

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## High School Band



In the high school band, everyone had a role to play. Wyatt was the drummer, always hitting the right beat. Gwen played the flute, her fingers moving swiftly across the keys. The band's music teacher, Ms. Wright, guided them through every note and rest.

Every Wednesday, the band would practice in the auditorium. They would work on new pieces and perfect their old favorites. Before a big performance, Ms. Wright would remind them to wrap up any loose ends. She knew they had the skill and the will to succeed.

One afternoon, Wyatt found a wrinkled sheet of music in his locker. He wondered if it was an old song they had forgotten. He brought it to Ms. Wright, and she smiled. "This is a gem," she said, and handed it to Gwen.

As they practiced, the sound of the flute and drums filled the room. The notes flowed smoothly, and soon the entire band was playing along. It was as if the music had come alive. Ms. Wright winked at them, knowing they were ready for their next big show.