

Michael Engler

Joëlle Tourlonias

POLAAH and the lonely PENGUIN

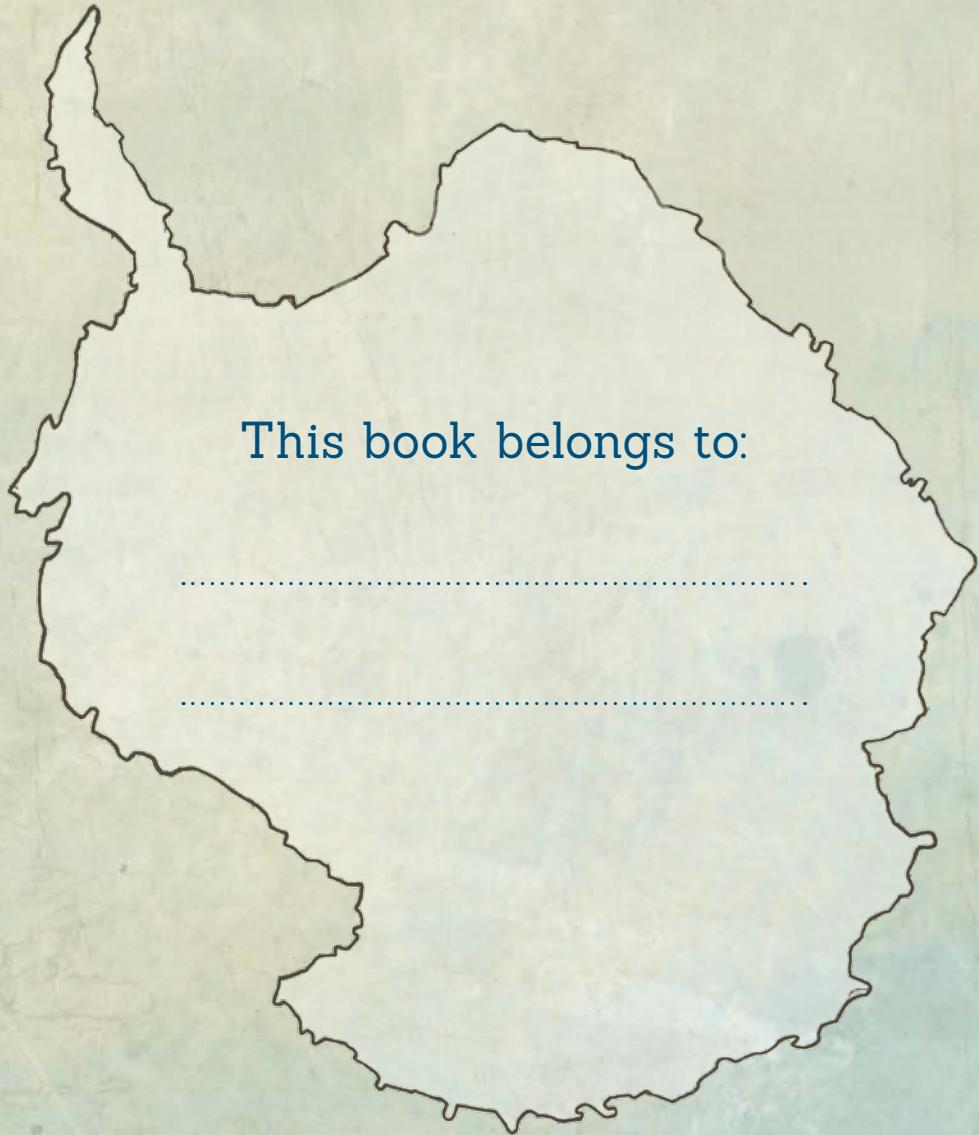






This book belongs to:

.....
.....





Michael Engler was born in 1961 in Lower Saxony, Germany, studied visual communication, worked as scriptwriter and illustrator, and as an art director in advertisement. Today, he is a best-selling author for children's books and stage plays. Since 2014, he has been cooperating with Joëlle Tourlonias..

www.michaelengler.com



Joëlle Tourlonias was born in 1985 in Hanau, Germany, studied visual communication (focus: illustration and painting) at the Bauhaus University in Weimar. She is one of the most successful German artists and lives near Frankfurt/Main.

www.joelletourlonias.blogspot.com



360 Grad Verlag GmbH

Eichenweg 21a · D-69198 Schriesheim

[f www.facebook.de/360GradVerlag](https://www.facebook.de/360GradVerlag)

[@ www.instagram.com/360gradverlag_bestbooks](https://www.instagram.com/360gradverlag_bestbooks)

© 2020 by Michael Engler und Joëlle Tourlonias

sowie 360 Grad Verlag GmbH, Schriesheim

Umschlagbild und Innenillustrationen: Joëlle Tourlonias

Text: Michael Engler

Layout und Satz: Helmut Schaffer, Hofheim a.Ts.

