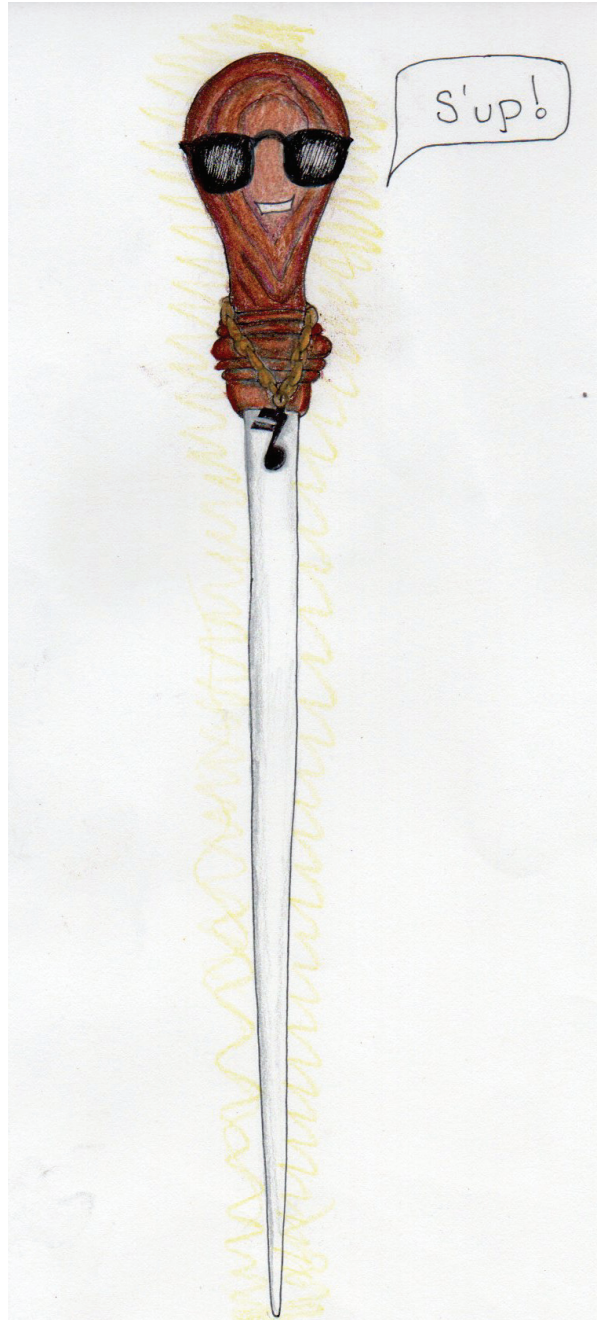


# The Two Flutes



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Illustrated by Emily Shelley

