

Magic Tree House, Book 42

A Good Night for Ghosts (Unabridged)

Jack and Annie are on their second mission to find—and inspire—artists to bring happiness to millions. After traveling to New Orleans, Jack and Annie come head to head with some real ghosts, as well as discover the world of jazz when they meet a young Louis Armstrong.

## Chapter 1: wait on young one in New Orleans

Jack was asleep, he was dreaming he was sleeping on the boat, he was rocking back and forth,

Jack!

Jack opened his eyes,

It was just getting light outside, rain was taping against the window pane, taped it tap tap. Jack closed his eyes again.

Jack, get up.

Jack opened one eye and looked up. Annie stood next to his bed, she was already dressed, she was even wearing her raincoat,

They are here.

She whispered.

No, they are not. Jack said.

He closed his eye.

Yes, they are. Said Annie. they are waiting for us.

How did you know? Jack asked.

I dreamed it. Said Annie.

Oh, you dreamed it.

Jack turned over and pulled the cover over his head.

Go back to bed. It's really early. And it's raining.

Come on, Jack. Said Annie. I saw them. They were wearing their cloaks and looking out the tree house window.

Great, said Jack. I just dreamed I was sleeping on a boat.

But my dream was real, Jack. Said Annie.

Jack pretended to snore.

Ok. Said Annie. I guess you want me to go all by myself. You won't have a great adventure. Well you just lie here, dreaming about sleeping.

It that's real, what do you want?

I will leave you alone.

Good. Said Jack. Have fun.

Don't worry, I will. Said Annie.

And she left Jack's room.

Jack lazed still for a moment listening to the rainfall outside.

Done. He thought. What if she's right?

Jack heaved a sigh. Then he climbed out the bed, he put on his clothes and grabbed his backpack, he slipped downstairs, put on his rain boots and rain coat, then headed out to the front door.

Annie was standing on the porch, waiting for him.

Ready? She said.

Jack just frowned. But he and Annie took off into the cold raining down. They walked up completely. As they charged outside up the sidewalk, Jack's backpack (head) pounded with excitement, but at the time they came to the frog creek woods, Jack felt like he dreamed Annie's dream too.

Raindrops taped tree branches, Jack and Annie squelched over fallen golden and red leaves, until they came to the tallest oak. Jack looked up,

To top! Said Annie.

The tree house was back, and teddy and Catherine were dressed their dark cloaks looking out of the window.

Good morning! Called Catherine.

We dreamed about you. Said Jack , at least Annie did.

Teddy and Catherine smiled. As if this news did surprised them all.

Annie and Jack started up the rope ladder, when they climbed

inside the tree house, they hug two young enchanters,

Welcome. Said Catherine.

Her beautiful sea blue eyes sparkled.

Did you have a new mission for us? Said Jack.

Indeed, said teddy smiling. Just like last time. Merlin want you to help the creative person bringing his or her gifts to the world.

And this will help you. Said Catherine.

She pulled a book from her cloak.

Great! Said Jack.

He took the book from Catherine. The cover showed a straight parade with musicians playing in trumpets and trump booms. The title was the history of New Orleans music.

New Orleans? Said Annie.

Yes, New Orleans in Louisiana. Said Catherine.

You will love the city. Said teddy.

Cool. Said Annie.

And here is your magic flute.

Catherine picked up silver glooming flute from the corner of the tree house, it was magic flute Jack had played on their adventure in Vienna Austria.

Only this time, Catherine tolsted flute into the air,

It hovered for a moment, then begin to tolt around and around, it

was flashed blue light, and flute was gone. Floating in its place was a  
shining brass instrument,

Catherine popped the instrument from the air,

This time, you will play a magic trumpet. She said .

Oh! Ma'am, that's incredible. Said Jack.

Yeah! Said Annie. I've always wanted to play a trumpet.

Catherine laughed

Well this is your chance. She said.

The trumpet magic will make you a brilliant performer.

But the magic can only happen once.

Teddy reminded Jack and Annie, just as on your last journey with  
the magic flute. Play the trumpet only when you face the greatest  
danger.

And well when one of you plays it, the other has to make up a song.

Right? Said Annie.

And whatever we sing will come true.

Precisely. Said teddy.

Well, what danger will we face in New Orleans ? asked Jack.

Perhaps none. Said teddy. But keep the magic trumpet with you.

You just in case. And remember, after you played it, the magic will  
be gone, and it will become an ordinary trumpet.

Got it said Jack

He took a deep breath,

Ok. Said Annie.

Ready?

Wait. Said Jack.

Can you tell us what kind of creative genius we are looking for?

We can do more than that. Said Catherine with a smile.

We can tell you his name. it is Louis Armstrong.

Louis Armstrong. Repeated Jack. He knew that name. he is the king of jazz. Said teddy.

The king of jazz? Said Annie. cool!

Yes. Said Catherine. But Louis Armstrong won't know that when you meet him. It is your job to put him on the right path.

To give his gifts to the world. Said Annie. got it.

Good, said teddy and now you should go.

Right. Said Jack.

He pointed to the cover of the book,

I wish we could go there. He said. the New Orleans

To meet the king of jazz/ said Annie.

Good luck1 said teddy.

As he and Catherine waved goodbye

The wind started to blow. The tree house started to spin. It span

faster and faster. Then everything was still. Absolutely still.

## Chapter 2: money blues

The hot muggy air was filled with noise. Jack and Annie heard clip clop horses hooves. They heard voices calling out

Crawfish pies! Butter milk, gumbo, for sale here.

Jack looked down. He and Annie's clothes. They were both wearing white shirts, and dark trousers with suspenders. Jack's backpack turned into a cloth bag. Neither Jack nor Annie were wearing shoes,

Well, we're barefoot. Let's that's cool. Said Annie.

And Lisa can run in niece pants, I love them a lot better than the dress I wore on the last mission.

Yeah. Jack smiled. Remembering Annie's long filly dress in Vienna.

And his velvet coat and white wig

I like be barefoot too. He said. but what year we come to? I can not tell from my alphas.

Jack and Annie looked out of the window, the tree house had landed on a grove palm trees. Not far away, sting boats chinning down the river. Below them was a bustling city scene, rows of stalls

lying on both sides of wide street. Vendors were selling food from carts. Women choppers wore long skirts. And men wore white suits and hats. Mule carts and horse drawn buckets pumped down along side if an antique looking cards.

Moving down on the middle of the street, were riding green train cars, each one was attached to another like a electric line overhead.

This is definitely a long time ago. Said Jack. But when exactly?

I can tell. Said Annie.

Maybe our research book can help us. Said Jack. I will look up Armstrong.

Jack looked in the index of the history of New Orleans music. And found the chapter on Louis Armstrong. He read:

Born in New Orleans in 1901, Louis Armstrong grew up to be one of the great jazz musician who had ever lived. A photo showed this African-American man playing a trumpet. His cheeks were puffed out, and his eyes were closed, stage lights were shinning on him, thousands of people were in the audience. The caption under the photo read:

Louis Armstrong, king of jazz.

So what is jazz exactly? Asked Annie.

It's kind of music. Said Jack.



Well, yeah, but what kind/ said Annie.

Jack looked up jazz in glossary in their book. He read:

Jazz began in New Orleans in early 1900s, and it was first played by Africa-Americans. It's a stereo of music, that had a strong beat, and it was played with lots of feeling. Jazz melodies are often made up on the spot,

Got it. Said Annie.

We will read more about Louis.

Jack flipped back to the pages about Louis Armstrong. And read:

As a young teenager, Louis Armstrong often performed with kid bands on the street of the city. Eventually he played with older musicians in dance halls and developed his musical talents performing on Mississippi river boats, when he was 21, he moved to Chicago where...

Stop1 that's all we need.

Annie broke in.

It is? Asked Jack.

Yeah! Wont you ask someone what day is? Said Annie.

And we can figure out how old Louis Armstrong is. And let him know we are looking for him.

The streets, the dan and hall, or on the Mississippi river.

Annie picked up the magic trumpet, she took it under her arm and

started down the rope ladder.

