

Miracle Bird

Composed by Popeye

My name is Popeye, I'm a male Zebra and I have lived with Char now for over four years. I had a mate, Olive, but she flew the coop and went to live down the street where she met another Zebra and had many babies. You see, we hit it off quite well and we had babies too until I got my leg caught in the cage wire and the vet had to take it. Char, poor thing, was a basket case, crying and all since she really loved me. I couldn't perch any more, so Char fixed up my cage for me so that I could sort of perch with some effort on my bungee swing, plus she had a wide flat perch made for me where I can sit if I want and also drink my water while I'm there. I have a nice wicker nest that I sleep in at night, so as you can see, I really am quite comfortable.

Last year, I don't know what happened, but I got my one and only leg caught in a string that was in my nest where I sleep. I was hanging there frantically trying to free myself, I was near exhaustion and my leg was turning blue, when Char's son, Larry, heard me helplessly thrashing around and he rescued me. You can imagine how relieved I was. My leg was really bad and Char thought it was the end of me since I couldn't even move it. I sat huddled in the corner of my cage on the floor, I must have looked pitiful because Char said, "He's had it". She put a light on my cage and covered it to warm me up. She was checking on me all the time, but it was days before I could get around again, boy I was glad because I heard Char say that she was going to take me to the vet where I would go to 'birdie heaven' if I didn't get well. That really worried me, so I tried even harder to get better, and I did. Char calls me her 'miracle bird', I guess I am.

I love Char and I try to show her by always greeting her with my songs and chirps when she comes into the bird room.

Char wanted me to go to the Bird Club meeting coming up, but after giving it some thought, I decided not to. I really don't want people to feel sorry for me, nor do I wish to be a spectacle. Char says anyone can come and visit me though. In the meantime, I am taking better care of myself because I sure don't want another accident, you know what they say, "three strikes and you're out!".

Typed by Char Leigh

for my little Miracle Bird, Popeye