This book is dedicated to the much-admired Professor Catherine Belsey. Thank you for being such an inspiration. W.M. xx

To Angel. C.S.

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Wendy Meddour Carmen Saldaña

PEGGY THE ALWAYS SORRY PIGEON



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Peggy was perched on a bus stop,
when three scruffy pigeons flew by.

'Oi,' they grumbled.
'This is **our** perch.'



'Sorry,' said Peggy.
'I didn't mean to get in your way.'



Peggy flapped down onto the pavement, when a road sweeper drove along.

'Shoooo,' she shouted. 'I can't stand pesky pigeons.'



'Sorry,' spluttered
Peggy, flying
off to the park.


‘Oi. Pigeon toes,’
barked a dog, shaking water
out of his coat. ‘This is my bench.’
‘Oh dear,’
sobbed Peggy.
‘I’m so sorry.’



Peggy started pecking
at a crisp when . . .

‘Hey!’ called a voice.
‘I’ve been watching you.’



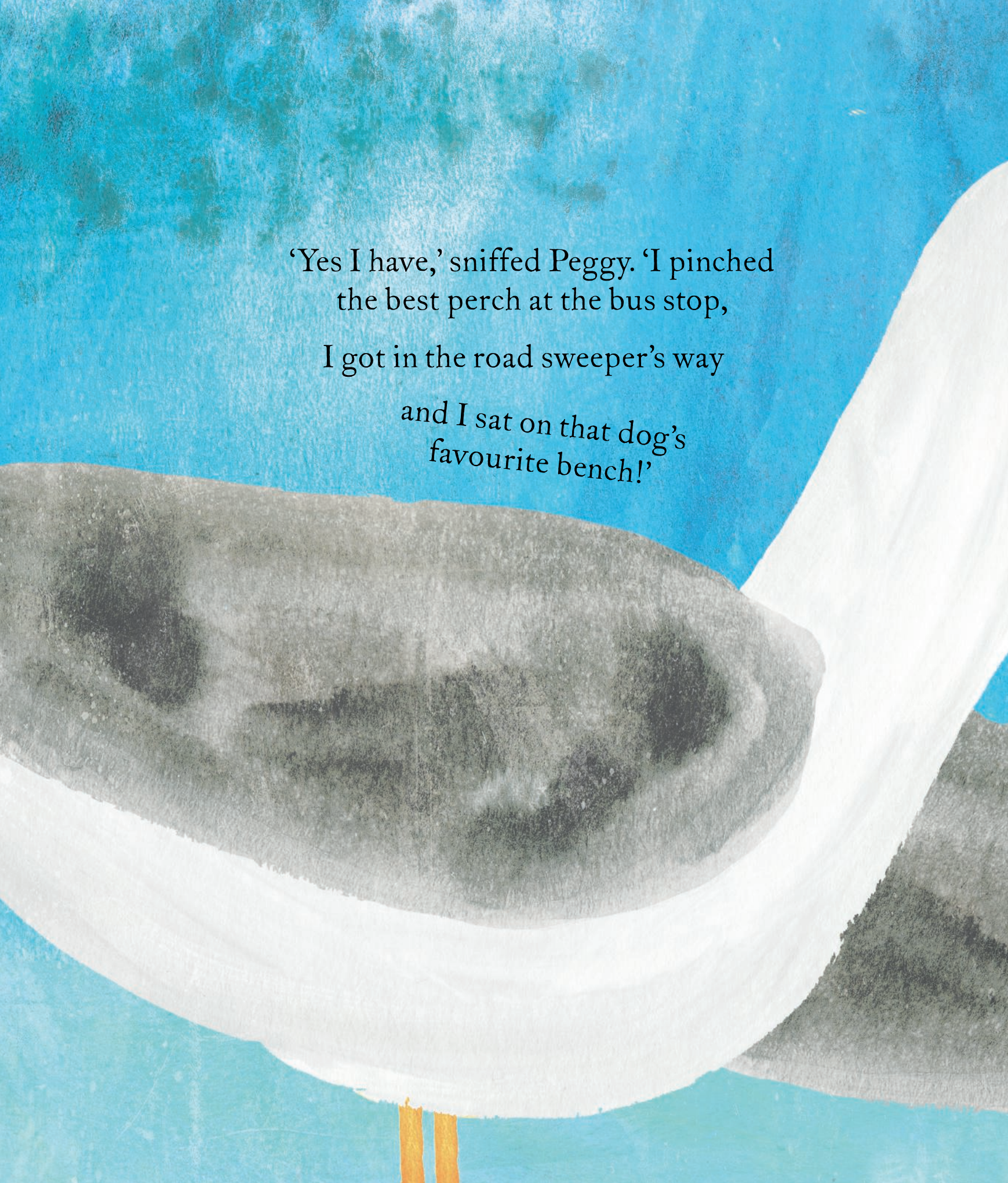




It was a great big seagull!

'Sorry!' gulped Peggy, 'I didn't see you . . .'

'The name's Joan. And stop saying sorry. You keep saying sorry when you haven't done anything wrong.'


'Yes I have,' sniffed Peggy. 'I pinched
the best perch at the bus stop,

I got in the road sweeper's way

and I sat on that dog's
favourite bench!'


'Nonsense,' said Joan.
'You got pushed off your perch,
swept off your pavement,
and shoved off that
bench by a very rude dog.'
Peggy blinked.
'Did I?'
'Yes!
You need to stand up
for yourself.'