Gedruckt in Europa · Alle Rechte vorbehalten

ISBN 978-3-96185-536-0

www.360grad-verlag.de

5 4 3 2 1

Michael Engler

POLAAH and the lonely PENGUIN

illustrated by
Joëlle Tourlonias



It was a sunny day in Shiverland, this tiny spot of earth between the eternal ice of the North and the almost endless, treeless tundra. On the horizon of the deep-blue sea, a tiny ice floe with a penguin appeared. Quite a while ago, it had been a huge ice floe which detached from the South Pole. This was exactly at the other end of the world. On its way, the ice floe had melted more and more.





However, as the sun was finally out today, the snow hare Hop, the snowy owl Gru-Gru and the wolverine Munch did not really pay attention.

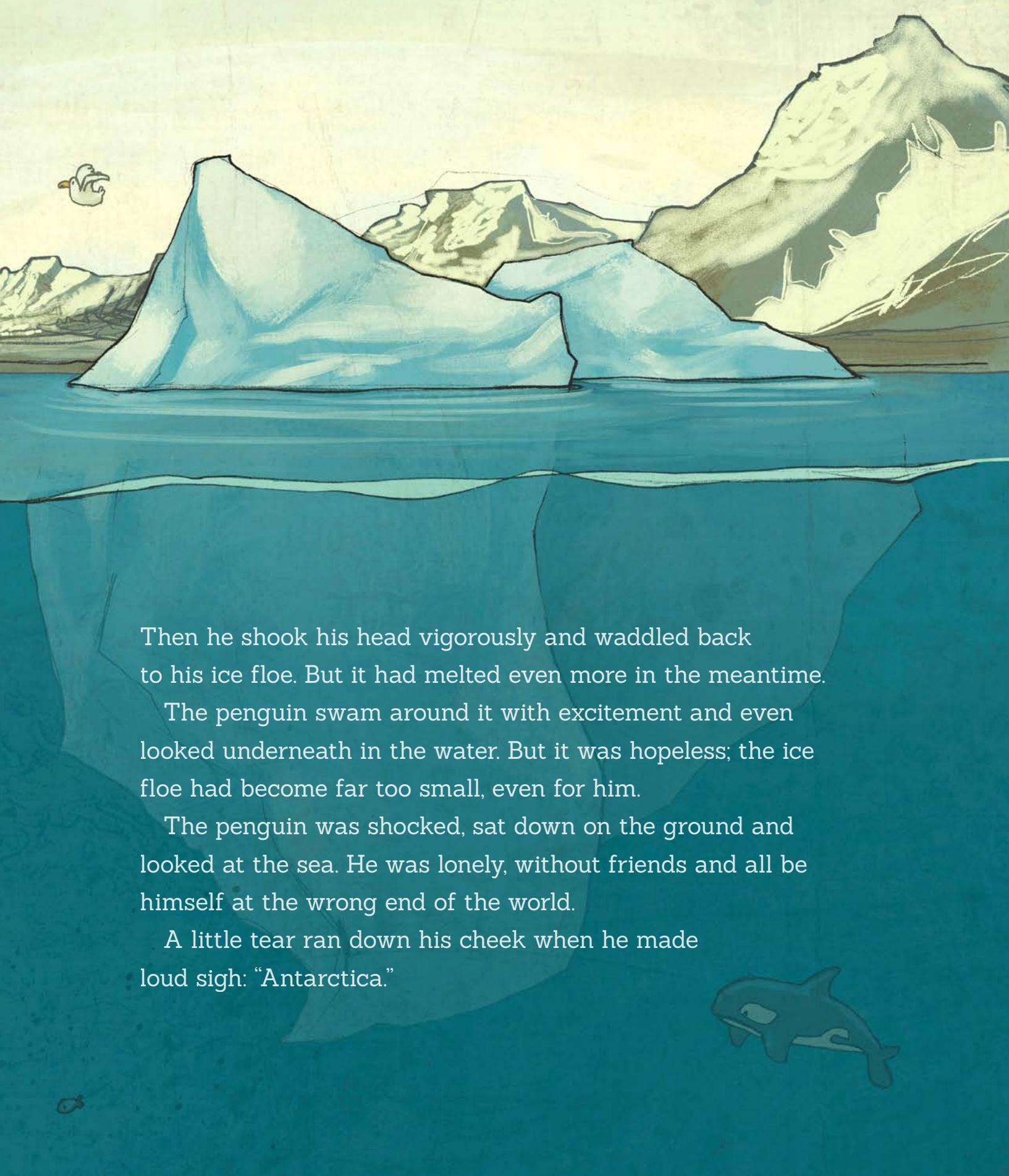
They preferred to play instead of watching a boring ice floe drifting along for hours and hours.

