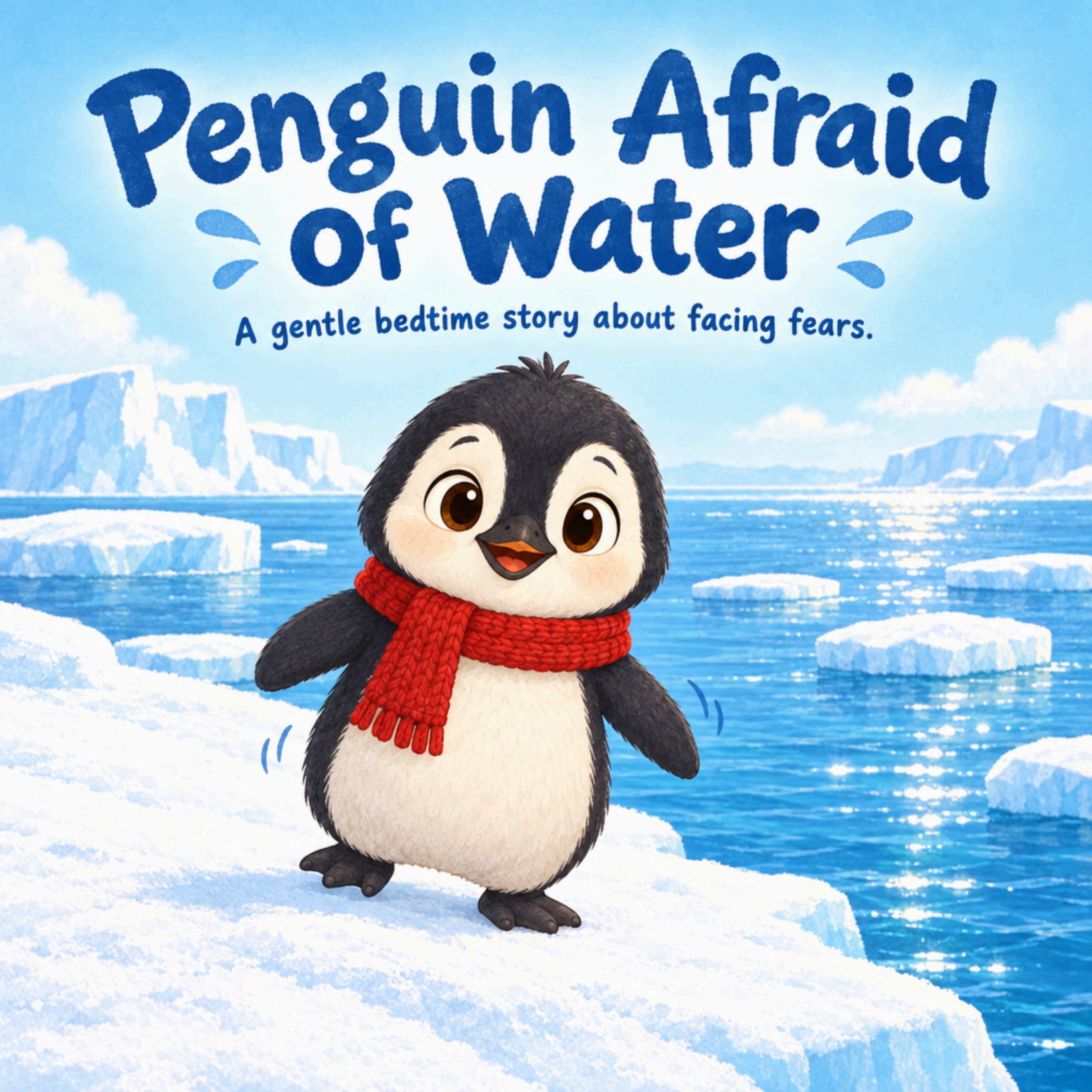
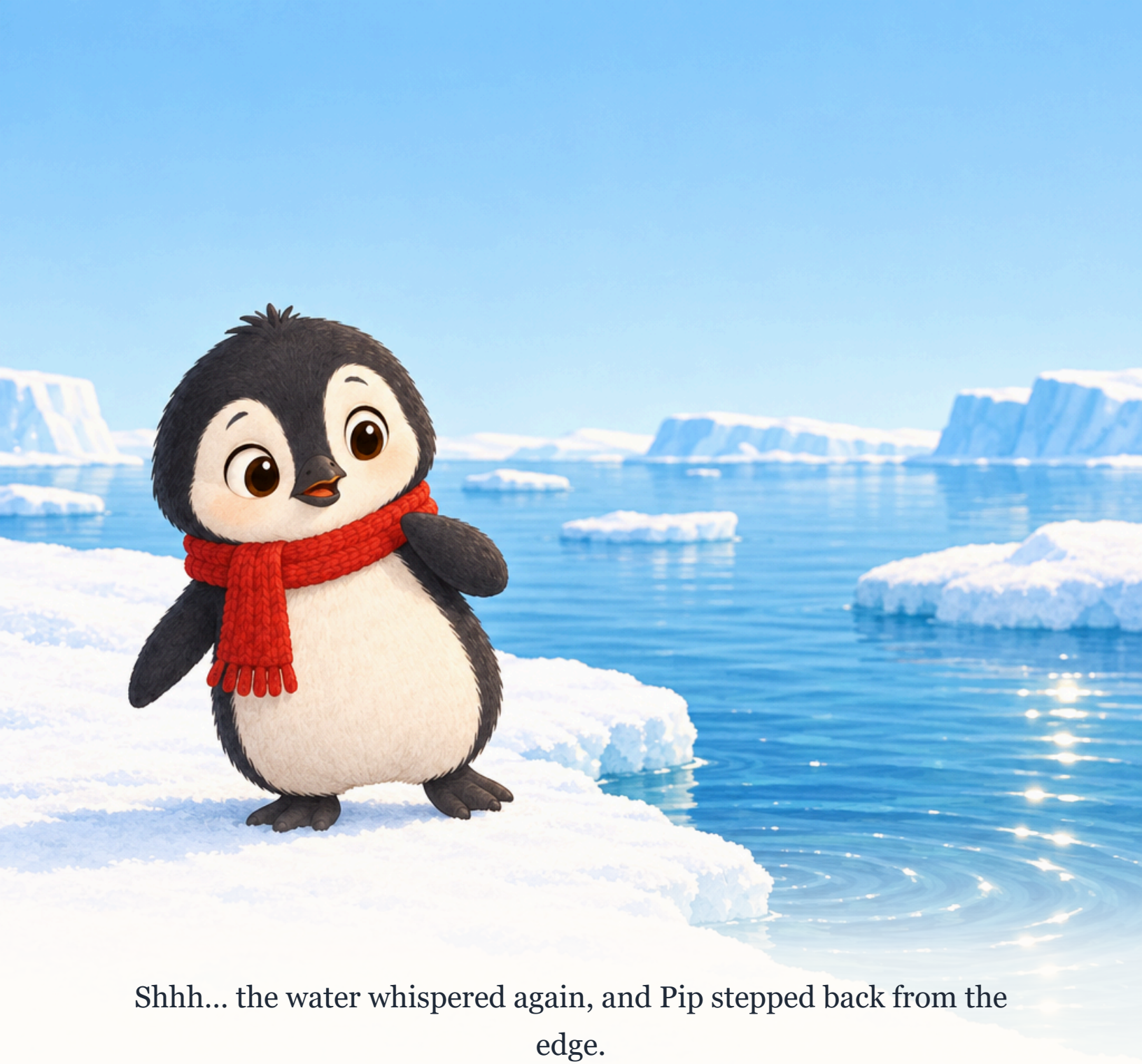
Penguin Afraid of Water

