answered the farmer. 'Now stop asking questions, young Pip. I'm a busy man.' He walked away.

The three boys opened the doors of the building. They looked at the rubbish, then they looked at each other.

'This is going to take a long time,' said Tony.

He went to the back of the building. He saw something behind a lot of old boxes. It was very big.

'What's this?' asked Tony.

'Is it a cupboard?' asked Pip.

John came and moved some of the boxes. 'It isn't a cupboard,' he said in surprise. 'It's an old piano.'

The piano was made of beautiful, dark brown wood. Tony took off his shirt and cleaned the wood with it. He saw brightly-coloured birds, flowers and leaves. They shone like stars in the dark, dirty building. Tony opened the piano. He looked at the keys.

'We can't get rid of this,' he said. 'We really can't.' He found an old, broken chair and sat down at the piano. His fingers touched the keys. He closed his eyes. Half-forgotten music danced through his mind. His fingers began to move. They moved up and down the keys. He began to play an old song. He was suddenly very happy.

'I can play the piano,' he thought. 'Nobody taught me, but my mind tells my fingers what to do, and I can make music.'

His friends listened.

'That's beautiful,' said John. 'What is it?'

'I don't know,' said Tony.



*Tony's fingers moved up and down the piano keys.*