

“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