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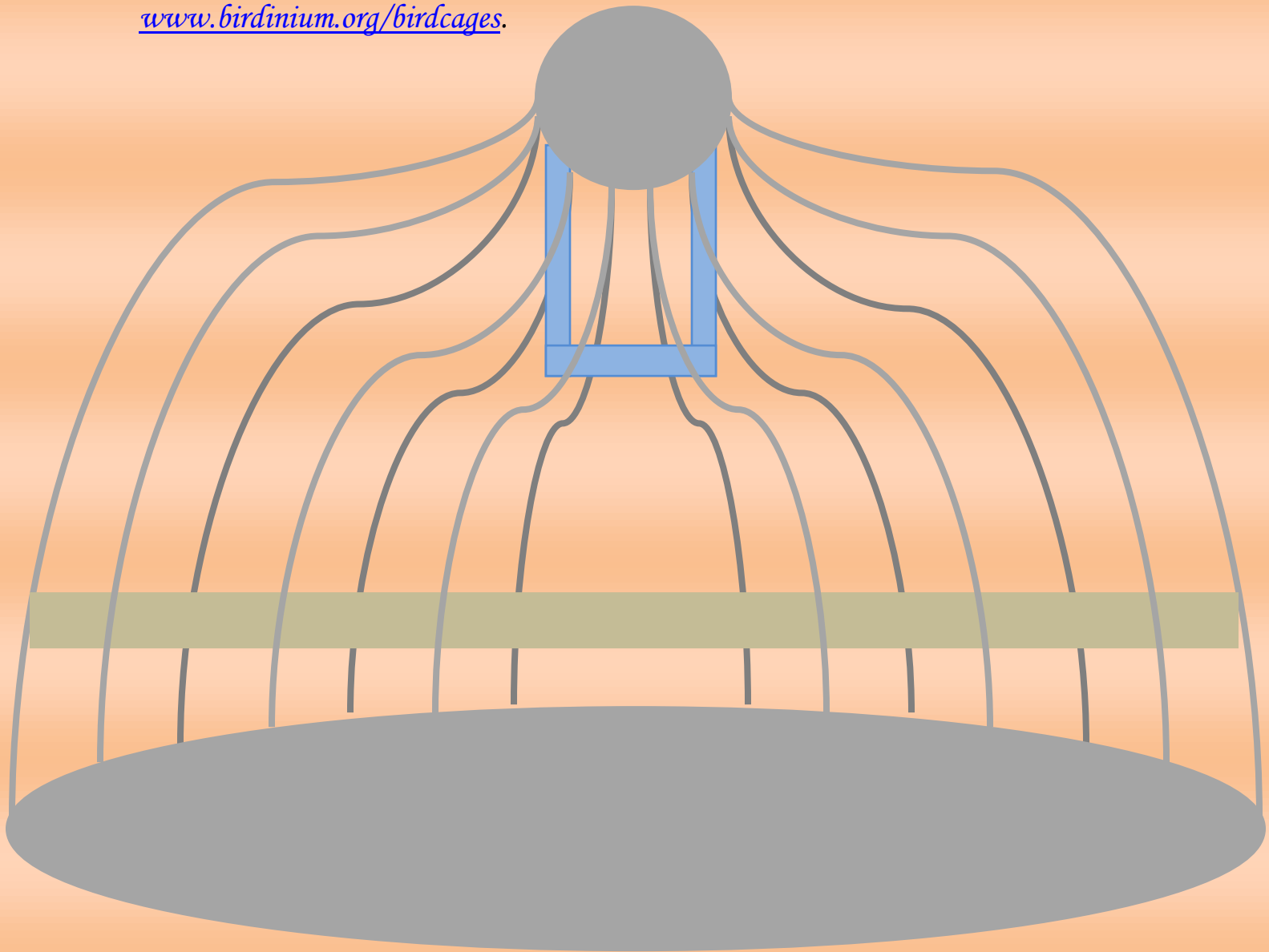
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Birdinium Bird Cages

By: Jasmine Jacobsen

These bird cages are the most comfortable cages available for birds. Hey, birds deserve to be comfortable, too! The cages are made from a newly discovered type of metal: Birdinium. Birdinium is found in trees that thrive in tropical rainforests, so it is from a bird's natural habitat. Birdinium is a very malleable type of metal, and is actually not rare, but hard to extract from the trees. As one of the most malleable metals known to man, Birdinium provides a great place for you bird to live in.

