Monkey symphony

“Is that your brother?” asked Robert suspiciously.

“Yes, that’s Jonson, I haven’t seen him in what? 13 years?” James pondered, as he thought about how long it was since he had last seen him.

“Wow that’s a long time. What’s his name again? Jones?” Robert did know—he was just making sure, well, he was a guy who asked questions most of the time.

“No its Jonson, h-his name’s Jonson,” James exclaimed really, really quickly. “Oh, ok I was just making sure.”

“I’m sure you were,” James said sarcastically but Robert did not know. He was too busy focusing on that horrid teacher called Madam Moody (as they liked to call her). She was a mean pianist, who had no love of children and a lot of discipline, not to mention she was really strict.

James had found a piano under a ragged old sheet of silk and started playing nervously and slowly. Robert nudged him a little and smiled and said, “You should play it; you’re good at it!”

“I don’t know, I haven’t played it 10 years, but I’ll try,” said James.

“Ping pong palalalala dum palalala” the piano went when James rapidly tapped the keys.
Jonson realized that his brother was here and replied back to James with another note of the song.

“Ping palalalalala pong palalalalala”

The two brothers started synchronizing their music and played together and plopped on to the same piano. They played music they played together when they were young.