

THE LAST CHIP

The Story of a Very Hungry Pigeon

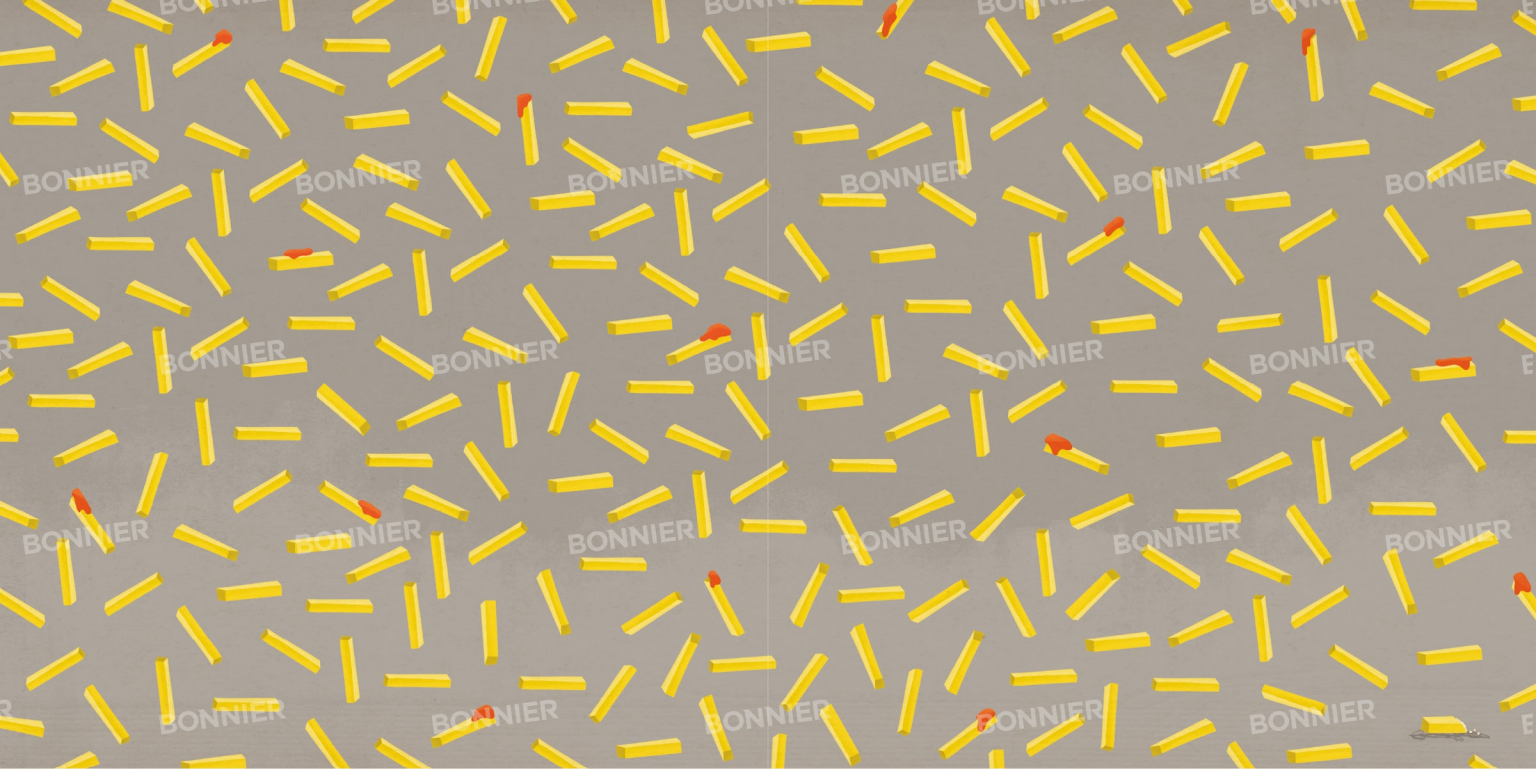


DUNCAN BEEDIE

THE LAST CHIP

The Story of a Very Hungry Pigeon





For Nana



(Centenarian & pigeon fancier)

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Life on the streets was tough for Percy the pigeon.

He was ALWAYS hungry.

Every morning he trotted to the railway station and waited patiently for the first train to arrive. If he was lucky, he might catch a crumb or two as the commuters hurried on their way to work.



The only trouble was . . .
today Percy wasn't alone.



A gang of greedy pigeons had the same idea.
Percy was so small that when the crumbs came tumbling down,
he was buffeted out of the way.



“SHOVE OFF – that’s MINE!” snarled a gruff pigeon with stumpy toes, as he swallowed the last scrap of food.



Percy's tummy rumbled.
What am I going to eat now? he thought . . .



. . . I know!



It was a very long way to fly, but Percy had heard that at the park, people actually threw seed in the pond for birds to eat!

So, flapping his little wings as fast as he could,
Percy fluttered high above the city rooftops.



When Percy finally landed in the park he was hungrier than ever. The only trouble was . . .



. . . he wasn't alone. The pond was full of greedy ducks gobbling up all the seeds. But Percy bravely waded in anyway.

"QUAAAAACCCKK! Get out of our pond, you SCOUNDREL!" bawled the ducks, thrashing at him with their wings.



Percy scrambled back to the bank, and shook the water from his feathers.



"I'm so hungry!" he gasped. "I **must** find something to eat." Then he had an idea. He had heard that there were lots of tasty scraps to be had at the seaside.

So Percy flapped his little wings faster than ever,
and before long, he was flying over a beautiful sandy beach.





Percy was so excited, he forgot to look where he was going.



Before he knew it, he crash-landed and went whooshing and whirling . . .



down to the very bottom of a helter skelter.

Percy couldn't believe it – there, right in front of his beak, was a scrumptious piece of fish.

“At LAST!” he cried, jittery with delight.



The only trouble was . . .

. . . Percy wasn't alone.
"AAARRRRRRR!" roared a giant seagull. "THERE BE NO PICKINGS
FOR LAND-LUBBIN' VERMIN LIKE THEE!"



Percy's little legs trembled as the terrifying pirate gull
stomped on the piece of fish.

Then he grabbed Percy, slam-dunked him into the
nearest rubbish bin and scoffed the whole lot for himself.



"It's no good," sobbed Percy
as he peeked out from the bin.
"I'll never get **anything** to eat."

And he set off on the
long journey back home.



By now, Percy was so weak with hunger
he could scarcely manage to
flap his little wings at all.
And soon he was swerving and dipping
above the city skyline, before
plummeting to the streets below.



He landed on the pavement with a
THWUMP!



Ignored by the commuters rushing home for their dinners,
Percy prepared himself for another hungry night ahead.

Then he heard a gentle voice . . .



“Excuse me, you look hungry too. Would you like my last chip?”
“For ME?” cried Percy. “Thank you!”



Quivering with excitement, Percy pecked away,
savouring every delicious beakful.



A tingling warmth spread through his body.



Tired and very full, Percy nestled up
next to his new friend.

And for once, the streets didn't feel quite so tough.



THE END