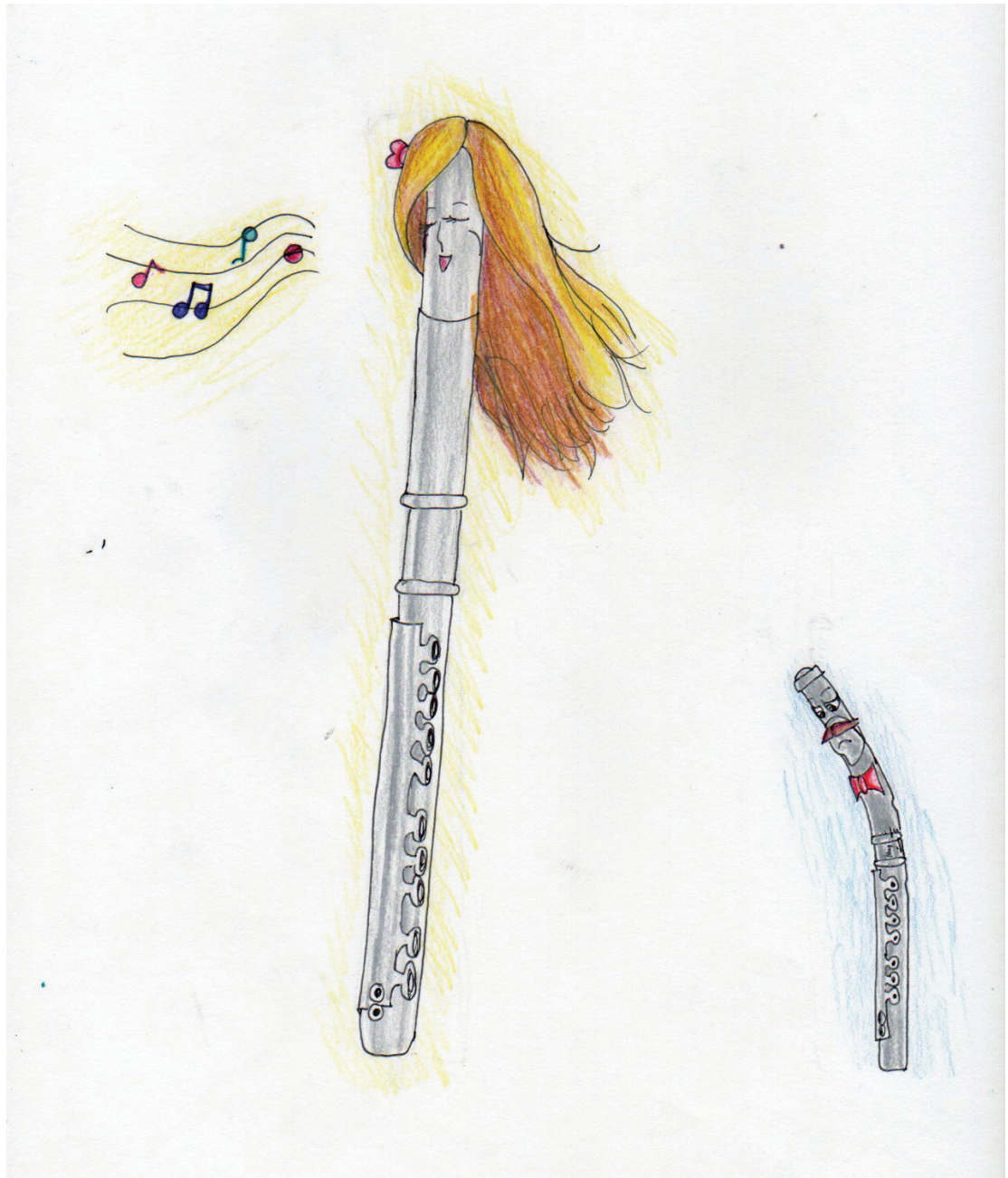




Hello. My name is Bob. I am a conductor's baton and I'm going to tell you a story about two flutes who fell in love.

Richard Sizzle was a gentlemanly fellow. He loved to play in the band. Solos were his favorite. Being in the spotlight made him happy, especially when a certain female flute was watching. Her name was Chica.



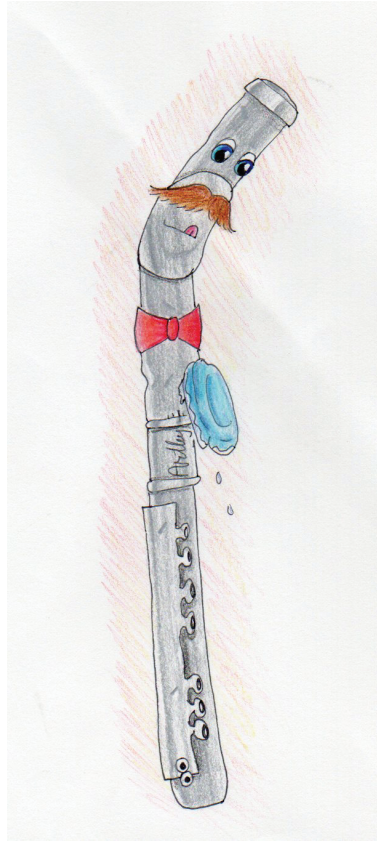


Chica was a quiet, gentle soul who loved to play soft, lilting melodies. Richard had liked her ever since they started playing in the same band. However, he was more worn down and used. She, a new, shiny flute who didn't have any dings or dents, would never like a flute like him.

So he didn't say anything about it. He just watched her from afar to see if she could ever like him back.

