


# Notes and Scales

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Mo was a turtle  
And Flo was a turtle  
Who loved to sing and hum.  
What Mo did so well  
Was tap on Flo's shell  
And play it like a drum.

They played at school fairs.  
They played musical chairs.  
They played across the land.  
But Mo felt that two  
Was somehow too few.  
"We need a reptile band!"


So they turtled their way  
And wondered each day,  
"What reptiles will we meet?"  
A gecko with sass?  
A skink playing brass?  
A croc who keeps the beat?




Though the going was slow  
(They're both turtles, you know),  
They bumped into a snake.  
The sound of his hiss  
Was simply pure bliss  
(A sound no turtle could make).



Soon a gator walked past  
And bellowed a blast,  
As he gatored toward the shore.  
Though not quite a tune,  
It made the snake swoon,  
While Mo yelled out for more.



Glass lizards, night lizards,  
Wood lizards, worm lizards,  
Komodos all joined the gang.  
While some were off-key,  
They played gleefully.  
They plucked and tapped and sang.



Though once they were two,  
Mo and Flo now both knew  
They were no longer  
on their own.  
The iguanas that strummed,  
The pythons that hummed,  
All struck a perfect tone. 🤪