



Judy  Plays the Tuba,
Johnny  Plays the Flute

ED HUCKEYBY
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 LIVE
AUDIO DOWNLOAD INCLUDED



I

Judy could hardly contain her excitement as she ran in the front door, arriving home from school. "Mom, I want to play in the band," she said, showing the typical enthusiasm of a fifth grader. Judy's mother had received a letter last week from Mr. Martin, the school band director, telling about the special recruiting concert that was to be presented that afternoon.

"I'm so happy you want to learn an instrument," Judy's mother said, smiling all the while. "You will have so much fun, and it's such a nice way to make new friends. I still have my flute and, if I say so myself, Marge Randle was a pretty good flautist," remembering her days in the All-Region Band. "The flute will be just right for you."



Judy paused for a moment, then looked her mother in the eyes and calmly said, "But mother, I want to play the tuba."

Judy had been so impressed with the big sound of the tuba. And Mr. Martin had made a big deal out of the importance of the tuba, how it provided the "foundation" for the entire band! "I want to be important," she thought to herself. "I want to play the tuba!"



reference only.
Not valid for performance



II

Down the block, Judy's friend and classmate, Johnny Garcia, had also been at the school concert. Judy and Johnny had been good buddies ever since the Garcia family moved into the neighborhood two years ago. He, too, wanted to play in the band.

"What do you mean, you want to play the flute?" asked Johnny's father. "Flutes are for girls."

"Oh no, Dad," Johnny said with confidence. "Mr. Martin said that anyone with enough desire and dedication could learn almost any instrument. He even checked my mouth to see if I had the right kind of lips. He said flute would be a great instrument for me."

"We'll see," Mr. Garcia responded. "We'll see."

