

# Pim

## the Coolest Penguin

**N**ot so long ago in Antarctica, two emperor penguins became the proud parents of a little ball of fluff. They called him Pim.

A few months after Pim was born, all the penguin mothers and fathers had to go off to sea to find food, so Pim was left with the other children in the penguin crèche. Here, Aunty Penguin sat in her rocking chair, telling old stories and knitting fish toys for everyone.

Every day, the youngsters all huddled around Aunty to keep warm. They took it in turns to be on the outside where the wind was iciest. Pim always huddled by his best friends Wilma and Colby.

One day, when Pim was on the outside of the huddle, the wind was so strong, it knocked the little penguin right off his feet. When he got up, he felt colder than ever before. He soon realised that his downy feathers had blown away, and his new feathers hadn't grown through yet!



“Please let me in!” he cried, his beak clattering uncontrollably.

A penguin shouted, “It’s not your turn.”

“But my feathers have blown away,” said Pim, shaking.

Some of the older penguin children turned around. When they saw Pim’s featherless body, they began to laugh. Soon everyone was straining to see Pim, who was slowly turning blue.

Poor Pim felt so embarrassed and he was so cold that even his tears froze.

“What’s going on? Who’s messed up the huddle?” Aunty pushed her way to the outer edge and gasped when she saw Pim. “I’ve never seen anything like it! Let’s get you back in the middle before you freeze to death.”

She put a comforting wing around Pim and led him through the crowd. Warmth seeped into his tiny body again, but he could hear the other penguins whispering and sniggering.

When he was safely back in the centre, Wilma and Colby waddled over and snuggled up to him.

“Don’t listen to them,” said Wilma. “We’ll keep you warm until your proper feathers grow through.”

But no matter how much Wilma and Colby pressed against Pim, without his own layer of feathers, Pim could not stop shivering.

Aunty looked concerned. “Pim, you’ll have to climb onto my feet and nestle under my tummy,” she said. ➔



Pim was dismayed – that’s what newborn baby penguins did! But he knew he had no choice. If he didn’t stay warm, he wouldn’t survive.

As he made himself comfortable on Aunty’s feet, he heard one of the older children mutter, “Big baby!”

Another said, “Big bare baby!”

Humiliated, Pim tucked his head under his wing and let the sound of Aunty’s stories lull him to sleep.

The next day, Pim was so worried about being bullied, he stayed put.

“Pim, your friends are here to see you,” said Aunty.

But Pim hunkered down. No matter how much Aunty tried to persuade him to come out, he wouldn’t budge. Pim didn’t like the cold and he didn’t like being picked on.

At last, one evening, Aunty called, “Please pop out, Pim! We’ve got a special surprise for you.”

Pim couldn’t resist a surprise so he poked his head out. Wilma and Colby were holding a big shiny parcel with a colourful bow on it.



He stepped outside, shivering, and all the penguins – large and small – waddled closer to keep him warm.

“Open it then,” urged Aunty Penguin.

Pim tugged open the parcel. Inside, he found a bright woolly jumper.

“It’s to keep you warm until your new feathers come through.”

Pim pulled it over his head. It was the perfect fit. Better still, it made him feel warm and cosy all over!

“You look so cool!” said Wilma.

“Can I have one?” asked Colby.

“Can you make one for me too?” cried some of the older penguins.

“I’m afraid not,” said Aunty. “You’d all overheat. This is a special jumper for special penguins only. Are you ready to join the huddle again, Pim?”

“Yes, please,” said Pim, suddenly very proud to be the coolest, warmest penguin in Antarctica. ★



## DRAW IT!

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