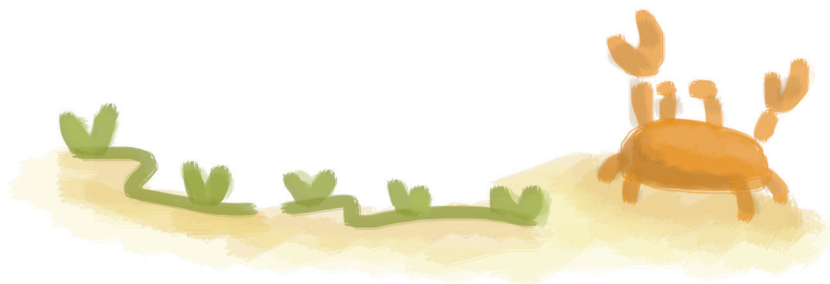
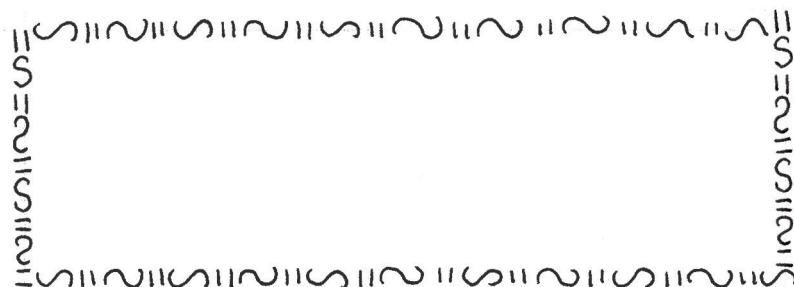


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Mrs Penguin Palace



Author: ?

Illustrator: Celeste Beckerling

"I wish I had a HOUSE!" said Mrs Penguin.

"I don't like living in rubbish."



"Dear Mrs Penguin," said Papa Penguin.

"We will build you a Palace."



So the penguin family
set to work.

"The sand is making me itch,"
grumbled Sissie.



"The measurements
are wrong," said Boetie



"I'm still hungry ,"
said Gobbles

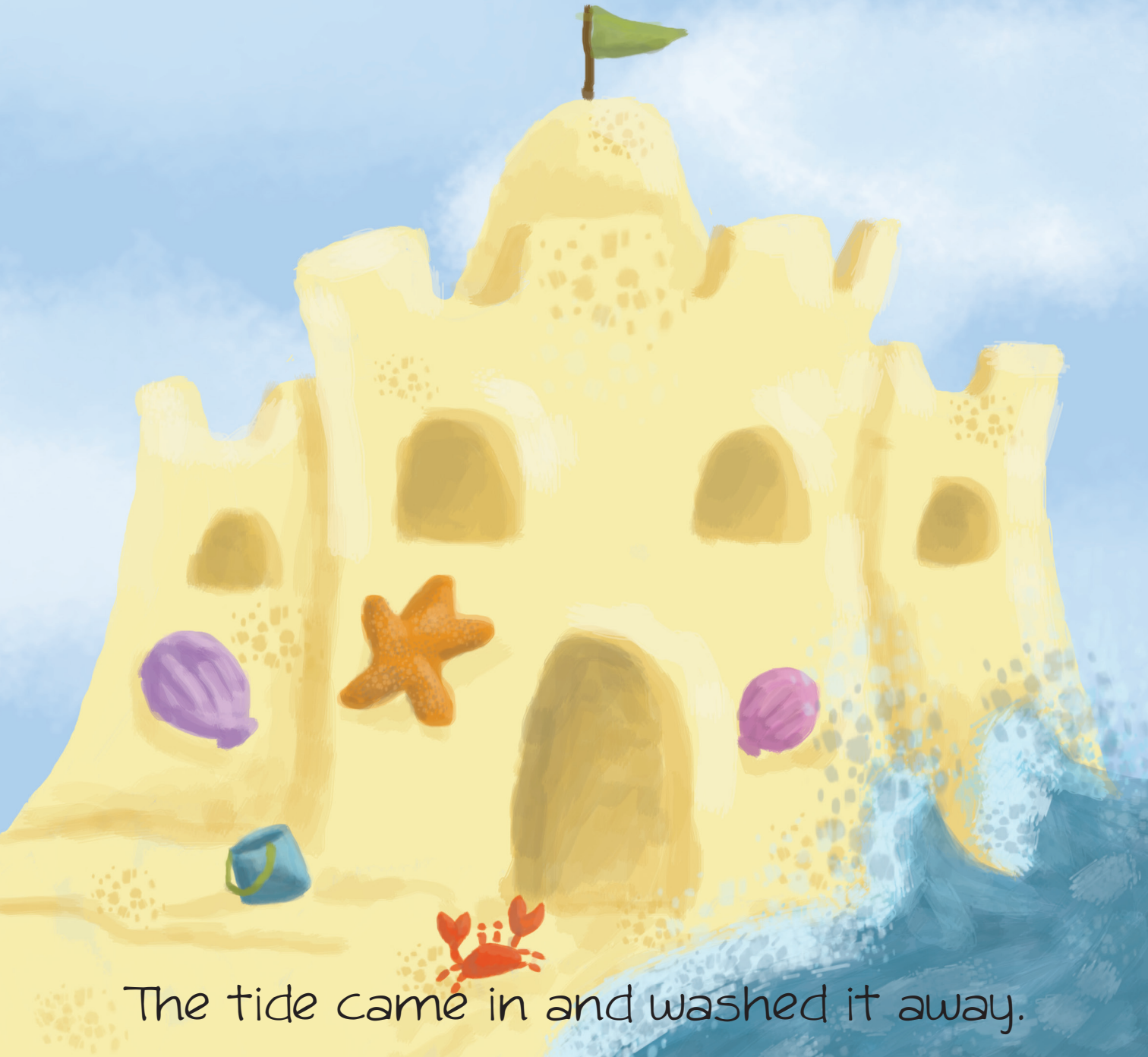


Mrs Penguin sighed.

She was doing all the work



At last the castle was finished



The tide came in and washed it away.

We'll try again," said Papa Penguin



"Come children, we'll build mama a mansion from stone".



So the penguin family set to work



"The stones are heavy,"
grumbled Sissie.



"The measurements
are wrong," said
Boetie.



"I'm still hungry," said Gobbles.



At last it was finished.



The wind came up and blew the house over.

Mrs Penguin was cross.



"I'm not doing any more work," she said.

"We'll try again," said Papa.

"I can't think of anything," said Sisi. "It's too hard."

"We haven't got any cement," said Boetie.

"You can't build a proper house
without cement."



"I'm hungry," said Gobbles.

Mrs Penguin sighed. She was never going to get her home.



"Just look at all this mess," she said.



Then Mrs Penguin had an idea.



"Boetie, fetch wood," she said,



"Sissie find nets.

"Gobbles, pick up plastic."



Papa, fetch the hammer



All day they worked

"I'm tired," said Sis.

"Keep working," said mama.

"The measurements are wrong," said Boetie."

"Keep working," said mama.



"I'm still hungry," said Gobbles.
"Keep working," said mama.



"It's going to be wonderful," said Papa.
"You're doing a good job," said Mama.





So they worked and worked
and worked and worked
and at last the house
was finished





"Welcome to your place," said Papa.
Mrs Penguin clapped her flippers.
"Thank you," she said. "It's Mrs Penguin's
Perfect Palace."



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The End