Only Polaah, the arctic fox, stayed for curiosity.

The ice flow crashed against a rock and the penguin slowly waddled on land. He looked around, turned here and there, and examined the green grasslands of the tundra, the white icebergs on the other side and the deep-blue sea.

He longingly whispered: "Antarctica."





Then he shook his head vigorously and waddled back to his ice floe. But it had melted even more in the meantime.

The penguin swam around it with excitement and even looked underneath in the water. But it was hopeless; the ice floe had become far too small, even for him.

The penguin was shocked, sat down on the ground and looked at the sea. He was lonely, without friends and all by himself at the wrong end of the world.

A little tear ran down his cheek when he made loud sigh: "Antarctica."



“Are you crying?” asked Polaah who had hidden behind a bush.

“I am not!” said the penguin, shook his head and secretly wiped off the tear.

“But what is wrong with you?” Polaah asked and introduced himself.

“It is terrible here,” said the penguin whose name was Ping.

“Terrible?” Polaah did not understand what Ping meant.

“It is so much better at my home,” enthused Ping.
Polaah wanted to know where the home was.

“In Antarctica. Left of the South Pole,” Ping explained.

Polaah had really no idea what Ping was talking about. He had never been far away from his home, except that one time when he got onto an ice floe by mistake.

“We have white and ice,” Ping described his home.

“We have that, too,” said Polaah and pointed at the snow and the icebergs at a distance.

“We have far more of that. And we have seals,” snorted Ping.

“We have them, too. And I am even befriended with one,” said Polaah, smiling at Ping with hope.

“But I don’t like seal,” was the grumpy reply. “Only one, her name is Mechtild.”

“That’s the name of ours, too,” Polaah answered radiantly.

“Anyway,” Ping mumbled, folding his flippers and staring at the sea with a grim look. “And we have other penguins,” he whispered sadly.





"Fly a bit!" Polaah asked the penguin. He was sure that the other would be in a better mood when actually doing something. Because if one only stared at the sea with a grim look, it is no wonder that one had a bad mood, Polaah thought.

"I cannot fly," Ping replied in a low voice.

"What?" asked Polaah. "But you have wings."

"I cannot fly with them," said Ping, briefly, seriously and sadly.



"Can you show me how you do it?" Polaah asked.

"This non-flying. Maybe I can learn it from you."

Ping looked at Polaah and was baffled, then he got up slowly.

"It is not that easy," he said hesitantly.

"Please," Polaah asked.

"Okay," said Ping. "We can try if you really want."



"You lift your wings and then you run very fast," Ping explained. "And you have to wobble," he added with an important tone. Then he showed it once.

Polaah was enthusiastic. That looked very good. And he could do that, too. There was only one little problem.

"I do not have wings," Polaah pointed out softly.

Ping walked around Polaah and examined him from all sides.

"Maybe you can do it with that thing at your back," Ping declared with an expert voice.

"With my tail?" Polaah asked.

"Just give it a try."

And Polaah tried. He lifted his tail, made it bushy, ran a few steps and wobbled decently. Full of expectation, he turned around. Ping nodded encouraging. "Not bad for a start," he said.

And Polaah was really happy.





Then they continued practicing together.

They leaped and ran, jumped and slid.

From time to time, Polaah thought he had seen a little smile
on Ping's face.



But Ping's good mood didn't last very long. Soon he showed a sad face again, looking dully at the empty landscape and longingly to the sea. He sat down and sighed: "Antarctica."

"Why are you here?" Polaah asked.

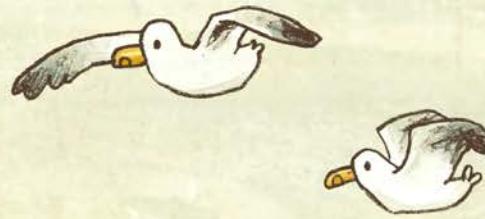
"By mistake. I didn't want that," replied Ping.

Polaah placed himself very close to Ping and in silence, they both looked at the sea.

"And what do you know?" asked Ping when the silence became too much.

"I can find things," said Polaah.





"Also stones?" asked Ping curiously.

"I am particularly good in finding stones," claimed Polaah. Although that was not fully true. He found everything extremely fast.

But he had the feeling that stones were of great importance for Ping.

"Show me," Ping finally requested.

So, first Polaah showed the penguin a few good hiding places. These are extremely important as you never know when you have to hide from whom.

Then he took Ping to some very nice stone-search-and-find-spots.



"What are you doing there?" Gru-Gru's voice interrupted their game. She was just returning with Munch and Hop and had no clue what Polaah was doing there. And above all, with whom he was doing it.



Polaah explained the whole story of searching for stones, non-flying and Ping.

"Where does he come from?" Hop asked because – like the others – he had never seen a penguin before.

"I come from Antarctica. Left of the South Pole," said Ping with pride. "It's almost like here. But only better."

