

**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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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.’




A stylized illustration of a road sweeper driving a green vehicle with a large brush. The sweeper has a long nose and is shouting. A pigeon is on the ground. The background is a red brick wall with a window and a blue door.

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.’







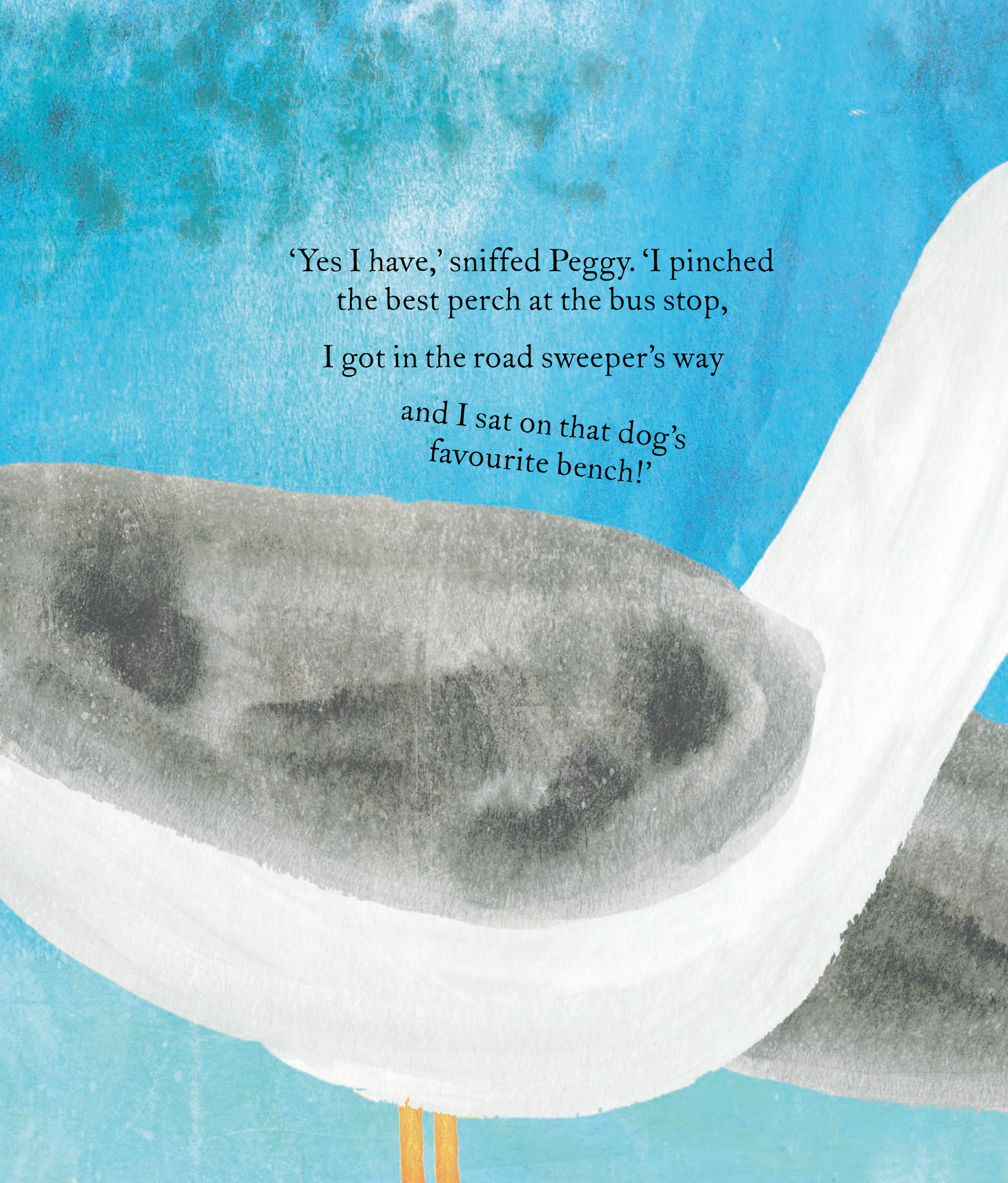
Yap yap!
Yip yip!

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.’