

“Rainbow, come on girl, come back! Please, please come back!”  
I knew my screams were useless, as she flew out the window  
and into the night.

“Honey”, my mom leaned in quietly to speak in my ear, “I’m  
sorry but she’s gone.”

And even though in my heart I knew it was true, I just couldn’t accept it.  
“Please come back,” I whispered sadly, wishing she could hear.

That Thanksgiving had started out as a great day, my extended family  
were visiting and enjoying a good time. My dad was in the process  
of assembling a wooden cabinet, perspiration glistening on his forehead.  
“Keara, open the window, it’s boiling in here!” he finally cried.

“Sure thing Dad!” as I leaped to let some fresh air in.

“I’m just going to find some more bird seed,” my mom called as she  
marched out of the room. But no one noticed that she had accidentally  
left the cage door ajar.

“Let’s get some music going in here!” one of my cousins sang out.  
I turned the radio on to my favourite station and let the music pound  
in our ears. As the chorus to one of my favourite Bruce Guthro songs  
came to the lines, “And she flew out the open window,” as if on cue, a  
small white blur zoomed around our heads and soared into the sky.

“Oh!” I screamed startled.

“Do you think she will come back?” Dad wondered questioningly.

“They said she’ll come back. I said sorry, I don’t think so.” Bruce  
sang out of our stereo, answering our questions without knowing.

Quietly we finished the day, with each of us lost in our own thoughts  
and memories of that unforgettable Thanksgiving.

Organization

Ideas - Beginning

Ideas –  
Chronological  
series of events

Organization

Ideas

Voice

Word Choice

Sentence Fluency

Conventions