I guess that a plan . murmured Jack. So all is up.

He put the New Orleans book in his bag and followed her. In their barefeet, Jack and Annie hurried from the shore of distance to the wide busy street.

The sun was red on canal street, the sidewalks on both sides of canal street were crowded with vendors pushing carts and shouting their rich aloud voices.

Butter milk! Butter milk! Fresh foam butter milk!

Bring out bucket, bring out can! Shouted the man

Blackberries, ninety five! Three six for dime. Called an old woman.

With all the news, cheese with blues. Said a boy with newspapers.

Let's buy a paper. Said Jack. It will tell us the date.

Jack and Annie ran over to the boy who selling newspapers.

A paper please. Said Annie.

A penny. Please. Said the boy.

Jack and Annie dug in their pockets,

Ah-oh! Said Annie. no money.

Ah-oh! Said the boy, no paper.

He started to walk away.

Wait! Please! Said Jack. Can you just tell us the date?

October thirty-first evil war sits day. Said the boy.

He didn't know that? Ah, not really said Jack.

And what year is it? Annie asked.

The news boy scared.

It's 1915. don't you two know anything? Who are you?

Before Jack could think of the answer, Annie blurted out.

We're musicians we came all the way from frog creek,  
Pennsylvania .

She held up their trumpet.

Oh, right. And it's different here from frog creek, Pennsylvania than  
here in New Orleans Louisiana? Hi! Forgot!

The newsboy headed up to street laughing at his own joke.

Well, yeah. Said Annie.

Jack laughed.

Ok, Louis Armstrong was born in 1901, so in 1915 he's 14 years old.

Said Annie.

So that means he's playing with kid bands in the streets.

Excuse me. She called to the butter milk man.

Can you tell us where some kid bands might be playing today?

Try Jackson square on the French porter. Said the man.

What's the French quarter? Asked Jack?

It's the old section of the city. Said the butter milk man.

Catch that street car, stop on the head, it will take you right there.

Thanks! Said Annie.

She and Jack ran up to the sidewalk.

So I guess those train cars in street called street cars. Said Jack.

Make sense. Said Annie.

Jack and Annie ran to a street car stop. They stood in line and then climbed the board,

Oh, wait! Jack said to Annie. we can't. we don't have money.

They started to leave.

Hi! Sunny! You come out to going. Said the conductor.

Sorry, we made a mistake. Said Jack. We don't have any money.

Don't worry, there's all free today, it's the evil all sits today. Said the conductor.

Oh! Good! Said Jack

He and Annie chose a wooden seat near the door and sat down.

Could you tell us when to get off for Jackson square in the French quarter? Annie asked the conductor.

Sure thing. The conductor said.

Annie rested their magic trumpet on her lap,  
Luck for us we came here in the evil all sents day. She said to Jack.  
Yes, but.. but that's mean? Said Jack.

As the street car headed along canal, he looked up all sit's day in  
their book

He read aloud:

November first, is celebrated as all sit's day in New Orleans. It's the  
day to honor those who had passed away. Sometime on the evil of  
all sit's day, people wore costumes, have parties and parades.  
Consider this book in ninety's year, the evil of all sit's day is a good  
time for ghost sittings.

The evil all sit's day sounds like Halloween. Said Annie, it's the  
same day too on October thirty first.

Yeah. Said Jack. But what they mean a good time for ghost  
sightings?

He kept reading:

The city of New Orleans is often called the most haunting city in the  
America. According to legend, the old blacksmith shopper bourbon  
Street, in haunting by the ghost of famous parade Jean de la Feet.  
Some says Saint Louis cathedral is haunted by a Spanish breast.  
And that hotel in charges street is haunted by confederate soldiers.

There are been ghost sightings in many other places throughout the city as well.

Whoo.. sounds scary! Said Annie

Ah,oh! Said Jack.

Well, he slammed the book shut,

Forget the ghosts. We didn't come to New Orleans look for ghosts.

We came here look for Armstrong. The king of jazz.

### Chapter 3: cold cart blues

The street car turned down to a crowded busy street. Lovely music blurred from restaurants and dentals.

We're on the French quarter now. and here's your stop. The conductor said to Jack and Annie. head on the peter street toward the Mississippi river, they will run to Jackson square.

Thanks. Jack put the research book back to his bag, Annie tagged the trumpet to her arm, when the street car came to a stop, they humped off.

Good luck! Play at horn miss. Said the conductor.

Thanks! We need it. Said Annie

As the street pulled away, Jack and Annie looked around,

Hi! This is bourbon street. Said Annie, pointing to a street sign. It isn't the street with haunting smith shop?

Don't think about that. Said Jack. Then they sat down the Peter,

Jack and Annie left bourbon Street and started down to Peter street, they passed the haul narrow houses painted pale, green, yellow and pink. Vines grow up walls, and twined around the iron bog knees. Alice like the quarter yard, as quirking fountains.

I like the building in New Orleans. Said Annie.

Yes, the smell is good too. Said Jack.

Delicious food smells felt in air. From the milk drawn cart and an old woman cried out:

Waffles, get you Waffles here,

Yes sir

French hot waffles.

Jack was getting hungry, outside the restaurant was a sign that read

Special dinner ten cents

God! It seems cheaper in 1915. said Jack.

Too bad we don't even have a dime.

Yeah. Said Annie,

Oh, look! She pointed to a grand cathedral with throne spires.

A cathedral. That must be the place where the ghost of Spanish played.

Why don't you like ghost so much? Said Jack.

I don't like ghost so much. Said Annie.

Why you keep talking about them? Said Jack.

I'm just pointing things out. Said Annie.

You are the brother ghosts at the first place. Well, let's forget them.said Jack.

He didn't like ghosts. He didn't even like thinking about them.

Soon Jack and Annie came to a huge green park with iron fence around it. A sign in the entrench read:

Jackson's square.

We found it. Said Jack,

Outside the iron fence in the hot afternoon sunlight small bends of barefoot kids were playing music. Some played the banjoes, others played the Monika with long tin horns, three boys were singing in harmony, a couple of the smallest kids were passing around the hats, clicking money for different bands.

Where is Louis Armstrong? Annie asked Jack.

No one here looked like the picture in our book.



Of course, not. Said Jack.

The picture shows him only in grownups, it would look the same way in 14.

I'll ask. Said Annie.

She went up to a small girl passing ahead.

Excuse me, is there musician named Louis Armstrong?

Louis Armstrong? You mean Deeper/ asked girl.

I guess .. said Annie.

Hi! Little mike!

The girl shouted to a big kitten singing drill.

Where is the Deeper Armstrong?

Just song, he's in the river café. Shouted the little mike.

Where is that? Annie asked .

Down by the river. Said the small girl.

She pointed beyond the square. Walk down the kent street, you'll see it.

The girl held up her head, as if asking for donation.

Sorry, no money. Said Jack.

But thanks for your help. Said Annie.

She and Jack left the square, then hurried along the Kent street,  
So Deeper must be the nickname for Louis armstrong. Said Jack.

Yeah. Said Annie.

And Deeper must be playing music in the café.

There it is . said Jack.

He pointed to a red sign on the slender roof top.

River café.

Coffee and donuts.

Donuts? Said Annie.

Jack and Annie walked down the straight(stride) water onion,  
waiters and wild Jackets were running around the trees of coffee,  
and delicious donuts

Jack smelt and watered.

Let's funny. There is no music. Here. Said Annie.

Excuse us, she called to one of the waiters.

Have you seen Louis Armstrong? Or did..

Did you come here to buy something, kids? The waiter interrupted  
rudely.

No, we don't have any money. Started Jack.

Then out. Boy. The waiter shouted.

No begging here.

He's not begging said Annie.

We are looking for...

I know beggars when I see them, out! Said the waiter.

Let's go. I don't think Deeper is here anyway. Said Jack.

Wait a minute, I have to tell him we are not beggars. Annie said.

It's not worth it. Come on. said Jack.

Jack was mad too. But he pulled Annie out from the madder of onion.

I think it's the way we look. He said.

Our clothes made us looked poor. We don't have shoes on.