"But why does he not fly?" asked Gru-Gru and pointed at Ping.

"Because he can't," Polaah explained.

"A bird which cannot fly," Gru-Gru mumbled and turned away with a shudder.

"It doesn't matter," remarked Polaah.

But Gru-Gru replied blankly:

"If you can't do what you can, then
you can't do anything."

"But I can catch fish!" Ping cried.

"Pah," said Gru-Gru and she couldn't and wouldn't believe him. "Anyway, what's the use of that?" she asked.

"Fish tastes delicious," Ping told her and Polaah agreed. From time to time, Polaah got a fish from his friend, the seal Mechtild.

"Just imagine, you could catch fish instead of always mice," said Munch. "The sea is full of it!"

Gru-Gru looked at the sea. It was just huge. "And how does it work? This fish-catching?"

Soon, they were standing on a large ice floe at the sea. Polaah and Ping, Hop, Gru-Gru and Munch.

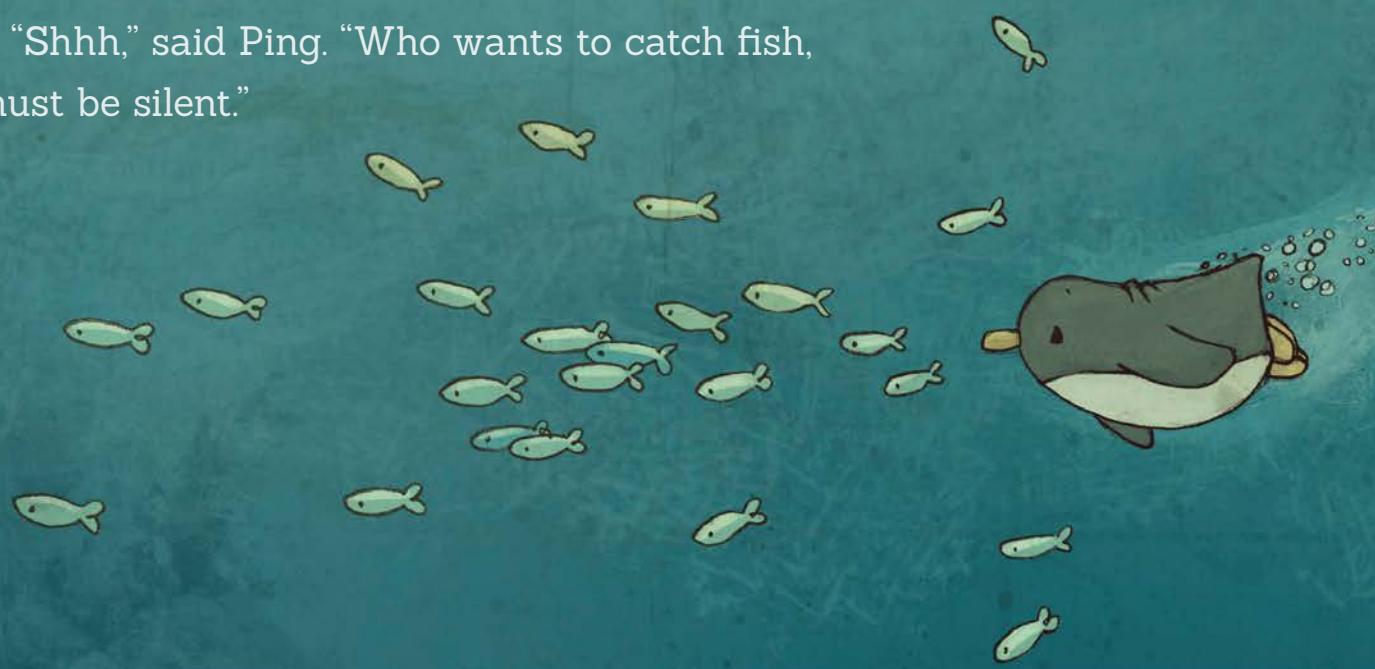
"You just have to wait until there are enough fish; then you jump into the water with your head first and simply catch one," Ping explained.

"That sounds simple," replied Gru-Gru.

Ping looked into the water. "Not yet," he whispered. A few minutes passed.

Hop was bored. "Is there also green stuff down there?", he asked.

"Shhh," said Ping. "Who wants to catch fish, must be silent."





"Then this is nothing for me," Hop waved off, ready to go.

At that very moment, Ping said: "Now!"

He jumped headfirst into the water, diving shortly and reappearing again. With a fat fish in his beak.

"Ow yu!", he mumbled, pointing at Gru-Gru.

Gru-Gru hesitated, minced and was not sure at all.

In fact, no snowy owl had ever jumped into the sea or had dived before.

"O imple," Ping cried.

Gru-Gru jumped. And reappeared with a fat fish in her beak.

