



**Let's play a little Tune!**

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Stories and Illustrations by Pepijn de Jonge

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# H

ave you ever heard *The Story of the Round Book*? Well...a writer lived in a small house by a creek. One day he sat down in the tall grass on the water-edge to listen to the birds. Suddenly he thought he could hear the water talk and hear the trees whisper in the wind. Every little thing; flowers, bees and also the fish in the water were giving him ideas for a new book. So, when the writer came home, he took some paper and started to work. One night, a few weeks later, the book was finished. The writer had fallen asleep and the moon was shining through the open door. One silver moonbeam fell on the new book and it came alive. The book the writer had made was round and it rolled out the door, into the hills.



The book rolled and rolled. It rolled between the legs of a cow and under the bed of an owl. It rolled to the next house, and the next, until all the folks living in the hills had read the new round book of the writer. Finally it rolled back through the door of the little house where the writer lived. He was very surprised to see the **book** lying on the floor. It looked as if it had been read by a whole lot of folks. He put it on the table, where he was already working on the next book. This time it had the shape of a hat. No, not really. It was a normal book. And on the cover was written:

*A Concert for....*



A man and his cat were napping at noon. They had watched apples fall from a tree and eaten strawberry pie from the same spoon. The roof of the garden-house was making a drumming noise in the wind and the rain, but it didn't wake them up. In their dreams it just was the soothing sound of a travelling train...





*For Tommie*





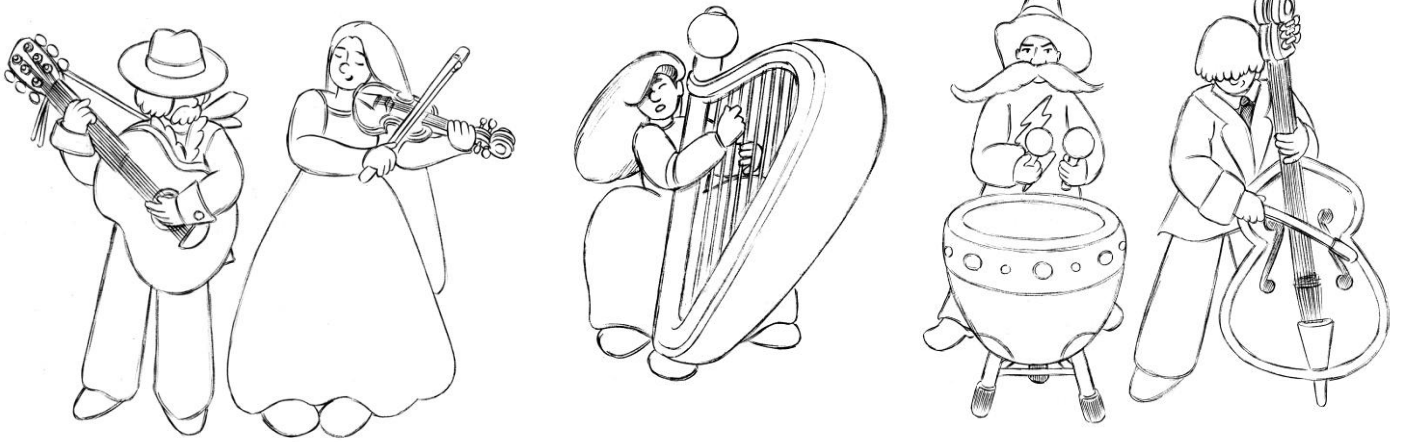
### *The Drummer on the Mountain*

The Drummer on the Mountain gives his song to the wind. It chases the beat and dances all around! It makes wonderful pirouettes on the drummer's hat and bounces against the ears of his little pony. The cowboy sings a lullaby. His words get carried off to the horizon, while more and more sand gets stuck in his thick moustache. ‘♪ So you think you can ♪ dance?’ howled the wind at the water. And up jumped a wave ♪saying: ‘Yes I can! ♪’ The pony whinnies cheerfully along. It shakes its manes, tapping a clippity-clop with one of its hoofs on a rock. Yeah! The drumming cowboy goes by the name of Potato Doug: a lifelong stray dog and rock-gatherer. He knows the mountains like the pockets of his worn-out pants. The high meadows are his home. He loves sun as much as rain and snow. And when he gets stuck in heavy weather, he loves to play a little song...



