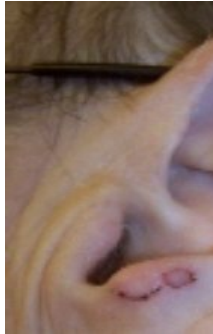


## Life with a Green Cheek Conure



**By Kevin Green**

Yesterday as I lay resting with my birdie on my chest and my wife was busy fiddling with his cage,  
He was cursing, mad and sour, it being quite an early hour so he lashed out and he bit me in a rage.  
He gave my ear a crescent from his second little nip and a divit from his first successful try,  
Yet I feel I should be grateful, though his actions seemed so hateful, that he didn't vent his anger on my eye.

In the morning when we get up and before he's had his meal, he can bite and be a proper Mr. Hyde,  
So I've learned to keep my distance and let Maggie do the feeding, though she also has some punctures in her hide.  
Still, he flew across to see me and he grumbled and he paced so I thought that I would see just where this led,  
Well I guess I should have known it from his puffing and his stomping so he nailed me and again, for love, I bled.

If you take a shine to Conures, and if you decide to buy one and your skin is soft and chewy just like mine,  
You might want to learn the foibles of these tricky little imps and avoid a similar drama down the line.  
A Macaw might just ignore you, Cockatoos need to adore you and a Grey can tell you all his hopes and fears,  
But a Conure takes some study if you want to be his buddy, so think twice because they live for twenty years.