



Little Penguin Learns to Swim



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It was an important day for Little Penguin.
He was going swimming for the very first time.



Little Penguin was nervous about learning to swim,
but he wanted to splash and play with his friends.
So he started to slowly waddle along the icy
path towards the big, blue ocean.




A small, fluffy white bird with a black tuft on its head and a red beak is hopping on a small mound of snow. Its wings are slightly spread, and its feet are visible as it moves.

Little Penguin was shuffling through the snow, practising flapping his flippers and wiggling his feet, when he saw Little Bird hopping towards him.

‘I’m learning to fly!’ said Little Bird.

‘Are you scared?’ asked Little Penguin.

A fluffy grey penguin with a white face and a black tuft on its head is standing on a snow mound. Its large, grey flippers are spread out to the sides, as if it is practicing to fly or hop.

‘Not really. I’m not very good yet, but I can almost get off the ground,’ said Little Bird, proudly.



Little Penguin continued down the icy path to the ocean. Suddenly, he saw a black shadow on the fluffy white snow. High above him in the bright blue sky was Little Bird, twirling and swooping through the air.

‘I’m finally flying!’ Little Bird squawked happily.

As he was practising wiggling his feet,
Little Penguin heard a splash and Little Seal
jumped up on the ice beside him.

'I'm learning to fish!'
said Little Seal, happily.

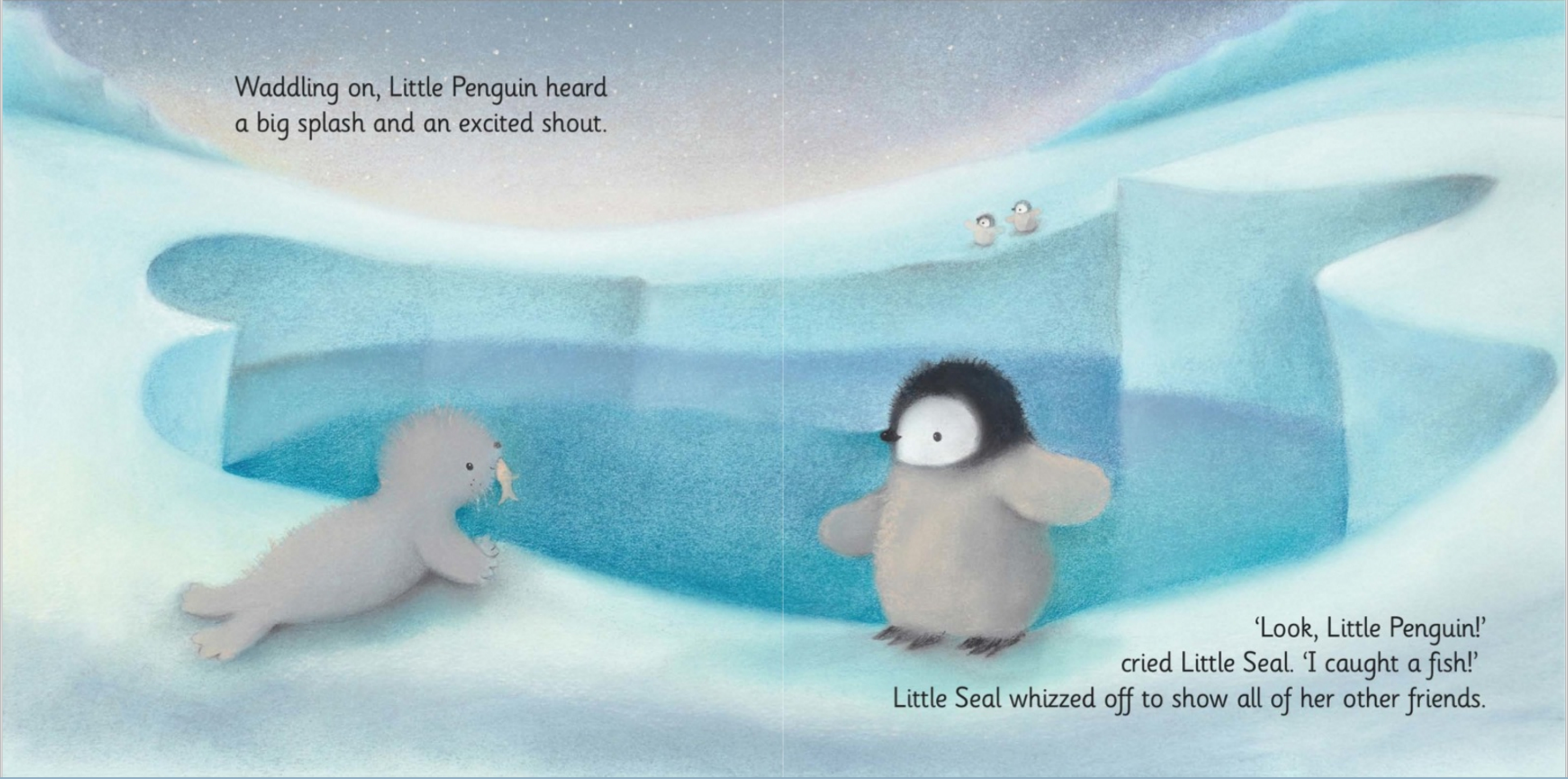


'Are you nervous?' asked Little Penguin.