It's not care. Said Annie.

Forget it. we will ask someone else where we can find Deeper. Said Jack.

On the street by the café, was a milk cart, filled with coal.

A young teenager was pulling the bucket and shovel into the back of the cart. He was barefoot and wore clothes just like Jack and Annie's .

Excuse me Jack called.

Do you know Louis Armstrong? Or Deeper/

The boy turned, when he saw Jack and Annie, he frowned.

He had friendless smile Jack had ever seen.

Louis Armstrong? He said. that's me. How Can I help you, man?

Jack was a little lost for words, he hadn't thought out what to say to

Louis Armstrong, when he found him.

Hi! Deeper. Said Annie. walking up to the boy.

We're Jack and Annie from frog creek Pennsylvania , friends of us  
told us to find you when we came to New Orleans.

What friends/ asked Deeper.

Teddy and Catherine. Said Annie.

The boy looked puzzled. The he gazed at Annie's trumpet.

Hi! nice horn. Can you play that ?

Only when the time is right said Annie.

And when that/ asked Deeper.

I want to know how to feel it. Said Annie.

Deeper smiled in his radiance smile again.

Huh! I know just wait what you mean. He said.

He wiped his hand on his pants and helped held up his cheek,

And your friends teddy and Catherine are the friends of mine.

And Jack shook Deeper's hand and buttered.

You know teddy and Catherine/

No, man. Never heard of them. Said Deeper. But I consider  
everyone my friend.

Oh, oh! Said Annie.

She and Jack laughed.

Only problem is I can haunt out with you alright now. said Deeper.

He climbed on the milk cart .

Where are you going, man? Asked Jack.

I will make my round with this cow cart. Said Deeper . and I had lost more work to do today. But you'll sure to look me up next time you come to town. Said how I am proud of teddy and catherine.

Deeper waved at them then shook the rings.

Go on! mule! He said.

The mule clocked over the brick street, pulling the cart away from the river café.

Louis Armstrong was gone

## Chapter 4: potato head blues

What now? Jack said.

We have to follow him. Said Annie. we can't let him out of our sight.

Jack and Annie ran quickly after the mule cart. The hot brick road burnt their feet.

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

They both whispered.

So let's figure out , whoa! where we are going to see him. Said Jack.

Simple. Said Annie. we'll tell him we like to work with him. Then we will be working and talking to him about music, and put him on right path to becoming the king of jazz. mmm said Jack.

It wasn't a good plan. But he couldn't think out anything better.

Up head Deeper's mule cart stopped near the back of the candy shop.

Hi! Deeper! Yelled Annie.

Deeper looked over his shoulder. And smiled.

What's going on? you yelled at me sticking like a glue.

He said .

We actually we won't be wandering. Started Jack. If we could work with you. Finished Annie.

Work with me? Said Deeper. I'm just delivering coal.

Yeah! We know. We think that be fun. Said Annie.

Deeper laughed.

You all are crazy. He said.

No, we're not. We just like to work. Said Annie.

Yeah, yeah, we really do. Said Jack.

Deeper laughed again.

Ok! I recognized there are enough work to go around today. He said.

The extra shovels and buckets in the cart.

Cool! Just tell us what to do. Deeper. Said Annie.

Fill your buckets with coal and dosage buckets low into the barn.

Said Deeper.

He pointed to a large wooden box in the back of the small candy shop. Twelve buckets low should do it.

Got it. Said Annie.

Annie carefully set the magic trumpet on the ground of Deeper's cart. Jack left his clothes back beside it. Deeper handed each of them a heavy shovel and tin bucket from the back of the cart. Then all three of them started shoveling coal. Deeper whistled and worked quickly, but Jack and Annie had a hard time handling their heavy shovels. Whenever the shovels tipped the side, all the coal fell off, finally they both just grabbed the pieces of coal with their hands and tossed them into their buckets.

The afternoon sun bid down on Jack's back as he worked. He was sweaty and short of breath. His hand was black when picking up the coal, and his clothes were covered with coal dust.

This is a terrible work. He Thought.

He wondered how Deeper can be so cheerful.

So, Deeper, said Annie, do you like music?

Deeper's answer was drawn out as if he was dumped of a load of coal into the bend.

What do you say? Jack called to Deeper.

Deeper answered again

But Jack didn't hear him as couples of bucket rambled about.

It's bad time for us serious discussion. Jack thought. He could hardly think of birding song.

As Deeper shoveled more coal, he started singing a song, seemed to give words how Jack felt.

I've got those coal cart blues,

I am really out and confused.

I am about to lose my very mind.

But Deeper didn't seem confused at all. All about the loses mind, he had warm rest voice and his song had lovely beat.

Deeper, Deeper, Deeper,

Some kids called.

Deeper stopped singing,

Three boys were running toward the coal cart, they were the



singing trial, Jack and Annie had seem then on the Jackson square  
I know you worked. Said one of the kids. But quick early today!  
Deeper! We just got a gag to see in the parade.  
Sorry, I can't do it, little mike, said Deeper.  
Little mike wasn't exactly little, Jack noticed  
He looked like 200 pounds,  
Come on! Deeper. Said another boy.  
Got work happy. Said Deeper.  
Ah, Deeper. Said happy.  
He didn't look happy at all.  
Come on! Deeper. Said the third boy  
I can't do it. Big nose. Said Deeper.  
Jack looked big nose's nose, it was really quite small.  
Ah.. said happy again.  
Go on now ! you'll all song by yourself. Said Deeper. Go on to the  
parade and have fun.  
But.. big nose began.  
Listen, said Deeper.  
Since sun up I have to deliver fiver carts loads of coal. I get paid 15  
cents a load. And then make 75 cents that I will take home for my  
family tonight how much did you fellows make me in the square  
today? How much you will make in the parade?

The three boys were silent.

I've got steady job now. said Deeper. You don't need me, go on to the parade, and have a good time.

The three boys stared at Deeper for a long moment,

Come on, fellows. Little mike said finally. Let him be, every sense he got back for the waves home, he stirred into a mama's boy.

Jack wondered what the waves home was.

Deeper watched the three boys walked off. Then he looked at Jack and Annie.

Little mike happy and big nose are the whole buddies of mine . explained for a sigh. We used to have a cortège, we sang everywhere together.

Deeper ,can you take just a little time off and go with you buddies to sing in the parade? Asked Annie.

No.said Deeper.

As just wait as to be.

Deeper went back to shoveling coal.

Jack wanted to ask him waves home. But Deeper didn't look like he want to talk. He didn't sing any more, as he filled up with coal bucket. If Deeper doesn't perform he will never grow up to be the king of jazz. Jack thought

He'll never give his gifts to the world.

Finally Annie broke the silence.

Deeper, do you have just to support your family all by yourself?

You're pretty young for that, are you?

I am not young. I am 14. said Deeper. Mama Louis ma'am and baby Claire all depend on me.

Is that your family? Asked Jack.

Yeap I loved them a lot. Said Deeper.

Understand. Said Annie.

Me too. Said Jack. But what about giving your gifts to the world?

Deeper laughed, I can afford the gifts for lady the mule, how I'm going to give gifts to the world.?

What about your musical gifts? Asked Jack.

Ok! Good idea. I will sing a song to a lady on her birthday. Let's go. Now.

Deeper tossed his shovel into the bucket, and he reached into his pocket and took out some change, d

Tomorrow be getting paid 15 cents for this load. He said. kids, I don't see you again. Here's your share. Five cents for you, and five for you.

No, no. keep it . said Annie.

You should keep it all for your family, Deeper.

What? That's not right. Said Deeper.

It is right . said Jack.

Then what did you do all that work for/ asked Deeper.

We didn't do that much, Jack said, not nearly as much as you did.

There're a lot of hard jobs than I thought would be .

Then why did you keep working? Asked Deeper.

It was fun hanging out with you. Said Annie.

Deeper laughed.

Well, you two sure are a couple of potato heads. He said.

What's that mean? Asked Annie.

It mean you don't have any more brains like carrots and potatoes.

Said Deeper.

Jack and Annie just laughed.

