




# ONE AND ONLY

Jeanne Willis



ONE  
AND  
ONLY

The text is surrounded by decorative elements: a pink flower above the word 'ONE', a teal plant with three leaves to the left of 'AND', a purple flower to the right of 'AND', and a small green plant to the right of 'ONLY'. The entire scene is set against a light green horizontal line at the bottom.



In a dreamy, steamy forest,  
in a tree that smelt of spice,  
there lived a one and only  
lonely bird of paradise.

Where he lived was heavenly,  
it should have made him glad,  
but he had **no friend**  
to share it; no one special -  
which was sad.

So he built a leafy home,  
among the orchid flowers,  
and waited for a friend to come




For hours...

and hours...

and hours.





At last, a little bird came by.  
She looked inside his nest  
then cocked her head as if to say,  
“I’m *really* not impressed.”

“I think orchids **stink!**”

she said. “They always make me sneeze.  
And you need to preen your feathers...  
are those *fruit pips* on your knees?”

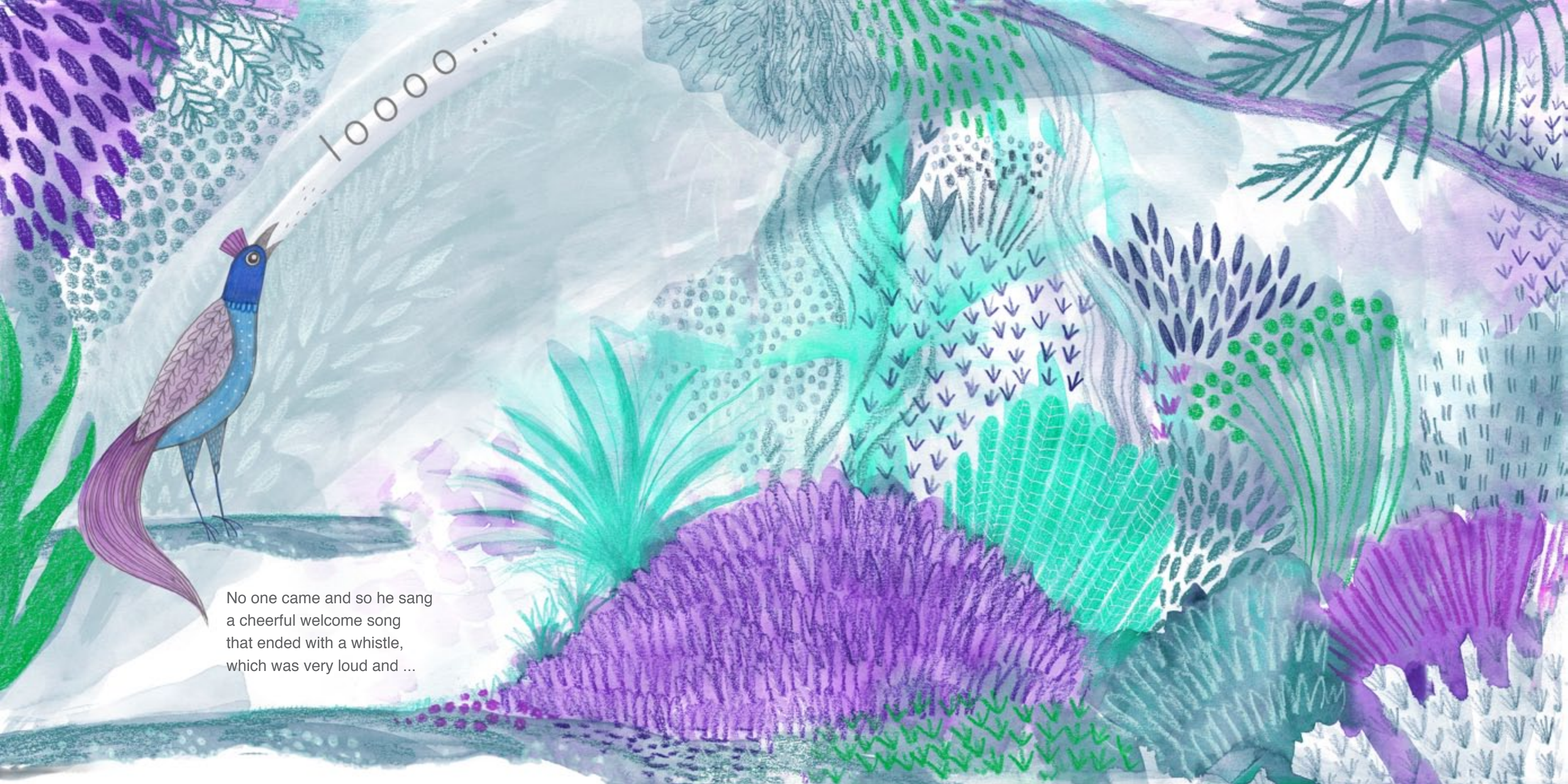
The lonely bird of paradise,  
he prayed that she would...