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Bird

Supplies

By: Casey Harvey



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- ❧ This new food is packed with DHA Omega-6 and healthy supplements.
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LETTER FROM

Dear Readers:

It has been a great pleasure to write this magazine and it has been really reassuring to read your feedback about my magazine. Editing *Good Bird* has also been an amazing experience and I hope to hear more feedback from my readers in the future.

My favorite part about writing and editing my magazine is reading the letters to the editor and read how much all my readers enjoyed my magazine. A funny part about writing this letter is that my computer shut down suddenly and I lost my entire letter. Mistakes were made, but I learned that I should save often or turn auto save on. I forget a lot and I often forget to save.

Some of the articles that I wrote were really fun and I lost a couple final copies due to my computer shutting down and I had to redo some of my work. Remind me to take a sludge hammer and smash that computer after I get a new one.

My favorite part about writing for magazines is that when I create ads, I can go full out with creativity and imagination whenever I get assigned to make a new ad. My favorite ad that I made was my sharpie ad in *Classy*.

I've always had an eye for parrots and other avian species. Parrots always fascinated me in so many ways and the main feature that caught my eye is their color. I currently have one parrot named Plinko, he is my sun conure. Sun conures are from South America and I adopted Plinko from Roseberry Bird Rescue in Neenah, WI.

My first bird that I had as a pet was Fluffy, a small blue parakeet. I also have another parakeet named Star. Later on when I turned eleven, I bought Cocoa, a beautiful cockatiel with a beautiful voice and very affectionate. Cocoa was my best buddy since the moment I bought her up to the day she died. I was heartbroken when I found

her dead on March 21, 2014, but I know I gave her a wonderful life and I'm sure she was very happy when I brought her home. She was the best bird anyone could ask for and more.

Two weeks after Cocoa had passed; I adopted Plinko to be my new buddy. It was really depressing without Cocoa in the house because she would screech for me whenever I got home from school or been gone for a day. Cocoa would be really stubborn whenever I went on vacation for a week and she was alone. She would avoid me and be jealous by not letting me pick her up.

Plinko has been a really promising bird since I adopted him. He will talk to me and say good morning, good boy, step up, and hi. However, he is more talkative towards my mother because his previous owner was about her age and he loves middle-aged women. Plinko was not abused in the past and he is not nervous at all except for new objects such as glow sticks. Plinko would also give kisses by clicking and metaphorically licking you.

When I put the cover over his cage at night, I would lift up the cover and he would quietly say hi and give quiet kisses. He does not like his cage cover and whenever I try to put it over the cage, he would growl and hit his head up against the cage bars to try to threaten the cover away. That brings me to his anger issues. When he would get really mad, he would screech as loud as he can into your ear and that's a reason why I have hearing problems. He loves to get scratched on the head and talked to.

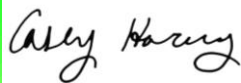
Plinko's favorite food is none other than the peanut. He gladly accepts any peanut that I give him and he demolishes the shell. He also likes to take baths in his water dish when I get him fresh water and he splashes the water everywhere, even on my window and table.

Whenever he eats, he tries to get as many seeds on the ground as possible

THE EDITOR

because he thinks it's funny. Well, he is wrong and whenever I clean it up, he laughs at me and I just give a gentle blow of air on the head. Plinko is truly a bird for me and my family. Over the last month, he was bonded with my family and has become a member of this family and he will show his affection to us with kisses or laughs. Plinko is a silly, yet a very good bird.