'Not really. I haven't caught anything
yet, but it's lots of fun!'

Little Seal saw a school of
fish swimming past, so she
quickly plunged back
into the water.





Waddling on, Little Penguin heard
a big splash and an excited shout.

‘Look, Little Penguin!’
cried Little Seal. ‘I caught a fish!’
Little Seal whizzed off to show all of her other friends.

Little Penguin felt tired so he
sat down for a rest.
As he was sitting on the ice,
a big wave splashed him.



‘Sorry, Little Penguin,’ said Little Whale.
‘I’m learning to jump.’

‘Are you scared?’ asked Little Penguin.

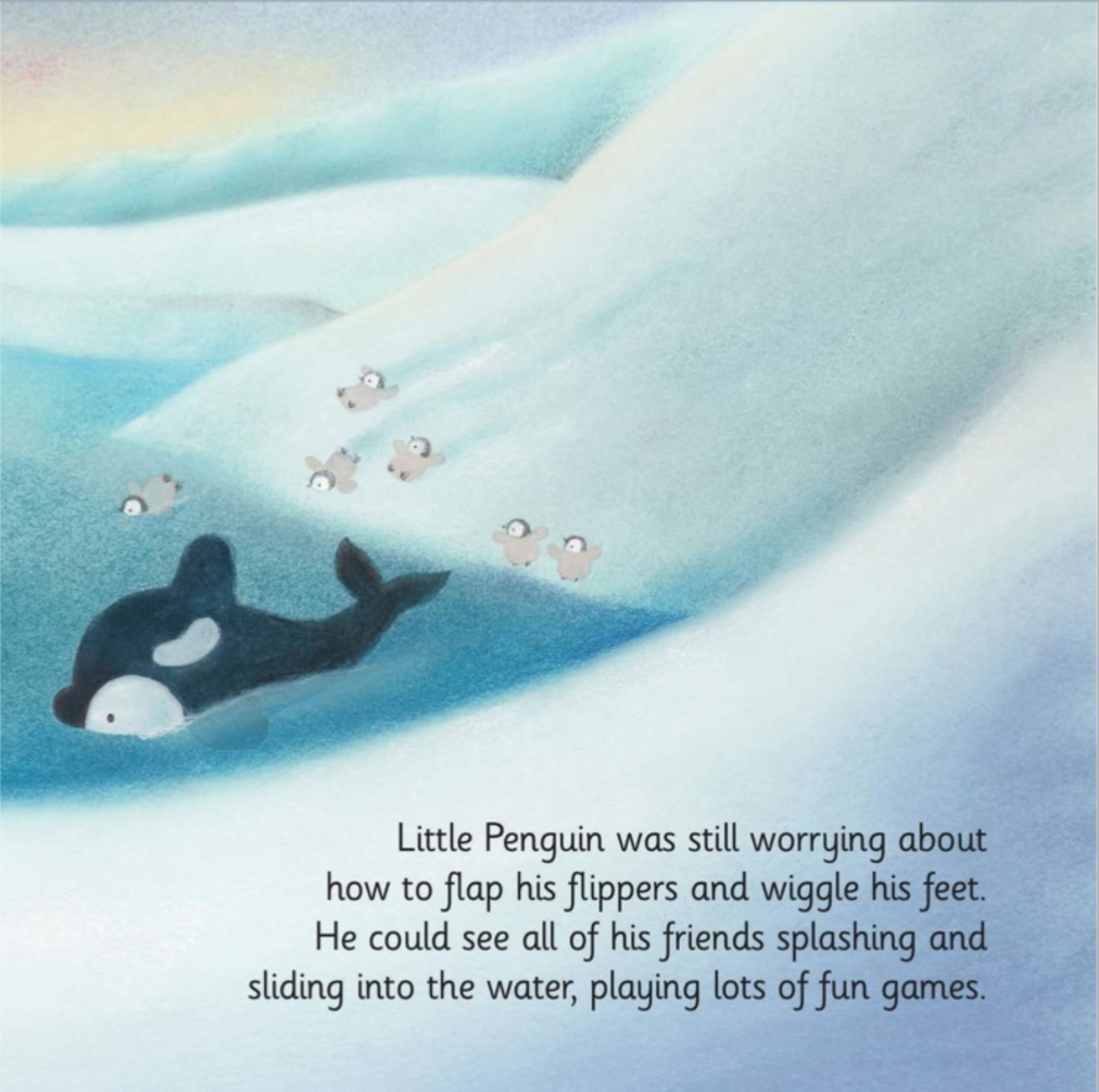
‘Not really. So far I’ve only done
bellyflops, but I can almost get high
enough for big jumps,’ said Little Whale,
weaving through the waves.



