

The Hungry City Pigeon

It was an average morning in downtown New York City. The traffic was heavy, sidewalks were full of people and the honking of horns echoed throughout the city. Men in business suits crowded around hot dog stands to get their morning meal and taxis were being hailed left and right.

And on top of a building, sat a pigeon; a pigeon named Beany. It had been hours since he last ate and he was starving. The morning rush was the only time of day to pick up something of quality to eat: donuts, bagels, and breakfast hotdogs that have fallen on the ground or winded up at the top of trash cans. Beany couldn't wait to fly down and pick out the array of foods that were for the taking.

Unfortunately, a small issue was present. Across the building from Beany was another building, with another pigeon; a pigeon by the name of Tito. He was Beany's arch rival when it came to the morning rush. Whenever Beany tried to get some food, Tito would always swoop down and snatch it up, leaving him high and dry for the next hour, since all the other pigeons would eat up everything else moments later.

The two birds glared at each other for an intense three seconds, before looking down at the ground below. In their view was a man in a tan business suit, halfway through eating a hotdog. This man had a pattern almost every day: go to the hotdog stand, order one with ketchup and relish and then stand at the sidewalk waiting for a taxi to come by. When a taxi did come by, the man would be nearly done eating and when he gets in, he'd accidentally drop the last bit of his hotdog onto the curb. Such a clumsy human, but it benefited Beany and Tito greatly.

A minute later, a taxi came into view and the birds prepared themselves. Too early trying to get the hotdog and the man might shoo them away or the sound of the car driving off will scare them. Too late and one of them gets the hotdog before the other, which in past cases, was Tito.

But today wouldn't be like those past cases. Beany held his head high, confident, thinking to himself, "Today, I'll finally be able to consume the delicious hotdog. Today, I'll

finally triumph over Tito and be able to flutter my wings at him in victory. Today, my belly will be full of processed meaty goodness...”

Today, Beany would miss out on his chance once again to get the hotdog cause he was too busy thinking about how today would change for him. Getting his head out of the clouds, Beany realized that that darn Tito was pecking away at the hotdog, looking up at him while eating, mocking him.

This angered our hungry pigeon, but it would be the last time that something like this would ever happen!

It wouldn't be long until the lunch rush began. Beany was ready this time. Instead of being on top of building, he was now on top of a light pole, closer to ground level. A woman with a cookie in her hand walked underneath the pole and crumbs went everywhere. This was his chance.

“This is it!” Beany thought. “It may not be the hotdog but at least it's a yummy cookie, with chocolate chips! I can just feel the soft chocolate on my beak, the sweet cookie crumb. This.is.it!”

But it wasn't it, since once again, Beany spent too much of his time fantasizing rather than just getting the cookie. Tito swooped in and ate all the crumbs.

Our poor Beany, feeling hungry and defeated, spent the last thirty minutes moseying on down the sidewalk. There were no good crumbs to eat, no clumsy human that would drop some food, and not even anything worthwhile in the street trash cans. It all seemed hopeless.

Suddenly, a man briskly walked by, throwing a half-eaten granola bar in the trash, but luckily for Beany, it didn't go in at all. It was lying on the outer rim, teetering on going in.

Beany quickly flew to the bar and picked it up with his talons, taking it safely back to the sidewalk. There it was: A peanut butter chocolate chip granola bar, with chocolate drizzling! Without any hesitation or drifting off into thought, Beany shoved his beak into it, taking in all the sweet gooey goodness that was the granola bar. He picked his head up for a moment to catch

his breath and while doing so, spotted Tito, staring at him across the way. Beany fluttered his wings at him, as if to say, “I got the food first! I did!”

Tito flew away, leaving Beany to his reward; his long awaited and tasty award.