Sincerely,



Casey Harvey
Editor in Chief, *Good Bird*



Dear Editor:

The magazine I bought from you called *Good Bird* was great to read. It taught me how to teach my parrot to talk. So I went to buy a rainbow colored parrot and named it Polly. Polly was easy to train to talk but it was a little hard to teach her how to stop talking. If people love talking birds, then they should read *Good Bird*.

When I read the section about how to train your bird to be a companion it worked with by bird. Now Polly and I are great companions. I liked reading this magazine about parrots. I think people should buy this magazine if they are a bird or animal person.

Sincerely,

Rebecca Kamke
Hortonville, New York

Dear Rebecca:

I am so happy that you enjoyed my magazine. I am happy to hear that Polly learned from the latest issue of *Good Bird* and I hope that you keep reading my magazine and I hope that Polly keeps learning from *Good Bird*.

Sincerely,

Casey Harvey
Hortonville, Wisconsin

Dear Editor:

I am in love with your magazine and in love with parrots. It has given my many helpful hints of how to take care of my parrot, Dot. Your magazine also has many wonderful quizzes that I enjoy. Thanks to your magazine I know what kind of food to feed my Dot, what kind of medicine to give, and how to keep the cage clean and him happy. I even did a report on parrots this year for school and used your magazine to write it! I love all the fun stories and information.

Sincerely,

Emily Jezeski
Hortonville, Wisconsin

Dear Emily:

I'm glad to hear that you love my magazine! I'm also glad to hear that you found the right food for Dot. Enjoy the next issues of *Good Bird* in the future.

Sincerely,

Casey Harvey
Hortonville, WI



Where do Parrot Live?

By: Cameron White

Parrots! The animal which lives mostly in rain forest areas. The main habitat they live in is a rain forest. They can also be pets living in your homes.

Your house must be warm but not too warm, but not too warm, their heads will explode, that is why they are so delicate. If you have the temperature too cold, they will freeze to death. It is such a tragedy. They will come back to life as a zombie and eat your brains out.

So go out and visit them in the rain forest, you may have mosquito bites everywhere and have some sort of foreign disease, but at least you get a once in a life time experience. You will also see numerous poisonous snakes on your adventure. Every single one will bite as soon as they can catch a whiff of you. That is a small price to pay for fun, but it will be worth the once in a lifetime chance to see these birds in action.

There are also a couple bad things about parrots. They have explosive dysentery that explodes on contact to anything except air. It is like a natural bird grenade. They also have laser eyes so they can cut through the dense rainforest canopy. Sometimes they like to shoot their lasers at people just for fun.

The parrots are nice but as soon as you make them mad is when you have to run. When they get really mad at a person, they turn into the predator and start hunting you. You will not survive, even if you have seen the Predator movies. These so majestic creatures will hunt you down with such grace that once you die you will die with jazz hands.

Once you are dead they will bring you to their nest and use your insides as food and your body as a house. As soon as they take your skull out of your corpse. They will show your heads off as trophies

and whichever bird has the best skull, the other birds attack it.

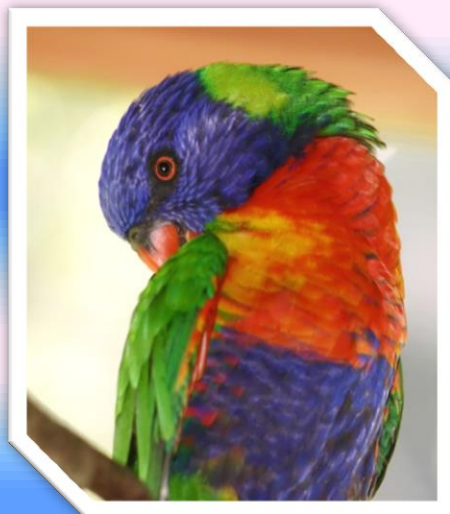
Go to the rain forest to see them in their natural habitat. Where they are full of deadlines. Go before your time runs out and you explode too. HAVE FUN! ☺



Parrots word search

Z	B	Z	A	P	P	L	E	S	Z
B	R	B	L	P	W	E	F	G	V
F	I	Z	C	A	R	R	O	T	S
Z	D	Z	C	R	V	B	I	U	P
T	A	L	K	R	G	J	H	K	E
Z	Z	M	C	O	R	Z	G	L	A
F	R	E	A	T	H	E	R	D	K
W	I	Z	G	S	Q	W	E	R	R

1. Birds
2. Carrots
3. Parrots
4. Wings
5. Talk
6. Speak
7. Feathers
8. Apples
9. corn



By: Nici Breitrick

Parrot Co.



