

BLUEY'S DILEMNA by Judi Billcliff

Aunty Beryl gave us a budgie,
Bluey was his name.
But he had a deep dark secret
That was any budgie's shame.

Flying is what birds do,
But try with all his might
It seemed that our poor Bluey
Was terrified of heights.

"That's ridiculous," said Dad
Climbing on the chair,
Flapping his arms like crazy
Launching himself in the air.

"This is how you do it,
Come on Bluey," we heard Dad roar.
He was impressive for a second
Till he landed on the floor.

My brother said, "He's no fun
He doesn't even talk.
Mum said, "Sam, we're all different,
And our bird prefers to walk!"

One day Bluey started flapping
When the cat gave him a fright,
And our budgie soon discovered
He did have the gift of flight.

Now there's no stopping Bluey -
He's even learnt to talk.
"Bluey is a thrill seeker,"
Is what you hear him squawk.

