

Print the story and complete it.

BONG, BONG, CRASH!

By Heather Tekavec and _____
Illustrated by _____

Emma's parents bought a piano so Emma could learn to play beautiful music, but Emma already knew how.

"I'll play you my favorite tune," she told them. Then Emma went "Bong, bong, CRASH! Tinkle, tinkle SMASH!"

Emma!" they hollered. "That's not music. That's just noise!"

"I'll play it slower," Emma said and tried again. "Bong, Bong, CRASH! Tinkle, Tinkle, SMASH!" she played. When she was finished, her father had marshmallows in his ears and her mother's head was buried in the sofa.

"You didn't listen," Emma said. "I'll do it one more time."

"NO!" they hollered, but Emma was certain if they would just listen, they would love it, too.

So she went played it one more time - extra loud - but when she looked up, her parents were gone.

She finally found them in the basement.

"We were just thinking," they said, "that this would be a good place for the piano."

Emma liked the way the piano echoed in the basement.

But the mice that lived there did not.

Before long, all the mice moved up into the family room, so Emma's parents had to move into the basement. Unfortunately, in the basement they had to listen to Emma play her favorite tune.

Finally, Emma's father moved the piano into the garage, her mother moved the mice back into the basement, and Emma's parents moved back into the family room.

Emma loved to practice in the garage, too. The only problem was that the car alarm sounded when she "Bonged," the garage door opened when she 'Crashed,' and whenever she 'Smashed,' her father's tools fell on the floor.

So they moved the piano into the back yard where the cats could screech with the music and the dogs barked along. But then the neighbors moved to Alaska - "until the piano is gone," the note said. Emma's parents only had one more idea...

WHAT WILL THEY DO? WRITE THE ENDING YOURSELF.

the end