- Specializes in all-parrot pet sales
 - Sells variety of parrots
 - All birds affordable price
 - Sells food and items that your bird will love
- Call at 678-7845

By: Adam Reimer

Parrots

By: Garrett Klosterman

Parrots are quite a magnificent wonder of life. They can talk by repeating words, and are very intelligent. Parrots can be a person's best friend or worst enemy. A parrot can be your best friend by being your companion and talking to you, or be your enemy by not leaving you alone and mimicking every word you say.

Once upon a time, there was a white parrot named Morry. She lived in a big house with her owner Hillary. She was quite the bird, she could practically be considered human! She listens to her name, and talk to her owner like person. She's a very interesting bird.

One time, Morry's owner Hillary went on a trip. Hillary was traveling to Europe to visit the Eiffel tower. Morry didn't want her owner to leave, she missed her very much. After Hillary was gone for about a day and a half, Morry needed to see her. So she flew out of the house through the window and started flying. She flew miles and miles; drinking out of puddles and snatching up food out of people's hands. When she got to the ocean, she had to stop and think. She didn't know how it was possible for her to fly all the way across an ocean. So Morry hitched a ride on a plane, by hiding in someone's suitcase at the airport. It was about a 45 hour airplane ride, and Morry was very cramped up in the suitcase, and also hungry and very thirsty. So she thought it would be good to try and sneak out of the suitcase she was in and find something to drink and eat. Right when she crawled out of the suitcase, she was practically right in the face of a flight attendant. The flight attendant screamed and dropped her tray of food. Morry was so hungry that she landed on the floor and started eating the food that the flight

attendant dropped. She barely got to have a few bites before someone grabbed her.

As soon as she left the ground, Morry knew she was in trouble. Before she knew it, she was rushed into the back room. There were a few flight attendants and some random people there. None of could figure out what kind of bird she was. Morry was talking to them and telling them to release her, but they still couldn't figure it out. They thought she was a very strange animal; especially because of the fact that she could talk. Her thought she was an ocean animal, so she was released from the airplane and dropped right into the ocean. Morry floated through the air for a few seconds, and before she could fly away, hit the water. The water was kind of chilly, but refreshing after that hot stuffy ride inside the suitcase. Also, she was very relieved to know that she wouldn't go thirsty with all this water, until she tried it. She didn't know that the water was salt water! She knew she couldn't drink the water; it would just make her dehydrated and sick with all the salt in it. Morry couldn't really swim well, so she had to practice a little before she could take off into the air. She had to jump up high out of the water, so she would have enough room to flap her wings and fly. She could not jump high enough to fly. She couldn't figure out what to do, until an idea popped into her head. She had to have a harder surface to jump off of. So she waited and waited. Finally, the moment arose. A gigantic whale was swimming by, so Morry swam on top of it and hitched a ride for a while. After she shook out her feathers, she was ready to fly. So she crouched, and jumped. She flapped her wings and flew off of the whales back. All the salty mist in the air caused for a rough fly, but she still made it. She flew all the way to the European border. Morry flew right past the border control and flew straight to the Eiffel tower to see Hillary. She flew to the bottom, but didn't see her.

So she zipped all the way to the top, to find Hillary. She was very surprised to see her beloved parrot.



Parrot Co.