Sure you won't take money? Said Deeper.

Absolutely. Said Annie.

Well, thanks a million for your help. Said Deeper.

He climbed back on his driver seat on the cart,

Hi, won't me an lady to give you right back on the coal yard?

Yes. Said Jack and Annie. together.

Good! Come onl said Deeper.

Thanks man! Said Jack.

Annie grabbed their trumpet, Jack grabbed his bag he set on the

cart bench next to Deeper. Jack was still hot and sweaty, he was tired and his arms were sour, but for some reason he felt great.

Let's go, lady! Said Deeper.

Lady the mule began pulling the crate cart along the Mississippi river, and Deeper began singing again.

I've got those coal cart blues,  
I am really all confused,

## Chapter 5: go on mule!

The sky had grown cloudy, and warm breeze was blowing, Deeper stopped the cart and listened.

Here that. He said. parades come this way.

Jack heard band music in the distance,

Is it parade for all things day? Asked Annie.

Maybe, maybe for million other things. Said Deeper. Folks in the city will find any excuse for parade.

Soon the parade came into view, horseback riders, were plumed with some black masks, following them were people dressed up in clowns, kings, queens, fairies with fluttering wings, ghosts and skeletons,

We read that New Orleans might be the most haunted city in the country. Annie said to Deeper. Especially on the eve of all things day. We heard that real ghosts in the cathedral and hotel and blacksmith shop.

Yeah. Plenty more places too . said Deeper. But I am afraid of ghosts, I am not afraid of anything

Me neither. Said Annie.

Me neither. Said Jack.

A band followed people in costumes, the musicians were playing trumpets, two base trumpet, and drums, lots of drums. The joy of music filled New Orleans air. Jack and Annie couldn't help nodding their heads in time of the beats. Jack noticed Deeper was nodding his head too.

Hi! There are the fellows. Said Annie.

Happy, little mike and big nose were walking on the long side of the band, singing their hearts out.

Looks like they are having fun. Said Annie.

She notched Jack, doesn't it?

Yeah. Said Jack . a lot of fun. Music had so much fun. I wish I had musical talent, you are so lucky Deeper!

You really are, Deeper. Said Annie. musical talent is really a great gift to show the world.

Deeper just shook his head, he thought they were crazy.

Big potatoes' head are all mad. He said.

Jack and Annie laughed.

Deeper gave the reins a shake.

Go on! lady! Keep me on my path.

How weird Deeper said that . Jack thought. Their mission was to keep him on the right path too. The path to becoming the king of jazz.

As lady ploughed along the bank of Mississippi, Deeper started singing nonsense words.

Sketer, ditar, Sketer, dity..

That sounds so cool. Said Jack, what's that song?

Not a song, I am just scat singing man. Said Deeper.

Scat singing.? Said Annie. what's that?

When you can't think of a word, just sing sound. Said Deeper. Make it up. If you pull you harder, folks will understand you.

I didn't know a person that could make music like that. Said Jack.

I did. You can make music anyway you want. Said Deeper. Just listen to the world. There's church bells, the washwoman singing in the matter of wash, the rug man blasting in the ten horn for folks to bring out their rugs, folks sang a sing like pile man listen to him, ...

Deeper pointed to a man, sitting in the red wag, calling out in a strong rich voice.

Sweet potato, sweet potato.

Lemond pie, lemond poie.

Apple pie, any pie you like.

Listen to that voice. Said Deeper. That's music, and listen to those sounds

Deeper pointed to some women walking on the side road, the women carried baskets on their heads, called out in singing songs' voices,

Blueberries, raspberries, blackberries.

I see what you mean. Said Annie. music is everywhere.

You got it, girl. Said Deeper. You could even hear it in lady's hoof beats. Listen.

Jack listened the rhythmic clip clop of the mule.

See? There we go. Said Deeper. That's the song, go along mule, go along mule.

Jack and Annie listened to the steady music of lady's hoof beats, until they finally found the mule came to a stop.

Well, here we are, the coal yard. Said Deeper, I will leave lady here



till tomorrow.

They all jumped to the ground,

Thanks for your music, lady.

Deeper petted the mule on her nose. Then he turned to Jack and Annie

We'd have to leave the yard now. Deeper said. but it's been great.

Yeah. Am. Jack began think of what to say to Deeper.

I'd like you to blow that horn when time's right. Deeper said to Annie. and don't forget to say hi to teddy and Catherine for me. He went. Then started to walking away.

But, but Deeper. Called Jack

Sorry, man, I'm late. Deeper shouted over his shoulder. Thanks a million.

He waved again and kept going.

Jack and Annie looked at each other in a panic,

We have to stay with him. Said Annie.

Wait, wait, Deeper!

She and Jack ran after him,

Where are you going now/ Jack asked.

My next job. Said Deeper. I have to haul bananas till dark.

Really? Another job/ said Jack.

Hi, guess what/ shouted Annie.

We love to haul bananas.

Yell. Yeah we do. Said Jack.

Deeper stopped and stared at them,

What's wrong with you all? He said.

Don't you know how to have fun?

Jack didn't know what to say.

Seriously, said Annie, we do love to haul bananas and you make everything fun with your singing.

Yeah. You're good singer. Piped up Jack. That's a gift.

Deeper just shook his head, remember what I said to you? You don't have any more brains like parrots and potatoes? I will take it back. I don't think you have one potato to bring between you.

Jack and Annie laughed.

Well, come on, man, said Deeper,

Jack and Annie hurried with Deeper down to the loading dock of the river front.

At least 50 workers were hauling huge loads of bananas out of the cargo hold of the ship. Wait here. Deeper told them.

Deeper walked over to a man, checking people into work. He pointed to Jack and Annie, the man shrugged then nodded. Deeper waved them to come join in. Jack and Annie ran down to join the

other workers in the cargo hod.

Deeper picked up a giant bunch of bananas , the bunch was almost as big as Annie, he hauled it onto his shoulder, and then picked up another one.

Grabbed the bunch of bananas and follow me. Deeper said.

He headed to the corner, where million white suites were spreading the banana bunches.

No way either of us can pick up one of those bunches. Jack Said to Annie.

Let's try together. Said Annie.

Annie hid their trumpet behind the large wooden box, Jack put his bags too. Jack and Annie loaded the bunch of bananas into their arms, then walked closed together, taking shock clumps steps following Deeper.

They delivered the bunch to the inspector and hurried back to get another. As the sun sank toward the river, Jack Annie and Deeper hauled bananas back and forth between the cargo hod and the inspectors . they hauled the bananas until it's almost dark.

Jack was so tired he could hardly see street. He was afraid Deeper would never call quits.

Last one. Deeper said finally.

Yes. Thought Jack.

They grabbed their last lots. Suddenly, a large rat dropped out of the cargo hold. Deeper let out a scream he dropped his bananas and took off running. Jack and Annie dropped their bananas too. Annie grabbed their trumpet, Jack grabbed his bag, and then they ran after Deeper.

Running like crazy, Deeper led Jack and Annie far from the loading area, and ride. When they finally stopped, Jack pumped in Deeper and Annie pumped in Jack. They all started laughing. Deeper laughed the hardest. He clapped on the street, and laughed so hard his whole body shook. Jack and Annie sat down next to him laughing until they cried. Finally they all managed to calm down.

I know, I know, I said I wasn't afraid of anything. Deeper said breathlessly, but I lied. I am afraid one thing, rats, rats give me the heebie jeebies.

Yeah, yeah. Annie said catching her breath. I know how you feel. Spiders give me the heebie jeebies.

Yeah. Jack said painting, yeah, actually, ghosts give them to me.

That's cool, that's cool, man. Between the three of us, we got all the scary stuff covered. That made all three of them laugh again. As the twilight deepened, they sat on the curb catching their breath. They laughed now and then, out of relief and French ship.

Then Deeper stood up,

Before we part ways, I'd better give our pay from the boss. Hold on.

Jack and Annie kept sitting on the curb, steep around and back on the dock.

Part ways, we can't part ways yet. Said Jack.

I know. Said Annie.

We haven't any gondola accomplisher out mission.