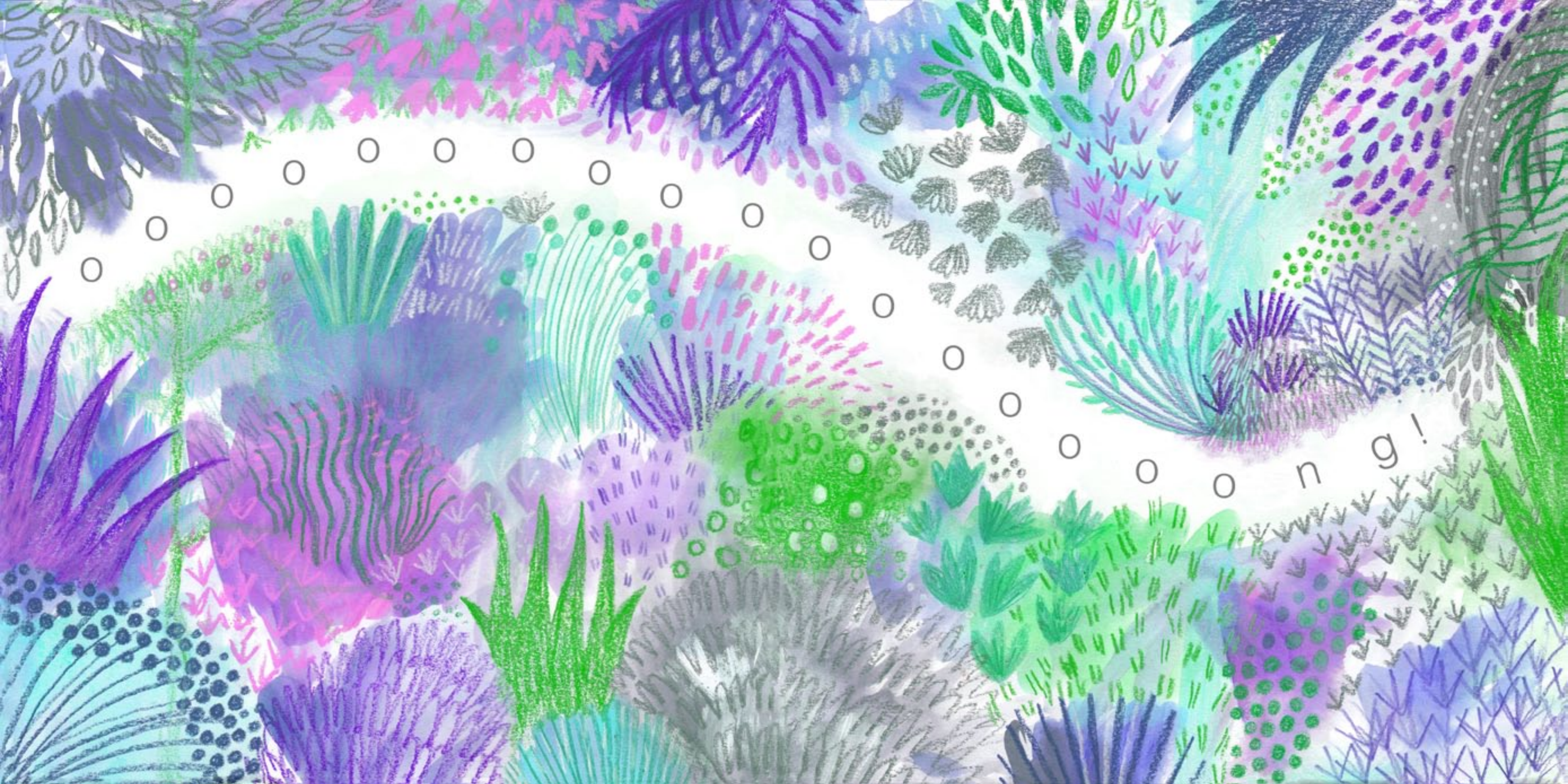
But she simply turned  
her beak up and then...  
she flew away.

