**Did you sleep well?**

I woke up in the afternoon just when the sun had gone down it was very dark in my room. I was confused to hear a little voice coming from the garden! I heard it again “Did you sleep well?” Whose voice was that I thought to myself? I live on my own with my pet parrot I recued recently from the rescue centre, he was downstairs on his perch, so who is talking to me? I could hear the voice through the open window next to my bed.

I got up to take a look outside my window. All I saw was bushes and flowers and a few over grown weeds. I could still hear the faint voice whistling through the window, I went to take another look, just then I saw my pet parrot Mr Bean sat on a tree branch very high up above my bedroom window. He shouldn’t be out there in his own I thought to myself. I rushed up to go into the garden, but heard the voice again. It was starting to get on my nerves so I put my coat and shoes on and went to investigate this mysterious noise coming from outside and call Mr Bean down from the tree.

I searched all the way around my garden from the front to the back calling “Hello, who is there?” I could still hear the faint little voice. Suddenly my pet bird Mr Bean flew down and startled me. “Hello Mr Bean” I said. How long have you been sat up there for? You know you are not meant to stay in the garden after dark. To my surprise, Mr Bean said “well you were asleep taking a nap so I didn’t think you would mind if I stayed out longer” I couldn’t believe my ears.

Mr Bean, did you just speak to me? Yes, he said. I must be dreaming still, I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself. Then I ran around the garden four times with excitement. Mr Bean flew around the garden after me squawking loudly.

You are such a clever boy Mr Bean, you clever, clever, clever parrot. I didn’t know who was talking to me. You can say did you sleep well, how clever you are.

Mr Bean repeatedly said “I know, I know, I know, I’m a clever boy”. I took Mr Bean into the house to the kitchen where I kept his treats in a tin on top of the cupboard. He perched on the top of the fridge and waited for me to get the treats down. I got him his favourite crunchy nuts to snack on as a treat. Then I sat and stroked his colourful feathers on his back.

Mr Bean, you are such a good friend to have in the house. If I didn’t have you, I would have a sad lonely life living on my own with no one to talk to but please do not fly out of the window when I fall asleep as I worry something might happen to you. You are a very special bird and if anyone finds out how clever you are, someone may try to steal you. Now tell me Mr Bean, how much can you actually say? “I can talk just the same as you Sophie” replied Mr Bean. I can say every word in the dictionary. Oh my goodness, I cannot believe it. When did you learn all of this? “I have always been able to talk Sophie, but I had to check you were going to be a nice pet owner as you rescued me from the centre” said Mr Bean. “My owner before you was mean and used to pull out my feathers and throw things at me.” That is so sad Mr Bean, but I would never do that to you. I promise you are my very best friend. I would never want to hurt you. Thank you Sophie said Mr Bean. Sophie was so excited that Mr Bean could talk to her for hours she always knew he was special.