Umbrella, buy umbrella . a man shouted as he walked by. He carried a lot of umbrellas on his back..

Storm is coming. Big storm is coming for the eve of all sense.

Oh, no. now storm is coming. Said Jack.

He was confused by what he should do now. a moment later, Deeper returned,

30 cents. He said. we each get 10.

No, no, Deeper, said Annie, please use it to care of your family.

Yeah, I will do that. Said Jack.

We insist, said Annie,

Deeper smiled, all you do, do you ? why? What is the game you all are playing?

It's no game, said Jack,

we just are a couple of potatoes heads. Said Annie. get use to it.

Well you two potato heads, let me give you something else. Said Deeper. Come on with me.

Great. Said Jack.

They worked parting ways yet.

He and Annie jumped off from the curb, and bumped off to Deeper,

## Chapter 6: find me out of the greasy spoon

Street lamps were coming on Jack Annie and Deeper, walked away from Jackson square. When they came to bourbon street, vendors walked sidewalks were calling out:

Ice-cream, lemon pie, and biscuits,

Mmm,,,sounds good. Said Annie.

There seems to be lots of good food in New Orleans.

Best in the world . said Deeper.

People were sitting outside down, dance halls and restaurants, laughing, and talking, eating and drinking. Outside and inside, musicians were blurring away their instruments.

Hi! There is Deeper. Singing something for us, Deeper? The ice-cream lady yelled.

Deeper waved and kept going

Hi, girl, can you play that trumpet/ a man called to Annie.

Not till the time's right. Annie shouted.

When is that? The man said.

She will know when she feels that. Deeper shouted.

At the end of the block, under the street lamp, a trail was singing in harmony, it was little mike, happy and big nose.

Look! Deeper! It's your friends again. Said Annie.

I see them. Said Deeper. But he nodded at the three boys and crossed the street. Deeper led Jack and Annie down the narrow alley, to the back of shabby and ran down to the building.

Good cooking smells came from inside.

You're always from outside this greasy spoon. He said.

And slipped through the backdoor.

What's the greasy spoon? Asked Annie.

Smells must be like a restaurant. Said Jack

Annie put down the trumpet. Jack put down his bag. They settled on the back steps of the greasy spoon.

As they waited in the muggy twilight for Deeper, Jack wiped to his forehead, he was staving in eat all over.

Soon Deeper pushed over the backdoor with food. He was carrying a big bowl, and a tall glass.

I've got some grumble stewed and lemonade to share. He said.

Talk about good.

Oh, ma'am, thanks! Breathed Jack.

Deeper sat between Jack and Annie on the steps, he pulled the spoons out of his pocket for each of them,

Begin, he said.

Together three of them suckled the grumbled stew, they all ate there filled with spiced chicken, ham, tomatoes, oak and onion and rice. When the bowl was empty, they shared the tall glass of lemonade.

Then they sat back on the steps, and heaved big sighs. Jack felt stuffed and happy.

Lots of fun. Breathed Deeper.

Ninety fun. Echoed Jack.

Ninety fun. Said Annie.

Nothing's taste is good than grumbled stew after a hard day's work.

Said Deeper.

He stood up,

Well I have to leave the yard, now. thanks a million for your help today. And don't forget to send teddy and Catherine for sending you to find me.

Before Jack and Annie could stop him, Deeper climbed down the



steps, and vanished into the dark.

Deeper? Called Jack.

There was no answer.

He's gone again. Said Annie.

Then we'll totally failed with out mission for Merlin. Said Jack. We didn't help him to get on the path to give his gifts to the world.

I know, we have to find him. Come on. said Annie.

She hooped up and headed after Deeper.

Wait! The trumpet. Said Jack.

He grabbed the magic trumpet and his bag, followed her.

When Jack left steps, it was too dark for him to see where Annie had gone. Thunder rumbled in the distance, the air felt heavy and thick as if the storm were about to break at any moment.

Annie!

Jack called

Here! Annie called back in the front of restaurant.

Jack joined her. Together they peered through the window, and looked into a large kitchen.

Deeper was alone, washing a mountain of dishes.

Why is he doing that? Whispered Jack.

Hi! Deeper. Said Annie.

Deeper turned and smiled.

You call me, he said.

He looked embarrassed.

Why are you washing dishes? Asked Annie.

Deeper shrugged,

Got pay for out dinner somehow. He said.

We'll help you. Said Annie.

We love washing dishes. Said Jack.

Deeper laughed.

Then come on in, potato heads. He said. I could use some of your help.

Jack and Annie slipped the side door into the hot steamy kitchen.

Jack put down his bag and trumpet . he and Annie picked up dirty plates from the corner, they began scrimped left over into a garbage pale. They scrimped the fish heads, oyster shells, crab legs, shrimp tails, chicken bones and greasing grabby of dozens of plates.

The work was massy and smelly. But Jack and Annie worked hard to keep up with Deeper. Every time he took a plate from them, he smiled and said thank you.

He never frowned or complained even seemed tired.

Deeper? Said Annie while they worked . your life seems really hard.

How do you stay so cheerful?

Why not? Small funs will be cheerful than sad. He said.

Don't you ever feel like mad or complain about stuff? Said Jack.

Sure, I do I am a human. Said Deeper. I felt all kinds of things all day along I feel things. You can see I have a rich life I might not get to have everything. I got to feel everything.

He laughed.

I am the same way. Said Annie.

I thought so. Said Deeper.

That's what I show, I would like you to play that trumpet sometime.

Maybe you will. Said Annie.

By the time they finishing washing dishes, the rain was falling outside,,

Where do now? said Jack.

One more dream for you all. Said Deeper. Let's leave this greasy spoon and head back down to the river. In the river café for deserve it .

Come on!

We'd better not. Said Jack.

The waiters there don't like us.

Don't worry about them. Said Deeper. You are with me now.

Jack and Annie followed Deeper outside into the rain. The rain was blowing harder and harder now,

Ah,oh! Said Deeper. Here comes the storm, let's hurry.

Thunder cracked, the rain began to pour down, the three of them got soaked as they hurried through the alley to the bourbon street.

The street was empty now. party glowers and street musicians had flatted from the storm. the restaurants and cafés were taking their cheers and tables inside. Lighting lit the sky, and thunder shocked the ground, the wind was blowing hard, packing up sticks and leaves and trash,

We have to find the cover! Said Deeper.

Run!

He and Jack and Annie balled their heads against the downpour, and ran up the bourbon street.

Deeper over here, man! Someone yelled.

It was little mike.

Little mike and happy and big nose singing were waving to Deeper from the doorway of the dark building on the corner. Deeper Jack and Annie ran across the street through the pouring rain .

Get over here, out of the street. Shouted little mike. Before you get hit by lightening.

Thanks, fell us. Said Deeper.

Soaking wet, Jack Annie and Deeper , little mike, happy and big nose singing were all crowded together just inside the dark building, looking out of the storm.

Who lives here? Asked Deeper.

Nobody. It's been empty for years. Said happy.

Used to be a blacksmith shop. Said little mike.

The fates blacksmith shop? Said Jack.

He immediately stepped out of the shop, and stood under the eaves.

Yeah! What's wrong with that? Asked little mike.

We read this place is haunted. Said Annie.

You all are believing in ghosts? Asked little mike.

No, not really. Said Jack.

But I thought you said it gave you the geeby. Started Deeper.

No, no, I was kidding. Jack said quickly.

He didn't want Deeper's friends knowing he was afraid of ghosts.

Lighting split the sky again. Another thunder shattered the night.

The wind blew so hard that its shingles blew off the roof across the street, and crashed the sidewalk.

Whoa! Come inside, man, we'll close the door. Deeper said to Jack.

Hold on. said little mike,

We have to go.

We do? Asked happy

Little mike whispered something to happy and big nose signee,

Oh, yeah, he's right. Said happy.

We have to leave, we will see it all later.

You all are scared at here, aren't you? Said Deeper.

No, man, we forgot we have an important gig to play. Said big nose signee.

Oh, certainly you all of guys have an important gig, ar? I see. Said Deeper.