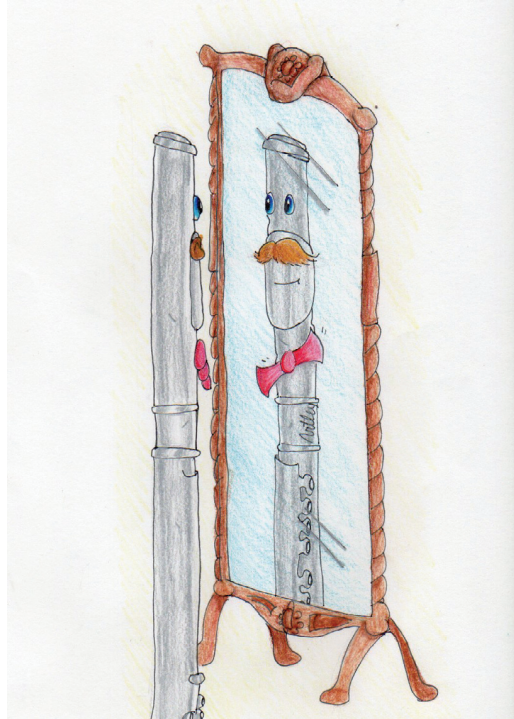


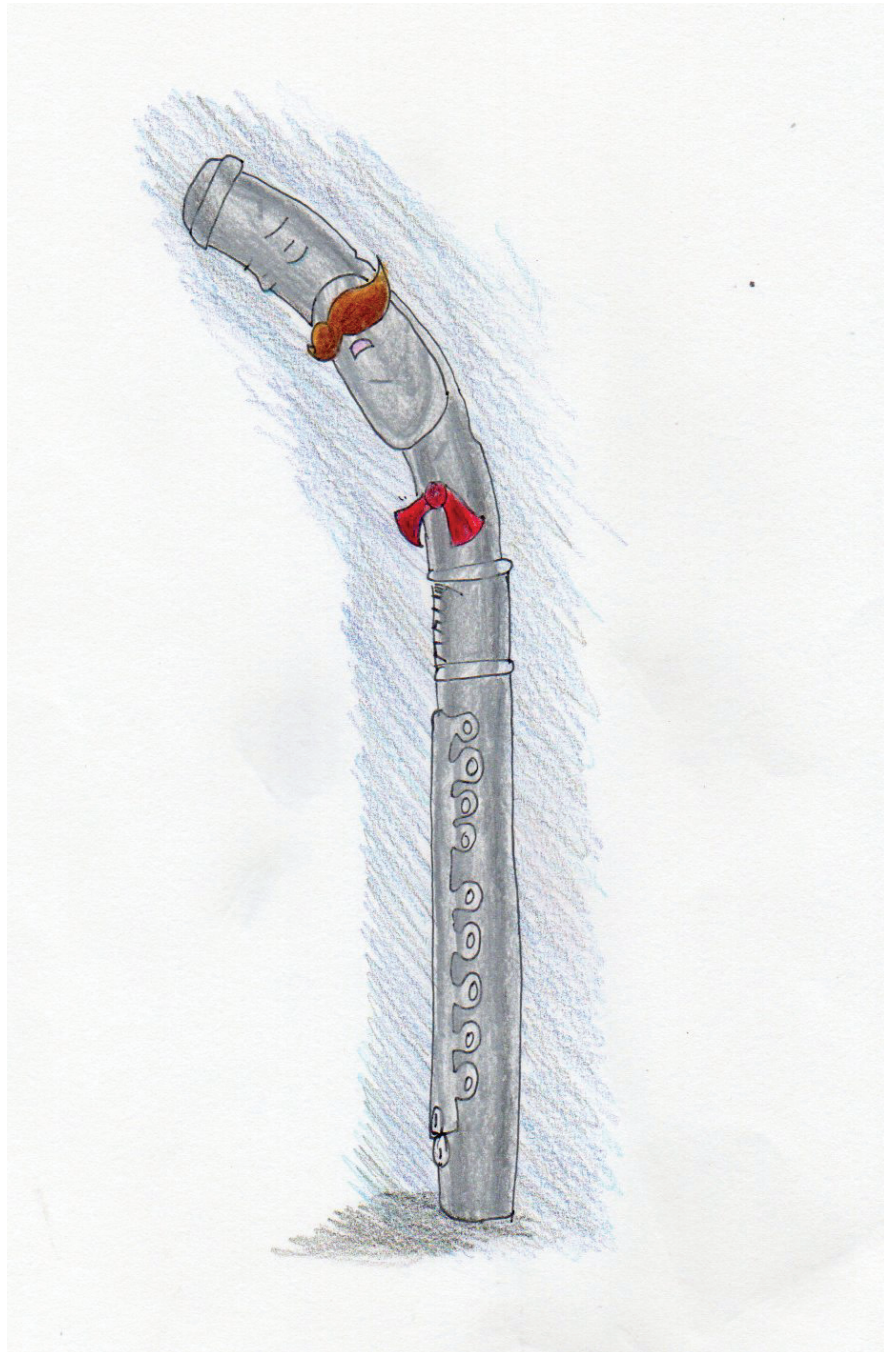
Chica didn't seem to care. She was too busy playing the music or talking to her friends to notice him.



