

The Penguin's Impossible Dream



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

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Percy the penguin lived on a bright, windy shore where the sea sang and the ice sparkled. Percy was small and round, with a black back, a white front, and soft grey down on his head. He wore a tiny red climbing helmet and carried a small blue backpack with a coiled rope. Percy had a big dream: he wanted to be a mountain climber.



Every morning, Percy watched the tall, snowy hills far beyond the shore. "I will climb up there one day," he said, his bright blue eyes shining. But when he tried to step onto a slippery rock, his little orange feet slid, and he plopped into a soft snowbank. "Climbing is harder than it looks," he sighed.



Percy's friends noticed his dream. Sana the seal was calm and practical, with smooth grey skin, dark spots, and a yellow safety vest. Pip the petrel was quick and curious, with white and grey feathers, black wingtips, and a green scarf. "We can help you train," said Sana with a friendly smile. "But first, you must learn to be safe."



Sana blew her whistle. "Before you climb, check your footing," she said. "Tap the snow with your foot. If it feels soft, step back." Percy practiced on a small mound near the shore. He tapped, stepped, and slipped. "Try again," said Sana gently. Percy tried again and again, and slowly he got better.



Pip flew above and watched the weather. "The wind is changing," Pip called, her tiny binoculars glinting. "Snow can hide slippery ice." Percy looked up and nodded. "I'll be careful," he said. He practiced walking on icy patches, taking slow, steady steps. His short flippers waved for balance, and he didn't fall once.



Each day, Percy trained with his friends. Sana taught him to stop when he felt tired. "Rest is part of climbing," she said. Pip taught him to watch for dark clouds and strong gusts. "A good climber knows when to turn back," she chirped. Percy listened and learned. His blue backpack bounced as he practiced, and his red helmet stayed snug.



One morning, Percy felt ready. "I want to try the snowy hill," he said. Sana and Pip exchanged a look. "We'll come with you," said Sana. "But remember: reaching the top is not the only goal." Percy nodded, though his heart beat fast with excitement. He wanted to see the world from the top.



They set off toward the snowy hill. Percy led the way, his orange feet crunching on the snow. Pip flew ahead, scanning the slope with her binoculars. "The snow looks deep near the ridge," she warned. Sana stayed close behind Percy, her yellow vest bright against the white. "Take it step by step," she said.



The hill grew steeper. Percy's legs felt heavy, and his breath came in little puffs. He slipped once, but Sana was right there. "Check your footing," she reminded him. Percy tapped the snow, found a firm spot, and climbed on. Progress was slow, but he felt proud with every step. The wind tugged at his helmet, but he kept going.



Near the top, the snow turned soft and slushy. Percy took another step, and his foot sank deep. He wobbled and almost fell. "Stop!" called Pip from above. "That snow is not safe!" Percy froze. His dream of the summit felt so close, but the slope ahead looked dangerous. He remembered Sana's words: a good climber knows when to turn back.



Percy looked down at his friends. Sana's dark eyes were kind and steady. Pip hovered nearby, her green scarf flapping. "It's okay, Percy," said Sana. "You've come so far. Being safe matters more than reaching the top." Percy took a deep breath. He planted his feet firmly and looked at the slippery slope one last time.



Then Percy smiled. "You're right," he said. "I don't need to reach the very top today. I made it this far, and that's a real climb!" Sana blew her whistle in a happy tweet. Pip did a little loop in the air. Together, they turned around and started back down, step by careful step, with Percy leading the way.



Back on the shore, Percy's friends cheered. "You were brave and careful," said Sana. "That's what makes a good climber." Pip nodded. "And you listened to our warnings," she added. Percy felt warm inside. His impossible dream didn't seem so impossible anymore. He had trained hard, and he had made real progress.



That evening, Percy sat on a rock and watched the snowy hill glow in the sunset. He thought about his red helmet, his blue backpack, and the rope he still hoped to use. "Next time, I'll go a little higher," he said. "But only if it's safe." Sana and Pip sat beside him, and they all shared a quiet, happy moment.



Percy learned that dreams can come true when you prepare well and listen to your friends. He didn't reach the summit that day, but he felt proud of every step he took. His training had made him strong and careful. And with Sana and Pip by his side, he knew he could keep climbing, one safe step at a time.



So if you ever see a small penguin with a red helmet and a blue backpack, tapping the snow and checking the sky, give him a cheer. Percy's dream is still growing, and he's climbing it safely, step by step. After all, the best adventures are the ones where you come home with a happy heart and a story to tell.