Yeah. We have to try make the storm, see it all? Come on, fellows.

Said little mike.

The three boys harried out of the blacksmith shop and turned the corner.

They left called their scare kids. Said Deeper chalkling.

Yeah. Said Jack. Scary kids.

Thunder cracked the sky again. The loud cracks so far, it seemed to shake the whole block, waffles seemed to go through air,

Come back inside, said Deeper, it's dangerous out there.

Jack took a deep breath. And stepped back into the fits of blacksmith shop.

## Chapter 7: scare it? did that!

Deeper closed the door, it was pitch black inside the shop, as the wind hoared outside, the broken shutters banged against the brick walls, a gust of dam pair blew through the room,

It's dark in here said Annie.

And cold. It's crispy. Said Jack.

Yeah. Said Deeper. Let's sleep. I've changed my mind about staying in here. We can find some other places to get out the storm.

Good idea. Said Annie.

Great idea. Said Jack.

Jack heard Deeper rattled the door handle,

Ah..oh.. said Deeper.

Ah, oh what? Said Jack.

Don't open it. Said Deeper. It's locked.

Jack felt a hair rise from back of his neck. The shutters banded in the wind,

Hold on a second, I've got a magic in my pocket. Said Deeper. I just hope it did get work in the rain.

Jack heard Deeper trying to strike a match, he tried one, two, three times. And it held up a small flame,

Yeah! Breezed Annie.

Jack looked around the room, in the dancing light, he could make a wooden buckets from the floor, a couple of broken chairs at the doorway leading to a backroom. And.,.

Squeak!

A bat flapped above their heads.

Ah...

Jack, Annie and Deeper screamed and match was out. Deeper quickly lit another match, he held it up high, trying to light the room. Jack didn't see the bat, but he saw a break over fireplaces, some rusty lanterns and lots of spider webs.

Yex! Said Annie.

The match went out.

Help! Said Annie in the small voice.

More light please.

Nobody panic. Said Deeper. I got two matches left.

Just two? Said Annie.

Hey, I just saw some lanterns said Jack. Near the fireplace, maybe we could light them

Good idea. Said Deeper. Maybe there's oil still in them. I just hope back to light them. Wax, or we will be left in the dark with the bats.

And spiders. Said Annie.

And ghosts. Jack thought.



Deeper struck his the next last match, he held it up to find the lanterns,

Over here. Said Jack pointing

I see. Said Deeper.

But it's molten on the floor, the match went out.

I got just one more. He whispered. So we'd better be real careful.

Deeper lit his last match, Jack slowly lifted the glass on both the lanterns, very carefully, Deeper touched the match flame to the wick of the first lantern, the wick spattered and flickered to life, a yellow glow filled the room.

Ah..

Said Deeper.

He lit the second lantern,

Beautiful. You can each carry one.

Jack picked up one of the lanterns, Annie put on the trumpet and picked up the other one, the firelight cast here in shadows in the walls.

Squeak!

A sound from the backroom startled them, the sound like the crick of the door opening, Jack's heart began to bund,

What's it?

The sound of door slamming shut

Jack's heart beat faster and faster,

Hi! Called Deeper.

Who's back there?

No one answered.

Clump, Clump, Clump,

The sound of footsteps are upstairs, Jack held his breath,

Who's there? Yelled Deeper.

Woo...

Show yourself. Yelled Deeper.

The shatter outside been harder against the walls,

Woo...

Mosey.. whispered Deeper.

Jack's hand trembled shaking the lantern and making the shadows  
on the room dancing when move wildly. The mourning came again.

Woo....

Annie, said Jack, the trumpet, the time is right. I know, I feel it. Said  
Annie.

She put down her lantern and grabbed the trumpet.

Sing, Jack.

Annie lifted the magic trumpet to her lips and blow.

A pure smooth sound flew from the trumpet, and filled the room. As

Annie played, Jack started singing.

Ghost, ghost, leave us alone,  
Stop, stop, stop your mourn.

What a stupid song. Jack thought.

But it's the only words that came to his mind. Then he remembered Deeper's advise, when you can't think of words, just sing songs, make them up, put your heart in it.

So Jack started singing sounds, he sang with all his heart, pouring all his feeling to the sounds, telling the ghost to go.

Sgart, dida, Sgart, dida, out. Skittle, Skittle, dittle dittle  
Out here, now.

Dumping noise came from other room, as if heavy things were falling.

Who's there? Shouted Deeper.

Annie stopped playing, Jack stepped back and feared waiting for something awful to happen. Then they heard laughing and whispering,

Hi! Shouted Deeper. He picked up Annie's lantern and headed into the other room. Jack and Annie followed, little mike, happy and big nose Sydney were crawling toward back door.

Stop! Yelled Deeper,

What are you all doing here/

The three boys all tagged at once.

We follow out of the edit, felt someone else push us out. Yell! Then downstairs toward the door.

Jack sound pushed you downstairs. Said Annie laughing.

He ordered ghosts to leave us along. His singing is magic.

You're playing with magic too. Deeper said to Annie. you two really put your hearts in it.

Thanks. Said Jack.

Deeper looked down at the little mike.

Now, tell us what you three fools were up to ? he said.

We decided to play joke on you all. Said little mike. So we snapped through the backdoor and up to hide it.

We saw you laughed because you were scared of ghosts. Said Annie.

That no. man. Said little mike.

We are not afraid of ghosts. Said happy.

Not even the little bat. Said big nose Sydney.

Suddenly a cold wind blasted through the room, the lanterns flicked out, and a hearing grey light lit the blacksmith shop.

What?

A voice roared.

Not afraid of ghosts?

A voice seemed come from everywhere. Nowhere.

Ah..

The kids all screamed together.

Huh! Huh1 huh!

Min sounding laughter echoed through the shop. It grew louder and louder,

Huh! Huh1 huh!

Ah...

The kids all screamed again.

Stamping noise thundered in the light over their head, everyone shrieked and froze with terror,

Down from the epic came a parrot. His face was hidden by the gram of black hat, he wore a gray Jacket, with a double roll buttons, a red sash, and dark panty tucked inside black boots.

The parrot looked like a real person. Except you could see right through him.

## Chapter 8: heeby jeebies

Thunder shook the night, the wind hauled, the parrot ghost flew down the stairs,

A ghost sound freight. Whispered Annie.

The ghost pointed a ponny finger at happy.

Not afraid of ghosts? His voice boomed again.

He pointed at big nose Sydney.

Not ever a little bit?

Huh! Huh! Huh!

Ah!

Everyone shrieked again.

They all scrambled out of the backroom to the front room, they pushed on the front door together, but the door still wouldn't open.

Scurvy dogs, you can not skip from me.

The ghost's giant feet shouted.

The parrot ghost flew to the center of the room, and stopped, he rested his hands on his hips, through back his head and laughed again.

You're trapped now.

Giant feet loud.

Trapped forever.

To Jack's horror, more ghost parrots began gliding to the walls into the room, one at a time they came. A parrot with gold deferring, another with a pistol, one with a head scarf, another with a eye patch; one with saber, another with a bushy bared, one with a thin mustache, another with a sack, one with a stride shirt, another with a pager leg, finally ten ghost parrots circled the room, from the center of the circle, giant feet led out another king of min laughter.

Huh! Huh! Huh!

The parrot crusted nodded, snarled and growled.

Yeah, ar, yeah!

Suddenly Jack started singing.

Skittle little dog, hi hi hi,

Ghost go away, go away go away.

Jack ! said Annie. what are you doing?

Play Annie, play. Squeaked Jack

I can't . said Annie. we used up magic. It was an ordinary trumpet now.

Here, give it to me. Said Deeper.

Annie handed Deeper over the trumpet. Deeper put the trumpet to his lips, he closed his eyes, he took a deep breath, and then he blew: the air fired bright with a single warm note.

Then Deeper's fingers danced over the trumpets fives, a lovely sweering tune filled the blacksmith shop.

