

# The Penguin's Purple Telescope



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On a snowy hill by the sea lived a little penguin named Pippin. Pippin had a sleek blue-black back, a snowy white belly, and bright amber eyes. A tuft of feathers stuck up on top of Pippin's head, and a knitted purple scarf kept Pippin warm. Every night, Pippin looked up at the sky and wondered about the twinkling stars. "I wish I could see them closer," Pippin said.



One morning, Pippin found a long cardboard tube and some shiny purple paint. Pippin painted the tube bright purple and set it on three little sticks. "My very own telescope!" Pippin cheered. Pippin put round goggles on and looked through the tube. But the stars were far away, and Pippin didn't know what to do next. "I need help," Pippin said.



That evening, a grey and white seabird swooped down. It was a petrel named Pip, with a red bandana and a brown satchel full of tiny lenses. "Hello! What's that purple thing?" Pip asked. "It's my telescope," said Pippin. "But the stars look blurry." Pip smiled. "I can help you adjust the lenses," Pip said kindly. "Let's try together."



Pip opened the satchel and pulled out a small, round lens. "First, we put this one here," Pip said, sliding it into the tube. Pippin watched closely. Then Pip added another lens. "Now look again," said Pip. Pippin looked through the purple telescope. The stars were still a little messy. "Hmm," said Pippin. "It's better, but not quite right."



Pip nodded. "That's okay. We can try a different lens." Pip swapped the lens for another one. Pippin looked again. The stars were brighter now, but still a bit blurry. "I think I need to practice looking," Pippin said. "Yes!" said Pip. "Practice makes everything better." Pippin smiled and looked once more. The stars were starting to look rounder.



The next night, Pippin climbed the snowy hill again. The purple telescope stood waiting. Pippin took a deep breath and looked through it. "Oh!" Pippin gasped. The stars were a little clearer. "I'm getting better!" Pippin cheered. Pip flew down and watched. "Keep going!" Pip called. "You're doing great!" Pippin looked again and again, practicing every night.



Some nights, the stars looked fuzzy. Some nights, they looked bright. Pippin didn't give up. "I'll try one more time," Pippin said each night. Pip brought new lenses from the satchel. "This one might help," Pip said. Pippin tried it and looked. "Wow! That's much better!" Pippin said. The stars were shining like tiny lanterns.



Pippin learned to twist the lens just a little. Pippin learned to wait for the sky to get dark. "Practice is like building a snowball," Pippin said. "It grows bigger and bigger." Pip laughed. "You're right!" said Pip. "Every night you get a little better." Pippin felt proud. The purple scarf flapped in the cold wind.



One clear night, Pippin looked through the telescope and saw a big, bright star. "It's so sharp!" Pippin shouted. "I can see it perfectly!" Pip flew in a happy circle. "You did it!" Pip cheered. "All that practice paid off!" Pippin's amber eyes sparkled. "I couldn't have done it without your lenses and your help," Pippin said.



Pip landed beside Pippin. "You know," Pip said, "I dropped my first lens three times before I got it right." Pippin giggled. "Really?" "Really!" said Pip. "Everyone needs practice." Pippin looked at the sky again. "I want to see more stars," Pippin said. "Then let's keep practicing," said Pip. "There are so many stars to see!"



The next night, Pippin invited all the penguins to look. "Line up, everyone!" Pippin called. One by one, the penguins peeked through the purple telescope. "Ooh!" they said. "Ahh!" They saw bright stars and a tiny moon. "Pippin's telescope is amazing!" they cheered. Pippin smiled. "Pip helped me adjust the lenses," Pippin said. "And I practiced every night."



Pip brought even more lenses. "Try this one for the moon," Pip said. Pippin twisted it carefully. "Oh! I can see the moon's craters!" Pippin gasped. "Practice makes perfect," said Pip. "Well, maybe not perfect," said Pippin, "but better and better!" Pip nodded. "That's the spirit!" The two friends looked at the sky together.



Pippin kept the telescope on the hill. Every night, Pippin practiced looking. Some nights were cloudy, but Pippin waited. Some nights were cold, but Pippin wore the purple scarf. "I'm learning," Pippin said. "And learning takes time." Pip flew by often. "How's the stargazing?" Pip asked. "Better every night!" Pippin answered.



One evening, Pippin saw a star twinkle in a new way. "Pip!" Pippin called. "I think I see a whole bunch of stars together!" Pip swooped down. "That's a star cluster!" Pip said. "You're becoming a real stargazer!" Pippin felt warm inside. "Thank you for helping me," Pippin said. "And for teaching me to practice."



Pip smiled. "You taught yourself," Pip said. "I just brought the lenses." Pippin shook Pippin's head. "No, you taught me that practice makes everything better." Pip gave Pippin a friendly nudge. "Let's celebrate with a look at the moon," Pip said. They looked through the purple telescope together. The moon was bright and round, and the stars sparkled all around.



Pippin learned that night that practice is like a slow, steady climb up a snowy hill. It might feel slippery at first, but every step makes you stronger. With the purple telescope, a helpful petrel, and a lot of practice, Pippin could see the stars clearly. And Pippin knew that with a little patience, anything can get better. "Practice makes everything better," Pippin said proudly.