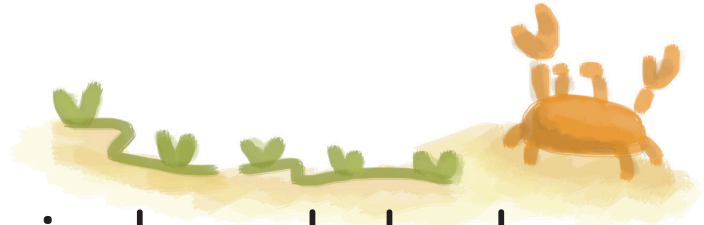




# Mrs Penguin's Perfect Palace



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*Mrs Penguin's Perfect Palace*

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# Mrs Penguin's Perfect Palace



Helen Brain • 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 hungry,”  
said Gobbles.

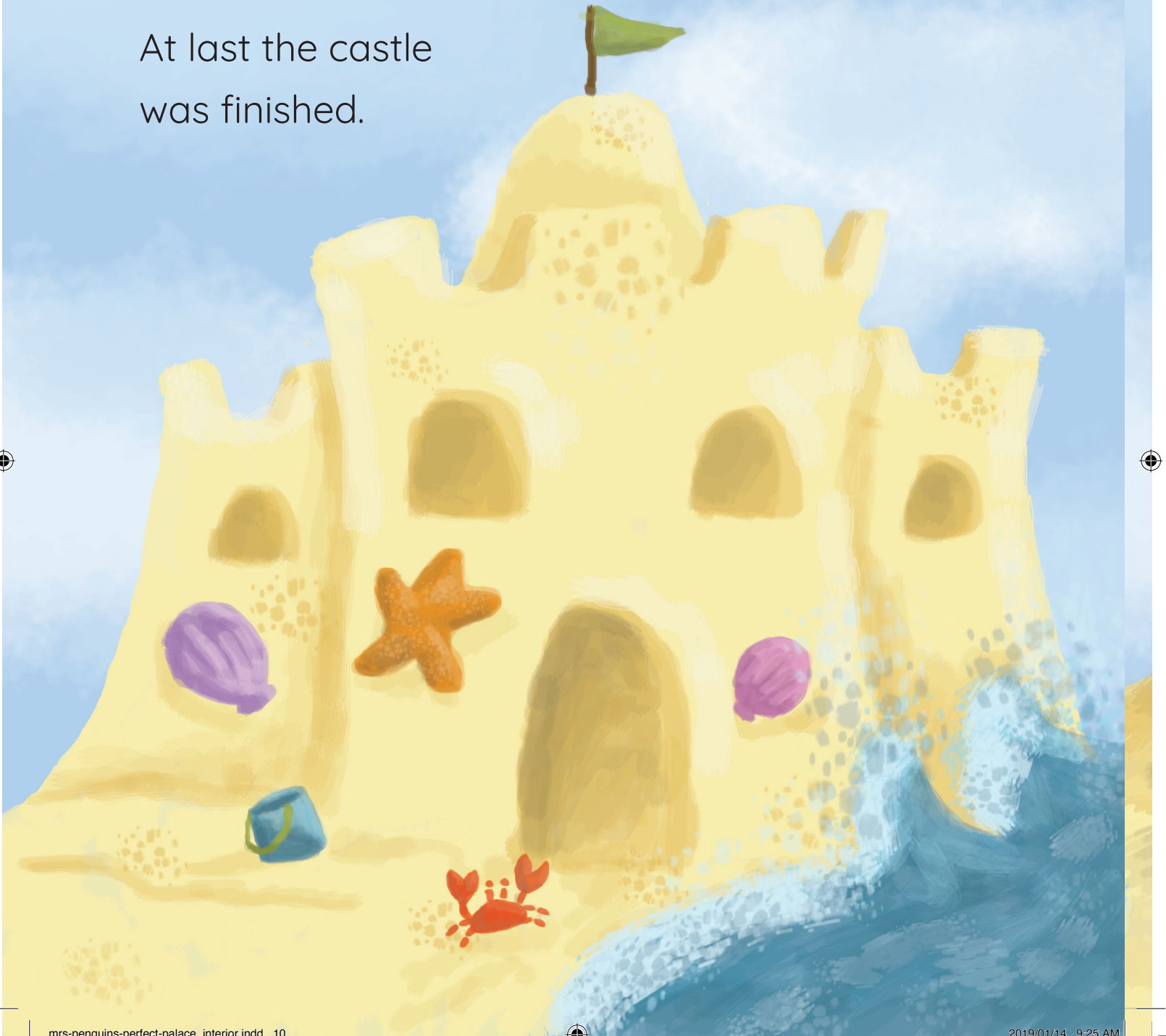


Mrs Penguin sighed.  
She was doing all  
the work.