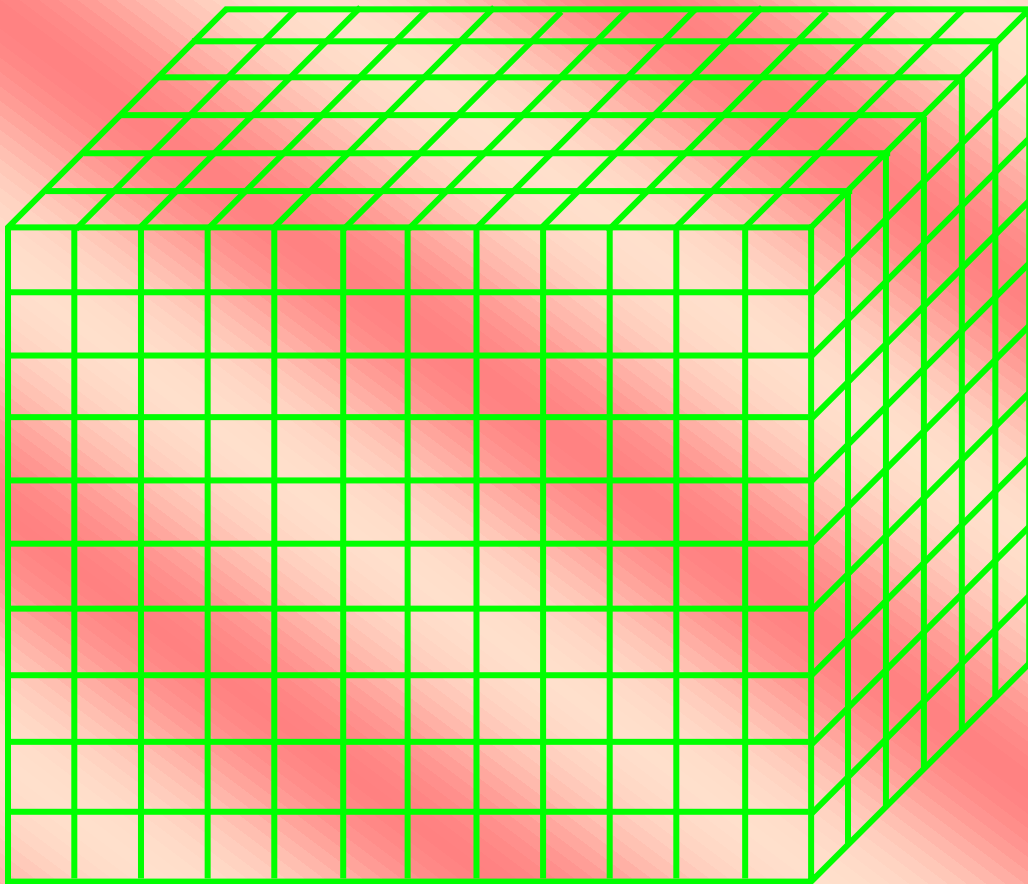
- Specializes in all-parrot pet sales
 - Sells variety of parrots
 - All birds affordable price
 - Sells food and items that your bird will love
- Call at 678-7845

By: Adam Reimer

Get the New and Improved Portable Bird Pen

Reasons to get the new and improved portable bird pen

- o Can be used inside and outside
- o Comes in many different colors including camouflage
- o Can house all different types of birds and other animals
- o You can build it so that it has many floors



Parrot Horror Story

By: Bailey Cichon

When I was seven years old, I lived in a big house on the east coast with my parents and my older brother Wade. We had a pet parrot named Mickey Joe as well to aid us in our play time. We called Mickey Joe MJ for short. Wade and I taught MJ how to fly and come when he was called. We thought that we were very clever teaching our pet bird new tricks. We taught him how to say our names. Soon after he would call my name when he wanted to be fed or let out. MJ's diet was peculiar for a bird. Sure, he liked bird seed and sun flower seeds. But, he also liked to go hunting for mice. His favorite treat was mice, and when he finished one of his hunts and returned to his cage we'd find blood on the floor of the spare bedroom we kept him in.