"O imple," she also mumbled and was very happy.

Ping threw his fish on land, dived again and threw the next fish also on land; that was for Polaah. Then Ping caught a fish for Hop.

"Time to leave the water," he said and skillfully crawled up the slippery ice.

Gru-Gru followed him only two steps. Then, her claws slipped on the ice and she fell back into the water.

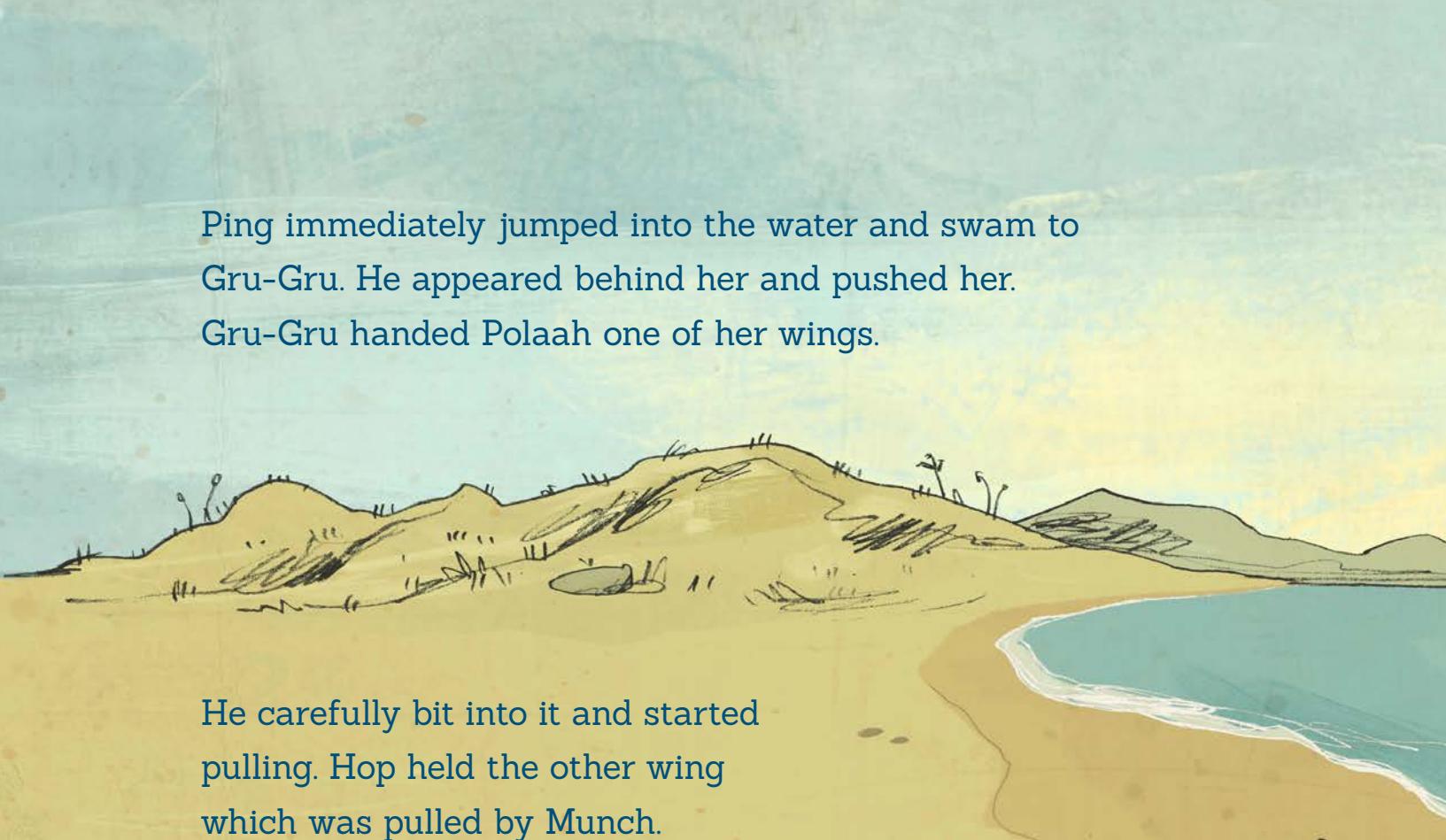
She tried again and again and kept sliding back into the sea. She became quite desperate.

"I have to get out of here! It is too cold and I will drown soon!" she cried.