stay

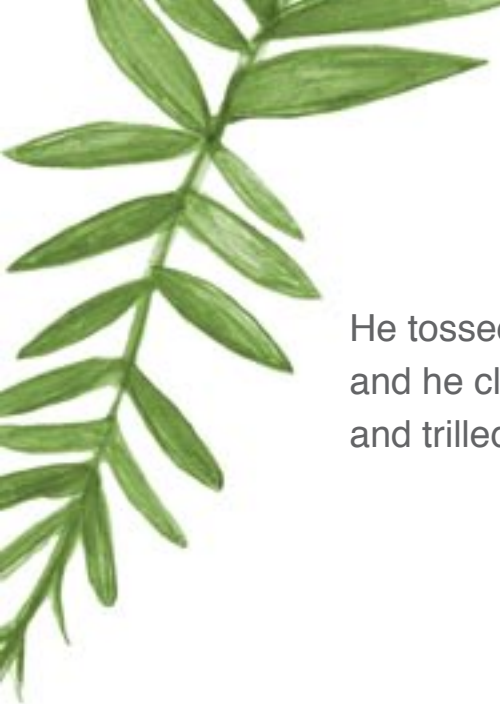




No one came and so he sang  
a cheerful welcome song  
that ended with a whistle,  
which was very loud and ...







He tossed his glossy head back  
and he clacked his curvy beak,  
and trilled, "Tra-la-la-la-la!"



"Whoop...

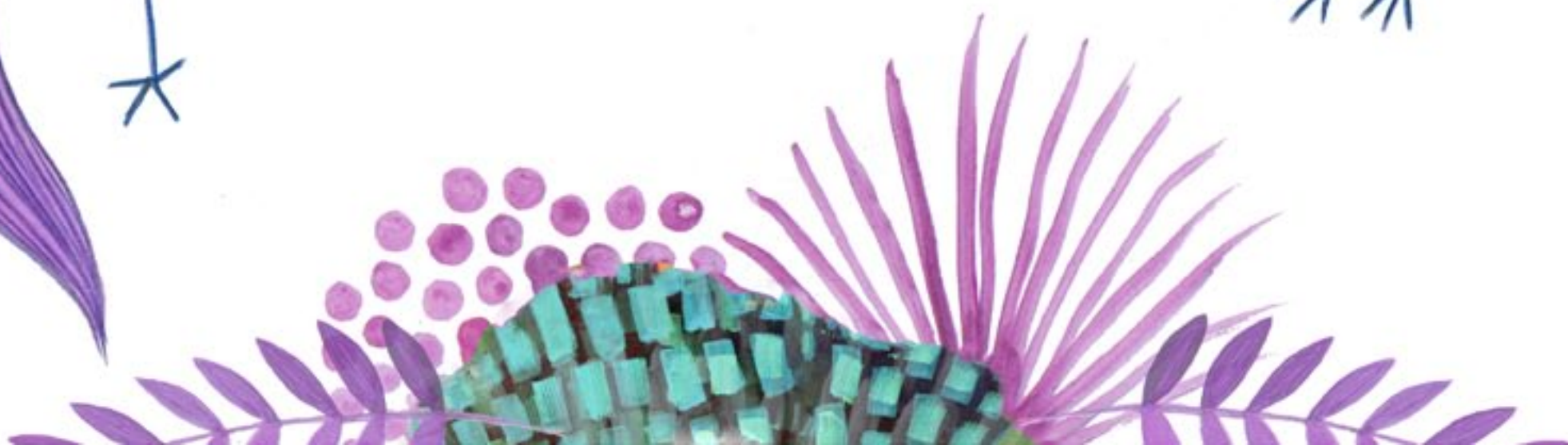
Squawk...

Shriek!"

He waited for an answer,

and he waited...

no reply!





But then *another* little bird  
came swooping through the sky.  
She landed on a mossy branch  
but when she heard him sing...

She covered up her ear holes  
with her head beneath her wing!  
“Don’t you like my voice?” he said.  
“Don’t you like my song?”

“It’s rather... **noisy**,” she replied.  
“The rhythm is all wrong!”



“Please stay!” he cried.


“Don’t go,” he sighed.

“I’ll sing a lullaby.”

“No, no!” she said.

“My ears hurt.”

“I’m sorry, I must fly...”



The one and only lonely bird  
was all alone once more.  
He left his perch and fluttered  
down onto the forest floor.  
He shook his head in sorrow  
and he shed a tear and frowned.  
“I’ll never have a friend,” he sobbed  
and stamped upon the ground.



Left!

Right!

Right!

Left!

He stamped and stamped again.  
He shimmied, fanning out his tail  
to waft away the rain.

He shook his purple plumage  
and he leapt into the air,  
singing,



“No one’s looking, not a soul and...  
maybe I don’t care!”



But...


A little bird was watching him.  
She tweeted,  
“hey, hello!”

“I really like your dance moves  
and the fancy shapes you throw.”  
“I like your song, I love your style,  
you’ve made the perfect nest...”

“Will you be my friend?” she asked.  
“I think you are the *best!*”

The lonely bird stood still and bowed.  
“I’d love a friend like you!” he said.  
“We make the perfect match- *your* knees have fruit pips too!”





Now paradise is twice as nice  
for he's no longer lonely.  
In the end, he found a friend and  
she's his...

One and Only!