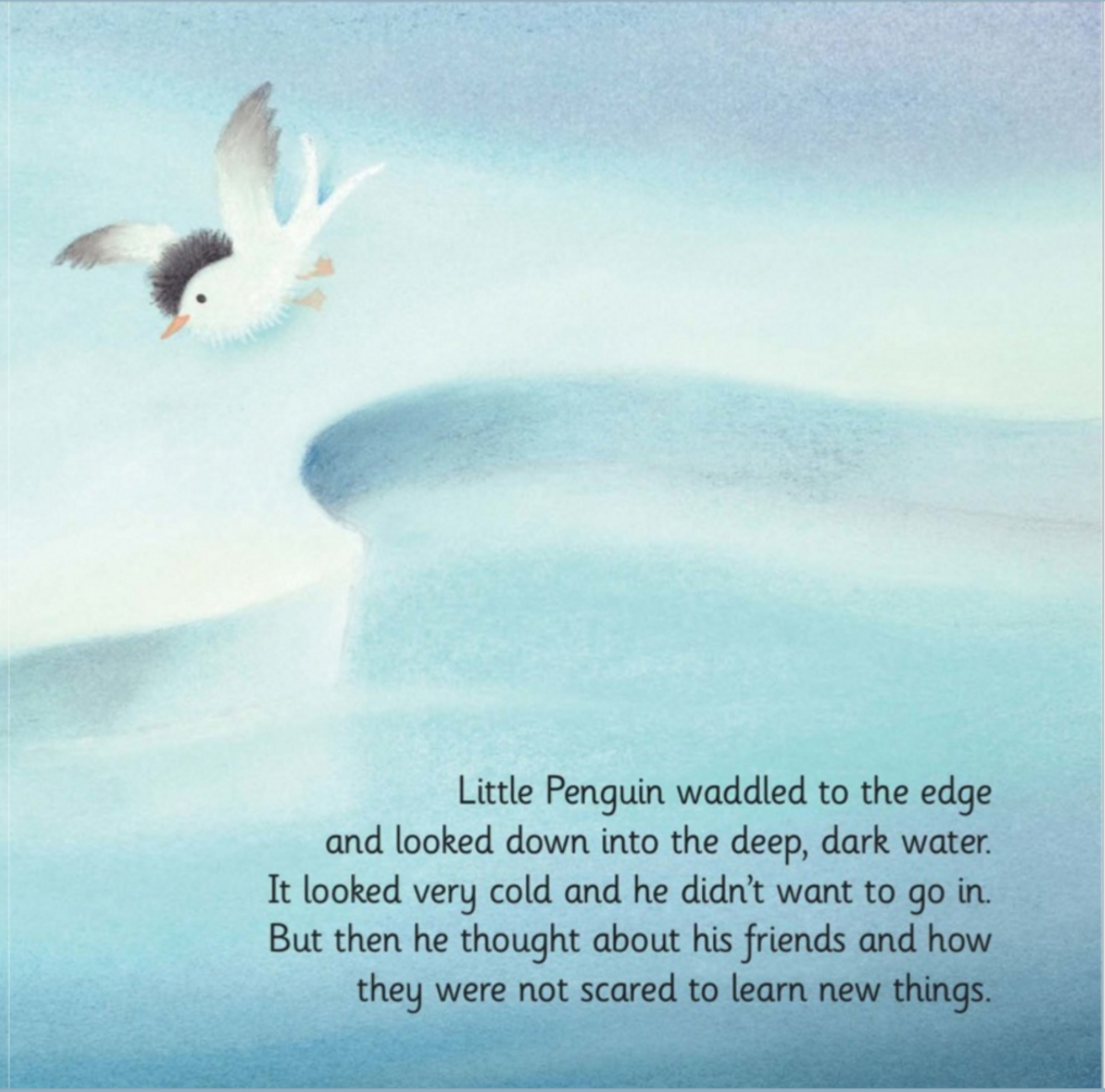
As Little Penguin got to his feet and shuffled on,
he saw a shape jumping high above him.
It was Little Whale, leaping above the waves!

'Look at this one!' cried Little Whale,
somersaulting through the air.





Little Penguin was still worrying about how to flap his flippers and wiggle his feet. He could see all of his friends splashing and sliding into the water, playing lots of fun games.



Little Penguin waddled to the edge and looked down into the deep, dark water. It looked very cold and he didn't want to go in. But then he thought about his friends and how they were not scared to learn new things.

Little Penguin shuffled closer and, with a deep breath, slid on his tummy and slipped easily into the water. Just like he had practised, Little Penguin flapped his flippers and wiggled his feet, twirling and twisting through the water.





Little Penguin whizzed over to his friends to join in with their games. Even though he had been nervous before, Little Penguin could not wait to come back for more fun tomorrow!