



THE THUNDERSTORM SYMPHONY



It was a stormy afternoon. Thunder boomed and lightning flashed. Ada and Zoe huddled together at the top of the stairs, feeling a little brave, a little scared.



"Let's make music!" said Ada. "We can be a band!" Zoe grabbed the pot lids and the wooden spoon. The storm could be their song.



Ada lifted the shiny pot lids like cymbals. CRASH! Their clang echoed through the house like thunder. She did it again and again, laughing.



Zoe raised the wooden spoon like a conductor. She waved it in the air,
and the rain drummed on the window in time.

Boom-boom-boom-boom!



Ada crashed the pot lids again and again. Zoe waved her spoon faster. The thunder boomed and the rain pounded, and the top of the stairs became their concert hall.



Then they saw Mom at the bottom of the stairs. She was watching them, her eyes wet with happy tears. She was smiling.



"Happy Mother's Day, Mom!" they shouted together. "We made a concert just for you!" They ran into her arms.



Mom hugged them tight. "That was the most beautiful racket I've ever heard," she whispered. "Because it sounded like love." And it was the best Mother's Day gift of all.