

Mrs Penguin's *Perfect Palace*

Helen Brain • Celeste Beckerling



This book belongs to





Mrs Penguin's Perfect Palace

Illustrated by Celeste Beckerling

Written by Helen Brain

Designed by Arthur Attwell

with Vian Oelofsen and Jennifer Jacobs, and the help of Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 10 May 2014.

ISBN: 978-0-9922357-2-7

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 Licence (<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>). You are free to share (copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format) and adapt (remix, transform, and build upon the material) this work for any purpose, even commercially. The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the following license terms:

Attribution: You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.

No additional restrictions: You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.

Notices: You do not have to comply with the license for elements of the material in the public domain or where your use is permitted by an applicable exception or limitation.

No warranties are given. The license may not give you all of the permissions necessary for your intended use. For example, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights may limit how you use the material.

Mrs Penguin's *Perfect Palace*



Helen Brain • Celeste Beckerling

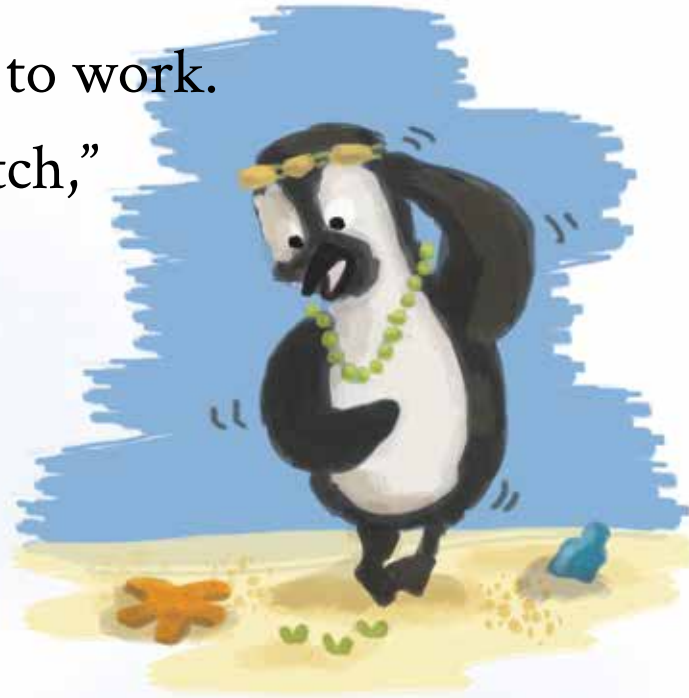
“I wish I had a HOUSE!” said Mrs Penguin.
“I don’t like living in rubbish.”



“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.



“I’m hungry,”
said Gobbles.

