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I reading

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opening extract from

Peter the Penguin Pioneer

written by

Daren King

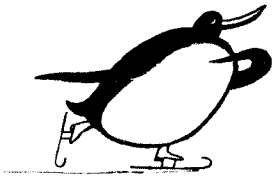
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Arrival

This book is for penguins only. If you're not a penguin, stop reading now or I'll slap you with my flippers.

Still reading?

That means you're a penguin!

I'm a penguin too. My name is Punky, and I'm a penguin. I have flippers, a beak, and, and, um, feet!

And I've got tufty ear feathers. They poke out. I'm the only penguin with tufty ear feathers.

Oh, and I'm an explorer! Just half an explorer really. The proper explorer is Peter. He's got a title. Peter's title is Peter the Penguin Pioneer. Exciting! And grand!

That's Peter over there, waddling through the snow to where the other penguins are cheering and waving their flippers.

And there, behind me, is Peter's aeroplane.

Yes, an aeroplane!

Peter's aeroplane is a special type of aeroplane called a biplane. It's made of wood and it has two pairs of wings. Wings are like flippers but not as good because they can't slap. But they can fly! So they're better than flippers really.

Biplanes are ice cool!

We just flew back from the Jungle where we did an explore. We saw lions and tigers and, and, and, oh so many things, more things than I can count on one flipper.

Tigers are fierce. And stripy! They have

sharp tails and stripy teeth. No, that's not right. Stripy teeth and sharp tails. Or something like that.

This is Peter's luggage. I'm dragging it across the ice. It's heavy, I can't lift it, that's why I'm dragging it.

'Punky! Hurry up with that luggage.'

That was Peter.

I'm hurrying up as fast as I can, but the luggage is heavy and my flippers are tired.

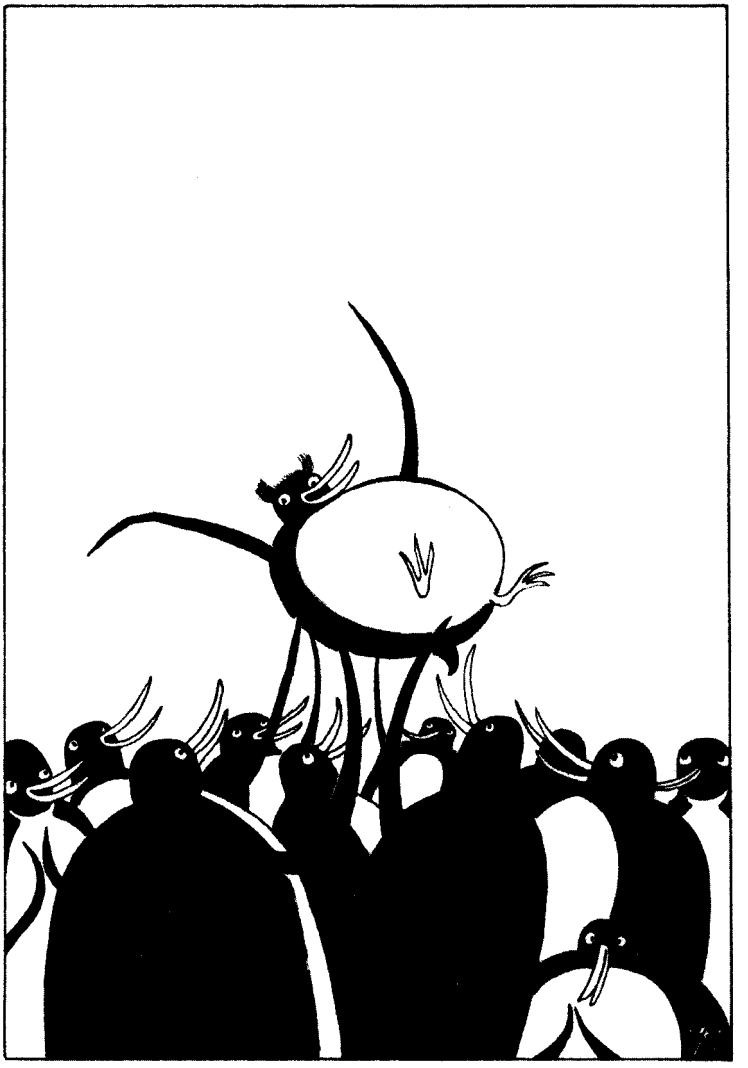
I drag the luggage through the snow to where Peter is waiting, then I do a belly slide, just for fun. You would too if you had dragged the luggage!