### *Angel Voice*

Look, it's me in the background! The chicken on the right. I've found a perfect spot, to hear the lady with the long veil sing and play. Many birds are in love with her voice: a nightingale, a bluebird and a peacock keep her company all night. But let me share with you what I found out: the melon shaped guitar the lady plays is called a mandolin. Pretty clever for a chicken, right?



The invitation to a party said:

*'You are most passionately invited to a Concert in the Middle of the Night. Some local stars will sing a serenade to thank the gods for lemonade. Make sure to have mud on your boots. And P.s*

*You can leave your hat on!'*

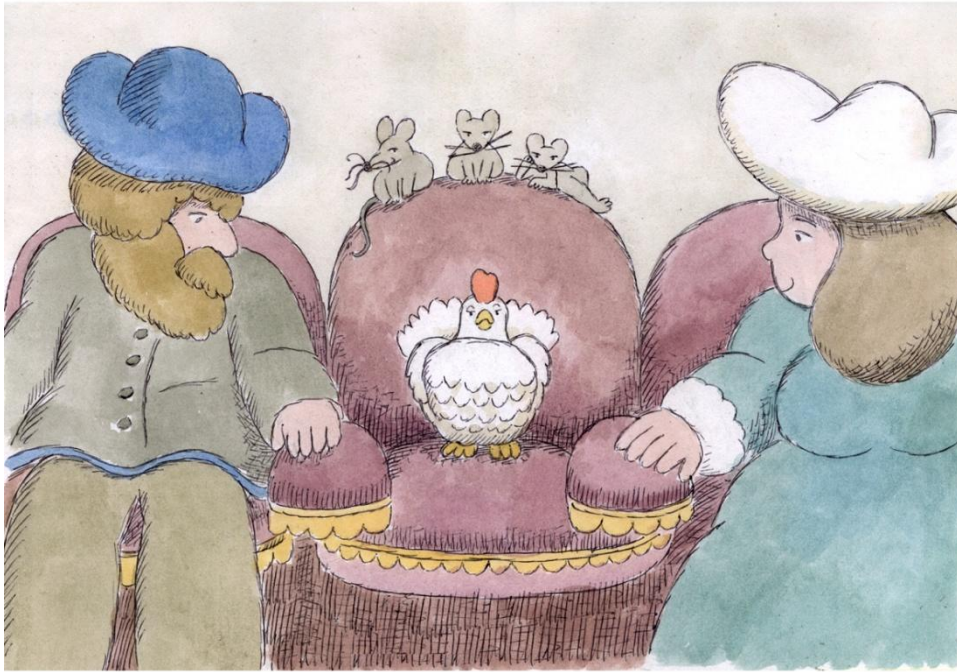


# H

orsin' around is serious business!

