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I have a bird named Bluebelle. She is a silver and blue parakeet. I know she is a girl by the color of the band at the top of her beak. You can also tell how old she is by the bands that are across her head. The closer they are to the beak, the younger she is but as she gets older, they move back farther on her head. My mom says it is kind of like a little old mans receding hairline.

This is how we got her. Before we moved to Arlington, we lived in Vernon. It is a small town with not a whole lot to do on Saturdays, sometimes my mom and I would go to garage sales. Well, on one Saturday, we were at one and didn't see anything we liked but when we were leaving, the lady asked us if we might want some birds. We said sure and she took us in the house to show them to use. There were two parakeets. Bluebelle and then a boy bird that was green and yellow and we named him Limey. We decided to take them both. Limey could bark like a dog. The lady said she thought it was because they were in the house with her two dogs and parakeets can mimic sounds they hear. Limey died before we moved here though. My mom said she went to cover the cage up one night and he way lying in the bottom of the cage face down. Bluebelle was just sitting on her perch looking down at him. We buried him in the backyard. Bluebelle didn't seem that sad about being an "only bird". We wondered if maybe she had pecked poor Limey to death so she wouldn't have to listen to him bark anymore.

Bluebelle is kind of funny to watch sometimes. Some people think birds are boring but if you watch them, they can be funny. There is a cat that comes to our patio sometimes because we set food and milk out for her. When she first started to come up there, Bluebelle would see her and start to squawk a lot and walk real fast back and forth to her perch. When she finally realized that the cat couldn't get here, she quit doing this. Now when the cat comes up there, they just sit and look at each other. I think the cat is trying to figure out how to open the sliding glass door and Bluebelle is probably worried about what she will do if the cat ever can do that.

Another funny story about Bluebelle is that once, my nana was visiting us from Lubbock and she opened the cage to get Bluebelle's water dish out to fill it up. Well, Bluebelle suddenly flew out of the cage and started to fly all over the house. My nana was worried we wouldn't be able to catch her. She finally landed in the kitchen so my nana scooped her up real fast. She bit my nana's hand and kept on biting her until she was back in her cage.

My mom always leaves the tv in the living room on when we are gone during the day because she says it keeps Bluebelle happy to have some noise in the room with her. She likes the country music tv station the best. I guess she likes the singing. My mom says you can always tell if Bluebelle is in a good mood or not by putting your hand on the side of her cage. If she tries to bite you then she is in a bad mood but if she just ignores your hand then she isn't. At night we can tell when Bluebelle is ready to go to sleep because she will get up on her top perch and start to twitter real soft and blink her eyes real slow. That's how we know that her day is over.