

GERONIMO!!

Meet my young friend, Geronimo. He was found at the end of my street, wandering around a garden. His parents and siblings were in attendance, and refusing to leave—because Geronimo could not fly. Upon investigation, it was discovered that his wing was broken. After a trip to a very dedicated vet, a pin was inserted into his wing, and the wing strapped to his body to hold it in place. Instructions—no chewing the bandage and/or moving the wing. And home he came.

The next day, Mummy Geronimo discovered that he was living at my house. Down she came, screeching to him, and he replied (loudly!!).

Each day, she comes down 4 or 5 times to help feed Geronimo. He spends quite a bit of time outside, wandering around the garden under both her watchful eye, along with his two siblings, and also under our watchful eye. To start with, Mummy Geronimo tried hard to get him to run away, but now has accepted that we are helping out with the feeding. She no longer tries to get him to leave home. She calls loudly when she arrives so that we know she is here, and we take Geronimo outside to her. When she and the family leave, Geronimo wanders back up to our house and calls for us to open the door or just sits outside the door on his branches. Sometimes his two siblings come in to visit and we feel like baby sitters, and sometimes all five arrive. Geronimo is intelligent and affectionate.

At this point in time, five weeks after coming into care, his strapping and the pin have been removed. He is able to stretch the wing up wards, but has not yet opened it. We had a check up today, and have started on physiotherapy for the wing. We are keeping our fingers crossed, and our toes too, that he will be able to fly away with his family one day soon. The vet thinks our time frame is around 4 weeks. What a reward for such a dedicated mother to be able take him with her when she goes. Will we miss him? Yes, we will, but I can't wait for the day!!

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