Every day, Richard would try and play his best to get her to notice him, but he never said anything. He would shine himself with flute shiner

and wear his fancy bow ties, but it was all in vain. His worn spots and dents stuck out like craters on the moon.





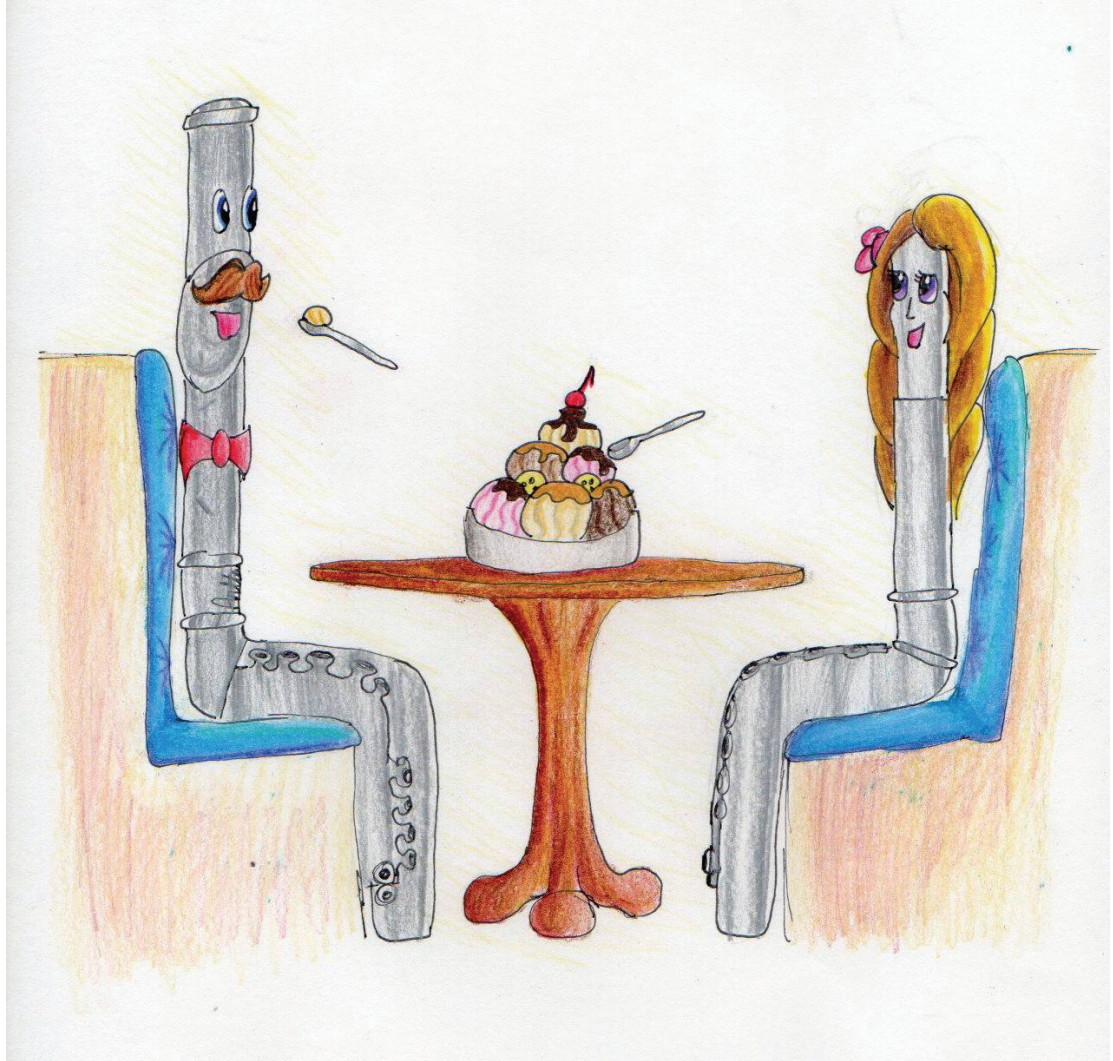
Chica wasn't noticing him. He was just too shy. Richard began to think he would never be able to talk to her!