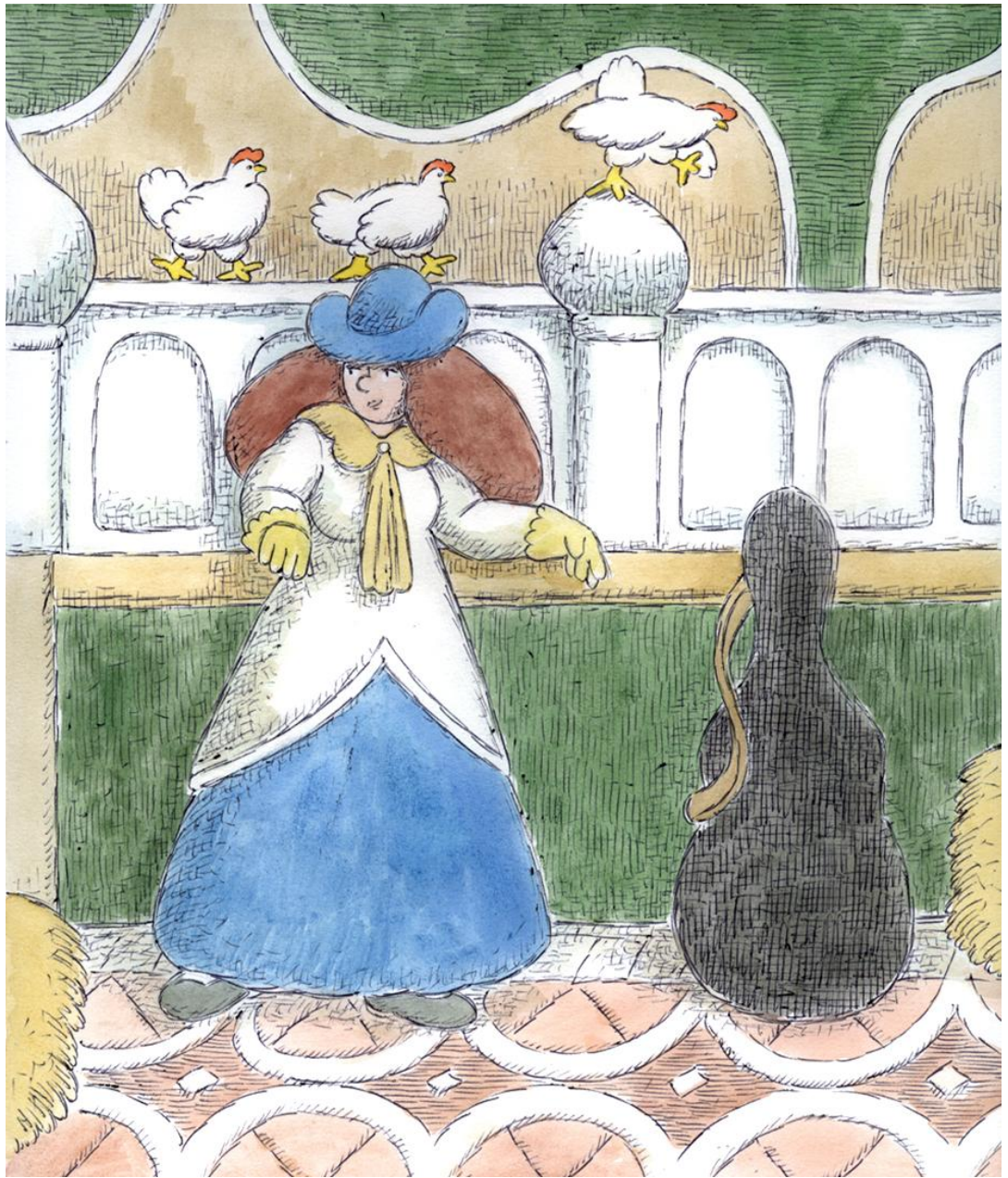
A boy tells his daydream in a letter to his grandmother: 'I'm going to school riding a big brown horse. I park it in front of school and tie the reins to a post. I run through the school to reach my **classroom** in time, but suddenly the hallway turns into a desert highway. My class is sitting at the foot of a giant **cactus** and my teacher has turned into an Indian! She shows us how to make delicious cactus ice-creams. The sun sets and we fall asleep in the desert. We wake up in our classroom, because the principal is yelling 'Wake up! Wake up!' All the children run outside and get on their bikes. My big brown horse has split town and I have to **walk** home...'





*The Best seat in the House is taken!*

At the Opera the best seat was taken by a chicken and three mice. She **must** have been the Countess of Henhouse, who brought along her bodyguards: a couple of fine fellas in silvery grey coats. Everybody stared at her and whispered: 'Who is she? Is she rich? Very rich! I dare say. I think she owns the henhouse at the barn of farmer John. Or at least an important seat in it..!' You should have witnessed her parade through the lobby after the show as she sang snippets from the divas Aria and with the three mice accompanying her in inni-mini-Baritone...simply wonderful.



*Don't let the Pussycat play the Drum!*

You can spend the day dreaming or sail a boat across the sea. You can paint your day yellow or you can paint it green. You can make your home in a castle, on a cloud or in a tree. You can dance on ice with a drunken camel or invite an elephant to a cup of tea...  
...but whatever you do: don't let the pussycat play the drum!!





Have a nice day!

*Youm sa'eed!*

*Pěkný den*

*Buona giornata!*

¡Que pase un buen dia!

*Fijne dag!*

Schöne Tag!





