

The Three Pelicans

Once upon a time there were three pelican brothers. They lived happily with their mother in a big estuary, until one day their mother said it was time for them to make their own way in the world. The pelicans had been frightened and sad, but the next day they flew off, waving goodbye to their mother.

The oldest brother hadn't gone far when he saw a man sitting on a balcony with a commanding view. The man looked well fed, was dressed in expensive clothes and wore gold jewellery.

The oldest brother landed on the man's balcony rail. 'How should I make my way in the world?'

The man looked at the pelican and smiled. 'Materialism is how to make your way in the world. There are two types of people in the world—winners and losers.'

The pelican looked down at the world spread out below his perch. 'Yes, that is how I will make my way in the world.' And he cleverly built his life to be expedient and golden.

The middle brother had flown on until he saw a man jogging. The bird was impressed with how the man looked strong and was dressed in colourful lycra. He swooped down and asked, 'How should I make my way in the world?'

The man stopped running and put his hands on his knees to catch his breath. 'The only way to make your way in the world is with achievements. There are two types of people in the world. The energetic and the lazy.'

The pelican nodded his beak. 'Yes, that is how I will make my way in the world.' And he built his life with energy and great deeds.

The youngest brother had flown the farthest. He saw a man who looked wise and thoughtful sitting on a bench, reading. Intrigued, the bird flew down and asked, 'How do I make my way in the world?'

The man closed his book and examined the pelican through his glasses. 'The only way to make your way in the world is to be rational. Only weak minds trust their emotions.'

The pelican tucked his bill onto his chest. 'Yes, that is how I will make my way in the world.' And he built his life with logic and knowledge.

After a couple of years apart, the three brothers happened to meet again—at Shag Rock. They looked at a shag, shivering with its wings outstretched, trying to dry its sodden feathers.

The oldest pelican, snug in his warm dry feathers, blew out its beak bladder and turned to his brothers. 'There, but for the grace of God...'

The other two nodded, but when they started talking, they were disappointed to realise that they were not impressed with each other's achievements. The oldest pelican thought that the other two were losers because he had made much more money. The middle pelican thought his brothers were lazy because they'd done so little, and the young brother thought he was the only one that wasn't foolish.

The oddest brother saw a white cockatoo flying past and asked him to come and settle their dispute. He was confident that with the cockatoo's love of shiny trinkets, the bird would tell the other two how much more successful he'd been.

Once they had explained their disagreement, the cocky lifted his comb and shook his head. 'None of you are a success. It is the flock that is important. Success is valuable only when it's shared.'

They watched the cockatoo fly away.

The young pelican raised his head on his long neck. 'We don't need a flock to be a success!'

The middle pelican rattled his beak. 'Yeah, I've always thought their combs were put on too tight, but I know a bird that is as sharp as a tack.'

They all flew together and found a Willie wagtail sitting on a table in a garden. The middle pelican was confident that a bird with her energy would see the success of his achievements. However, when their disagreement was explained, the Willie wagtail looked down at them from her perch.

'How can any of you think you are successful? Success is the freedom to make choices. All of you limit your choices.'



Figure 2 The Willie wagtail said, 'All of you limit your choices.'

'A crumb thief thinks we aren't successful,' the oldest pelican snuffled sceptically.

They all fluffed their feathers and flew away.

The youngest pelican asked his brothers to join him on a light pole. As they found a perch with him, he filled his beak and blew a raspberry. 'How could we think a bird with a brain the size of a peanut could have any wisdom for us? We should ask our mother.'

They all agreed and flew off to visit her. The youngest pelican was confident that their mother was old enough to appreciate the value of wisdom. Because they hadn't seen her for a while, they all

got her gifts. The oldest son brought her a gold ring, because wealth was most important to him. The middle son brought her an altimeter so she could measure her achievements, and the youngest son brought her a book because he believed that life was only worthwhile if you have an active mind. They all regaled their mother with their triumphs. She listened to her sons with an amused expression on her face.

Finally, her youngest son asked, 'Mother, we have all made our way in the world differently, who do you think is the most successful?'

Their mother looked at them shrewdly. 'Successful, what makes you think any of you are successful? None of you have a mate. What is the point of building your life when you have no mate to share it with?'

When they left their mother's estuary, the trio went back to Shag Rock.

The oldest pelican turned to the middle one. 'How can she think you aren't successful? You're the strongest and bravest bird I know.'

The middle brother nodded and turned to their youngest brother, 'And our young brother is the smartest bird in the land.'



Figure 1 The cockatoo said, 'It is the flock that is important.'

The youngest pelican lifted his wings and pointed his beak at his oldest brother. ‘How could anyone think that you, the wealthiest bird for miles wasn’t a success?’

They all ruffled their feathers.

The shag they’d seen earlier had dried her wings and was watching the them with curiosity.



Figure 3 The shag said, 'Birds only believe something is successful, if it makes them right.'

She turned her beak into the wind as if seeking out a thought. She turned back to the trio.

‘Birds only believe something is successful, if it makes them right.’

‘What?’ Flapped the youngest brother. ‘Did you hear what that stupid shag said?’

They all shook their heads and rolled their eyes.

‘Ridiculous,’ agreed the middle pelican.

‘Success is success.’

The brothers filled their beak bladders and blew raspberries.