**FIVE PEAS**

Once upon a time, five little peas lived together inside a pea pod in harmony and contentment.

They slept all day, warmed by the sun, and at night they would talk together and listen to the music of the Moon.

When the moon was a crescent, she strung a silver string on her points and became a harp.

When she was a full moon, she would boom like a mighty drum.

The peas would wake when they heard her music.

The eldest preferred the sound of the drum.

Doong, doong, doong! Let's beat the drum.

The second was mischievous and enjoyed the castanets.

Click click! Click click!

The lyrical, sensitive third pea longed for the melody of the harp.

Today, the moon was in its crescent phase, and the soft music of the harp filled the air.

Moon, Moon, who are you Moon, and whence do you appear….

They covered their ears and did not want to listen.

Ugh! The harp is dull and boring, I don’t want to listen to this!

…and what about the Fourth and the Fifth?

I don’t care about anything. Life flows on like a river…

He liked the castanets, the drum, and the harp the same.

I love them all. Each sound is special in its own way…

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One fine day, the five peas suddenly realized how cramped their pod had become.

It’s so stuffy in here… This pod is too cramped, I can’t sleep in here!

Huh? What’s going on?

Suddenly, the pod burst open, and the bright sunlight came bursting in.

Oh…it’s so bright!

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