

DEL & ESTELLE
SERIALIZED

7

ESTELLE'S STREETLIGHT

The morning was breezy at the intersection of College and Ashby. Chilly gusts of wind buffeted Del's feathers as he stood on his streetlight.

"Coo! It's tooo blowy for a pigeon to perch here tooday," he said. "I'll go find a sturdy wall tooo stand behind."

Del looked toward Estelle's streetlight. He was surprised to find Estelle not there. Instead, a blue utility truck was parked at the corner. A crane with a yellow basket attached to the end extended from the truck up to the light. In the basket stood a man wearing a yellow hard hat.

Del shifted from foot to foot. "What's that man doooing?" he asked himself. "Why is he foooling with Estelle's rooost?" He searched the intersection. "And where did Estelle fly tooo?"

Del watched the man remove the streetlight's glass bottom. He saw him reach into the lamp and pull out a coil of wires.

"Coo! He's ruuuning Estelle's perch," Del said. "She wouldn't approoove of this. Coo!"

Del leaped off his streetlight. He flew across the intersection, calling, "Coo roo-c'too-coo!"

"Coo roo-c'too-coo!" he repeated, circling the man's head.

The man waved a screwdriver at Del. "Pesky pigeon!" he yelled. "Let me do my job."

After twisting some wires, the man replaced the glass bottom of the light. With Del still winging around him, he lowered the basket to the blue truck.

"Pesky pigeon!"

Del fluttered onto the roof of Wells Fargo Bank. A blast of wind shoved him sideways as he watched the blue truck drive away. "Coo! Now that Estelle's perch is safe, I can find a sturdy wall tooo stand behind."

No sooner had he said this, however, than a large crow sailed into the intersection. It dipped its black wings and settled on Estelle's streetlight.

"Caw-cawww," it called. "Caw-cawww."

"Hey, yooou! That roost is taken," Del yelled. "Shooo, bird. Go back to your corn field."

The crow ignored Del. He remained on the streetlight, enjoying the wafts of wind that whisked his shiny black feathers.

"Caw-cawww!"

"Coo! Kooky crows are hard to remoove," Del told himself. "What can I dooo? What if Estelle comes back and sees her streetlight occuupied. She'll leave the intersection. She'll fly tooo another neighborhooood."

Now, a red fire engine came barreling down College Avenue. Its siren blared. The noise apparently disturbed the crow, for it rose off the streetlight. It hung in the stiff breeze like a black kite before sailing westward.

"Woohoo! Toot-a-looo, crow!" called Del. "Spooked by a little noise? What a looser!"

Still, the wind whipped through the intersection. Del watched as a plastic grocery bag swirled off the sidewalk and floated across Ashby Avenue. When it reached the corner, it hooked onto Estelle's streetlight. There it hung, flapping in the breeze like an inflated flag.

"This won't dooo," Del said. "Estelle is fussy about where she perches."

Again, Del flew onto Estelle's streetlight. Despite the breeze blasting his backside, he pecked at the plastic bag. Finally, it came free and drifted down College Avenue.

"Del to the rescuuue!" said Del, returning to the bank roof. "Now Estelle, where are yooou?"

All gusty afternoon, Del remained at Estelle's corner. Each time he tried flying to a sheltered spot, something else threatened the streetlight. A swaying tree branch almost swatted it. A tall semi-truck came too close to swiping it, and a boy waiting

at the crosswalk nearly hit it with a tennis ball. Del cooed a warning to make sure he wouldn't toss it upward again.

"Whooo kneeew how hazardous Estelle's corner could be?" Del said.

At sunset, the wind died. As the sun slid behind Café Roma, Del spotted Estelle flying up Ashby Avenue. He quickly returned to his corner of the intersection.

Estelle landed on her streetlight and fluffed out her feathers. "How lucky I am to have a safe and agreeable perch to return to after such a blustery day," she told herself. She peered across the intersection. "I wonder what Del did all this blowy day. I hope he found a comfortable wall to stand behind."

That's Why I Coo

*That's why the cocks crow.
That's why bulls bellow.
That's why the sheep bah.
That's why the crows caw.*

*That's why the bears growl.
That's why coyotes howl.
That's why the cows moo.
That's why I coo to you.*

*That's why I coo-coo-coo.
That's why I do what I do.
That's the sound I make each dawn,
To say good morning to you.*

*That's why the bird tweet.
That's why the goats bleat.
That's why the cats mew.
That's why I coo for you.*

*(Listen to **That's Why I Coo**)*



