The Musical Night in the Kitchen

By Kiran S. K
The sun was setting and the Giants headed upstairs where we never go. It was Friday evening. We waited. Then – creak, creak, creak – there were movements on the kitchen countertop.

It was Whisk! He hopped and tumbled out of his crock. Whisk looked out the window. The moon and stars were coming up. He sprang to the highest point of the kitchen and bellowed, “It’s party time!” Things from the kitchen started to rise. I was so excited.
My name is Berry. I am a bottled bubbly strawberry flavored drink. Night is my favorite time of day. It’s the time we are free! Let me tell you about it.

After everyone awakened, mobs of kitchen things rushed by like lightning bolts. Whispers filled the air. Three teams of musicians started playing. The three teams were Jazz, Rap, and Rock. The clamor began.
The harmony was horrible. The music they played didn’t go together. Soon, one of rap singers noticed that the melody sounded horrific. The singer was a sunny yellow coffee mug.

He ordered, “Stop the music!”

In a flash everyone froze. “Our music sounds terrifying. We have to fix it!” shouted the coffee mug. “The music sounds good alone but not together.” “Then who should play first?” yelled the pepper grinder jazz saxophone player. Everyone got into a big fight. No one knew what to do.
Then Cinnamon, a Jazz tuba player asked, “Could we put our favorite parts of music together to make a fine sounding song?” They quickly made the song. It worked!

The rest of the night was wonderful. The entire kitchen enjoyed the party. So did I. When it was dawn we started getting into place for when the Giants came downstairs. Friday is the next party. Don’t miss it!