At last the castle  
was finished.





But 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.



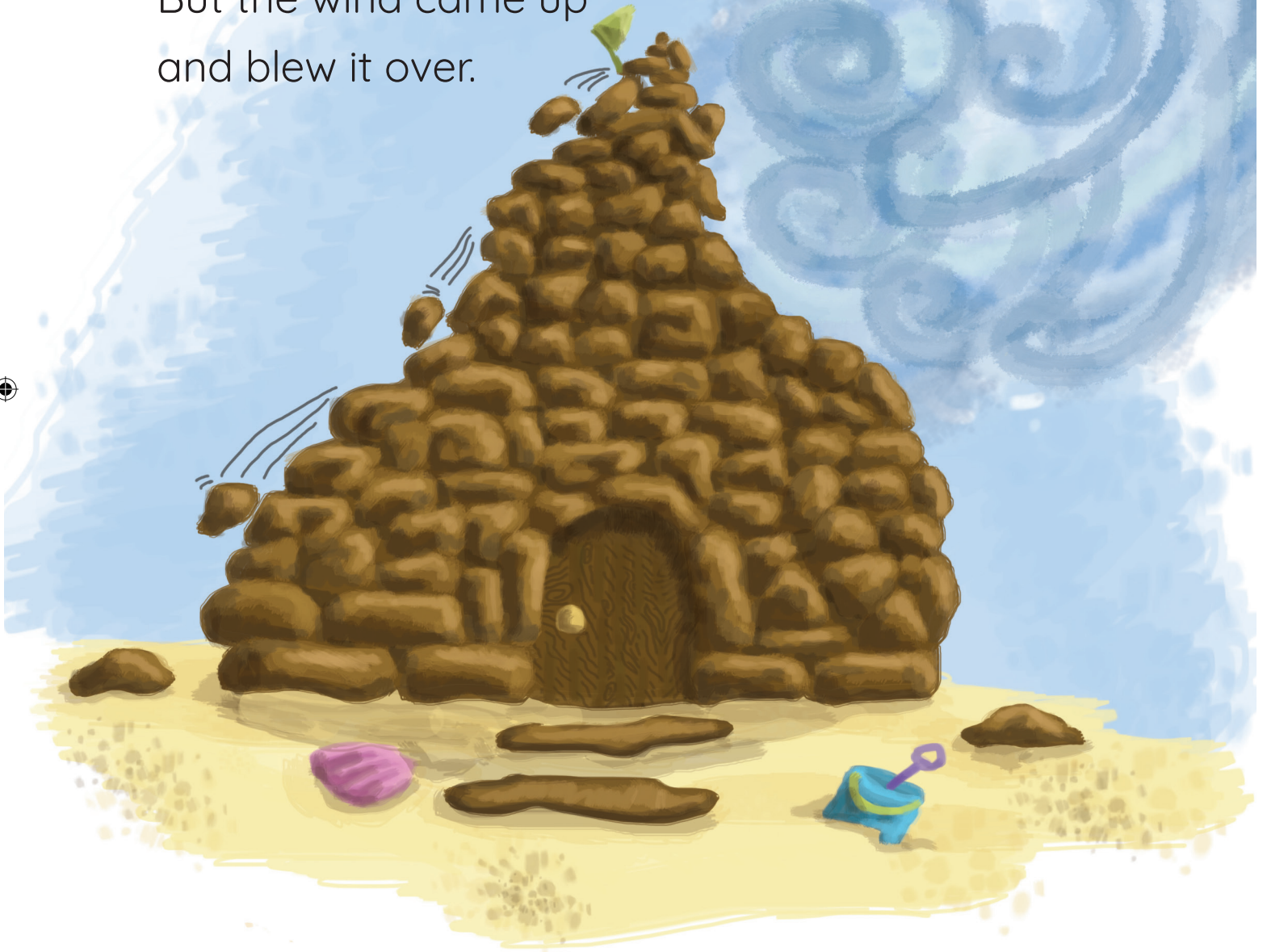


“I’m still hungry,” said Gobbles.