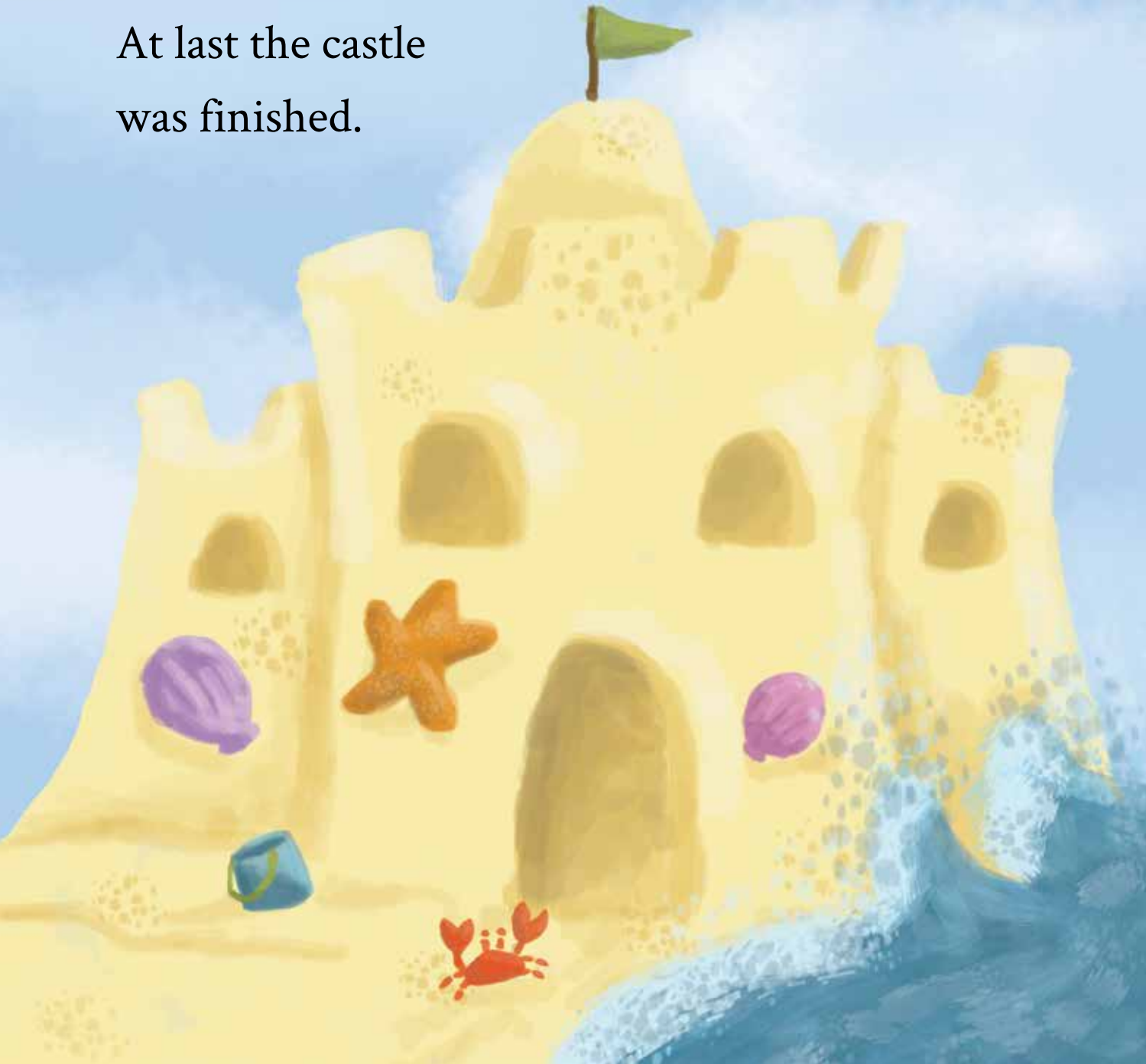


“The measurements
are wrong,” said Boetie.



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.



