

Good Things Come Covered in Feathers

By Suzy Hopkins

When I moved into my first apartment after college, my boyfriend's mother gave me a parakeet. Ever since, I have had a pet bird. Lots of years and several kinds of birds later, I moved from California in early October 2012. I bought a tiny travel-cage for my Zebra Finch named Porgy. They are known as fragile birds so I was careful to carry the cage with me in and out of restaurants and the motel in Nevada where the weather was 99 degrees. The next day, when we got to Grand Junction, it was snowing. I had only my tank top, shorts and sandals. Luckily I keep a warm coat in my car for emergencies. A draft can kill a finch so I covered the cage with my jacket until we finally got to Denver where it was in the 70's.

This tough little guy (he weighs one ounce) survived the 1,185 mile trip. However, he was silent when we got to my condo since there are no birdfeeders. I had six birdfeeders outside my condo in Sacramento that entertained him all day. Porgy slowly learned to sing to the TV or when I'm talking on the phone. He chirps joyously every night at 9:30 and coos when I put him to bed. My fine feathered friend is a cheerful addition to my life.