

# The Penguin's Purple Igloo



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

# **The Penguin's Purple Igloo**

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



In a chilly ice village, where every igloo shone snowy white, lived a small penguin named Pip. Pip had bright amber eyes and a cheerful orange beak. He loved to paint more than anything else. One morning, Pip looked at his plain white igloo and thought, 'It needs some color!' He picked up his paintbrush and a bucket of bright purple paint. 'This will be perfect,' he said with a happy smile.



Pip painted his igloo from top to bottom. He splashed purple on the walls and even on his cheek. His painter smock was covered in purple spots. When he finished, his igloo glowed like a giant purple berry in the snow. Pip stepped back and clapped his flippers. 'It's the most beautiful igloo in the world!' he cheered. He felt proud and happy.



Soon the other penguins came to see. Toby, a young penguin with a red scarf, was the first to arrive. His big green eyes grew wide. 'Wow!' he gasped. 'A purple igloo!' He pulled out his tiny sketchbook and started drawing. But Greta, a sturdy penguin in a grey wool cap, raised her brow. 'Purple? That's not normal,' she said, holding her clipboard. 'Igloos should be white.'



Pip didn't mind. He loved his purple home. 'It makes me happy,' he said. But some penguins laughed and pointed. 'Purple igloo, purple igloo!' they teased. Pip's heart felt a little heavy, but he kept his smile. He remembered how much fun he had painting. 'I like my purple igloo,' he said softly. 'It's different, and different can be wonderful.'



The next day, Toby came back to look at the purple igloo again. He sketched every detail. 'I wish my igloo could be as fun,' he said. Pip smiled. 'You can decorate yours too!' Toby's eyes sparkled. 'Really? I could paint bright stripes!' Pip nodded. 'Art is for everyone.' Toby ran home, excited to start.



Word spread through the village. Penguins whispered about the strange, colorful igloo. Some still laughed, but others were curious. 'Is it really purple?' they asked. 'Does it glow?' More and more penguins waddled past Pip's igloo to see. Pip stood proudly by his door and waved. 'Come and look!' he called. 'It's bright and cheerful!'



Mabel, the elder penguin, came to visit. She wore a teal shawl and tiny round spectacles. She studied the purple igloo for a long time. 'Pip, this is wonderful,' she said warmly. 'You've brought color to our white world.' Pip's eyes shone. 'Do you really think so?' Mabel nodded. 'I do. We should celebrate such creativity. Let's have an art festival!'



Pip's heart leaped. 'An art festival?' he cried. Mabel smiled. 'Yes! Everyone can decorate their home in their own way.' She told the whole village. Some penguins were unsure. Greta crossed her flippers. 'Art festival? We don't need such nonsense.' But Toby jumped up and down. 'I want to paint stripes!' Others began to whisper and smile.



Pip and Mabel handed out brushes and paint to everyone who wanted to join. Toby painted bright red and yellow stripes on his igloo. Mabel decorated hers with tiny blue shells. Even Greta watched from the side, holding her clipboard. Pip painted a big purple banner that said 'Art Festival'. The village began to buzz with excitement.



Greta still thought it was silly. 'All this mess for nothing,' she muttered. But when she saw Toby's striped igloo, she paused. 'That's... quite nice,' she said slowly. Toby grinned. 'Thanks! Pip showed me how.' Greta looked at her plain grey cap and her plain white igloo. She felt a little left out. 'Maybe I could try something small,' she thought.



On the day of the festival, the whole village gathered. Each igloo was a different color and pattern. Some had dots, some had swirls, some had pictures of fish. Everyone laughed and clapped. Greta arrived with a small sign on her igloo that said 'Orderly Art'. She smiled shyly. 'I painted a straight line,' she said. 'It's a start.'



Mabel stood in the middle and raised her flippers. 'Look at all this beauty!' she said. 'Each igloo is special because each penguin is special.' Pip's purple igloo stood in the center, shining like a jewel. 'Pip started it all,' Mabel said. Everyone cheered. Greta clapped too. 'I'm sorry I laughed,' she said to Pip. 'Your purple igloo is great.'



Pip felt warm inside. 'Thank you,' he said. 'And thank you for joining.' Greta smiled and adjusted her wool cap. 'Next year, I'll paint my igloo purple too. Maybe with yellow stripes.' Everyone laughed happily. The festival went on with music and dancing. The purple igloo became the happiest home in the village.



From that day on, no one laughed at Pip's purple igloo. Instead, they admired it. Penguins came from far away to see the famous colorful village. Pip taught art to young penguins like Toby. Mabel said, 'Being different is a gift.' And everyone agreed. The village was full of color, friendship, and respect for each other's creativity.



Pip often sat outside his purple igloo and painted pictures of his friends. He painted Toby's striped home, Mabel's shell-decorated one, and even Greta's neat little sign. Each picture was different, just like each penguin. And Pip loved them all. The ice village was never plain white again. It was a rainbow of happy homes, all because one little penguin dared to be purple.



The purple igloo still stands at the edge of the village, bright and bold. Pip's paintbrush is always ready. He knows that being yourself is the best art of all. And every penguin, from little Toby to old Mabel, from proud Greta to all the others, knows that individuality deserves respect. The end.