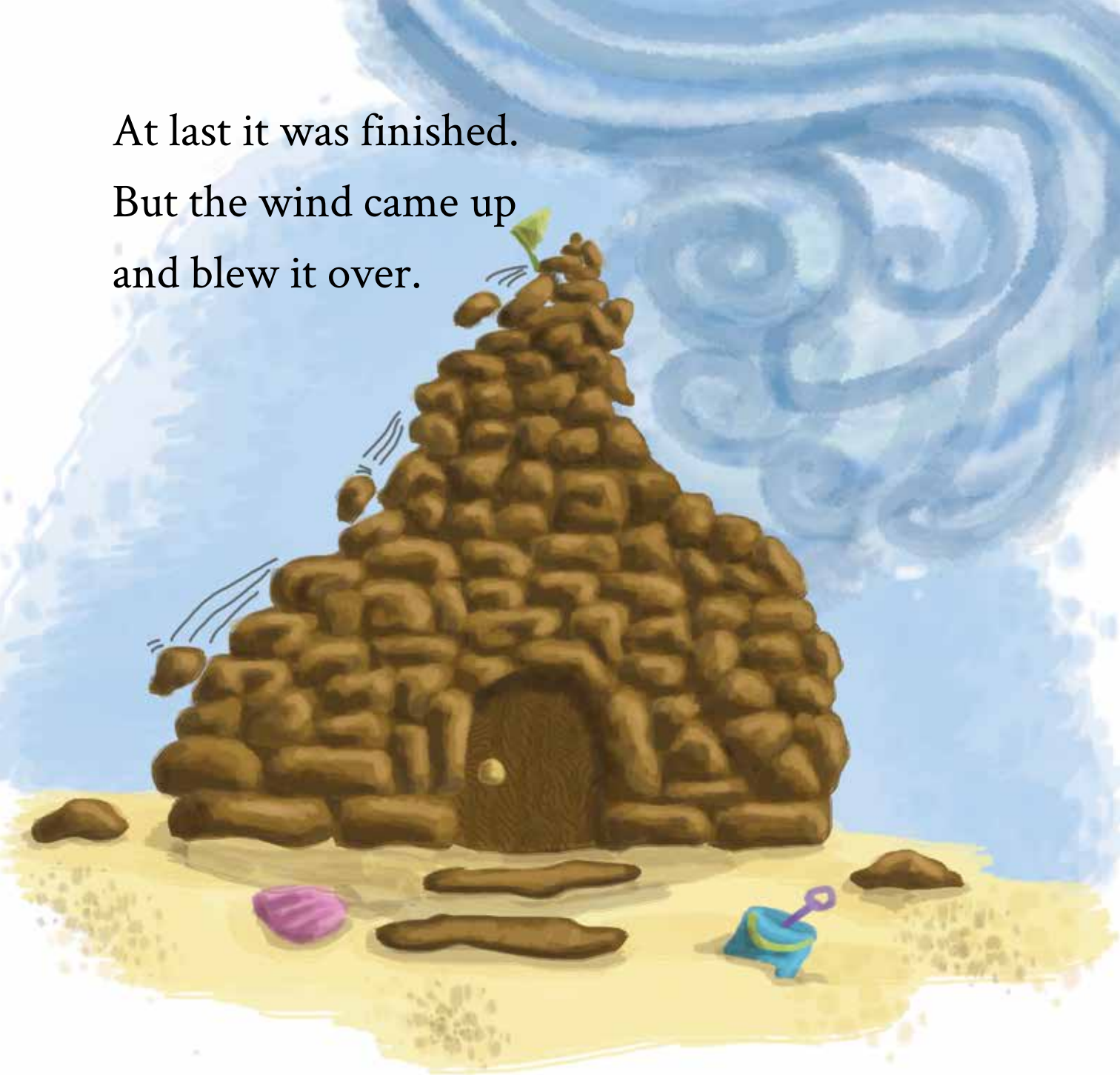
“I’m still hungry,” said Gobbles.



“The measurements
are wrong,” said Boetie.



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.