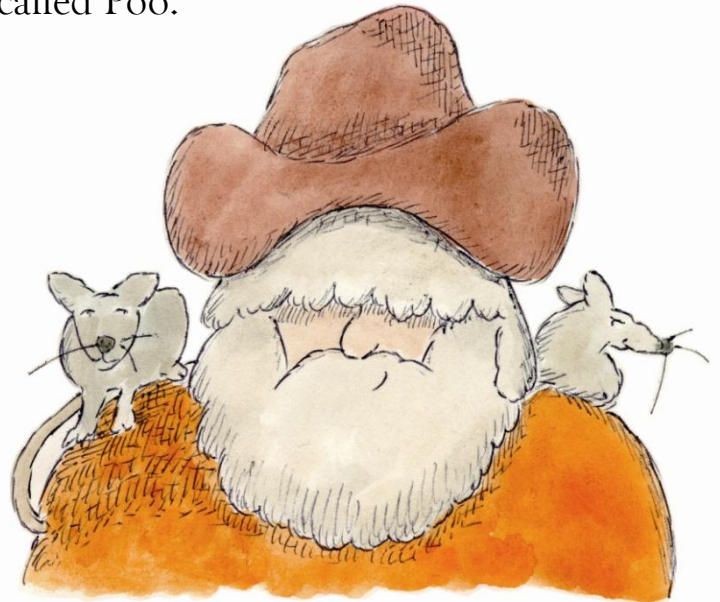
# WELCOME to Town!

Following a road through the hills, with weeds and wildflowers growing on both sides, the fluteplayer and his sister (who was learning to play the guitar) arrived in a town. 'This must be it!' the fluteplayer said. They stood in front of a house which had a cello painted on the front door. 'This must be the composer's place!' They rang the doorbell and waited. Soon a lady in a dazzling dress opened the door. 'My dear friends!' she said, holding out both hands. 'Welcome to town!'



The composer was a young woman by the name of Casablanca Delanora Rosali, but everybody called her Rose. Flower-sonatas and sleep-songs were her specialty, which she composed on her piano in a beautiful room with a view on the fields outside of town. Whenever the townsfolk listened to her songs at night, they would sleep like babies. And cats and dogs, would sleep like cat- and dog-babies. And horses like horse-babies and so on.

‘Dear friends, thank you for coming. Please take a seat!’ Rose said as she sank into a comfy old chair. Then she explained the guests why she had asked them for help. You see, there was a little girl in town with a puppy called Poo.





And as sweet as it was, Poo had a bad habit: it would sleep all day and wake up at night. It had been keeping up the little girl for a whole week now. So her uncle (the one with the rats) had come to Rose. To investigate Puppy Poo's bad habit, Rose visited every alley in town. Not to blow her cover as a composer she even wore a disguise.



After going from barn to barn, it turned out most dog-hangouts were peaceful at night. There was some mighty snoring going on, but surely no horsin' around. 'And after a lot of thinking and working with smells and sounds, I have come up with a song that will make Poo sleep as the sun goes down.' Next to the chair Rose was sitting in, stood a table with some sheets of paper on it. She handed them to the fluteplayer and asked him:

*'Will you play?'*

The moon was climbing high in the night sky, as the fluteplayer played. After a few tries he got every note right. Or maybe he was free to make mistakes because Rose and the fluteplayer's sister had both fallen asleep.





The next evening they were invited at the house of Puppy Poo. The little girl sat him down on a couch with his favorite pillows. Wish you could have seen the look on its face as it barked: 'Hey I just woke up, I want to play!' 'No, no, no!' Rose said as it tried to jump away. She took him on her lap, and silently conducted the fluteplayer to start.

It didn't take long for **Puppy Poo** to start licking its paws. It made a big yawn and picked a pillow to lie down. The little girl's eyes were also getting heavy as she listened to the song go on and on. She passed out and was brought to bed by her dad. The sweet mild sent of **oranges** coming from a special bag the fluteplayer's sister had made, filled her room. 'Orange trees.....grandfather in his new car.....a blue dress shipped in a box from a far....' What a dream!



Afterwards everyone who helped got a *delicious* reward. The fluteplayer and his sister took the long mountain-road home, collecting wild berries along the way. And Rose was busy again composing sleep-songs and flower-sonatas. Once in a while she also tried to play harp. 'It's so much fun!' she would say. But **look**, not everyone agreed...



A

smile looks good on every one!







