



IV

THE CAT AND THE JOKER BUNNY



arly in the morning, Tabby the cat woke up with a giant yawn, she stretched herself well and she began the ritual of daily cleaning by washing carefully her little snout with the paw.

A little shake to get rid of some intrusive little fleas and she was finally ready to go out.

Taken the path to the neighbour's house, she sneaked into the wide garden, where tall firs, willows, bay trees grew, she crossed the little Square of the Daisies and turned left along Blowballs Street to Tino the bunny's lair.

«Good morning Mr. Tino. How are you this morning?» cordially asked the cat, as she used to do every day. The bunny all engaged in chewing the fresh grass on his mound answered: «Good morning Mrs. Tabby. I'm fine, thanks. Did you sleep well?» and they went on like this until lunch time.

One morning the cat came as usual to Tino's den, but she saw him sad and bitter, so she asked him: «My dear friend, what's happened? I see you so sad!» and the bunny said, aghast: «Ah, my lady, you can't imagine what misfortune has happened to me tonight!» and continued, «You know I have good hearing, don't you? Well, the moon had just popped over the top of the great High Tuft, when I was awakened by a thud. A dog came running into the garden by the East Bush passage, chasing Mr. Martino, who was returning home with food for his youngs. You know that we bunnies aren't that brave, by the way I followed the whole scene from inside my lair.

The poor Martino found the door blocked by a fir branch, already damaged by the last snowfall, that decided to fall just before his arrival. So he didn't know where to go and with all that cheese to carry he tried to climb over the willow but alas the unlucky fell right in front of the wicked's snout who grabbed and yanked him until he remained lifeless.

Now he lies there under the bay tree. I covered him with what I found, few leaves and pieces of old barks.»

«Oh, poor, poor Mr. Martino!» cried Tabby widening her big green eyes, but thinking about everything else. Besides, her feline nature could not deny the desire to savour that delicious breakfast served so early in the morning, a fresh daily mouse was definitely not a dish to miss. She was a little hesitant but she said drooling:

«Dear friend, or better, dear Tino... don't you think we'd better check... so to say the last goodbye to our beloved Mr. Martino? You never know, just to be sure!»

The cat had all the intention, once the little body was brought to light, to grab the mouse and take him away! The bunny, who had understood everything, played along with her and led her to the pile of leaves. The cat began to move them one by one until she came to discover... it wasn't a mouse... it wasn't Mr. Martino... it was a small tapered pine cone!

«What happened to my mouse?» exclaimed Tabby, widening her eyes in disbelief.

«Ah ah ah! You fell for it!» the bunny shouted with emphasis entirely satisfied and added, «It was all a joke and you fell for it!»

The cat began to ruffle the fur on her back, scowl her face and narrow her eyes. She said with a grumbling meow:

«Well, start running because all this story has made me hungry!»

April's Song

Greensleeves

The musical score for 'April's Song' is presented on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, accessible style. Below each staff, there are vertical columns of dots, some solid black and some hollow circles, which likely represent a visual representation of the melody or a specific rhythm. The dots are arranged in a way that corresponds to the notes on the staff above them. The first staff has four columns of dots, the second has four, the third has five, and the fourth has four. The dots are arranged in a way that corresponds to the notes on the staff above them.

