Miranda peeked inside. There sat a very furry puppy. “This is the perfect pet for me!” said Miranda. And her mom agreed.

Miranda and her mom sat on the porch. They listened to the birds chirp in the trees.

Crash! All of a sudden, the cage door shut. Something was inside it. What could it be?
Miranda and her mom walked to the pet shop. They saw lots and lots of birds! There were fluffy ones and skinny ones. There were noisy ones and quiet ones.

“I wish I could have a pet bird,” said Miranda. “Let’s go to the pet shop,” said her mom. “They have lots of birds.”

She watched the birds swirl, whirl, and twirl above her head. But none of them went into the cage.

Miranda found a cage that looked like a fort. It had a large door. She put corn in the cage. Then she put the cage on the floor.
She opened the cage, and out flew the bird. It swirled in a circle. “The brown bird may be the perfect pet for me,” thought Miranda.

“I know what I will do,” said Miranda. “I’ll put some corn in a cage. Then I’ll put the cage on the floor. The first bird that flies into the cage will be my pet.”

Miranda peeked into the first cage. She saw a large brown bird.

Miranda didn’t know which bird to choose. She liked them all, but she could have only one.
She opened the cage, and out flew the bird. It twirled in a circle. "The blue bird may be the perfect pet for me," thought Miranda.

Miranda peeked into the second cage. She saw a short blue bird.

She opened the cage, and out flew the yellow bird. It twirled in a circle. "The yellow bird may be the perfect pet for me," thought Miranda.

Miranda peeked into the third cage. She saw a fluffy yellow bird.