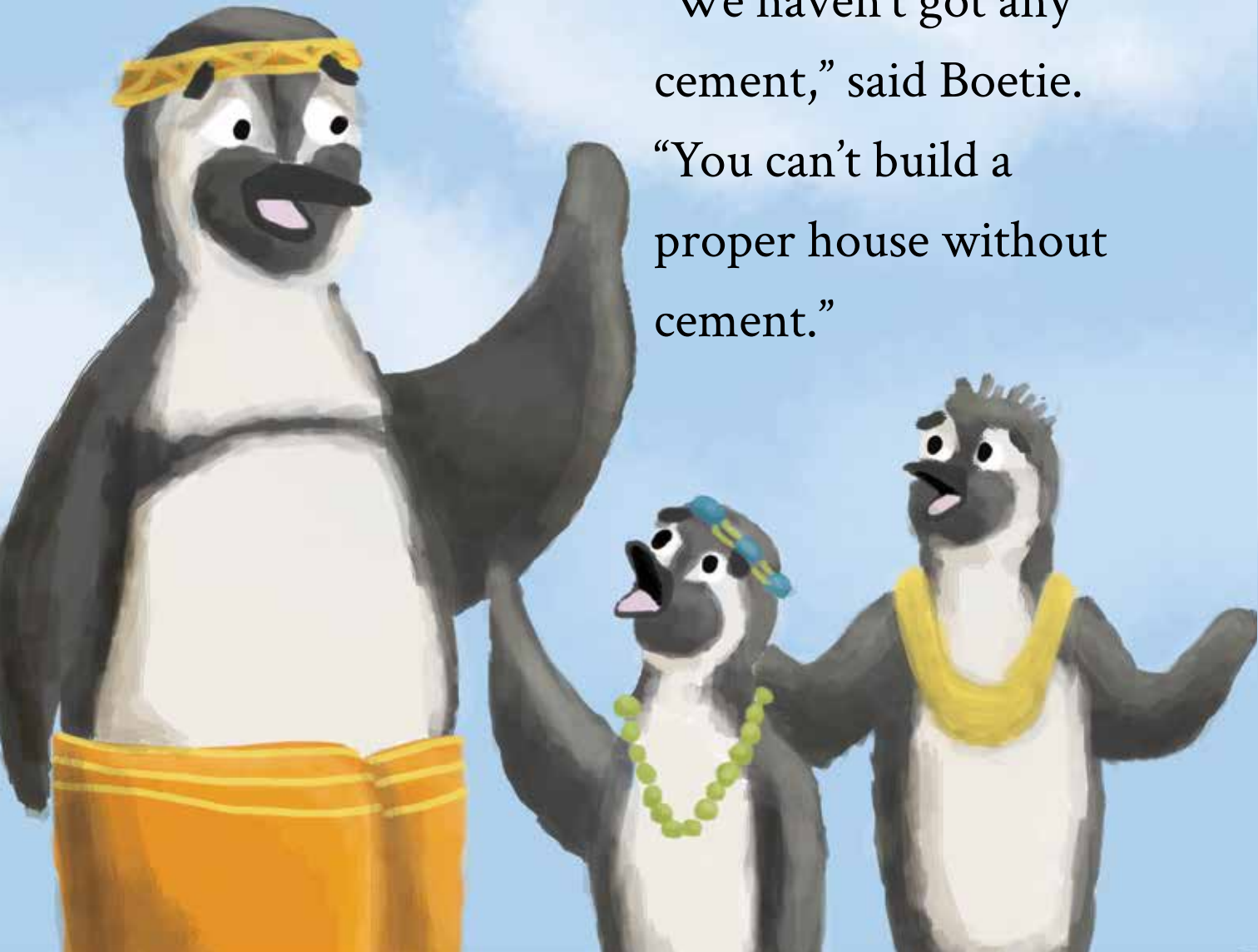


“We’ll try again,” said Papa.

“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.”



