

Feathery Crusts

by Katherine Gerada, age 10

One day, overlooking the Market Square, a pigeon named Sandwiches sat on top of the “D” on the abandoned Debenhams sign. Today was a totally normal day. Nothing ever happens on Thursdays, because it is all pigeons’ most boring day. Sandwiches scavenges for food at the back of “Toasted Bagels”. Toasted Bagels is a café style sandwich shop. You might think that Sandwiches goes there because there are lots of leftover sandwiches; but no! The noodle shop at the end of the road secretly dumps their food waste in the same back street as the sandwich shop. You see, Sandwiches adores noodles and always will but bagels, he does not tolerate them.

The next day, when all the pigeons were feeling proud of surviving Thursday, Sandwiches had just taken off from his peculiar nest on Debenhams and was swooping and gliding in search of breakfast. He dived into alley upon alley until he reached his final destination, the Toasted Bagels back street. From a bird’s eye view, Sandwiches scanned the area to check for cats. The street was incredibly quiet. In fact, too quiet to not be suspicious. Slowly, Sandwiches circled down to where the noodles usually are, but there wasn’t anything, not even the faintest trace of noodles. Suddenly, a bagel in the pile of bagel waste started moving. He had arms and legs and looked like a wholemeal sesame seed bagel. No wonder no one wanted to buy him. Anyway, Sandwiches moved a beak-long step towards the bagel. As soon as the bagel had stopped moving and was standing in front of Sandwiches, he started to explain himself.

“Hello, my name is Nigel and I am a financial advisor from the company ‘Bagel Advisors 2.0’.”

“How do you know Pigeonese?” questioned Sandwiches.

“Ah well, bagels have their ways,” Nigel said confidently. “More importantly, I need you to get me out of here before Anonymous Purrington gets here.”

“Who’s tha...?” Sandwiches started to say before being shushed by Nigel.

“Just go, I can explain later,” Nigel hurriedly whispered. In one powerful wingbeat, Sandwiches, with Nigel in one foot, started rising skywards.

Suddenly, leaping out the shadows, a midnight black cat sliced at Sandwiches’ wing and sent them spiralling down to the ground. “Anonymous Purrington,” whispered Nigel, “don’t worry, I have a plan.” Nigel rolled clumsily over to where the noodles should have been before whistling “Over here you smelly black cat.” Anonymous Purrington’s beady orange eyes glared at Nigel as she silently crept up to his body. Then all of a sudden, Nigel started going on about financial advice. “Hello, I am Nigel and I work for Bagel Advisors 2.0. It looks like your account... blah, blah, blah... 70%tax returns... blah, blah, blah... £9,347.74 needs to go towards... blah, blah, blah... I hope you understand why $X+Y-Z=43$... blah, blah, blah. Thank you for listening, it is very kind of you.” Sandwiches gawped in surprise. Anonymous Purrington had been hypnotised by how outstandingly boring Nigel’s speech was.

“Wow,” complimented Sandwiches.

“You see Sandwiches, bagels aren’t that bad after all,” laughed Nigel.

“Come on, hop on my back, let’s get home to Debenhams before you start talking again.”

As Sandwiches and Nigel rose into the sky the sun was setting a beautiful orangey-red. It had been one of the best days ever for Sandwiches and he hadn't even had breakfast! Today was way better than any Thursdays and proved once and for all that Fridays are awesome and Thursdays are just plain dull.

The End