

The Penguin's Snow Song



Every winter, the penguins gathered on the snowy shore to sing beneath the stars. Pippa wanted to join them, but her voice came out as a tiny squeak.

She practiced beside the sea. She sang to the waves and to the moon, yet her song was still too soft to hear over the wind. Pippa felt like turning back.

Then she noticed the sound of her feet on the ice. Tap, tap, pause. She tried a new rhythm. Tap, tap, tap! The beat carried across the shore.

One penguin began to sing along. Then another joined, and soon the whole group followed Pippa's cheerful tapping. Their voices rose into the clear night sky.

Pippa's song had been there all along. It sounded different from the others, and that made the winter music even better.



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