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Opening extract from

Dave Pigeon

Written by

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Illustrated by

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Pigeon's book on

How to Deal with Bad Cats and Keep (most of) Your Feathers

by Dave Pigeon

Typed by Skipper Pigeon on
Swapna Haddow's
old typewriter from the shed

Doodles by honorary pigeon
Sheena Dempsey

FABER & FABER

If you can read this, you obviously understand Pigeonese. You may carry on reading my book.

Signed: Dave Pigeon

If you're a cat and you've learnt Pigeonese (HA HA HA! As if a cat would be smart enough to learn Pigeonese . . .)

Wait.

If you are a cat and you are able to read this book, this must mean you have taken a pigeon hostage so that you can trick them into translating the Pigeonese words into 'Meow'. I demand you release the hostage pigeon immediately. This book contains TOP SECRET ideas that are NONE of a cat's business.

Dave Pigeon's Pledge to All Pigeons



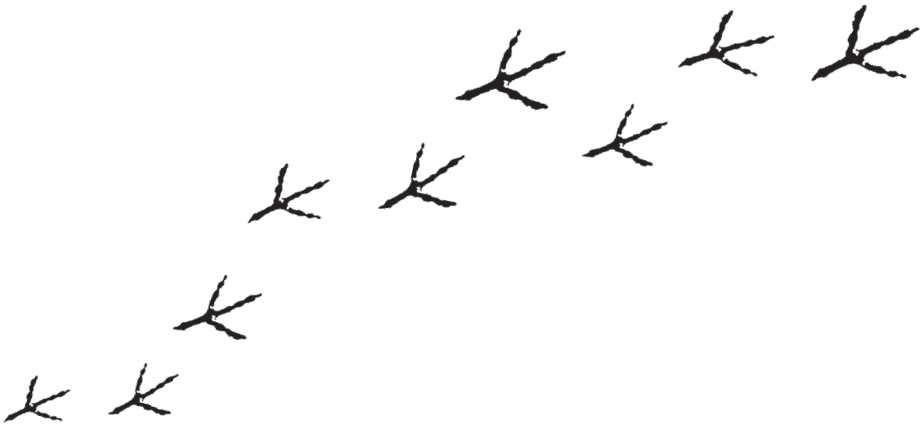

Are you going to mention the—
Don't interrupt me, Skipper. I defeated Mean Cat. That's all anyone needs to know.
Dave is annoyed. He always fluffs his feathers when he's annoyed.
Now, where was I?
You were saying that you hoped your story would help all pigeons.
That's right. It will. That's why you must write down everything, Skipper. Starting right at the beginning.



The Beginning

Billions of years ago, before pigeons ever existed, the Universe was nothing . . .





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The Beginning of *This* Story Instead

Dave and me were on a routine croissant heist. It was something we'd done at least a hundred times before.

In fact, the first time I met Dave was on a croissant heist. Back then, Dave told me he had just won a Medal of the Brave which he wore all the time. (Though I





heard a rumour later it was just a bottle top that had got stuck to him with a piece of chewing gum when he got caught in a bin bag once).

Dave was swooping in from the opposite side of the pond when we both spotted a half-eaten croissant abandoned under a bench. We dived down, crashing towards the same gap between two planks of bench wood, and landed at the exact same time.

There we were, dangling upside down, stuck in the bench, when a huge goose grabbed our croissant and waddled off with it. A goose, for Bird's sake.


We never did get that croissant back, did we?
Dave!
What?
Do you want me to tell this story?
Sorry, Skipper. On you go.

What I was about to say was – we never got our croissant back. We caught up to the goose just fine, but let me tell you something about geese. They are far bigger up close than when you see them in the distance. And they are very pecky. We were grateful to leave that fight with all our feathers.

Dave and I have been friends ever since.