# L

*et's go for a walk!*



‘Let’s go!’ the older sister said. ‘I have some hours in between school and piano practice.’ ‘Can I bring my ukulele?’ the younger sister asked. ‘Of course, don’t you always have it on your back?’ ‘No! Not when I’m playing it, or lying in my bed!’ the little girl explained. ‘Well, dad said you tried to take it into bed, and that when he asked you to put it away you got really angry.’ ‘Yes a little bit, but mum showed me a picture of daddy sleeping with his guitar.’ ‘Oh that picture, isn’t it sweet?’

‘Yes daddy was sweet before he was daddy.’ ‘Haha, come on let’s go around the block.’ ‘The air is so nice today. Sis, did mum also show you the picture of dad crying about his **broken guitar**?’ ‘Yeeees, it was a funny story! Mum told it to me. Daddy was making friends with cows and **played music** for them. But then they got scared because a lion, no a fox, ran through the field. Daddy had to run and the cows stepped on his guitar. But they didn’t do it on purpose, but just because the fox was sneaking around.’



'Let's turn right here.' 'Hey, aren't we going to the pond to see the ducks?' 'Maybe next time, then we'll go after I'm finished with my piano practice.' 'Ducks are cute.' 'Yes! Very cute. Oh look! It's my piano teacher, Mr. Wellnut. He's bringing the piano to our house. Hi Mr. Wellnut!!' 'He's funny. His dog is cute. I want a dog too.'

'Come on, let's go through the park so we can be home before Mr. Wellnut arrives at our door.' 'Sis, I saw a picture of mum too with a moustache! She had a BIG hat on! It looked weird.'





‘What a nice walk. I have to give Cinnamon some fresh hay when we get home! Right Cinnamon? You’re so sweet.’ ‘I think you have to comb her to! Just see how she looks, little Sis. Ask mum were to find the comb, I can help you later.’ ‘Hey look up ahead! Daddy is playing guitar on the porch!’ ‘Daddy! Daddy!’ We’re home! Hurry Sis!