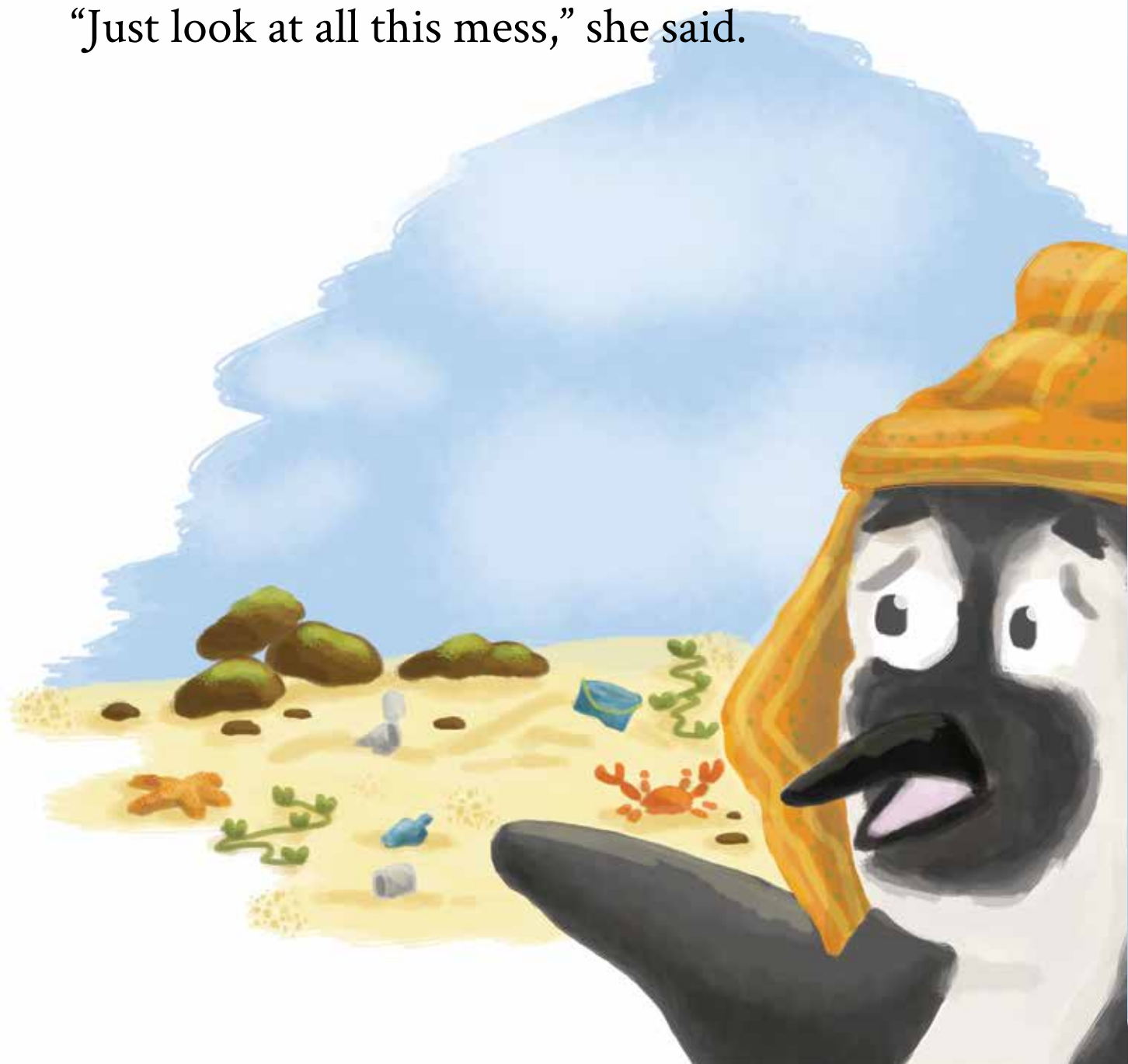
“I’m hungry,” said Gobbles.

Mrs Penguin sighed.

