



Chapter Seven

Maud picked up the pieces of the clarinet. The metal valves were bent and twisted. This wasn't something she could fix with a bit of glue.

Milly flung the door open and let out a screech. Mrs Montague followed her into the room.

"I'm sorry," said Maud. "I ..."

"What on earth have you done, Maud?" asked Mrs Montague, grabbing the broken pieces. "I'm very disappointed in you."

"It was an accident," said Maud.

Over by the door, Milly was still screeching.

Mrs Montague examined the pieces. "We'll have to see what the man in the shop says. But I doubt he'll be able to fix it in time for the concert."

Milly's scream rose in pitch.

"I'm sorry," said Maud. "I really didn't mean to do it. I'll do anything to make it up to you."

Milly cut off mid-scream. Her eyes were streaming. "Anything?" she asked.

"Yes," said Maud.

"Okay," said Milly. "Let me think about it."

Maud thought she saw a sly grin flit across Milly's face as she dabbed her eyes.

Mrs Montague took Milly's hand and led her downstairs, casting one last disapproving glance behind her. Maud sat down on the bed. She tried to think about all the times her sister had been horrible to her, but it was no use. She still felt guilty.