As months passed, MJ's prey grew. He started to kill not only mice but cats, rabbits, and even small dogs. We had to get rid of MJ when he attacked our neighbor Alex. He escaped from the pet store three days after we took him back. Wade thinks that the owner let him go because he couldn't stand his bloody tastes. MJ started to leave dead mice on our door step. Soon, even his sacrifices turned in to cats and rabbits. That meant that a cat or dog was small prey to him; something that he could give up. My dad and Wade decided that they need to hunt down MJ and murder him for the better of the small animal population. Even though I was prohibited to join the hunt by my mother, I snuck out with my father and Wade to track down the evil bird that we once called 'MJ'.

My father, the brave man he was, led us to the forest on the edge of town. We climbed through the thick brush to Pine's Peak. Pine's Peak was the tall hill that acted as a wall to our town against the Atlantic Ocean. Even a small tumble down Pine's

Peak could lead you to the thrashing waves. There was a small group of three trees on top of Pine's Peak. Blood stained grass lay ahead of us as we trekked to the top of Pine's Peak. My father gave me a baseball bat to protect myself. It was MJ's hunting hour and a small child like me was viable prey. As we came closer and closer the blood trail became thicker. Fur, Feathers, and even limbs lay at the bottom of the three trees. One was hollow and the bodies of MJ's victims were being stored in there for winter. Then, MJ spoke. "Jenna, Jenna." He said my name! "Jenna! Mouse! Jenna, seeds! Jenna, death, sorrow, you, body, in. my. Tree!" I clung to my brother's arm like it was the only thing that could protect me. I clenched my baseball bat in my right hand, prepared to swing at anything with a sudden movement. Then, he appeared from nowhere on a branch of the middle tree.

"I'm not afraid of you!" I said, raising the bat up towards him.

"Well you should be. Do you know how many humans I have killed let alone the number of animals?" he asked, trying to scare. This bird was no longer my pet that I adored. This bird was a monster. And I was prepared to destroy him.

"Wait hold on, Mickey Joe." said Wade. "You have killed humans?"

"Yes, two of them! Little Annabelle Garthis, the one who gave you trouble on the playground last week Jenna? Yeah, I killed her. Wade, do you remember when Logan Wayet ate your sandwich and you beat him up? Well, I beat him up too. Bad. Knocked him out and he never came back up."

"Wait, uh, MJ? How did you know about Logan taking my sandwich? I never told anybody about that." asked Wade suspiciously.

"Well, when you go to school, a few hours later, I unlock my cage, and then I sit up in one of the trees on the playground.

And I watch my owners play..." Then MJ flew down from the branch he was perched on. He hovered in front of me. I took my chance. I swung and hit the evil parrot out of the sky. His lifeless body tumbled down the side of Pine's Peak. We stood there in silence for about two minutes. Then, my father took the bat from me.

"Well, he's gone." said my Dad. "Well, let's look at what he stored for winter."

"Ew! There's like, deer in there!" I said. I touched the horns of a buck. Then, I heard a slight flapping noise. I turned around startled and ducked. MJ was not dead. And guess what? I wasn't either. I was going to kill this bird. My dad threw the bat at him. It hit him in the head but he stayed in a slight hover. I ran to retrieve the bat, but it rolled down the side of Pine's Peak. Wade tried to capture MJ in a potato sack. MJ took a bite at Wade's nose. Wade's nose started to bleed instantly. My dad tried to hit MJ with another baseball bat but that one flew in to the ocean. Wade was the only one with a weapon. It was a bucket.

"Son why did you grab a bucket?" yelled my dad who was being attacked by MJ.

"It can carry dead mice! It's my offering to MJ." MJ perked up at the mention of mice. Wade tossed the bucket into the ocean. MJ laughed.

"I'm not a stupid bird. I'm NOT a stupid bird!" MJ flew at my father and Wade. They ducked and lost their balance. My father grabbed on to MJ and pulled him down with you. My father fell into the Atlantic Ocean. I grabbed on to Wade's hand and pulled him on to the top of the hill.

"Dad!" I screamed. "Dad! Are you okay?" There was no answer. That was when I realized that MJ wasn't a parrot. He wasn't really an animal. He was a vampire. MJ was a vampire and he killed my father.