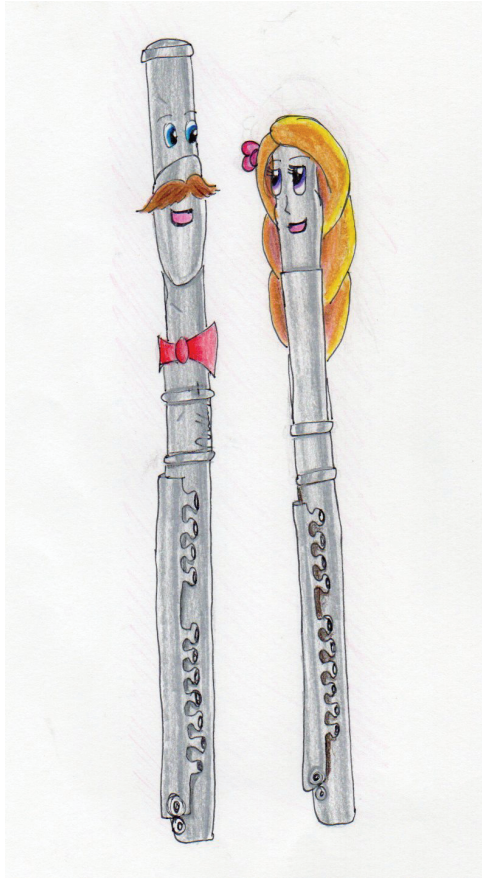


He was walking home one day when he overheard a clarinet talking to his friend, saying, “I wish Richard would stop being so shy. It’s obvious he likes Chica but he’s never even talked to her!”

This comment made Richard mad, more so than he had ever been in his entire life. So, after class, he went and talked to her. It took a few tries, but he got some words out.



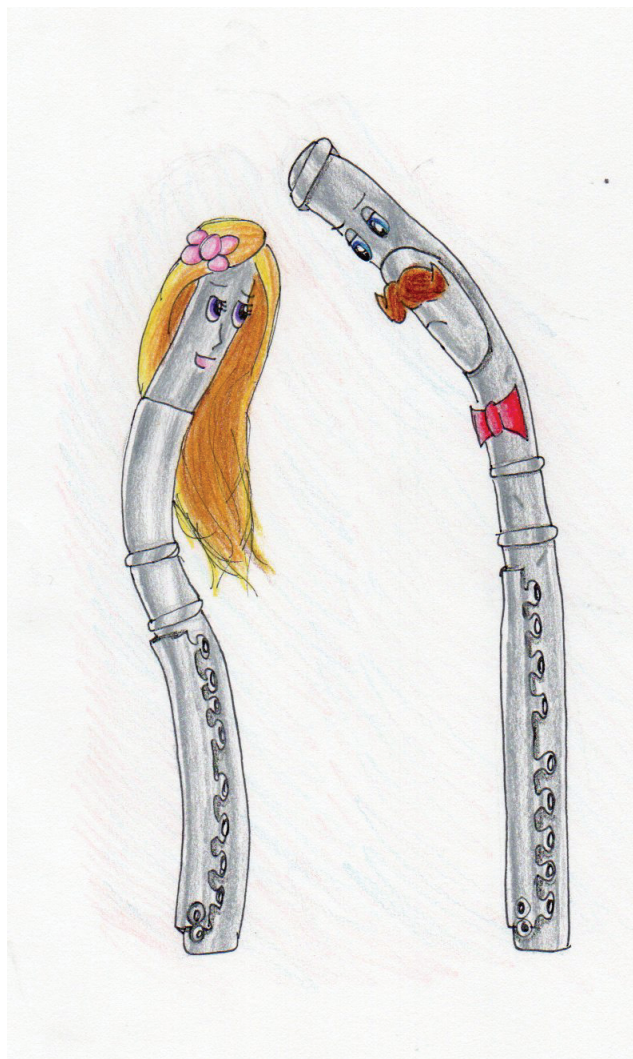
She was kind and agreed to meet up with him after band class tomorrow for some ice cream.



