

Penguin Pete  
by Marcus Pfister

<b>Narrator #1</b>	<b>Narrator #2</b>	<b>Narrator #3</b>
<b>Mother</b>	<b>Penguin Pete</b>	<b>Little Bird</b>

<b>Narrator #1</b>	Once upon a time there was a colony of penguins living happily together in the Antarctic. The youngest penguin was called Pete.
<b>Narrator #2</b>	He was so small that the other penguins called him Pint-Sized Pete.
<b>Mother</b>	"Don't worry,"
<b>Narrator #3</b>	said Pete's mother.
<b>Mother</b>	"All penguins are pint-sized when they're young. One day you'll grow bigger, and then you'll be able to swim in the sea with the rest of us."
<b>Narrator #1</b>	Pete thought the grown-up penguins looked beautiful swimming in the sea. He wanted to grow up fast, so he could join them.
<b>Narrator #2</b>	But when the penguins came back in the evening, and waddled clumsily to their nesting places, Pete couldn't help laughing.
<b>Narrator #3</b>	They looked so funny! Grown-up penguins couldn't move about on the snow and ice any better than Pint-Sized Pete.
<b>Penguin Pete</b>	"I'll show them a penguin can move gracefully on land!"
<b>Narrator #1</b>	said Pete to himself. And he began practicing flipper-skating every day.

Narrator #2	It was great fun! He slid about all over the ice, and usually ended up on the ground with a thump.
Narrator #3	Now and then some of the other penguins who were Pete's friends stayed home with him.
Narrator #1	Then they had a wonderful time playing hide and seek, making snow penguins, and having snowball fights. The time flew by.
Narrator #2	One day a flock of birds landed on the patch of ice where the penguins lived, calling and screeching and flapping their wings.
Narrator #3	Pete marched proudly through the rows of birds. How tiny they were! He felt very big and grown-up.
Little Bird	"Hello!"
Narrator #1	said one of the little birds.
Little Bird	"What kind of funny bird are you?"
Penguin Pete	"I'm a penguin,"
Narrator #2	he said.
Penguin Pete	"My name's Pete."
Little Bird	"Pleased to meet you, Pete!"
Narrator #3	said the little bird.
Little Bird	"My name's Steve. Let's have a flying race!"
Penguin Pete	"Don't be silly,"
Narrator #1	said Pete.
Penguin Pete	"I can't fly."
Little Bird	"Then it's time you learned!"
Narrator #2	said Steve.

Little Bird	"All you have to do is flap your wings hard. Just watch me! It's quite easy."
Narrator #3	Pete tried and tried to fly, but he couldn't. He could only jump a little way into the air.
Narrator #1	Pete and Steve were soon great friends, even if they couldn't go flying together.
Narrator #2	But Pete wanted nothing better than to fly with his friend.
Narrator #3	Although he tried to take off over and over again, his flights always ended in a crash landing.
Narrator #1	The day came when the flock of birds had to move on. There was nothing Steve could do about it.
Narrator #2	As the two friends said goodbye, big penguin tears trickled down Pete's cheeks.
Little Bird	"Never mind, Pete,"
Narrator #3	Steve called back as he flew away.
Little Bird	"I'm sure we'll be landing on this patch of ice again next year."
Narrator #1	Pete was very sad, but his mother knew how to cheer him up. The next morning he was allowed to go swimming in the sea for the first time.
Narrator #2	He was very excited, though the thought of diving into the water head first was rather scary.
Narrator #3	But Pete found two ledges of ice at the water's edge. He climbed cautiously down the ledges and slid backwards into the sea.
Penguin Pete	"I'll do a proper diver tomorrow,"

<b>Narrator #1</b>	thought Pete.
<b>Narrator #2</b>	Pete's first few strokes were rather clumsy, but soon he was gliding through the cold water like an eel.
<b>Narrator #3</b>	He could even do a backstroke! He came in last in most of the swimming races, and he lost when the penguins played games, but Pete was a good loser.
<b>Narrator #1</b>	He never tired of looking at all the fish and seaweed. There was something new around the corner of every rock. What a wonderful, mysterious place the sea was!
<b>Narrator #2</b>	The moon had risen by the time Pete waddled happily back to his mother.
<b>Narrator #3</b>	He felt far too tired to tell her about all his adventures, but that could wait until tomorrow.
<b>Narrator #1</b>	He fell asleep at once, and dreamed of Steve, the sea, and the dive he was going to do the next day.