John le feet stopped his min laugh. He held his hands for cooling to be silent. As Deeper played, cocked smiled crossed parrots' faces. Deeper's joyful music drawn out the noise of the storm outside. Annie snatched two rams from the broken chair, she used them as drum stick, taping them against wooden bucket, Jack grabbed two more rams, and did the same.

Deeper paused long enough to yell all his trial.

Hi1 boys! Sing the heebie jeebie song

We don't know it. Said little mike.

Make something enough . called Deeper.

As Deeper played the trumpet, little mike sang:

I got the heebies,

You got the jeebies,

Then happy sang:

The heebies make you hot,

And jeebies make you crick

Then big nose Sydney sang;

Do a little dance, mama stump and shake

As the three of them sang, the ghost joha le feet started to dance.



He shook his head and clapped his hands, he weaved his arms through the air and then turned the circle.

Go, mama, go, he shouted.

Le feet's crew began dancing like their captain. All the ghost parrots moved in the circle, shaking their heads and waving their hands, some flowed off the floor, turning this way and that

Little mike sang:

Hi, papa, hi mama,

Hi, hi, hi,

Hi, hi, hi,

All the parrots shouted.

Hi, hi, hi,

Deeper played the trumpet, Jack and Annie drummed on the bucket, the trial sang, the floor shook the windows and rattled, and all the parrots stumped, doing the heebie jeebie dance.

Swing in that music. Shouted johe le feet's ghost.

Yeah! The parrots all shouted.

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

The front door suddenly bumped open.

Go mama, go papa,

Go , go ,go

Shouted the ghost of John Le Feet, he danced out of the shop and his parrot crew followed one by one. As the ghosts all danced out of the shop, Deeper kept playing, the trio kept singing, and Jack and Annie kept drumming

We crew and I surely enjoyed your visit. The parrot ghost captain shouted back to Deeper and others.

Be sure to come back. same time next year.

The ghost of John Le Feet returned and waved his arms to the air again.

Come on, boys,

Papa doing the heebie jeebies dance.

Then doing the heebie jeebie dance.

All the parrot ghosts danced away into the dark New Orleans night.

## Chapter 9: working man blues

Deeper stopped playing, the three boys stopped singing, Jack and Annie stopped drumming. There was silence, they all crept the open door way, and stepped outside

The rain had stopped and the wind had died down. The air felt clean and cool, stars shone overhead, the parrot ghosts were gone.

Whoa! There was something said little mike.

What's happened.

Was it a dream/ asked big nose Sydney.

Was those ghosts real?

I don't know! said Deeper. But I will tell you this, you will never ever get me back to that shop again.

Everyone laughed.

Even happy looked happy.

Hi! Deeper, how do you get so good at that horn? He asked growning

I practice for 2 years waves home, said Deeper. That's how.

You got to blow that horn what we've seen. Said big nose Sydney.

Come with us now. we'll really do an important gift tonight on the river boat

A river boat. ? Jack and Annie said together. They looked at each other. Their research book said Louis Armstrong developed his musical talents performing on river boats.

That's right. Said little mike.

Oh, whoa, Deeper, you have to go with them. Said Annie. yeah, man. Said Jack.

But Deeper just shook his head, sorry folks. I can not play at night. I have to get up early in the morning to haul coal.

Ah, Deeper. Said little mike.

Ah, Deeper, said Jack.

Don't you worry about me. Said Deeper. Have a good time on the boat, fellows. Hang on that smile. Happy.

I will try. Said happy.

See you later. Said big nose Sydney. So long to you all too. Little mike said to Jack and Annie.

Bye. Said Jack.

Good luck on your gig. Said Annie.

The three boys waved and took off, Deeper looked after them, for a long moment, they he turned to Jack and Annie, gave their horn back.

Give your horn back. he said. thanks for letting me play it.

He handed the trumpet to Annie,

Do you want to keep it/ she said.

No, thanks. I have my own horn back in my house. And cost that gave me waves home. Said Deeper. Someday when I am grown, maybe I will bring and play it all again.

I think you should go with your fellows, Deeper. Said Jack. To share your musical gifts

I know, I know said Deeper, to share my musical gifts to the world.

He shook his head as if he were shaking off the thought, then he

binned a big smile at Jack and Annie,

Hi! what are we talking about the deserved little wall back? that's a giggle behind and still get some sleep. Come on!

As Deeper led Jack and Annie down the rain slicked streets, the website sound glistened like silver, life had returned to the French quarter, horses and mules splashed through meadows stream, street lamps brightly outside down the halls and restaurants. Waiters carried tables and chairs back outside.

When Deeper Jack and Annie came to Jackson square, they found kids playing music again. A band was playing a song Jack knew, when the sense go much in, a few people in costumes were wandering about

Deeper led Jack and Annie to the back door of the river café,  
The cook here is a friend of mine. So don't worry about the waiters.  
He said to Jack and Annie.

I will Be back in a minute.

He slip into the café 's kitchen as Jack and Annie waited for Deeper they could hear the jazz music coming from the square.

Oh, wind the sense,

Go much in it.

Oh, wind the scene,

Go much in..

Teddy was right. I love New Orleans. Said Annie.

Me too. Said Jack. But how are we going to accomplish our mission for Merlin?

Deeper seems he was never going to change his mind about making music.

I know. Said Annie. in fact, I would just thinking we might have to do something really drastic.

What's that/ said Jack.

Showing our research book. Said Annie.

Whoa! Said Jack. Do you really think ...

Before Jack could finish, Deeper came back outside.

mmm...m. talk about something good. He said.

he clashed a greasing napkin filled with freshly made donuts.

Follow me.

As Jack and Annie followed Deeper to the river, Jack's mind was rising.

Should we show Deeper the research book? He would prove it come form the future. But what will Deeper say? What do you think?

It's too weird. Jack thought

Let's just try talking to him first. Jack whispered to Annie.

She nodded.

Deeper led them to a bench nearly water, Jack and Annie sat on the wide wood another side of him. Deeper unripe the donuts and handed one to Jack and handed one to Annie, and kept one for himself.

Careful/ Deeper said.

The shingle get all over the yak, Jack lifted the warm steaky donut to his mouth and took a big bite, pawed sugar butter and flower all melted in his mouth. It was natty good!

Nobody talked to other when they ate the donuts. When they were finished, they all wite their steaky fingers on their shirts and pants. By now Jack closed his throat with rain water and code us. Kitchen grease swell in grain.

A little paddle of sugar and butter would make a different. He thought.

So, Deeper, said Annie. you know you're really great musician, don't you?

Deeper smiled at her: actually you're created genius. Added Jack.

Deeper laughed out aloud.

And I know who you are, don't you?

Yeah! The biggest potato heads you've ever met. Said Jack.

But this time we're right said Annie.

No, sorry. Said Deeper.

I am definitely no genius. The truth is I never got passed the elementary school. I don't even know how to read music.

Don't you love to play music? Said Annie.

Yes. Sure I do. Somehow I got music of my own. Said Deeper.

Sad to say, all I really everyone to do is: blow my horn.

Then why don't you? Said Jack

He felt despaired. Even without their mission for Merlin he seemed credibly sad when Deeper had to turn his back to music.

Yeah! Why don't you go play on the river boat? With the follows?

Said Annie.

It won't hurt you for the few hours sleep.

Deeper took a deep breath, and led it out slowly.

When I was 12 years old, I got two wide even one time. He said. it was new year's eve, I was singing with the follows, and I got cared away, far off gone, just into the air, how would I try to hurt anybody? But I got called, and I got sentenced 2 years waves home. I just got out a little while ago. I felt really bad for letting me faint and down like that. So, right now, all I want to do, is helping them by keeping this steady job.

But what about the job playing music? Said Jack.

Great musicians can make a lot of money to help their family.



Not playing the music I want to play. Said Deeper. At least I have a meat than have you.

Yes. Actually we have. Said Annie. she turned to look at Jack.

We have to do it.

Jack sighed. Then nodded slowly. Annie was right. He reached into his bag, and put out their research book, a history of New Orleans music.

## Chapter 10: thanks a million

Jack pushed his glasses in the place and opened the history of New Orleans music.

What's that, ma'am? Deeper asked.