As the days went by, Richard and Chica were spending more and more time with each other. Ricard got over his shyness and Chica thoroughly enjoyed talking and being with him. Then one day she asked,

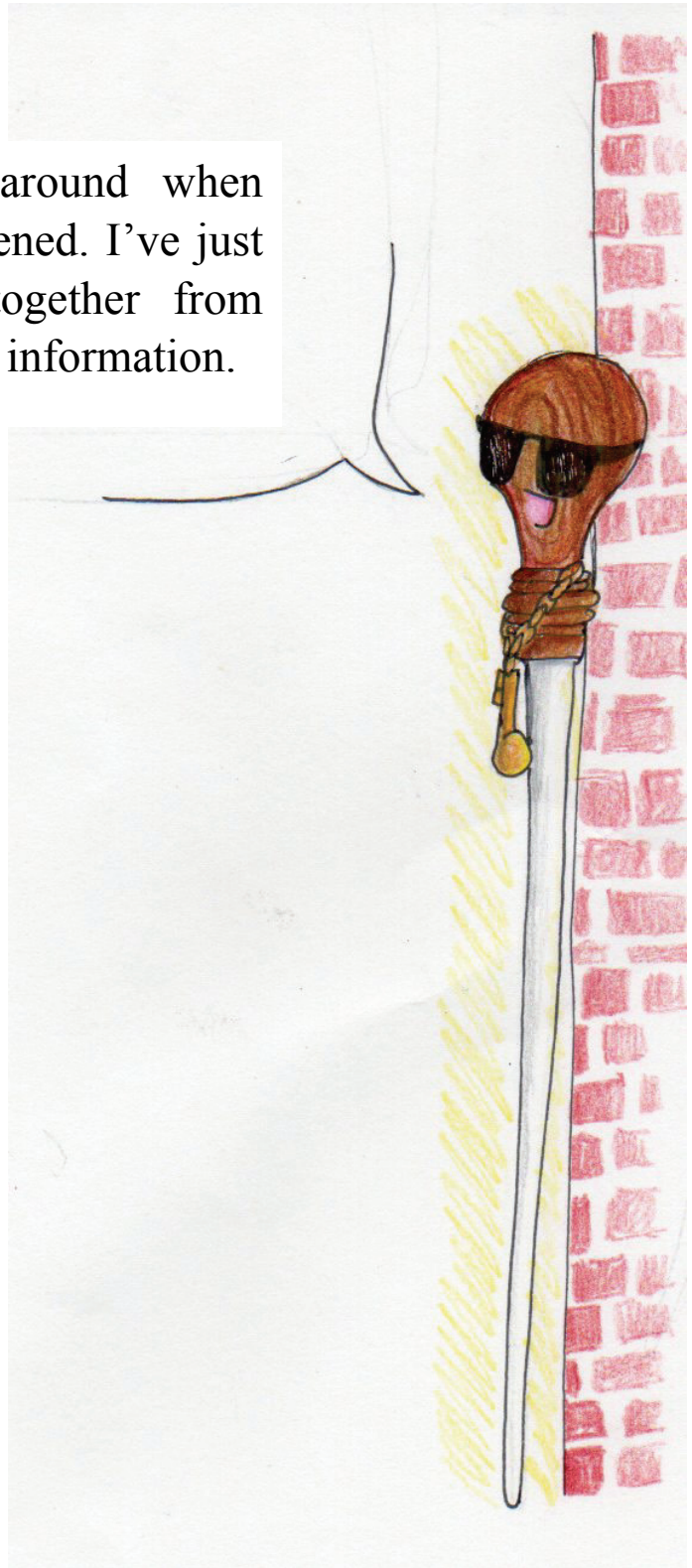
“Richard, why didn’t you talk to me before? We could’ve been best friends!” He laughed and thought about this for a minute. Why hadn’t he talked to her before? Was he actually shy, or was it something else?

