The Pear Who Was the Audience

A rehearsal needs a listener.

A short story to enjoy together



Read slowly. Pause to enjoy the pictures and the words.

The Pear Who Was the Audience

READ TOGETHER

Fox wanted to practise a poem, but everyone was busy. She put a pear on a chair. "You may be my audience," she told it. The pear accepted without argument.

Fox began loudly. "Across the meadow—" She forgot the next line. The pear did not laugh. She checked her paper and began again, a little more slowly.

This time she reached the middle. She looked up at her audience. The pear leaned slightly to one side. "Are you comfortable?" she asked, placing it in a small bowl.

Her brother came in. "Why are you speaking to fruit?" "It is a rehearsal," Fox said. He sat beside the pear. Now she had an audience that might actually ask questions.

The Pear Who Was the Audience

READ TOGETHER

Fox read the whole poem. Her brother said he liked the part about the waving grass, but could not hear the last line. Fox practised that line more clearly.

The pear offered no feedback. This was useful for feeling brave, but less useful for improving the poem. Fox thanked both audience members for their different kinds of help.

At snack time, Mum washed and cut the pear for them. Fox ate a slice. "A very supportive audience," she said. Her brother nodded. "And quite a juicy one."

LET'S TALK

What useful feedback could Fox's brother give that the pear could not?

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