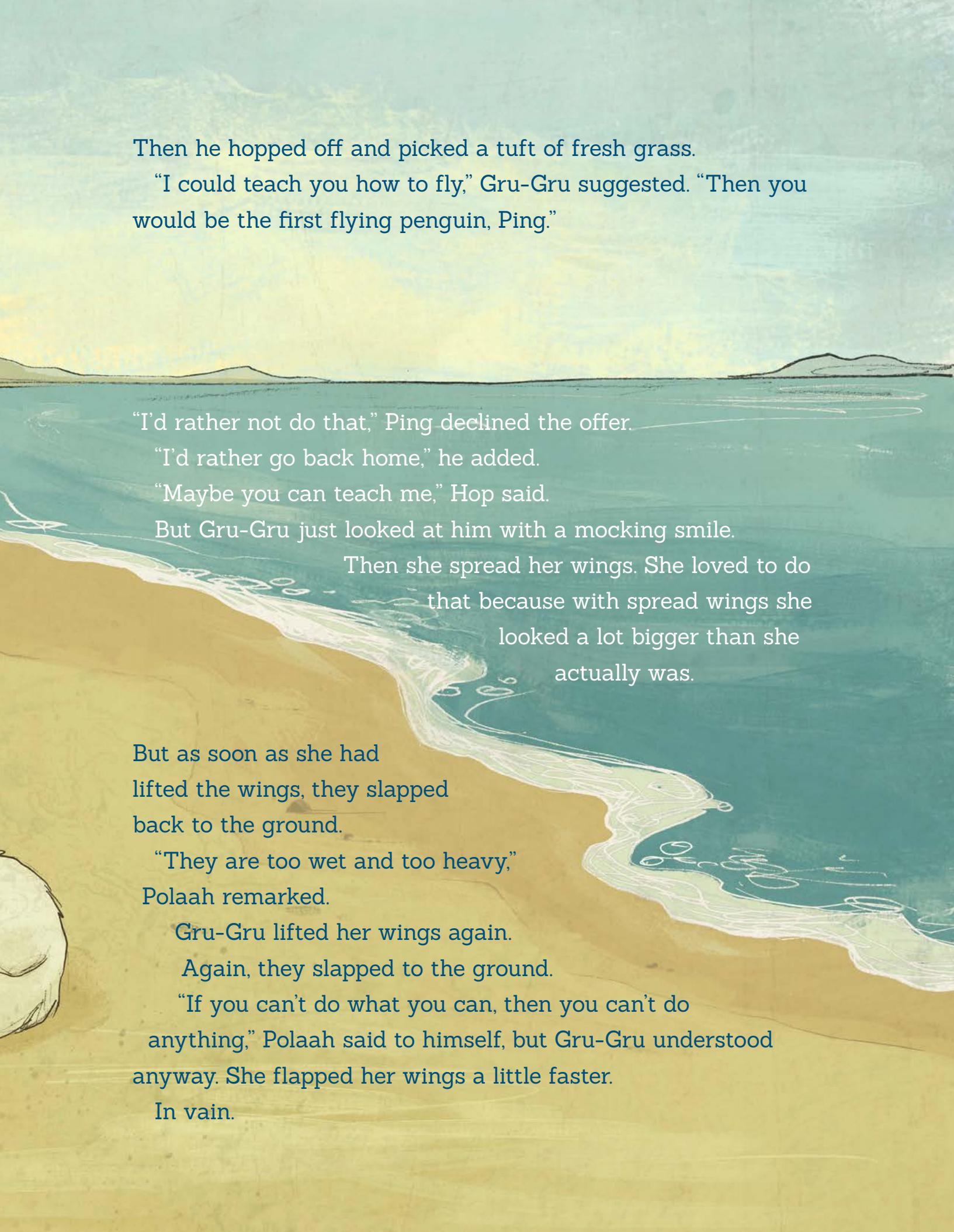
Ping immediately jumped into the water and swam to Gru-Gru. He appeared behind her and pushed her. Gru-Gru handed Polaah one of her wings.



He carefully bit into it and started pulling. Hop held the other wing which was pulled by Munch.



Ping, Munch, Gru-Gru and Polaah were exhausted when eating their fish. Only Hop gave his fish to Ping as a sign of friendship and admiration, as he said.



Then he hopped off and picked a tuft of fresh grass.

"I could teach you how to fly," Gru-Gru suggested. "Then you would be the first flying penguin, Ping."

"I'd rather not do that," Ping declined the offer.

"I'd rather go back home," he added.

"Maybe you can teach me," Hop said.

But Gru-Gru just looked at him with a mocking smile.

Then she spread her wings. She loved to do
that because with spread wings she
looked a lot bigger than she
actually was.

But as soon as she had
lifted the wings, they slapped
back to the ground.

"They are too wet and too heavy,"
Polaah remarked.

Gru-Gru lifted her wings again.

Again, they slapped to the ground.

"If you can't do what you can, then you can't do
anything," Polaah said to himself, but Gru-Gru understood
anyway. She flapped her wings a little faster.

In vain.



"Until they have dried, Ping could teach you non-flying,"
Polaah suggested and pointed at Gru-Gru's wet wings.

"Me, too?" Hop asked.

And Munch also interfered: "Why can you all learn it but me?"