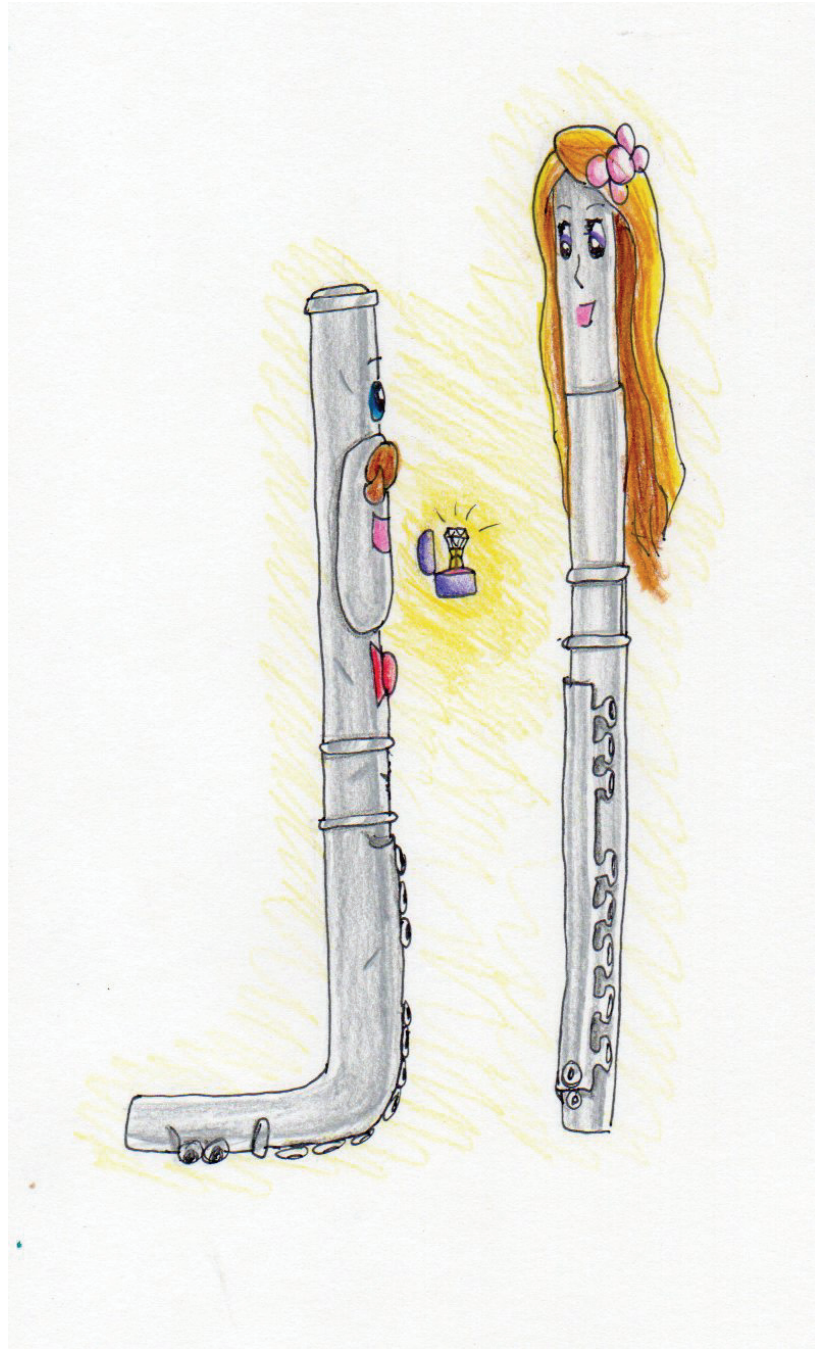
“I guess I thought you wouldn’t like me because I am not as shiny and new as you are.”



Chica laughed. “Oh Richard!” she exclaimed. “I would like you no matter what you look like. Your dents just prove you’ve been through life! Your scratches don’t mean anything to me. I’ve listened to you during band, and I’ve decided that the sound you make is more meaningful than any of your outward appearance.”

