Winner

Greenhouse Funny Prize
North Somerset Teachers' Book Award
Surrey Libraries' Children's Book Award
Fantastic Book Award

'Readers will love this **action-packed** story.'
Reading Zone

'A fun read, this book is **pigeontastic**!'
Guardian

Shortlisted

Sainsbury's Book Award
Sheffield Children's Book Award
Leicester Libraries Our Best Book Award

'A really **enjoyable** read.'
Books for Keeps

Federation of Children's Book Groups – Pick of the Year Top Fifty

'Children will, undoubtedly, **love this** . . . will have them giggling throughout.'
Bookbag

'A **hilarious** new series.'
Angels and Urchins

'A really good **laugh out loud** book!'
Robert, age 7, Lovereading4kids

'Readers will love it . . . **full of daring and bravery**, and much backfiring of ridiculous schemes.'
School Librarian

'A funny, **quirky** and **fast-paced** book.'
Inis Children's Books Ireland

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Swapna Haddow lives in New Zealand with her son, her husband and Archie the dog. She spends her time writing, eating cake and making sure her son doesn't flatten her husband as he attempts to master his human cannonball trick.

ALSO BY THE AUTHOR

Dave Pigeon

Dave Pigeon (Nuggets!)

Dave Pigeon (Racer!)

Dave Pigeon (Royal Coo!)

Dave Pigeon (Kittens!)

Dave Pigeon (Zombies!)

Bad Panda

Bad Panda: The Cake Escape

Bad Panda: Mites, Camera, Action!

Bad Panda: For Sale

First published in 2025
by Faber & Faber Limited
The Bindery, 51 Hatton Garden
London EC1N 8HN
faber.co.uk

Designed by Faber & Faber
Printed and bound in the UK by
CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY

All rights reserved

Text © Swapna Haddow, 2025
Cover illustration © Sheena Dempsey, 2025
Illustrations by DynamoLtd

The right of Swapna Haddow to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser

A CIP record for this book
is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-0-571-37929-3

MIX
Paper | Supporting responsible forestry
FSC® C013604

Printed and bound in the UK on FSC® certified paper in line with our continuing commitment to ethical business practices, sustainability and the environment.
For further information see faber.co.uk/environmental-policy

Our authorised representative in the EU for product safety is Easy Access System Europe, Mustamäe tee 50, 10621 Tallinn, Estonia
gpsr.requests@easproject.com

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1



the fall of the frozen white dust from the sky would look magical against the warm lights of the Human Lady's nest.

But usually, the snow melted as soon as it hit the ground and it just looked, and tasted, like a muddy slushie. Dave hated the muddy slushie because he would always slip on the icy bits and end up in a freezing puddle or a frozen dog poop.



'It could be,' I replied. 'I can't really hear with you squishing me.'

Dave was pressed up against my side, trying to listen to the Human sing-song from across the garden through his ears, via mine. He shoved and squirmed until my head was almost fully wedged into a crack in the wood and his was comfortably leaning against mine.

'Merry Blisters!' he announced, very loudly and very close to my head. 'That's it! We wish you a Merry Blisters.'

'Why would they sing about "Merry Blisters"?' I said incredulously.

'Why do the Humans do anything they

'Is it time for scraps yet?' Dave squealed.

I took in a deep breath. The warm scent of crispy things and roasty things and buttered things and sugared things meant that the Big Dinner Day meal had started cooking and we'd have to wait for the Humans to finish wearing their silly paper hats before we could sneak into the Human Lady's nest for scraps.

'Not yet,' I said, trying to taste the air. 'I think whatever is in the oven needs at least three more hours.'

'Three hours?' Dave squawked. 'I'll die of starvation by then.'

'Dave,' I said. 'I've seen you not eat for a full twenty-four hours.'

and trying to stretch out the imprint of Dave's head in my back.

'Cooo-eeee,' came the familiar call of the tiny yellow canary from next door.



Usually, Tinkles signalled bad news, but today, not even the arrival of the yellow



'I'm not wasting time on the green things,' Dave said, patting his belly. 'Not with a main meal to be eaten.'

'You're eating the main meal?' Tinkles scoffed.

'Yes!' Dave said proudly. 'And this year I intend to finish it.'

This time *Tinkles* shot me a look. She smirked at Dave like she always did when she had something she was bursting to share with us. And I started to feel

sorry for my friend but in a way that felt like she didn't feel sorry at all for what she was about to say. 'Oh, Dave,' she cooed. 'That main meal is BIRD.'