



Tweet

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A bird falls from its nest. Tweet!
Onto the meadow. Down by the lake.
Right next to the frogs.

Ribbit! say the frogs.
Tweet! says the bird.
Ribbit! Ribbit! Ribbit! Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!



The frogs think: Too big for a fly, too small for a stork.

The bird thinks: Too big for a worm, and
their singing is not good enough for a mum.
The little bird shows them how it's done: Tweet!

But the frogs don't understand.
Ribbit! Ribbit! Ribbit!
And the bird doesn't understand the frogs.
Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!



Then the bird does something crazy. Ribbit!
And the frogs fall silent.
They've never seen a frog like this.
There's no such frog.

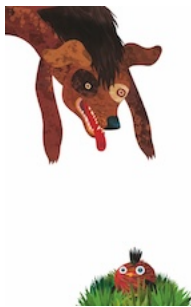
Then one of the frogs does something crazy: Tweet!

And the other frogs join in: Tweet! Tweet! And the bird calls:
Ribbit! Ribbit!
And the frogs sing: Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! And the bird calls:
Ribbit! Ribbit! Ribbit! Ribbit!



The stork hears the commotion.
He lands, hungry, with broad wing beats.
But the frogs sing like birds.
And the bird croaks like a frog.
Baffled and unable to comprehend, the stork flies away.

Now the frogs cheer. From now on, they'll sing when the stork comes. Tweet!
Tweet! Tweet! And they'll tell the other frogs.
Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! They all hop away.



The little bird sits alone in the meadow.
Ribbit. The tree is full of leaves.
The shade full of meadow.
Something's moving in the meadow.

Rustle. Rustle. Sniff. A dog searches for useful things. Ribbit! says the bird. Woof! says the dog. And doesn't need a bird-frog. Sniff. Sniff. Rustle. Rustle. ... He's gone.



The cat can make good use of a little bird. To play with: as a throwing ball, a kicking cushion, a rag doll. Cats also like to juggle. With two, three, or four paws.

After playing enough, they want to eat and thus extend their claws.

Woof! says the little bird. Meow! shouts the cat and jumps on the tree.

Woof! says the bird again and bares its teeth. Woof! Woof! Woof!



Then the ducks and swans flee as well, and all the hedgehogs duck down. Only a snail pursues its goal. Slowly. The little bird agrees: each to his own.



Cock-a-doodle-doo—someone cries for help. Cock-a-doodle-doo!
That's what great distress sounds like. The bird runs.
He flies. (Almost.) Cock-a-doodle-dooo! There's a rooster on the
dung heap, and his head is somehow on fire. Tweet! Tweet!
Tweet!

The rooster laughs. Tweet? Tweet? Tweet?
He combs his red hair and comes down. Tweet, tweet, tweet... Is
that supposed to be a language?

Cock-a-doodle-doooo!!! Then he goes to breakfast.



The sun warms like a mother. The little bird doesn't know where
to go. He's never been here before.

The world is full of never-beens.

Ribbit! says the bird. Woof! And: Meow. When no one actually
comes, he even shouts: Cock-a-doodle-doo!

But the world is without colour. The sky full of clouds. The earth
without friends. Ribbit! Woof! Meow! Ribbit! Woof! Meow!
Ribbit! Woof! Meow!



A donkey hears this and admires him.
The donkey can only speak one language. And only one word in it:
Hee-haw!

The bird hears the donkey scream. Hee-haw!

He sees the strange animal, and his eyes ask: Can you help me?
Hee-haw! Shouts the donkey. Do you know where I live? Hee-haw!
Shouts the donkey. And can I go with you?



Hee-haw! Shouts the donkey and goes down to the river because
he's thirsty from shouting.

The little bird follows him, and the donkey is pleased. He likes
foreign languages.

Tweet. Tweet. Woof. Woof. Hee-haw!
Tweet. Tweet. Woof. Woof. Tweetilee! Tweetilee!

The little bird stops. The donkey too. Another bird calls! Down by
the lake. Right next to the frogs. Who could that be?



Woof



The end