



care!” This was because a few weeks ago she had told me that she found him out of the cage on the floor, and had NO IDEA how he got the door open! I KNEW AT THE TIME SHE WAS LYING, and now I had proof.

Meanwhile I found Phil, he was soggy, and a little bent. His roots were too fragile to survive the ordeal in the trash, so I re-cut his stem and placed him back into the *now-cracked* Hard Rock Café shooter. Everytime I look at it I will remember how fragile life is... I would have to wait another three months to see Phil’s progress.

Now I had bigger fish to fry... the poor bird. I checked his cage. She had put seed in the treat cup, and treat in the seed cup. There were no vitamins in his water dish. (I could tell because I smelled it.) The door was wide open again. As I went near the cage, Zazu who thought I was the mommy bird since he was 9 weeks old opened his mouth as if to bite me. He had been completely hand trained. He speaks, whistles, kisses... now he bites. I started to cry. After I straightened his cage out, I went into my room and laid down on the bed for a good cry. My home is out of control. I felt so trapped.

The dog is chewing his tail constantly. He appears nervous. (She keeps hiding his blue ball and he is probably reacting to it neurotically.) The bird now won’t go on my finger or let me pet him. My plants are not my own. Oh, and she gave one of my other plants a “haircut” because she said it would *grow better*.

I cried until I fell asleep. When I woke, reality hit me in the face again. She has no regard for the effort I have put into my life thus far, and is systematically undoing it piece by piece. I felt like Phil. Trapped amid the banana peels and tea bags with no way out.