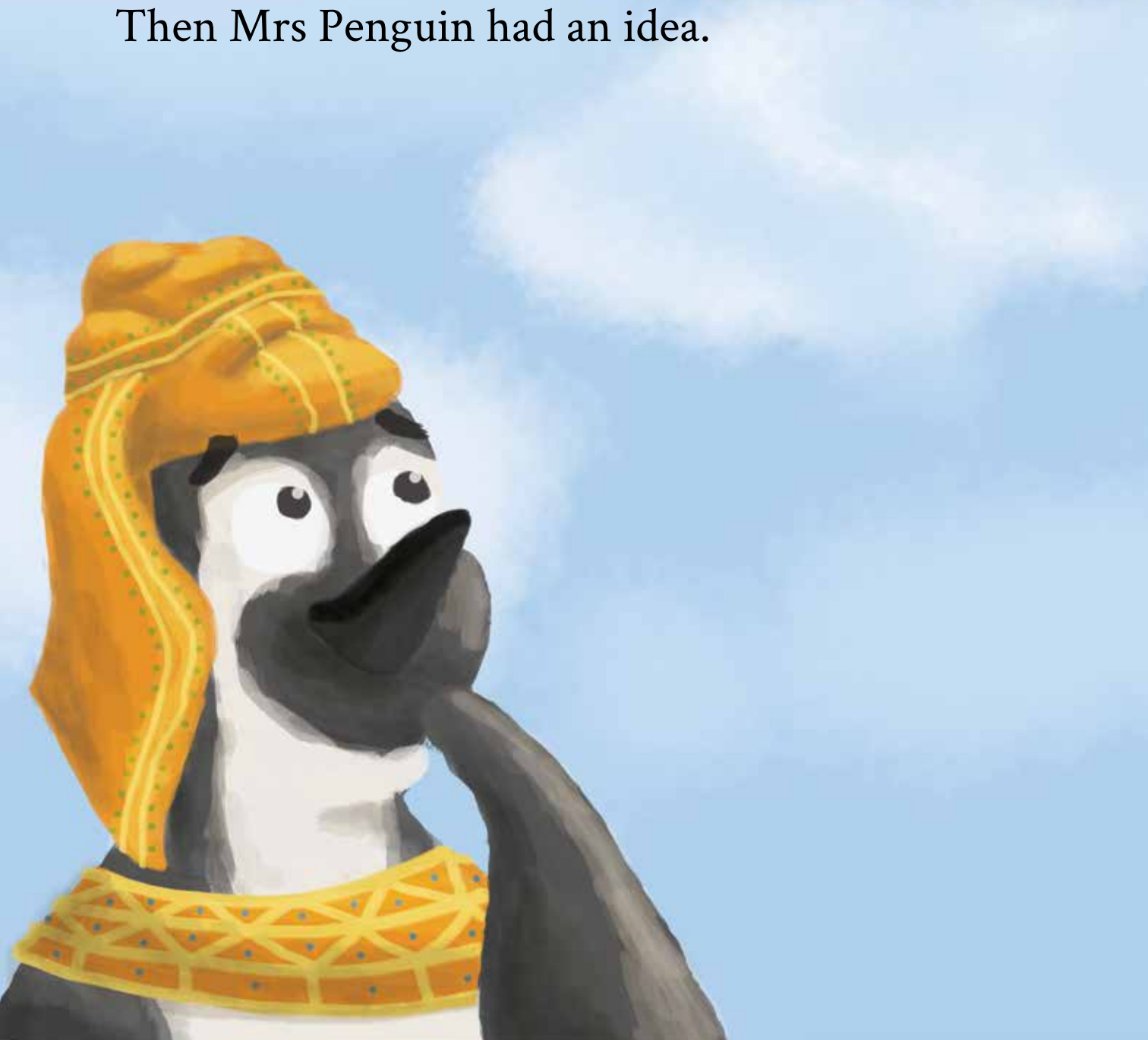
She was never going to get her home.



