**SAY ‘HELLO!’ PETE**

written by Judy Froman

with illustrations by [Class [INSERT CLASS NAME] (20\_\_) [INSERT SCHOOL NAME]

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There once was a parrot, who just would not talk.

When spoken to, all he said was: “*Squawk!*”

“No,” said Tom and Tami. “Let’s not make a fuss

That our parrot won’t say *hello* to us.

Perhaps he is French? Maybe he comes from France?

Maybe that’s why *hello* doesn’t stand a chance.

*“Bonjour,*” tried Tom and Tami, “*Salut!*” they cried.

But then, hearing nothing, they turned sadly and sighed.

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“Oh dear,” they despaired, “Please speak, Parrot, please!

Perhaps you only speak Portuguese?

Maybe you’re from Portugal,

Or the rainforests in Brazil?

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*Olá! Bom Dia! Good morning!”* Tom said

But the parrot just bobbed his little head.

“*Oi*!” shouted Tom, so that he could be heard.

But the parrot still didn’t say a word.

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“Perhaps,” said Tami, “you’re from the Middle East?

*As-salamu-alaykum! Shalom!* Can you say that at least?

Speak to us, Parrot; show us you can talk.”

But the parrot still just went: “*Squawk! Squawk*!”

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“Please, Mr. Parrot, let’s try negotiate a deal.

You say something – we’ll make you the best meal!

Let’s be friends,” they pleaded with the bird;

But the parrot looked at them as if this were absurd!

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“Alright,” Tami accepted, “perhaps you’re from China.

I really couldn’t think of anything finer

Than a parrot who comes from the South China Sea,

And one who can speak Mandarin to me!

*Nî Hâo,”* Tami tried, “did I say that right?”

But once again, try as she might,

The parrot still said nothing; not one little peep.

Tami was so sad, she was about to weep.

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“No,” said Tom, “that will not do -

We have to come up with something new.

I know, its somewhere in Africa you’re from!

*Dumela! Kunjhani! Jambo!*” yelled Tom.

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Perhaps you could teach us an African dance?”

Tom said excitedly, and began to prance.

But the parrot just ruffled his feathers and turned away.

“Oh dear,” Tom moaned. “There’s nothing he can say!”

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“Could Rome be your home?” Tami remarked with glee.

“Maybe you’re from Italy?

Could you be from Pisa?” she asked, leaning to one side.

“Perhaps Florence, Venice or Milan?” they both tried.

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“I bet you like the churches with bells,

Or do you prefer rowing down the canals?

*Ciào!*” said Tom. “*Buon giorno*!” he repeated.

But the parrot just pecked at the seeds where he was seated.

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“Mmmm…,” pondered Tom. “I think you could be from Spain.

*Hola*!” he bellowed. Are you from a mountain or a plain?”

But the parrot just sipped his water and said not a thing!

Distraught, Tom cried, “This can’t be happening!”

“*Ko-nitchiwa,*” whispered Tami. “Could you be Japanese?”

And then she bowed respectfully, while sitting on her knees.

But the parrot just ignored her and sharpened his beak.

It still didn’t appear that the parrot could speak.

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“Okay, maybe you’re an Indian export.

Say ‘*hello*’ to us Parrot - come on; be a sport!

*Namaste*, dear Parrot, and how are you?”

But the parrot still said nothing. Tom and Tami did not know what to do.

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“Perhaps it’s our accent; could you be Australian, we wonder?

*G’day mate! How’s it going way down under?*”

But even though they tried, and tried once again,

The parrot just sat there and played in his playpen.

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“You must be a Russian bird – now what’s that word?

*Privyet*!” shouted Tom, hoping this time they’d be heard.

But even with this one last try,

The parrot still did not reply.

Tom and Tami backed away from the parrot’s cage.

They stood there quietly for what seemed like an age.

Such hopes, such a desire to make a new friend.

But is this how their parrot friendship should end?

They had tried to make their parrot talk,

But all he did was go: “*Squawk! Squawk!*”

“Our parrot doesn’t talk – he just cannot;

This is hopeless,” they sighed – “what rotten luck we’ve got!

We will just have to give our parrot away,

And find something else that would like to play.

We have tried to teach him, but there seems to be no way.

There really is nothing that he can say.”

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“Oh no!” flapped the parrot, “what have I done?

This really isn’t any fun!

I have made Tom and Tami think that I cannot talk,

They think all I can do is go: ‘*Squawk! Squawk!*’

Now they want to send me away,

When there’s such a lot that I can say!

I was playing the fool; it was all just a game.

Oh dear! This is such a terrible shame!

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*Bonjour*!” cried the parrot. “*Olá!* *Shalom!* *Nî Hâo* and *dumela* too!

*Kunjani!* *Jambo!* *Ciào!* *Hola!* *Privyet!* *Ko-nitchiwa* and *namaste* to you!

I can say all of that and I can say a lot more too;

But mostly, I just like to say: ‘Hello, Tom and Tami, I’m Pete; and how do you do?’

I’ll be your friend in any language you can talk,

And I promise never again just to say: ‘*Squawk! Squawk!*’

Please talk to me, kids. Say you’ll be my friend.

I would really hate our relationship to end!”

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Tom and Tami said: “That was naughty, Pete! You should always say *hello!*

But maybe that is something that you just did not know.

We may all speak different languages and eat different food,

But there’s never a good reason for people to be rude.

It’s time for the people of the world to get along,

And being polite to each other makes relationships strong.

If you want to make a difference - this is how you start -

You must learn to say *hello*, Pete, and let people in your heart.”

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