

Unwanted

Grade 3-4

I did not ask for the squawking. I did not ask for the name calling, nor did I ask for him. That dumb, annoying parrot. Apparently, Grandma has been teaching it to say some unkind words. Mom says to keep it in my room so it can't run away, but I *want* it to run away. I would be pleased to see it fly away, to hear quiet when I sleep. I've argued with my parents many times, but it's always settled with "take care of it for now." We all know that means forever. It *is* pretty. Its red, blue, and yellow feathers gleam in the sunlight. When there is no sun, his feathers dull.

Today, against my better judgement, Mom said to take it outside to play in the snow. *Sigh* It felt like a T.A.S.K. (Mom's way of saying chores.) I was so hesitant. Reluctantly I brought him out. I instantly sighed. Then gasped. I was amazed. Who knew he was so beautiful in the snow. He immediately started rolling in the white, fluffy, blanket of snow. He made a snowman that was shaped like a parrot. I started to question why I hated him so much. He was so cute there, in the snow. I put on his little scarf and hat I made for my doll a day ago. Now, he stopped shivering and made 10 little snowmen. I will Not confirm that I helped him. I will always deny it. Even now, I could see that I was starting to grow to like him. Even... Love him.

The days went on. I loved him so much more than I ever had. We made snowmen and read together. I even taught him basic math and science. At night he would fall asleep on the bed. He loved me and I loved him.

One, sad, blustery Friday, he flew away. I cried. I wouldn't get out of bed on Saturday or Sunday. As 20 days passed on, his little snowmen began to melt. I cried then too.

5 years passed. I nearly forgot about my parrot (I named him Sam.). I heard some scratching behind the door. It was him. "Sam!" my 16-year-old self-cried. This happy, blustery Friday was the best one yet.