

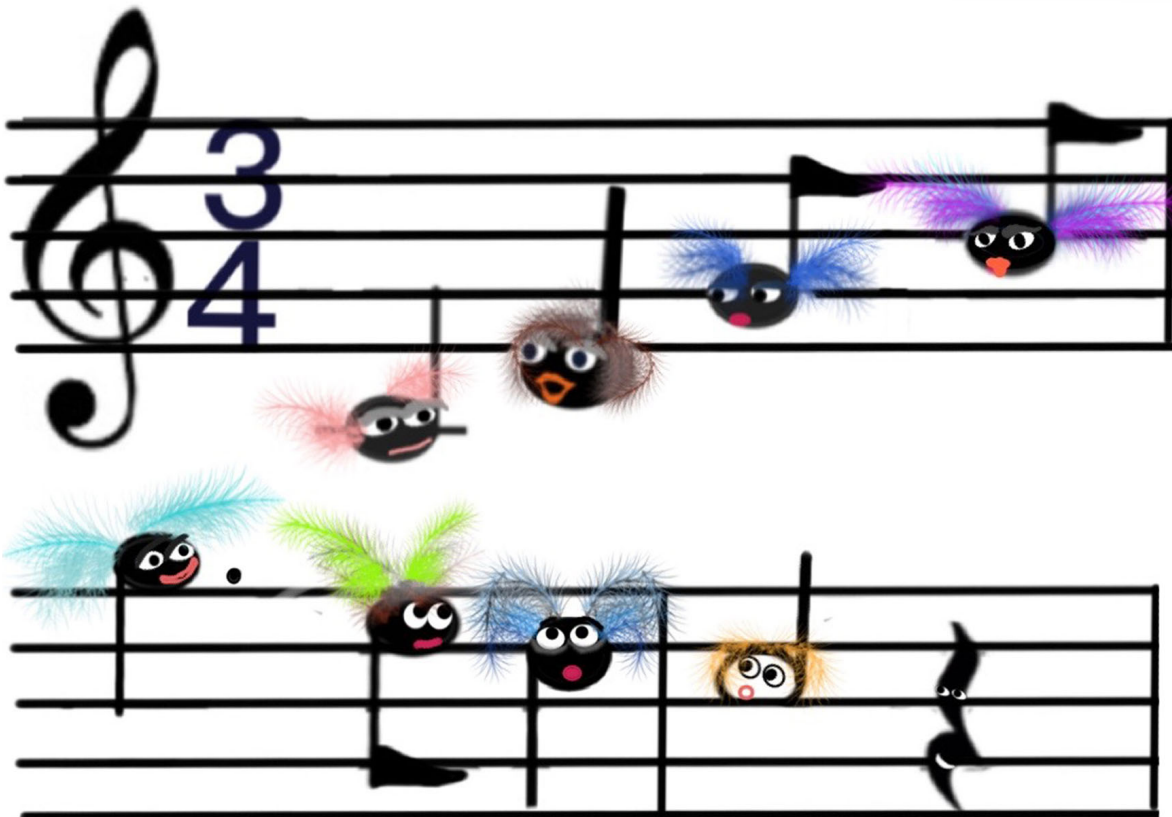
# Who Am I?



A shrill voice filled the music room.

“Whose idea was it that I should look like this?”

Celesta, a quarter note in the fifth measure of a newly written musical piece called, *Waltzing on the Stars*, flapped her chocolate-brown wing feathers against the sides of her round head as she bounced within her music staff. Like all newly written musical characters, she had wings instead of feet and arms.

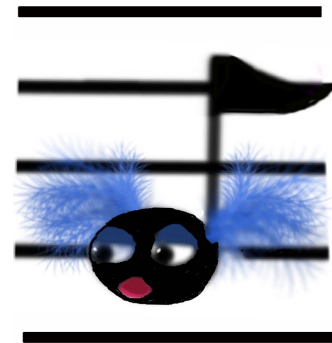


Other notes and rests had wings as pink as a strawberry milkshake, while others had yellow, blue or lime-green wings. One note had wings that were electric purple. They all turned to look at her.

“And what’s with this pole sticking out of my head? Does anybody know?” she asked, glaring at the notes around her. “Does anybody know why I look like this?”

The quarter note on her right lifted his eyebrows.

“I don't know,” he said. “I have a pole sticking out of my head too. I don’t know why any of us looks the way we do.”



Celesta glanced around at the other notes before staring at the blue-feathered eighth note to her left.

“Do YOU know why I look this way?” Celesta asked.

“Beats me!” the note answered, a puzzled look on his round face. “Maybe they know!” He glimpsed at the music staff below them.

Celesta looked down the page and saw a half note that was just an outline of a circle with a pole sticking out of *his* head too. Next to him were several more notes with poles. Then, she saw a note with turquoise-blue wings and a strange black dot next to her head.

“Do any of you know why I look this way?” Celesta asked.

“No idea,” the dotted note answered as she fluttered about nervously. The half note looked confused as he pressed his yellow wings close to his body.

Celesta began to vibrate with frustration. Then she flapped her wings wildly.

"I really want to know why I look like this! Can anyone tell me?" she shouted.

A friendly quarter rest in a nearby measure who had been napping woke up with a start.

"What's wrong, Celesta?" he inquired.

"I really want to know why I look like this? And by the way, why do *you* look like that? And why don't I have a flag on my stem like him?" she asked, pointing at the eighth note next to her.

"And why does she have a dot next to her head and why is he empty inside?" Celesta said, pointing at the notes below.

"Well," the quarter rest answered. "I think we are all different kinds of musical symbols and I believe you are a quarter note."

"Yes, but," Celesta stammered. "Why do I *look* this way?"

The quarter rest was quiet for a moment.

"Well, I guess, I don't know," he said. "I think you should give Detective Reed a call. He solves all kinds of musical mysteries. He might be able to help you figure this out."

"How can a detective help me?" Celesta frowned as she continued to beat her wings.

“I’ve heard he mostly goes after notes that have disappeared from their music, but it wouldn’t hurt to ask. The Key to the City’s rep came by earlier and gave me this,” he said, and he handed Celesta a small piece of paper.