

Chapter Three

The Eighth Note Gymnasium



With Detective Reed leading the way, he and Glissando sailed into Sound City. Reed pointed to a building below them.

“That’s the Eighth Note Gymnasium,” he said, and they were about to land beside it when they saw a parade of saxophones. They had green and white ribbons twirling around their glistening brass bodies.

“Look at that!” Glissando said.

Then the marching saxophones began to sing,



“KNICK KNACK PADDYWHACK,
GIVE THE GUY A BONE!
THIS OLD SAX IS ROLLING HOME.”

“Ha ha ha,” Glissando laughed. “I know that song!”

Then the saxophones started to recite as they marched forward,

“HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE,
THE SAX AND THE FIDDLE,
SOME NOTES JUMPED OVER THE MOON.
THE SAXOPHONE LAUGHED TO SEE SUCH SPORT,
THEN HE TRIED TO CATCH A BASSOON.”

“Let’s check out the gymnasium,” Reed said. They glided away from the marching saxophones and landed in the tall grass in front of the building.

With Glissando strolling beside him, Reed walked up to a blue-metal door that opened as they approached it. They walked into a large gymnasium filled with snippets of words and grunts and groans as eighth notes performed somersaults and flips on thick orange pads. Other notes were walking upside down on their hands with their tennis shoe strings hanging in the air. Several eighth notes were running between yellow stripes that went around the entire room. Eighth-note flags were waving all over the place, as if a breeze was blowing steadily throughout the gym.

Reed and Glissando walked up to a desk where an eighth note greeted them wearing a red bandana around his head.

Hello!” the note said, regarding Detective Reed with an attentive look.