It's a history book. Said Jack.

Teddy and Catherine gave it to us. Said Annie.

Oh,yeah. They are your best friends. Said Deeper.

Jack looked at the index of the book, he found the right page, and turned to it.

I am going to read something to you, man. Said Jack. Just listen.

And Jack read:

As a young teenager, Louis Armstrong often performed with kid

bands on the street of the city. Eventually he played with older musicians in dance halls and developed his musical talents performing on Mississippi river boats, when he was 21, he moved to Chicago where he played in the well known band with his old friend Joe Allover.

Joe Allover? Said Deeper.

Joe's in that book? I'm in that book?

Yeah. Hold on, there's more. Said Jack. He read:

Overtime Louis Armstrong became world famous. He always called New Orleans home, the city honored him by naming a large park 0-0- the Louis Armstrong park. It also named the airport – the Louis Armstrong international airport.

What's that? international airport. Asked Deeper.

That's where planes fly and land from all over the world. Said Annie.

Deeper started laughing.

You all are pulling my leg.

No, said Jack.

We are not. Look at this, Deeper.

He held up the book and show Deeper the picture of Louis Armstrong, the king of jazz. Playing the trumpet in front of a huge crowd.

That's you, Deeper.

Jack waited for Deeper to laugh, when he said the picture wasn't him. But Deeper stopped smiling and nodded,

Yeah. Yeah. I've seen that picture before. He said softly.

You have? Said Jack. stunt. You've seen this picture before? Said Annie. where?

Here. Deeper touched his chest, here in my heart. This picture had hidden in my heart for a long time, like a dream. Hi, it's always the dream.

Jack and Annie laughed, Annie smiled.

Yes, you could see that. She said.

But it's a true dream. Said Jack.

Keep that picture in your heart, Deeper. Said Annie.

Hold it close to you. And one day you will be living it. We promise.

For a long time the three of them just stared at the picture, when Jack looked at Deeper again, he saw tears glistened in Deeper's eyes,

Ok! I will do that. Said Deeper.

He wiped his eyes with the palms of his hands,

I think I can keep my job starting making a little room for my music too.

Yes, said Annie.

Maybe you should to play with the fellows on the river boat tonight.

Said Jack.

Yeah. Maybe I will try do that. Said Deeper

Great. Said Annie.

Jack cleaved a sigh and put away their book.

Deeper stood up.

But now you all have to get going on the eve all sits day, there's a café for kids under 13. they have to be out of the streets by 9, and paddy wag picked him up. So, you definitely on the path sharing your musical gift to the world, right, man? Asked Jack.

Deeper laughed.

I recognize I am. He said. thanks to couple of potato heads,

Ok1 good. Said Jack.

He and Annie stood up.

To get home, we need to walk the bourbon street and catch the street car to canal street.

Let's go. Said Deeper.

The three of them left water front, they walked pass the Jackson square, and headed pass the cathedral and Peter street, all walked toward the bourbon street. Said Deeper.

Then do you have time to run back with us to canal street? Said

Annie.

So we can hang on together a little longer on the train.

You know I can't do that. Said Deeper. They won't let me sit without shoes in a street car.

Why not? Asked Jack.

I have to say the back why you all sit a fun? Said Deeper.

What are you talking about? Said Annie.

You all are the white, I am black. Said Deeper.

So? Said Annie.

Black folks are not allowed to sit with white, so that's why it is. Said Deeper.

Are you kidding? That's crazy. Said Annie.

No, I am not kidding, said Deeper,

He stopped walking and looked closely at Jack and Annie,

Where are you all from? How you get that all crazy book with my picture in it/ and why did you all come here to find me?

It's really really hardest to explain. Deeper. Said Jack, but just know this, one day things will be going to change. Everybody will sit together on trains, buses and planes,

And one day, a Africa-American man will run for president of united states. Said Annie and millions of people of all colors will off horn.

And all when? Said Jack.

Deeper laughed and shook his head.

Ok, now, I know I am dreaming. He said. but I really like this dream.

It's the truth, said Annie, we promise.

By now, they had come to the corner, Saint Peter and Bourbon street,

This is where I leave you. Said Deeper.

Annie threw her arms around Deeper and gave him a big hug,

Goodbye, Deeper,

Jack did the same.

Bye, man. He said.

Thanks a million

Same to you. Said Deeper.

Hi! There is street car now,

The street car glided to a stop at the corner, Jack and Annie hopped the board and sat in front. As the street went out the bourbon street, they stuck their heads out of the window and waved to Deeper. He waved back. Jack and Annie waved and waved, until they could see Deeper any more.

## Chapter 11: swing back music

As the street car rumbled down the canal street, Jack looked over his shoulder, Deeper was right, Africa-americans were sitting in the back only one white people in the front, Jack hadn't even noticed it on their first street car ride. Jack's heart felt toppy,

Why won't anyone not want to sit next to someone just because their different color? He wondered. How could anyone ever be mean to Deeper? Deeper was gentle and friendly and kind, Deeper who carries music everywhere, ...

Jack listened to the click clack of the street car, rowing down the tracks, the sound had a good beat, Jack tapped his hand against its rhythm, until the street car came to a stop.

Let's go. Said Annie. Jack and Annie stood up.

Canal street was bright with lights, people were still selling things on the sidewalk,

What time is it? Please? Jack asked conductor.

5 minutes after 9. boy. Said the conductor. You all are better for home.

We are! Said Annie.

Jack and Annie hopped off the street car, and started to run, they

ran to the bottom of the canal street cross the palm trees grew in the groves near the Mississippi river.

In the dark, they found rope ladder, and scrambled up it, into the tree house. Jack grabbed the Pennsylvania book that would take them home.

Wait! Said Annie looking out of the window, look!

A bright lit Mississippi show boat was rowing up the river, a large paddle waved behind the boat was chinning the water, music was coming from the boat. Annie garbed Jack's arm, Listen! The heebie jeebies! She said .

Jack listened.

He could hear the trial singing, little mike, happy and big nose Sydney. But the best sound of all, was the bright sound of horn singing to the New Orleans night.

It's Deeper. Said Annie. it's got to be.

He caught the boat. Said Jack. Just in time.

Jack and Annie listed to the joyful swinging. Sound of Deeper's music. Until the river boat rowed out of their sight.

Jack heaved a happy sigh. Then he pointed to their Pennsylvania book,

I wish we can go home . he said.



The wind began to blow, the tree house started to spin. It span faster and faster, then everything was still, absolutely still.

Jack and Annie were wearing their own clothes again, rain tapped against the roof of the tree house, the cool breeze blew the window. We have to go home, before mama and dad wake up. Said Annie. Right. Said Jack.

He put the book of the history of New Orleans music out of his backpack and left it on the floor. Annie put the trumpet beside it, then they headed down the rope ladder,

They put up their raincoats. As they trembled rainboots through the right of the woods, they both quiet. Finally Annie said:

I feel good.

I feel good too. Said Jack. We're accomplished our mission.

But I feel other things too. Said Annie. I feel mad when Deeper couldn't sit on the street car with us.

Me too. Said Jack.

And it wasn't just New Orleans. A long time ago, they had lots like that in lots of places.

Unbelievable, said Annie. Yeah. Said Jack.

And I felt scared when I think of those spiders in their webs. Said Annie.

Oh, they didn't bother anybody, said Jack. But I feel still scared about thinking of ghosts.

Actually they didn't bother anybody either. Said Annie.

True. Said Jack. And neither did they back.

Annie laughed, that's true too. She said.

I feel sad when I think we will never see Deeper again.

We can listen to his music. Said Jack.

Yeah. And I guess his music all around the world will always make us think of him. Said Annie.

Like right now Deeper will hear music in the rain..

Taptty , tap tap, said Jack.

And music of our feet squelching over the dead leaves. Said Annie.

Squelching, squelching squelching ...said Jack.

Paddy , pad ,pads, sang Annie.

Sketta, dutta, sang Jack.

Sketta, deddo. Sang Annie.

Go mama, go shouted Jack.

And two of them ran out of the frog creek woods and up their street, heading for home.

The end