

## MELDY SINGS (by Mr and Mrs Sproulle)

Mr Singer was watching the clock. "Only ten more minutes to go," he thought as he pounded out another tune on the piano. The students in Meldy's class sang with gusto if not with harmony as another folk song neared its end.

"Students!" cried Mr Singer. "I have exciting news! A composer is coming next week. She will compose a song for the school and she wants to meet you all." Why she would want to meet them Mr Singer couldn't imagine but those were the instructions given.

When the day came, Meldy told her parents about it. "We've got a composer lady coming today! She wants to meet us all!"

"What on earth for?" asked her sister Kick.

"I don't know. Maybe we can inspire her?"

"You mean 'inspire her', don't you?" asked her other sister Popster.

"That's not likely, is it?" joked Kick.

"Well, it's us she wants to meet not you, so there!" replied a very annoyed Meldy.

"I think it will be exciting," said Mrs Wagley. "To work with a real composer!"

Later, the students sat in their music lesson, waiting expectantly for the composer, Ms Majore-Arpeggiata's, visit.

Suddenly the door was flung open and a whirlwind of energy strode into the class. She was a woman with wild fuzzy hair and large round glasses which magnified her eyes. The students sat staring in a mixture of awe, wonder and curiosity.

"This won't do! We all need to stand to be creative! Up! Up!" she cried.

The whole class jumped to its feet with a clatter and a bang from the chairs and tables. Even Mr Singer jumped to his feet.

“We need to move, wave our arms and chant!” cried Ms M-A as she charged around the room waving her own arms. “Let me feel the energy! More energy! That’s more like it!”

The students were really getting into the spirit now. The noise level approached ear hazardous levels and the waving arms frequently collided with other waving arms.

“Listen to the singers around you!” cried Ms M-A above the noise.  
“Harmonise! Adjust your pitch so that there is a cohesive wall of sound!”

Meldy and her best friend Becca ended up close together. They noticed that if Becca dropped her pitch to a certain point below Meldy’s the resulting sound suddenly improved. Other groups emerged within the student group. Brinton and Victor noticed the same thing as they struggled to neutralise the chaos.

“This is brilliant! I’m feeling the primeval energy in the room!” cried Ms M-A as she whirled, twirled and wind-milled about near a rather worried Mr Singer.

“Students! Now I want you to chant words, phrases, sentences, numbers - anything that springs to mind. I will move amongst you and make notes! I need to write some lyrics - or words - for the music that I am to compose.”

Four of the students stood closer to each other.

“I like squirrels!” chanted Meldy.

“I like mathematics!” chanted Becca.

“I walk my dog, Sacha!” chanted Victor.

“I can’t sing but I’d like to!” chanted Brinton.

Ms M-A moved between the students making notes. She wrote furiously as the chanting increased in volume. Mr Singer cowered at one end of the room. He couldn’t leave as it was his class but Mr Singer felt a headache coming on. He watched as the minute hand crept slowly round on the clock face. “Please!” he said to himself. “Let this agony be over!”

Ms M-A was listening intently to the words being chanted.

“Polar bears need more ice!”

“Please plant more trees!”

“I don’t like pizza!”

“I want to be a scientist!”

“I saw a bat fly past my window!”

Eventually the class drew to a close. Ms M-A surged from the rear of the class clutching her notebook. She brushed some stray hair from her face, pushed her glasses up her nose and surveyed the energised class with large magnified eyes.

“I have so much material!” she enthused. “Such positive energy! So much talent! I now need to retire to my garden shed and mould what you have given me into an exciting and brilliant piece of music!”

She left as she had arrived, in a burst of energy and movement. The students watched her leave with regret. Would music lessons ever be so much fun again?

The weeks passed and the class ploughed through more scales, exercises, folk songs and chants. They almost gave up expecting their special song but eventually it appeared with another whirlwind of energy from Ms Majore - Arpeggiata.

“I want you to sit and close your eyes. Listen with all your senses. Feel the music, let it flow over you! Give yourself to it!”

She proceeded to play the piano and to sing. A wonderful sound filled the room. It wasn’t just the music but the words! So much of what they had chanted was included.

There were pizza-loving squirrels, ice-dancing polar bears and aerobatic bats. There was Victor’s dog Sacha eating his homework plus a non-musical student waking up with the gift of song. The students sat there open-mouthed while their teacher Mr Singer looked stunned.

When it had finished, Brinton spoke up. “You got all that from us?”

“That and oh, so much, so much more!” she enthused.

“What have you done with the rest then?” asked Victor.

She pointed to her head underneath her wildly untamed hair. “It’s all in here,” she replied.

“Won’t you lose it, if you get a haircut?” asked Meldy.

Everyone laughed, none more so than their composer. Music lessons would never be like this again.