One of the penguins picks me up with his flippers and carries me to the crowd of excited penguins, who lift me high above their beaks, shouting and cheering.

'Hooray for Punky!'

'Hooray for Peter the Penguin Pioneer!'

Peter opens the wooden trunk to present



the exotic gifts. We found them in the Jungle. Ice cool!

'This is called a vine,' Peter says, passing a long green wiggly thing to the excited penguins.

'Wow!' the penguins say. 'How exotic!'

'And this is called a rock,' Peter says, dumping the second exotic gift in the snow.

'The gifts are always the same,' one of the penguins says. 'It's always rocks and vines.'

'And sticks,' one of the penguins says.

Peter silences the squabbling penguins by holding up his flippers, then gives them this ice-cool look, and says, 'I have saved the most exotic gift until last.'

The penguins gasp. Ice cool!

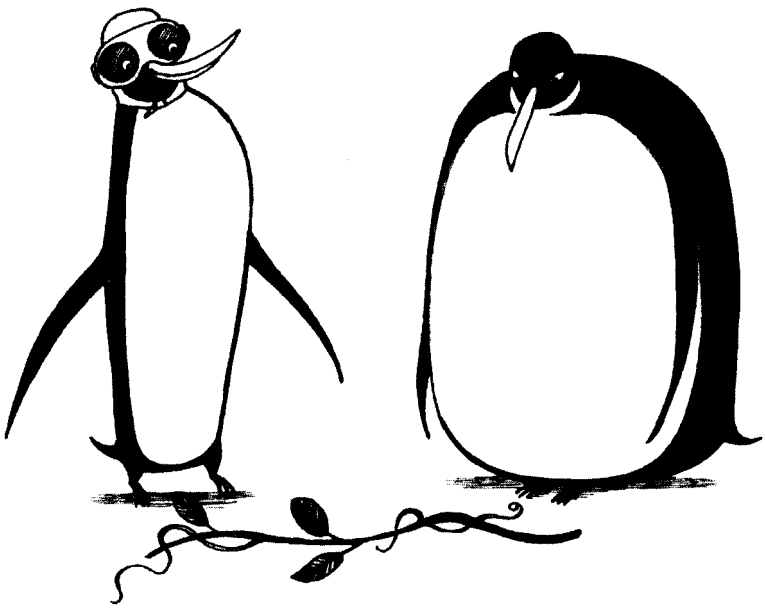
'Punky and I have just returned from our most dangerous explore yet. We ventured deep into the Jungle, deeper than any penguin has ever ventured before, and we have returned with the tail of a leopard.'

Peter reaches into the trunk, pulls out exotic gift number three and drops it on to the snow, at the feet of a very clever penguin named Harold.

'It looks like another vine,' Harold says.

Peter looks up at the sky, at the falling snowflakes, then fixes his eyes on Harold. 'Leopard tails do look like vines, Harry.'

'Leopard tails do not have leaves,' Harold says. 'This, Peter, is a vine.'



Peter thinks for a moment, then says, 'Of course it's a vine. Any fool can see that.'

'But you said it was the tail of a leopard.'

'Perhaps I got the vine and the leopard tail mixed up.'

Harold looks down at the exotic gifts, shakes his beak.

'Never mind that,' Peter says. 'Punky and I are off on another explore. But first we must sleep. Come along, Punky.'