

Green Bird
By Ruby G.

Chapter 1

“Whatchu askin’ your folks for for your birthday, Phil?”, David asked. Phil was having a normal day, one like any other in his normal life. His normal body with normal brown hair was just going through the motions when ol’ Dave asked that question. Though somehow, despite the calm energy he possessed all day, Phil began to scream and run like he was competing in the olympics for the last time. “My birthdaaaayyyyyy!!!!”, he shouted. Stomping down the sidewalk, the fifteen year old was begging for disgusted glances. Still shouting with pure pleasure, Phillip grabbed Mr. Woodman’s grand oak tree and swung around like his *fourth* birthday was coming up. “Wowie Philly, calm down”, Dave advised. “For my birthday I want a 2019 Ferrari Darkness with wheels that ride like marshmallows and the kind of rumble that erupts from the belly of a lion and the paint job that says ‘Phillip’s here, pull out of the way’ to all other vehicles that dare to compare to me and my very own car!”, said the boy who was so excited it made his friend run down the block to get away from the lunatic named Phil. Though his friend ditched him out of sheer terror, Phillip didn’t care an ounce. He had something fabulous to look forward to.

Chapter 2

The beautiful tweeting of a beautiful bird is the noise only the luckiest of people wake up to. This was the case for Phillip on his sixteenth birthday, yet he was not lucky at all. He woke up with hatred in his heart. Hatred for the innocent parakeet in a cage on his desk that produced the chirp to make him rise with the day. The parakeet was the worst birthday present of his life. Even worse than the “How To Talk To Girls” book he got last year, because this birthday was supposed to be special. Phillip worked long hours to bring more money into the house, stayed up every night working to receive straight As, and volunteered hours at the local animal shelter to show his parents he was all grown up. From all this though, his parents did not think to get him a car, even a dirt cheap one, they decided to get him a pet of his own, not even a dog, a tiny fragile parakeet. With all the money Phil earned, his parents bought all the supplies the bird needed for its whole life. He wouldn’t have to lift another finger to take care of it. But insane at the time, foggy-headed and packed up tight with resentment and disgust, Philip threw away all the birdseed and supplies the poor thing needed. He tossed it into river behind his house. He came inside and picked up the expensive cage containing the bright green parakeet. “You aren’t good enough for me, nasty little thing”, Phil declared to the bird. “Twweet!”, she responded. Phil carried the gift to his basement and left it there. Alone. The house was silent for days after that. His parents were ashamed they couldn’t make their sixteen year old happy. They were so sad, they didn’t notice Philip’s present was starving in the basement. Shrinking by the minute.

Chapter 3

Kicking a rock down the sidewalk on his way to the animal shelter (he was still signed up to volunteer for a month and his parents wouldn’t let him quit) our birthday boy was clinging on

to disappointment like it was the last ticket Hamilton. Minutes of moping later, he reached the animal shelter and slumped in. He slouched into the lobby, signed in, and made his way around back to the animals. Tens of rows of tens of kennels filled the expanse of the tiled room. Great Danes and Labradors ruffed happily at the arrival of Phil, their favorite volunteer. Phil ignored the pups. Macy, the woman who ran the shelter greeted him and questioned his gloomy attitude. Philip shrugged in response. Macy's brown ponytail whipped back and forth as she talked. "Well then, Philly, we'll have to cheer you up! Meet our newest addition to the shelter family, Katie!" Macy unlocked a kennel and a skinny Border Collie hopped out and spun around Phil. He couldn't help but drop to his knees to laugh and play with the energetic puppy. "Yes, Phil, I knew that'd do the trick!", Macy stated. "She is so happy go lucky, even though she was skin and bones when we found her last week. An owner had put her in a basement and plain left. The neighbors didn't see him leave with the dog and called police. Animal control came and found Katie starving alone. She must have been there for weeks. Who would do such a thing?" Phil froze. His body was still, but his mind was running all over the place. All his actions punched him in the stomach. He had forgotten about his unwanted present. Left her alone for 2 days. Phil told Macy he had an emergency and ran out of the back. He darted to the bird section and grabbed a bag of food. He rushed out the front doors and all the way home. He decided it was better to be a thief than a murderer.

Chapter 4

Clicking on the basement light, with the stolen bag of food in his arms, Phil saw a green bird in a cage. A living green bird. Crying with joy, he gave the skinny parakeet a handful of food after ripping the big bag open with his bare hands. She needed water too. Phillip grabbed a tiny cup off the floor and filled it up with water from a rusty sink. It would do for now. "Oh you little survivor, he said aloud. I don't deserve you". He let the bird eat and drink then picked her up gleefully. She was the best birthday present he ever got in his normal life.