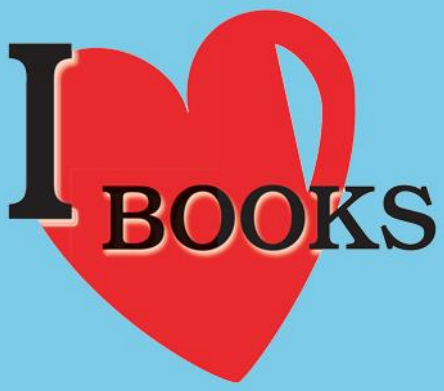


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Opening extract from

Dave Pigeon (Nuggets)

Written by

Swapna Haddow

Illustrated by

Sheena Dempsey

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2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

DAVE Pigeon's book on

How Not to Get Plucked, Minced, Roasted and Served Up with Ketchup

Typed up by Skipper whilst
Swapna Haddow
had a nap.

Illustrated by
Sheena Dempsey
because Dave Pigeon lost his felt tip pens.

FABER & FABER



This book is in Pigeonese. The following words are to test if you can read Pigeonese:

Cats

Smell

Of

Farts

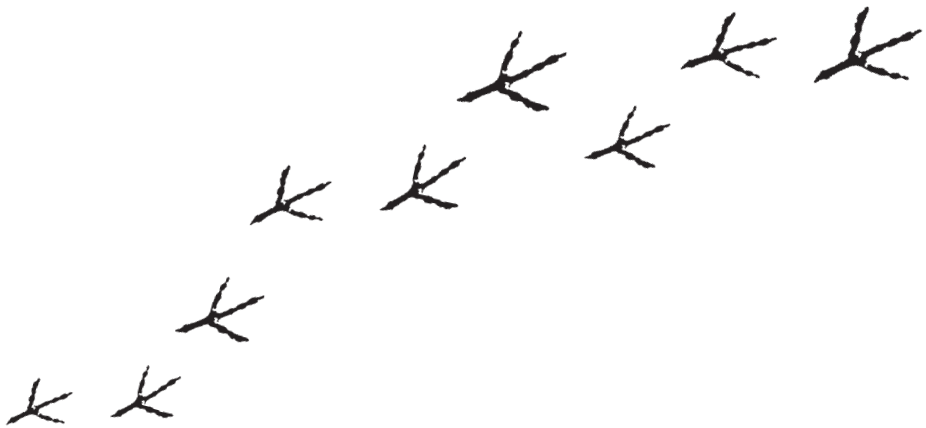
And

Cabbage

Could you read all the words? Are you sure? Do you want to try that fourth word again?

If you managed to read the words on this page, you will have no problem understanding the Pigeonese in this book. You may turn the page . . .

. . . NOW



1

It Turns Out a 'Holiday' Means ALL THE FOOD RUNS OUT

WE'RE BACK! IT'S ME, SKIPPER, WITH MY BEST FRIEND DAVE PIGEON. WE'RE A BIT SHOUTY BECAUSE THE HUMAN LADY'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR, HIM NEXT DOOR, HAS THE LEAF BLOWER ON.

Thank Pigeon for that. He's stopped. I could barely hear myself flap.

OH NO! THERE HE GOES AGAIN. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HAS TO SING SO LOUDLY TOO.





Despite the terrible singing, and the leaf-blowing, which is completely ridiculous because that is what the wind is for, Him Next Door is our hero. We owe him our lives.

Normally, Dave would have sent me over the fence to kick a stone up the machine. But not today. Him Next Door screeching at the top of his lungs and the

mmmmeeeeehhhhh mmmmeeeeehhhhh mmmmeeeeehhhhh from the garden vacuum cleaner was as magnificent as finding an entire unopened packet of salty crisps.

You see, Him Next Door saved our beaks, and it all started—



It started with the Human Lady's 'holiday'.

That morning, she'd come over to our shed at the end of her garden with an entire loaf still in its bag. I could smell her evil pet, Mean Cat, lurking behind. Me and Dave stayed high on the rickety window ledge in case the fuzzball tried to spring at us.

'Don't worry, you can come down,' the Human Lady said, once she was safely inside the shed. 'I've left that mean cat in the garden.'

Dave jumped from the ledge first. He landed on the worktop by the door and the Human Lady scooped him up.

She nodded at me. 'And you too.'



I swooped down, a dark grey blush rising over my face as she grinned and threw some torn bread for me to peck at.

'I have some news,' she said to us. 'I'm going on a little holiday.'

'What's a "holiday"?' I asked Dave, in a low coo.

'I think it's a type of horse.'

'Something is wrong with my cat,' the Human Lady continued. 'She's been awfully jittery recently . . .'

Me and Dave stopped eating and looked at each other. We then turned back to the Human Lady and tried our best to look innocent and not at all like we knew *anything* about what might have made Mean Cat feel awfully jittery recently.







Skipper, we haven't got time to argue over this. Some pigeons are reading this book during their lunch break and it's almost time for pudding.

As I was saying, you might remember our first book. If you haven't read it because you are the sort of pigeon who likes to read the second book first . . .

SPOILER ALERT!

We did manage to get rid of Mean Cat . . .

After she destroyed my wing . . .

But we had to bring her back . . .

Because we were attacked by a gang of a thousand ninja fire-breathing eagles.

It was more like a hundred very annoying birds from the local neighbourhood, Dave.

Bringing back Mean Cat got rid of the irritating birds and life went back to normal. I do remember writing a chapter about how Mean Cat returned, but somehow those last pages disappeared . . .

Skipper, I had to get rid of those pages. My grandma bought that book. I couldn't have her knowing we needed help from a cat.

