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Opening extract from

Poles Apart

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For Debbie Marten
J.W.

For my Jenna
J.

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POLES APART

Jeanne Willis
Illustrated by Jarvis



nosy crow

As everyone knows,
penguins are only found
at the South Pole.

At least they were until the day . . .

. . . the Pilchard-Browns got lost on their way to a picnic.
Mr Pilchard-Brown was in charge of the map.
He told everyone to turn **right** at the snowman.
Which was **wrong.**

Now here they all were, on the other side
of the world – Mr and Mrs Pilchard-Brown,
Peeky, Poots and Pog . . .





. . . drifting towards an **enormous,** furry, white . . .

. . . something.

"Is it a lion? Is it a tiger?" asked Peeky and Poots.

"Is it a picnic blanket?" asked Pog.

The enormous something looked them up and down.

He had never seen anything like the Pilchard-Browns before.

"I'm **Mr White,**" he said.
"I'm a **polar bear,** and you are?"

"Parrots!" said Peeky and Poots.

"Pork pies!" said Pog.

"We're **penguins,**" said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.



"What are you doing here?" wondered Mr White.
"This is where polar bears live, **not** penguins."
"We're going to a picnic," said Pog.
"At the South Pole," said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.
"This is the **North Pole,** my friends," said Mr White.
"The South Pole is **12,430** miles *that* way."

Mr White gazed up at the stars.
"Don't think of it as a mistake," he said.
"Think of it as a **big adventure.**
I have often dreamt of being the first
polar bear to reach the South Pole."



Mrs Pilchard-Brown glared at Mr Pilchard-Brown.
"So, I was a few miles out," he shrugged.
"Anyone can make a mistake."

"Mummy says we should always follow our dreams," said Peeky.
"Daddy says we should always follow him," said Poots.
"Lead the way, Mr White," said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.