

Mrs Penguin's Perfect Palace









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10 May 2014.

ISBN: 978-0-9922357-2-7

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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.



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



So the Penguin family set to work.



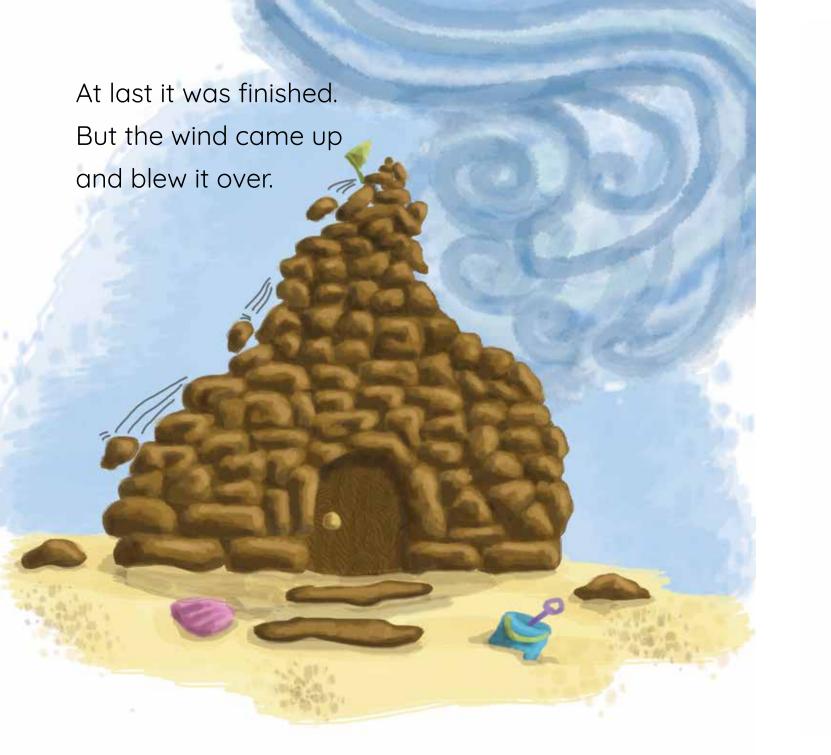
"The stones are heavy," grumbled Sissie.

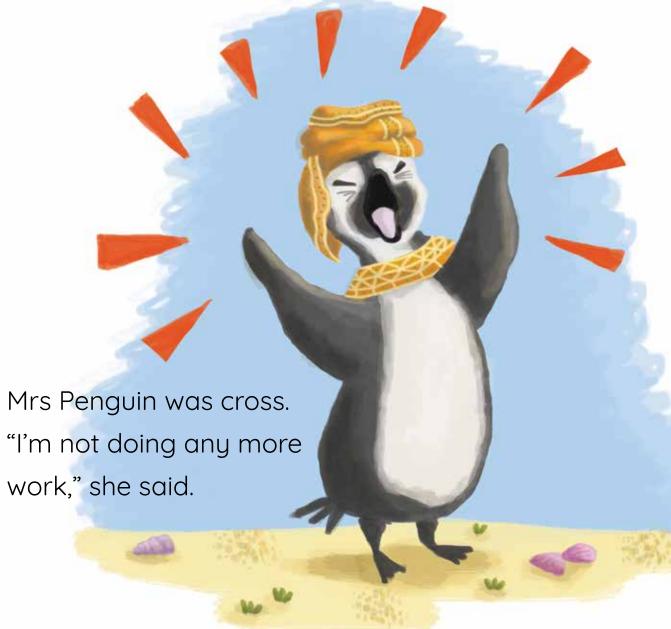


"The measurements are wrong," said Boetie.

"I'm still hungry," said Gobbles.

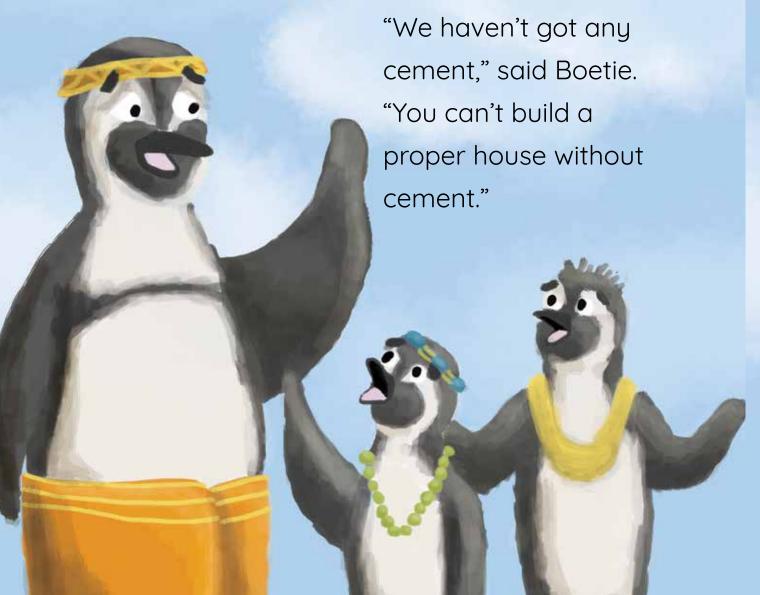






"We'll try again," said Papa.

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



"I'm hungry," said Gobbles.

Mrs Penguin sighed.

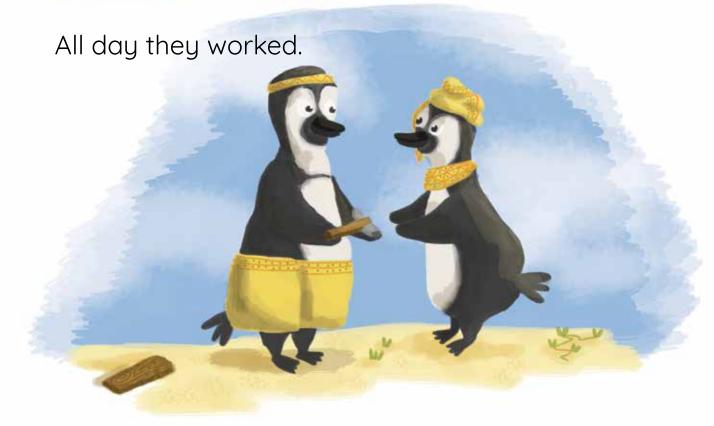
She was never going to get her home.











"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 at last the house was finished.





