



**Mrs Snoots:** You've a very beautiful parrot.

*Papagei*

**Mrs Woodward:** He is beautiful, isn't he.  
His name is Baldwin.

**Mrs Snoots:** Is he able to speak?

*kann er ...*

**Mrs Woodward:** No, he has never said a word since I got him – twenty-five years ago. He can't speak, and he won't learn it, I'm afraid.  
He only eats, drinks and croaks.

*seit*

*krächzt*

**Mrs Snoots:** What does a parrot eat? Do you think he likes sausage?

*Wurst*

**Mrs Woodward:** (*lacht.*) I don't know. I've never tried. But you can, if you like.

**Mrs Snoots:** Hallo Baldwin. Here you are.  
What about this nice little sausage?

*hier, bitte*

**Parrot:** No, thanks. I don't like it.

**Mrs Woodward:** (*überrascht*) Who was that?

**Mrs Snoots:** It was Baldwin. He can speak.

**Mrs Woodward:** Baldwin, why haven't you said a word the past twenty-five years?

*vergangenen*

**Parrot:** Because you never gave me food I didn't like.