Narwhal Invasion

By: Jacob DeZeeuw

The Beginning of the End

Citizens of the Earth, I regret to inform you that the time has come. Narwhals have been coming onto land in great numbers and slaying people all over the world. We are expected to be able to hold off the animals for another month until they have killed us all. The invasion started in Antarctica when a group of about twenty narwhals brutally attacked some scientists researching near the South Pole. The scientists fought back with their tools of science but lost the fight quickly to the large herd of narwhals.

From there the narwhals took their power up to the coast of South Africa gaining new narwhal supporters along the way. They invaded Cape Town in a group of 350 narwhals and killed every citizen there. They gradually worked their way up Africa gaining more narwhals every mile. By the time they landed on the shore of Italy about 500 tanks were waiting for them. The narwhals defeated these tanks by skewing their long horns through the tank's turret. Only one narwhal was killed in that battle, but every tank was destroyed.

By this time, the world was alert of this great threat and began developing new weapons to defeat these powerful creatures. The narwhals have increased their army size to 80,000 and began their attack on Asia. The remaining Asian countries gathered their armies to defend their land and people from the vicious narwhals. This battle between narwhals and the people of Asia lasted two months. The narwhals came out of it with an overwhelming victory. For every narwhal lost, 200,000 people were killed. Every citizen of Asia was killed in this brutal battle. When Asia collapsed the Earth's economies and governments had collapsed as well, and the remainder of the

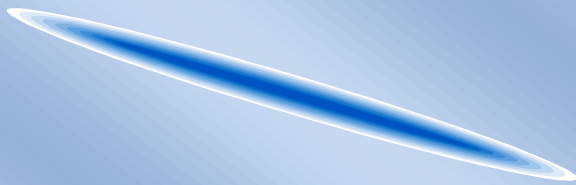
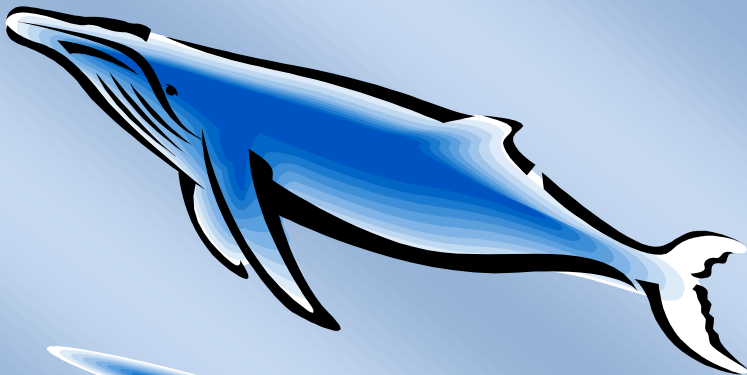
human world was being run by one army. This unified army contains the militaries of North and South America. Every available weapon and person joined together to defend their land and the human race from those vicious narwhals that destroyed a majority of the human race. The narwhals began their attack of the Americas on South America. 200,000 narwhals attacked South America's shores that day and not one was lost. 200,000 narwhals killed every human stationed in South America.

So Long, Fellow Humans

Here we stand, defending the last territory that the humans still have control over, North America. We are expected to be able to defend our last land for one month, before roughly 200,000 vicious narwhals render the human race extinct. The humans occupied almost all of the Earth for thousands of years, and now a large group of narwhals were able to take all of our land and make the most powerful species on Earth extinct. Every human being in North America is helping out in the war effort in some way, whether it is producing weapons or ammunition, or fighting on the front line.

100,000 narwhals are on each of North America's shore's waiting for the final battle in the narwhal war. The massive army waiting for attack in the Pacific Ocean is expected to work its way through North America and meet the Atlantic crew in the center of the continent. We are doing what we can to hold off our inevitable death for as long as we can by stationing ships, aircraft, and tanks on our shores to slow this massive narwhal invasion. There is no longer hope of stopping it, but we wish to hold our precious land for as long as possible. The narwhals were estimated to have only lost about 50, whereas the humans will lose all seven billion. For as many wars that we have had in our short human history, it seemed more likely that we would kill ourselves off, or destroy the environment so badly that we

could no longer live than death by a large herd of narwhals. We have invented so much and have gone on so many great adventures. We have gone to the moon, invented cars and planes. It is hard to think that a group of ugly creatures from the ocean of all places could kill off this civilization. I wish you luck in your defense of the human race, we had a good run.