Now, I wasn't around when most of this happened. I've just put the pieces together from various sources of information.

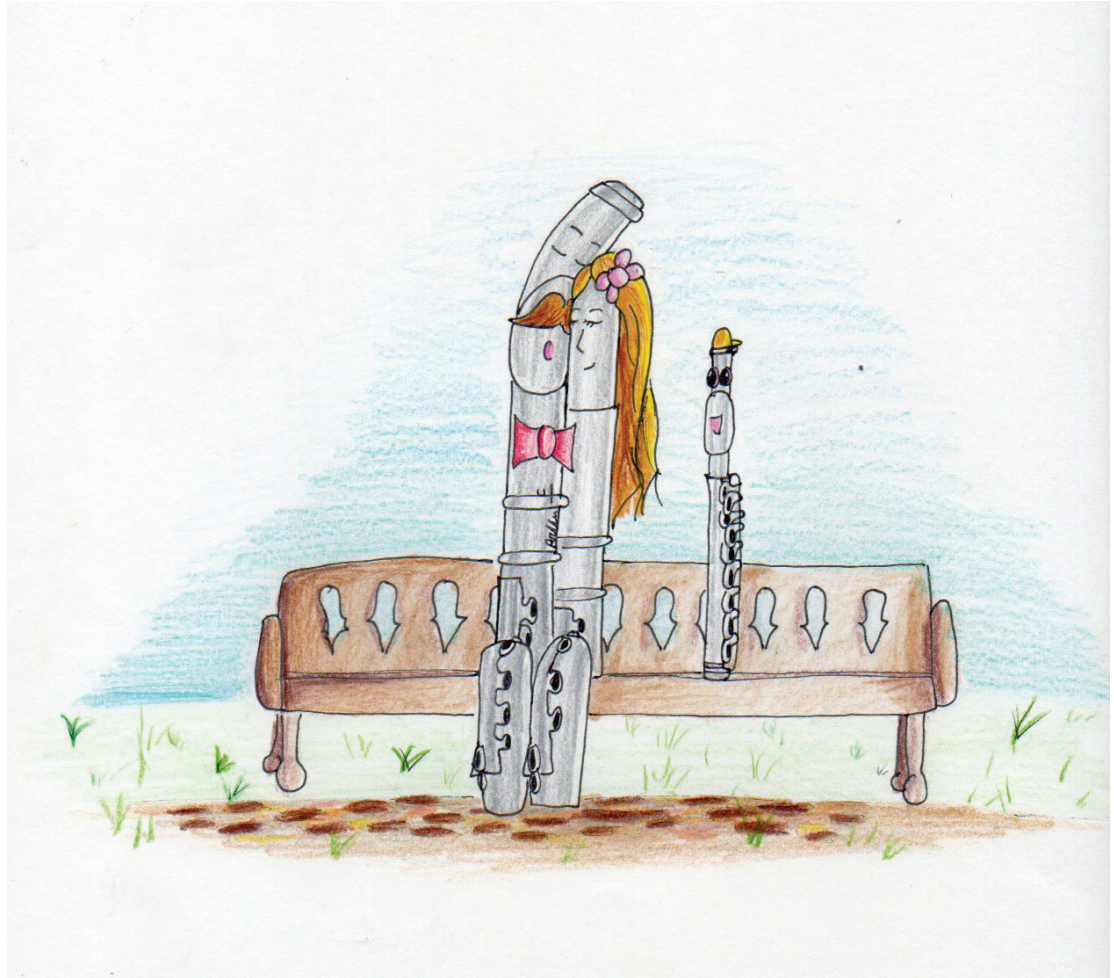




The good thing is, Richard and Chica are both happy with each other.

**They got married.**





I've heard rumors that Chica had a piccolo (a baby flute), but that is not confirmed.



They don't care what they look like, as long as what they sound like is better. I haven't found anyone for myself, being stuck here on the conductor's stand.

But let me tell you something: if you judge instruments by what they look like, you will never be happy, and you will never find the perfect instrument. You might find one that is freshly made, but, over time, it will get worn and used. Everything has its flaws. So don't judge instruments by their scratches or dents, judge them by their sound!