*Let the Music inspire  
your dreams!*



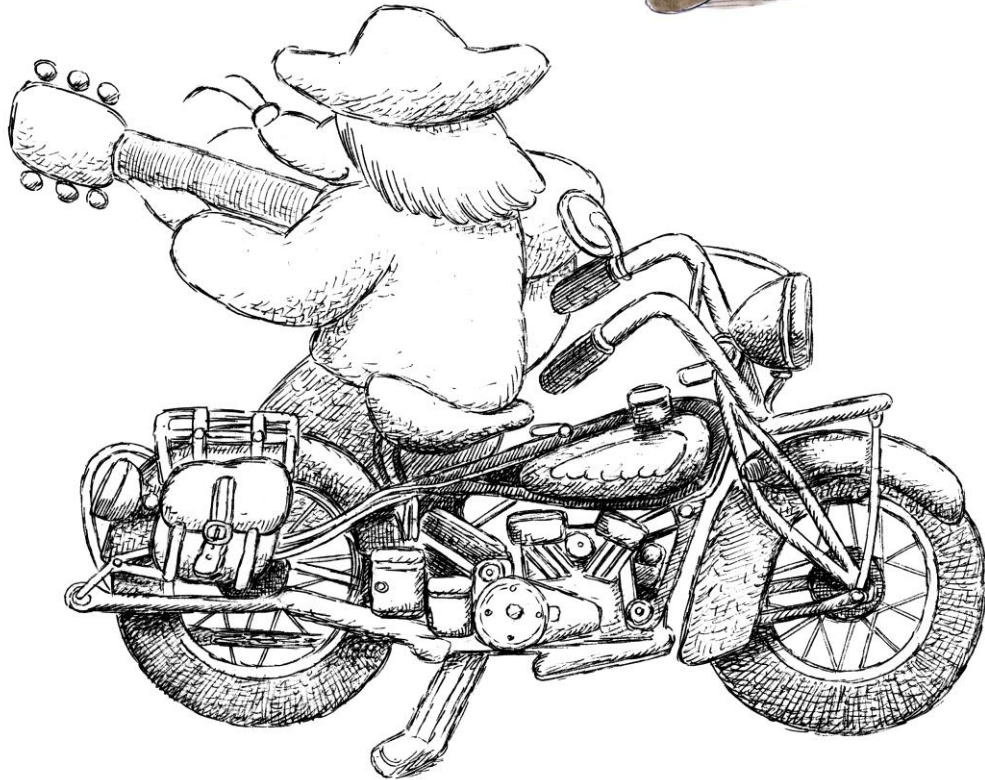


## *A Little Mouse*

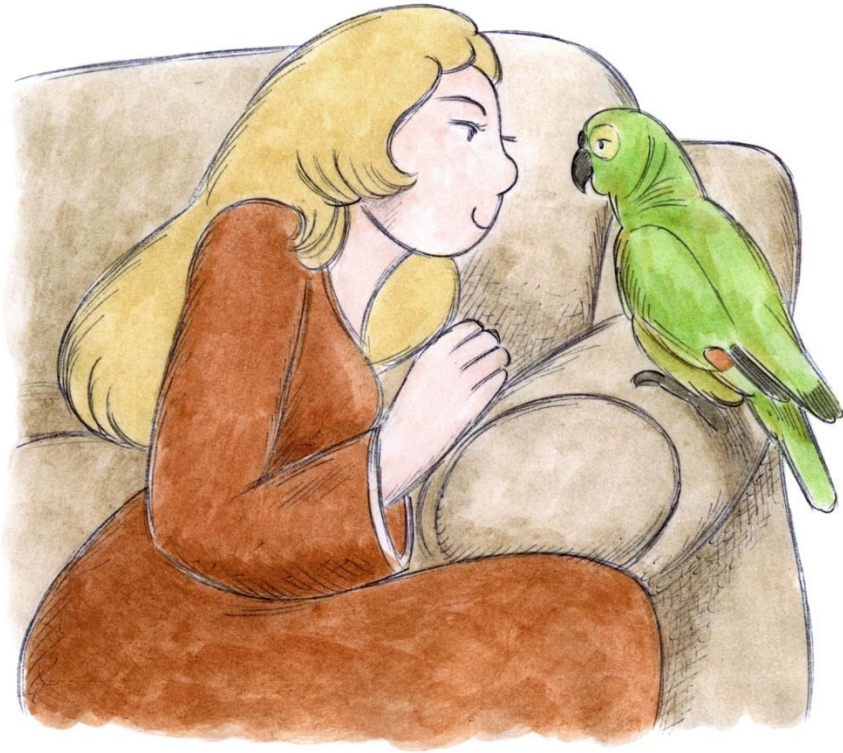
Have you ever heard the Story of the Mouse Wedding? Apparently a traveler camping in the open air witnessed a secret ceremony of mice. I don't know if this romantic tale is true, but I had to think of it when I accidentally stumbled upon a tiny violin lying in the grass!



It must have been some artist's joke, but it definitely sparked my imagination! And I've been wondering...when people for no reason at all suddenly feel like dancing and swinging around, could it be that somewhere in the house behind the walls an inch-size cello, guitar or violin is being played by a little mouse?







*Pirates! Pirates!*

Cindy's boyfriend Tom owns a green parrot.

Tom is the singer in their band and the parrot is the band's mascot, so it always goes along whenever they perform. Tom places the parrot in front of the microphone and it yells: 'Pirates! Pirates!' Can you guess the name of Tom and Cindy's band? Yes! The Pirates...





Cindy plays harp. She thinks a harp is pretty cool! Well, it is! And you see, Cindy has to be very strong to carry her instrument around, because it is so big! The Pirates are proud to have a harp player performing with the band. It gives them their own special sound. Lukas and John play a banjo and second guitar. These two brothers are always making jokes!

John loves to draw and designs posters and stickers to put up at coffeehouses, schools and other public buildings to announce when a Pirates concert is planned.



One time Tom's parrot escaped only two days before a concert was planned. 'Man, this is bad luck!' Lucas said. 'We need to find our mascot fast.' 'Yes!' cried Tom. 'Also because it's my best friend...'

Cindy and Tom went looking down the road. Tom's father owns a farm. The next house is two miles away. It belongs to an aunt. 'Go and ask aunt Maggie if she's seen the bird!' Tom's father said with a smile.

Lukas and John went looking up the road. 'You two boys check out Bob's store. The parrot might know that he sells peanuts and sometimes leaves the bags outside.'