Parrot's Word Search!

P Q W E R T Y U I O P A S D F F R I E N D L Y
A L G H J K C O K A T I E L S L Z X C V B N M
R S A D F U R Y T K L R T D R G N M E R F W L
R B N Y M L T F G R E H I L A R I O U S N Q B
O A S D F F G H J K L Q E W T U E Y I P O B Z
T X Z N C U C O L O R F U L B V O N E R B O R
F S S G H U L I K B N A S F I O P J E E F L X
T U R K R U Q E R F E A G T H K M V V B A D Q
P Z V W E B P E T S R Q A W E T R I Y U O P L
O L K J H G F D S A M E N B V C T X Z P H G F
P E S M A R T F B T R H C Q A I S C F T I P S
U G U T C A R A T C A T V A K N T Z J L Y W R
L Y N A T M I R K A Y G Q L Q D A A D I M Q S
A R S V I I C T L P A R A K E E T S U P U G T
R F E E V T K G Q W D T Z O G A B Q T L N U O
H I T R E I S H W T A T S P H S Y R D I E I P
I G S N O N I M A C A W A L J G H T L T D T E
D A G S N G D J E U F D Q H K O J R Y H A E D
E L O V E B I R D S H A Y Y D L A F I N D J S
S A S Y W Q A Z X V I S I C U D D L Y K H A M

<i>Active</i>	<i>Bold</i>	<i>Cockatiels</i>	<i>Colorful</i>	<i>Creative</i>
<i>Cuddly</i>	<i>Darlings</i>	<i>Friendly</i>	<i>Hilarious</i>	<i>Lovebirds</i>
<i>Macaw</i>	<i>Parakeets</i>	<i>Parrot</i>	<i>Pets</i>	<i>Playful</i>
<i>Popular</i>	<i>Smart</i>	<i>Talkative</i>	<i>Tricks</i>	

By: Morgan Gerseeth

Harvey's Parrot Diapers For the Untrained

By: Thailyr Luangpraseuth

HURRY WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!



Are you tired of cleaning up all that bird poop? All that stink and stickiness? Then Harvey's Parrot Diapers are the product for you. The diapers catch and hold all the doo-doo and all you have to do is go coo-coo when you look at the funny way your parrot looks!

Call 1-800-HPD-7868 or go online @
www.harveysparrot diapers.com

Parrots and Their Habitats and Instincts

By: Michael Saari

Parrots live in forests or heavily forested areas. To make sure your parrot is happy in its new home, have lots of green around it. Parrots also like to have a nice branch to take a rest on. They need room to fly around. This is a no brainer but, make sure cats can't reach this would be snack. Parrots eat seeds and nuts, so make sure to find a pet food that has both seeds and nuts. Move very slowly when putting in or taking out your parrot's food or water container. They don't like fast movements and will try to, or successfully, bite your finger. Parrots are social creatures and will get lonely after a while. So get another parrot or find a play thing for your feathered friend. Parrots will also imitate the last thing you said, so don't say anything that you don't want repeated. These colorful birds need to fly, so make sure that the "flying" room has no windows or anything that the parrot can hide under. If the parrot does have somewhere to hide, you most likely will find it a little too late. Also make sure the "flying" room is clean. You wouldn't want your pet Polly choking on anything irregular. To pick up your pet parrot, put on a glove, so the talons to poke you and if the parrot tries to make a snack out of your fingers, you're protected. This is all you need to know about the parrot's habitat and instincts to keep it happy in your household.



ALL New, Winged Wearables

By: Sean Kuske

Presents the

Parrot Premium
Sweater



- ★ Non-Itch Sweater that Parrots love to chew on
- ★ Don't let your Parrot be left out of the group
- ★ Every one bought/sold goes to Patriotism America For Cancer
- ★ All Sales will start next week!

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