"Please, Ping, can't you teach all of us?" Polaah asked.

"That would be great."

Now Ping smiled truly, and all could see it.

"If you want, I'll be happy to do so," he said.

"And I will show you how comfortable it is to lie on moss,"

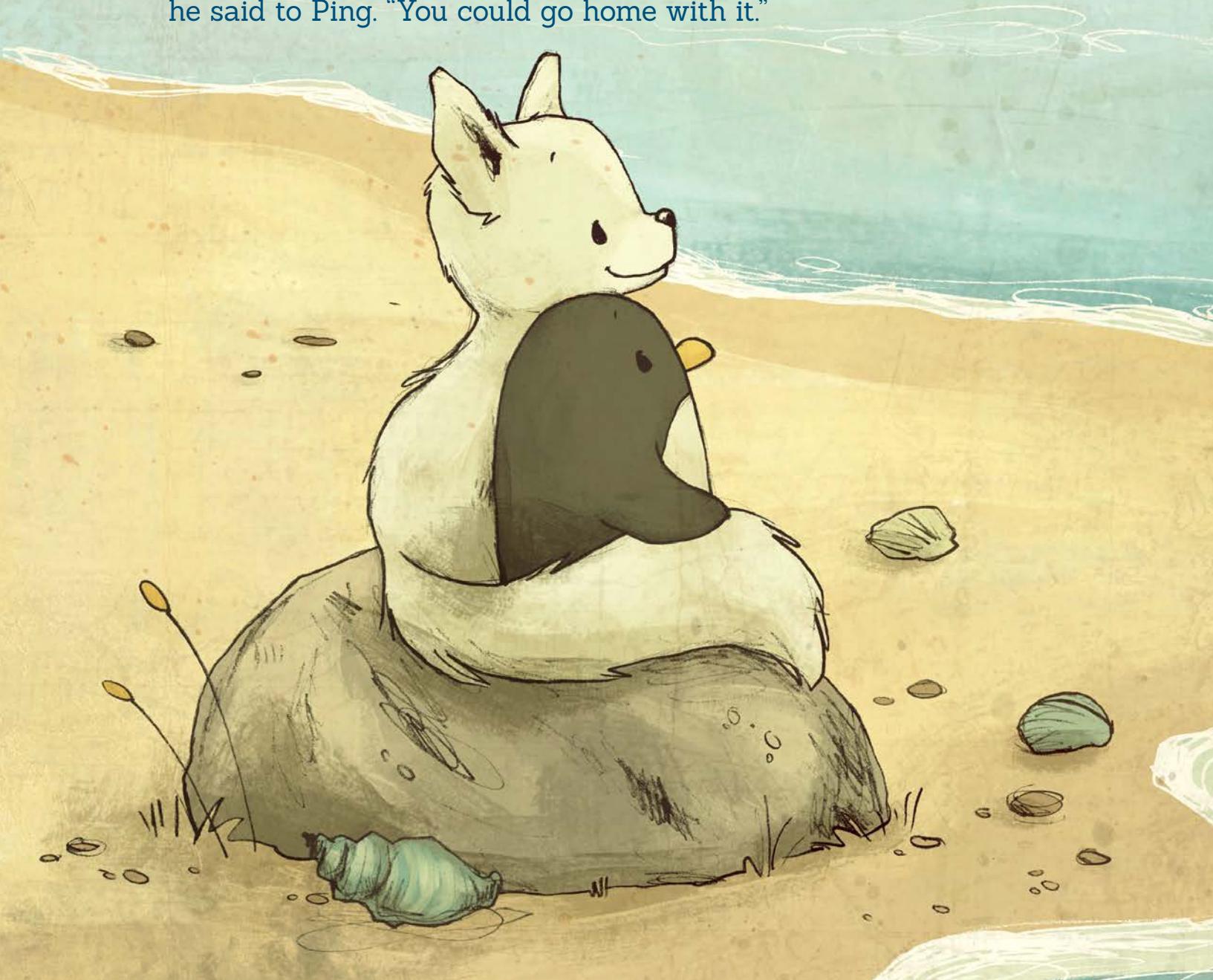
Hop offered. Munch didn't want to stand back and offered to show Ping the best hiding places for fish.

