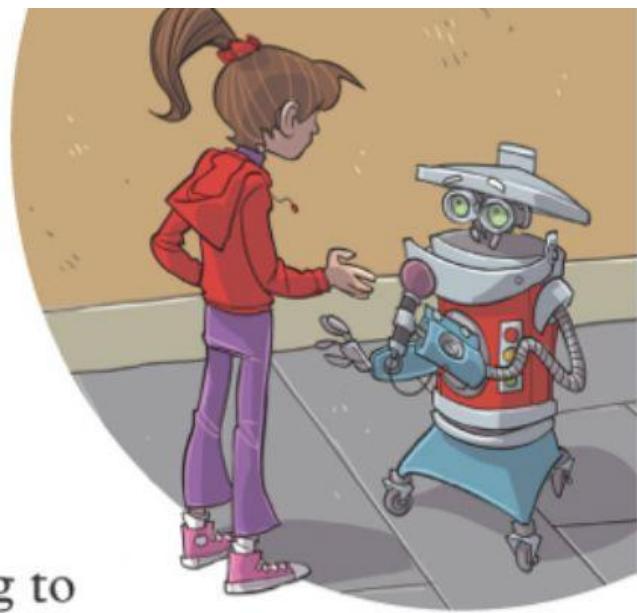


Clunk had a microphone in his hand.

‘What’s that for, Clunk?’ asked Rosie.

‘Alice’s aunt plays beautiful music,’ said Clunk. ‘I’m going to ask her to play later. Then I can record it.’



Soon they saw Alice’s aunt. She was carrying two bags and a violin case.