

Augie – The Saga of a Naked Nanday

By Mary Miller

[Editor's Note: This story was written by one of Mickaboo's volunteers about her first adoption experience.]



After my dog died last year one of my co-workers, who knew I had two parakeets, suggested that I rescue a bird. Rescue a bird??? I didn't even know there was such a thing! She told me about Mickaboo so I went on their website and took the first step on a journey that would change my life. After much thought and investigation I decided I wanted a conure. But which one??? I looked at a Cherry Head – his biography said he was a cranky old man and I'm a cranky old woman so we'd be the perfect match, right?? But the volunteer who was helping me said he'd been with his foster family for a long time and was very happy there. Next I looked at a Blue Crown who had a video that was pretty darn cute!! But she had some medical problems and didn't seem like the best choice either. Then one day I received an email from Mickaboo telling me about Augie. He was a Nanday (what's that?????) whose previous owner had surrendered

him because the owner was very ill and needed a heart transplant. Augie had been in foster care for about nine months and knowing what they did about his personality and what I wanted from a bird they thought he'd be a good fit. I started crying – it was such a beautiful story – and I just knew he was the one for me!!

I worked my way through the process – Basic Bird Care class, phone screen, home visit, adoption approval and finally it was the day!! I was so excited I was bouncing off the walls! I could hardly control myself as I saw Augie's foster dad arrive at our meeting place with Augie. I looked inside the carrier and... what????? What the heck is that????????? Where are his feathers????????? But once I was over the initial shock of having a plucker (I call him follicle-challenged!!) I thought he was beautiful!

I spent the next year learning about Nanday Conures - including lighting, diet, foraging, bathing, enrichment and many other things I didn't know about their care. But mostly I learned about trust, patience and love. Augie had been through so much change and needed time to feel comfortable and to learn to love and accept me too. Each time he did something new – like the first time he let me scratch his head, got on my shoulder or kissed me –brought us closer and gave me such joy. And now, thirteen months later, he's king of the household!!

On September 6, 2013, Augie's previous dad died from complications following his heart transplant. He was at peace knowing that Mickaboo had found his beloved Augie a forever home. I will continue to do my very best to love Augie unconditionally (feathers or no feathers!!) and make sure that he knows that every day for the rest of his life!!!