At last it was finished.  
But the wind came up  
and blew it over.







Mrs Penguin was cross.  
“I’m not doing any more  
work,” she said.



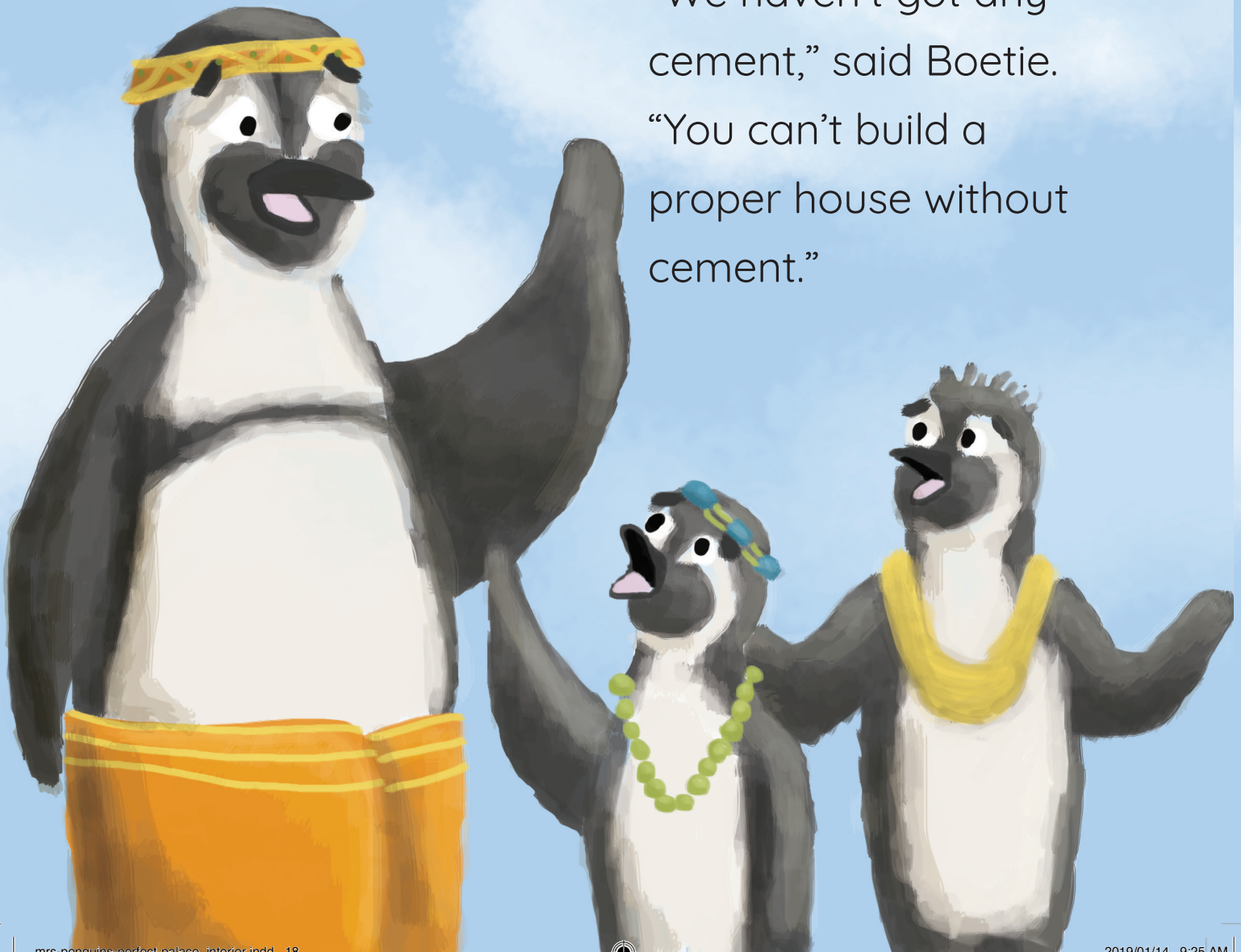


“We’ll try again,” said Papa.

“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 Sissie.

“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 palace,” said Papa. Mrs Penguin clapped her flippers. “Thank you,” she said. “It’s Mrs Penguin’s Perfect Palace.”







