

The Organ Grinder and the Monkey

DJ Kane

It was Thursday, one of my favorite days of the week, because the Organ grinder and his monkey were about to fill the streets with music and follies. The Organ grinder would come by weekly, unless it rained, with his bellows, pipes and his monkey, to entertain the neighborhood and passerby's with music, and fun. I loved watching the monkey most of all, especially when he tipped his hat, after he was given coins.

Grandma and I would sit at the opened window, at the front of the house, preparing for the entertainment. Before the Organ grinder would appear, Grandma and I would play a little game, trying to see who could guess the color of the jacket, leach and hat the monkey would be wearing today. While we listened for a faint telltale sound of the music, as they were approaching our way from afar. The Organ grinder and monkey would most of the time wear matching outfits, minus the leach for the Organ grinder of course. Upon hearing the sounds getting ever closer, Grandma would take out change from her purse in preparation; wrap the change tightly in paper, handing it to me. Hopefully I would be able to drop the change out of our window, expectantly reaching the monkey; and in hopes the monkey would tip his hat to me in appreciation. The money would usually land on the sidewalk, close to the monkey without it opening. But at times, it would open because we were three stories high. Usually not much of a problem for the monkey if it had opened, he would gather up the change, without missing a cent, and hand it to the Organ grinder, or he would put the change in his cup, which he held securely in his hand. I learned from Grandma, Organ grinders used monkeys as per other animals, because they attracted many more people, and thus more money, they had a thumb which enabled them to easily gather lose coins that fell to the ground, they could hold a cup to put the coins, and they were very smart and easy to train. Don't know much about putting much credence in the smart reason she told me. If they were that smart, they would have been on the other end of the leach.

The time is eventually here, the music had finally has begun, the Organ grinder and his monkey are coming down the street along with his followers, and they are about to stop for a while under our window, as they usually do each Thursday. Today I saw the monkey was perched on the Organ grinders shoulder; and was wearing a red hat, which he would tip to some of the lucky ones who had placed money in his cup. As the Organ settled under our window, the monkey jumped down from his shoulder.

Before taking the money from Grandma and dropping it to the monkey, I said to Grandma, "You won Grandma, the hat was red", then I dropped the wrapped change that I was holding to the monkey, and as it dropped I hollered, "Watch out below!" to the crowd. When it landed on the ground, it did not break apart this time. The monkey picked it up, placed it in his cup, looked up at me, tipped his hat, and handed the wrapped coins to the Organ grinder for him to open, and be put away. I exclaimed to Grandma, "Grandma he tipped his hat, the monkey tipped his hat and looked up at me". It didn't

take much time before the crowd became too large, which had started to block much of the sidewalk. It was time for the Organ grinder and his monkey to move on. As they made their way down the block, the crowd followed them in pursuit, as the Organ grinder and his monkey, made their way still entertaining the crowd as they reached their next destination. I watched the crowd from my window, as they all moved out of sight, waiting anxiously for the return of the Organ grinder and the monkey.