A gentle bedtime story about facing fears.



Sunlight shimmered on the ice as Pip peered at the dark water below.
It whispered, and Pip wobbled back.





Shhh… the water whispered again, and Pip stepped back from the edge.

At the icy edge, Pip lifted one foot. Tap… went the ice. Thump… went his heart. The water swished, and Pip hurried back.





Splash! A wave popped up, and Pip jumped back. “Not today,” he whispered.

The ice stayed still after the splash.

Pip searched nearby and found a long stick. He carried it close, thinking, “Maybe this can touch the water first.”





“Tap,” said Pip, touching the water; tiny ripples moved, and he pulled the stick back.

Could the water reach the stick?

A sudden wobble sent its tip dipping deeper. Pip gave a squeak and yanked it back.

The dark water shivered below. Pip hurried away from the edge.





Curling on the ice, Pip breathed, “In… out…” His shaking flippers slowed a little.

At the icy shoreline, Pip whispered, “One tiny toe.”

He held the stick like a helper and edged forward. The water murmured, but Pip stayed.

Then - just barely - his toe touched the water. No big splash.





“Cool,” Pip whispered. “The water feels cool, not mean.” Its little ripples curled around his toe, and Pip leaned closer.

The shoreline shivered as a small wave rolled closer. Pip gripped the long stick like a guard and held it steady.

“Stay steady,” he whispered.

The wave whispered back - and came nearer.





Can Pip take one more step? The wave slipped past, and Pip moved closer.



The icy shore grew still. Pip sat with his feet near the edge and listened.

Shush went the water.

Shush went the water.

His worry stirred, then softened. The long stick rested beside him as a cool ripple touched his toes and slipped away.

Pip breathed out slowly. His belly felt warm, and the dark water lay quiet before him. Could he stay just a little longer?



Plip!

A tiny splash popped up and startled Pip. Then he laughed.

The water made a funny sound. Pip stayed put, waiting for the next little splash.

The stick lay beside Pip. He held it once, then let go. The water whispered, and Pip stayed.





“Goodnight, water,” Pip whispered. “You’re safe, and I am safe too.”

The water murmured beside the ice. Pip tucked in close, breathed slowly, and rested peacefully as the gentle sound carried him into sleep.

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