



“Excuse me, excuse me,” Shumi cried out.
“Can I be a part of your band? Can I try out?”
“Excuse you, indeed!
How dare you interrupt our gig?
Mr. Rat’s the name,
you’ve interrupted my 15 minutes of fame!
If you don’t have any cheese to pay
then I suggest you get out of our way!”

He bumps into a band of mice;
not very nice, that band of mice.
They were all singing, each one with its instrument,
one played a guitar, one played a clarinet,
one was banging on some empty tuna cans,
but none of them had really any fans...