“Just look at all this mess,” she said.



Then Mrs Penguin had an idea.



“Boetie, fetch wood,”
she said.

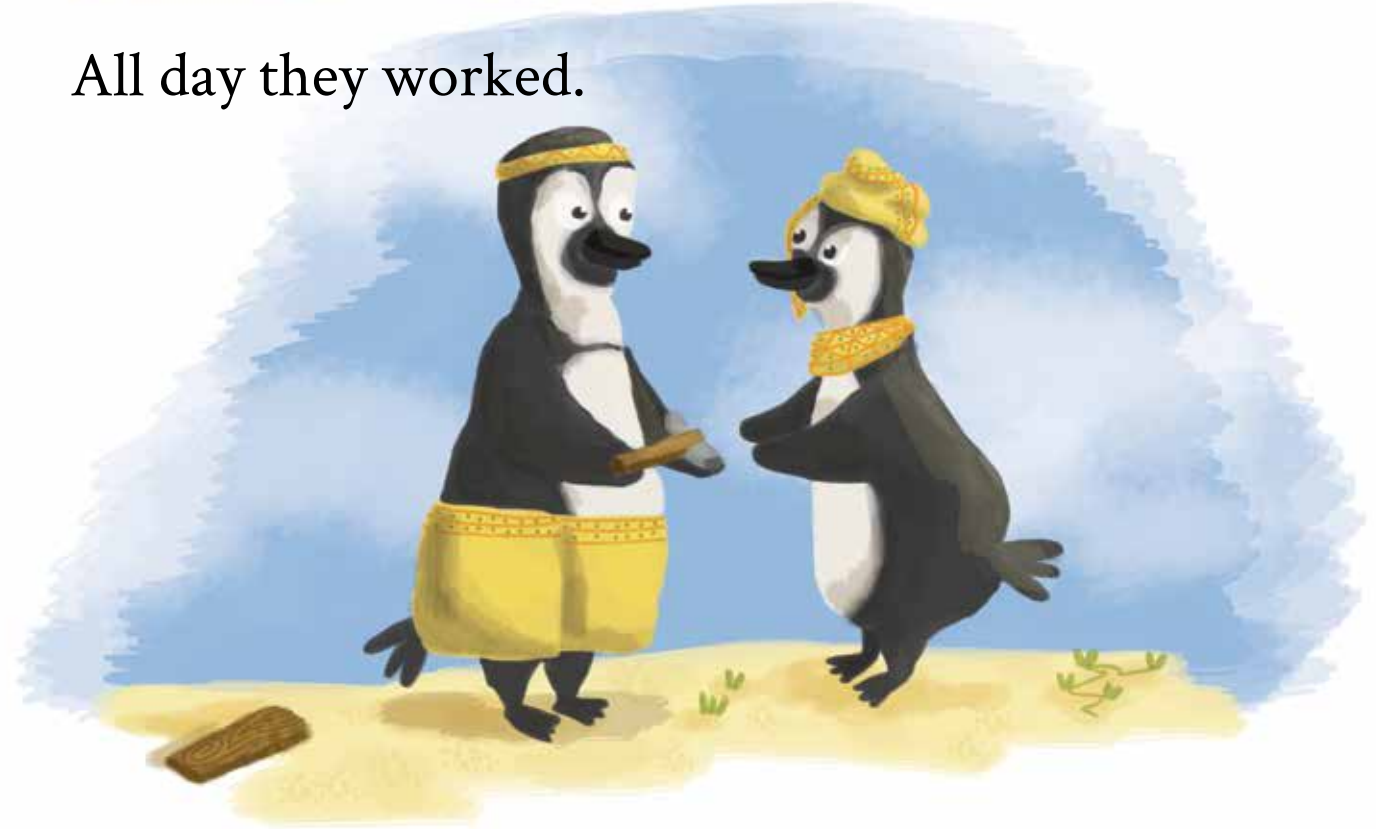


“Sissie, find nets.”

“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.

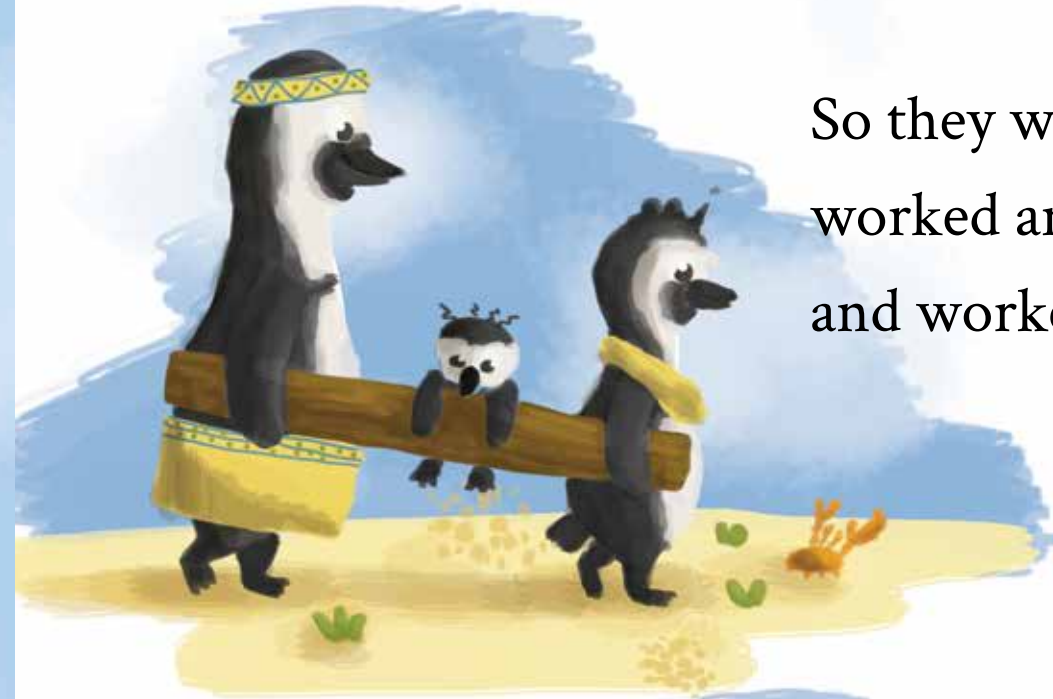
“Keep working,” said Mama.



“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.”