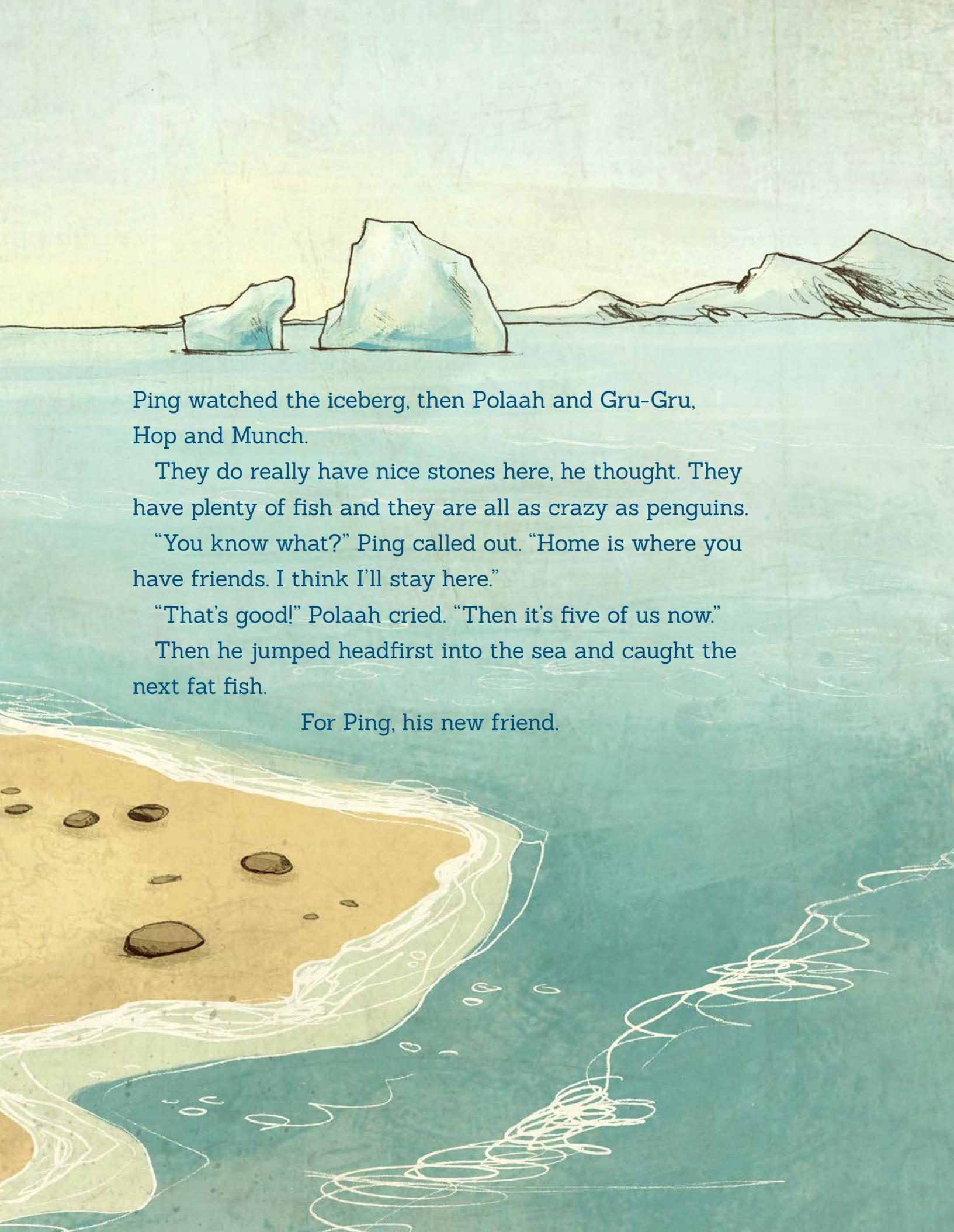
And Gru-Gru promised Ping to always take him to the newest stones.

"Because I actually see them a lot better from above as Polaah," she said. "Once I can fly again."

While Hop was looking for stones, Munch and Gru-Gru practicing non-flying and Polaah trying to catch fish, Ping was watching the sea. Then he looked at the lichens and mosses which shone bright and green in the shone, and then he looked at the icebergs.

There, a small iceberg broke off and crashed into the sea with a whooshing noise. Polaah looked up. He looked at the iceberg and then at Ping. "Maybe it will swim to Antarctica," he said to Ping. "You could go home with it."





Ping watched the iceberg, then Polaah and Gru-Gru,
Hop and Munch.

They do really have nice stones here, he thought. They have plenty of fish and they are all as crazy as penguins.

"You know what?" Ping called out. "Home is where you have friends. I think I'll stay here."

"That's good!" Polaah cried. "Then it's five of us now."

Then he jumped headfirst into the sea and caught the next fat fish.

For Ping, his new friend.



A warm-hearted story about friendship, being different and tolerance

Polaah, the arctic fox, is playing with his friends, the snow hare Hop, the snowy owl Gru-Gru and the wolverine Munch, when an ice floe with a lonely penguin appears. Penguins do actually not belong to the North. And this penguin doesn't like being in Shiverland at all. He wants to go back to his home, the South Pole. But he soon changes his mind as Polaah and the others make friends with him.



www.360grad-verlag.de

ISBN 978-3-96185-536-0



€ 14,00 (D)
€ 14,40 (A)

9 783961 855360