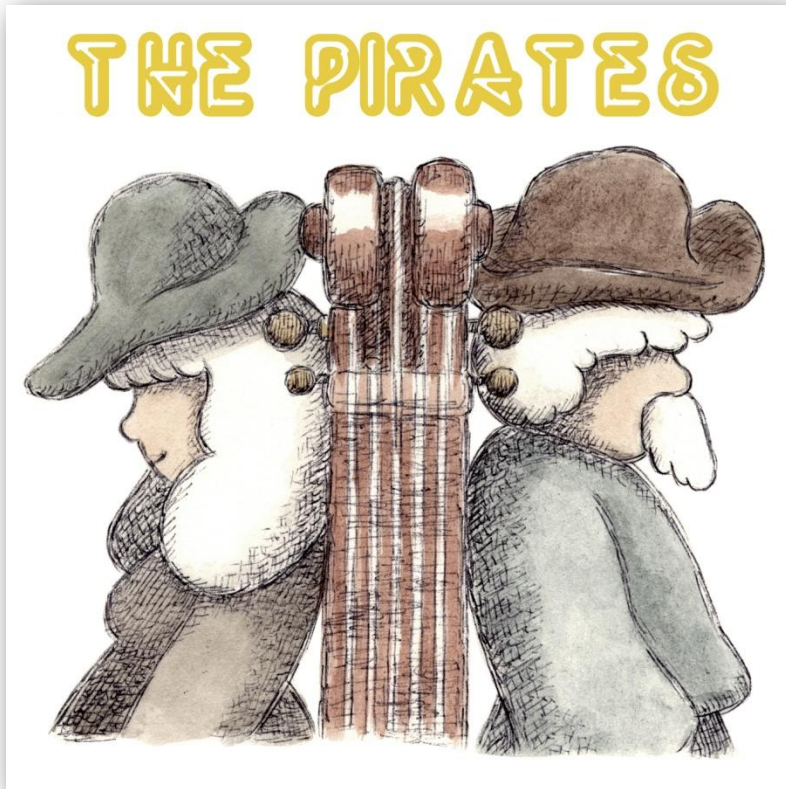


# The Pirates



On the way to Bob's store Lukas and John got word that a truck driver with a parrot had been spotted a mile from Tom's house. They found the truck parked in the shade under a row of trees, with the driver sitting in the grass, playing his banjo. But this bird was not a parrot at all. 'Aunt Maggie! Are you home?' Tom yelled as he and Cindy walked around her house. 'Yeah! Just come around the back!' they heard a voice answering. 'Hi folks. Look who came to visit earlier.' Aunt Maggie was holding a glass of lemonade and their parrot was sitting on her lap.

Soon the two brothers got a call to come to Aunt Maggie's house and bring their instruments. The Pirates' Mascot was found! And the bird and Aunt Maggie were good friends. The afternoon was filled with joyful sound, as Tom's aunt joined the Pirates with her fiddle to play a whole bunch of classic country songs...



And that's the story of how The Pirates hooked up with Aunt Maggie and started touring the countryside for three whole weeks! Cindy and Tom love to tell this story to their friends at school. Every week they go to Maggie's farm with John and Lukas to rehearse. And Aunt Maggie serves them tea and toast with homemade marmalade...



## *A Serenade for a Couch Potato!*

‘Sweet potato, will you share your couch with me? Let us watch time pass quietly and sip from a cup of tea. And if our hearts have a keyhole, let’s exchange our keys. Let’s watch TV, let’s listen to music and let us be sweet peas...’

*That's all Folks!*



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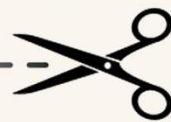
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**ideas**

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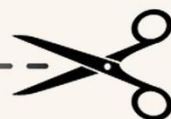
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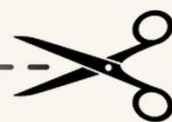
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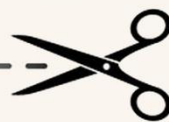
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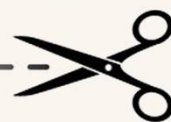
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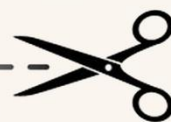
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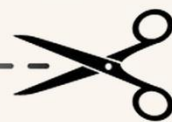
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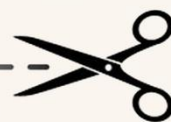
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