



The Bees and the Birthday Cake

Or How Poirot (Pwä-rōw) Lost a Feather

(Excerpted from "Adventures of Poirot the Parrot")

by

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Bee Trouble

Flap, flap, flap. That's the sound of Poirot the parrot flying fast. Bzzz. Flap, flap, flap. Bzzzzz. Flap, flap, flap, flap. Oh no! Flap, flap, flap, flap, puff, puff. BZZZZZZZ. That's the sound of a swarm of angry bees. Flap, flap, flap, flap--puff, puff, puff, puff. Poirot inched ahead of the bees. Higher and higher, he flew until at last the bees gave up. Poirot sailed in large circles until he was sure the bees had gone home. Then he drifted down to his Mahogany tree.

Poirot shook out his brilliant green feathers and looked at his tail. His tail is missing a feather. Sometimes Poirot makes mistakes and gets into trouble.

Poirot has a job. He is supposed to peck out a place to sleep in his tree. His father said he should peck every day. Poirot didn't like pecking on the tree very much. Sometimes he just sat and dreamed.

Poirot lives deep in the Amazon jungle near the small village of Owlsville. In Poirot's favorite dream, Owlsville is named Parrotsville. The people who live in Parrotsville love parrots. They make holes for parrots, and they give the parrots treats to eat.

When Poirot isn't pecking on his tree, which is most of the time, he doesn't have much to do. Early in the morning, he can fly to the river and visit with other parrots. But most of all he likes watching the people of Owlsville

Poirot slept late one morning and missed the parrot gathering at the river. He ate some nuts, cleaned his feathers, and took a few pecks at the hole in his tree. He was thinking about flying to another tree when he began hearing children's voices in a nearby yard.

Poirot liked children. He glided out of his tree, flapped, flapped, and flapped, and landed in a tree by the yard. It was filling with running, laughing, happy children, but the thing

that Poirot found most fascinating was sitting on a table right beneath him.

It was a big pink cake. Poirot knew he liked cake. He had never eaten any, but he was sure it was good. He sometimes pretended he was a famous parrot that everyone loved. Every morning when he woke up, he would find that someone had left a cake under his tree.

As Poirot sat staring at the cake, the children began a game. They left the cake on the table all alone.

Poirot decided to have some cake. He would glide down, land on the table, and take a bite. If anyone saw him, he would wave and fly away.

Poirot spread his wings and sailed down to the table. No one noticed. Everything went fine until he landed. The table was too smooth. It was so smooth Poirot couldn't stop. He slid off the table into the grass. He flopped on his back with a squawk.

A dog barked.

"There's a parrot!" shouted a girl. Other children turned to look.

"Let's get it," said a boy. And all the children ran toward Poirot.

This was bad. Poirot jumped up and started running, hopping, and flapping, and managed to take off. But he wasn't going up. The dog had Poirot's tail in its teeth.

Poirot flapped as hard as he could. A feather popped out and he shot into the air. He flew straight home to his Mahogany tree.

After a few minutes, Poirot started pecking at his hole. He didn't like pink cakes anyway, or dogs.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



An advocate for wildlife and nature conservation, Dr. Garry Rogers writes stories and books about animals. His first novel, *Corr Syl the Warrior*, won the Arizona librarians' 2014-OneBookAZ competition, and his *Arizona Wildlife Notebook* one the New Mexico-Arizona Book Award. His second novel about Corr Syl and the Tsaeb civilization appeared May 1, 2015. Read Garry's wildlife blog and

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