
SHOW AND TELL

My first day at my new school, I knew my teacher didn't like me. "You have a lot of catching up to do," said Mrs. Anderson. "If you don't work hard, you'll be a very sorry third-grader."

That night, I was really sad. Suddenly, I had an idea and ran to the piano bench and grabbed a pencil and a sheet of music paper.

Next morning for Show and Tell, I walked to the keyboard and sang a song I wrote. It was a slow, pretty melody, with notes falling like a soft, gentle rain. As it played, I sang:

She never smiles at me
Even though I really like her
Days go by without the sunshine
Breaking through her frowns

So I make this wish
On every rainbow in the world:
"Help me show her how I feel
And find the door that opens up
Her heart to me!"

I stopped playing, and the class was completely quiet. Mrs. Anderson's face grew red, but she didn't say anything. I was sure I would get sent to the principal.

Instead, Mrs. Anderson hugged me, and the class cheered. From then on, everybody in school liked me. And Mrs. Anderson helped me get a scholarship in a special music program for kids.

I used to think piano lessons were a waste of time. Not any more.