

The Penguin Who Wanted to Fly

Hi, my name is Peppy and I'm a Rockhopper penguin and all I've ever wanted to do is fly. There is one problem though, I'm a penguin, and we can't fly at all, believe me I've tried! No type of penguins can fly, not emperor, chinstrap, king, gentoo, royal, or even the rare African penguins. But that didn't stop me, flying was always my life's dream and I'm not stopping until it comes true.

Here's my story I hope you enjoy it. My whole life I have been in the background going unnoticed. I always got picked last for penguin teams every time, whether it was ice hockey, super sliding off the glaciers, or even fish catching. That's why I want to fly, so I could be unique, so special that every other penguin in the world would know me, Peppy! And maybe just maybe, they'd even be a bit jealous, I wouldn't mind that.

When I thought of the best plan in the world, it was this, humans come here on an airplane, I would hop on top of that airplane, and when the airplane was flying high in the air, I'll spread out my wings and jump. Hopefully when I flap my small penguin wings like birds do, I will fly. If that doesn't happen, I don't want to think of what the other choice is.

I waited for weeks and weeks looking in the sky all day long for an airplane to make a stop in Antarctica. One clear day, I got lucky, they flew in and landed a few feet away from where I live. I waddled over to them, secret spy style, and as quick as I could, I waddled over there. All of the humans came running out of the airplane, I quickly snuck behind a big block of ice and ninja-like, then moved to

the back of the plane and waited until they were gone. When they were all gone, I made my way to the top of the airplane, after sliding off a few dozen times. It seemed like I was on top of the world.

I stayed up on top of that airplane all day waiting for them to come back. Nighttime came and the humans all piled back into the airplane. I heard the engines start, and they were ready to go. I looked back as the airplane started moving forward, I hung onto the plane with my flipper feet lodged underneath some big metal hooks that were on top of the plane.

The airplane was getting faster, we were close to lifting up. When we were high enough in the air, I guessed I was high enough because my friends below looked like ants instead of penguins, I jumped off and I flapped my wings as hard

as I could. I was really flying! I went down pretty quickly and did more gliding than flying really but it was amazing, I felt like a real bird!

I landed safely back down on the ice, and all of my friends and family were amazed at what I did and thought I was so brave. Then, I got a lightbulb idea, I said to everyone, "I'm going to open my own airplane business, and call it the Penguin Express and be the only penguin pilot in the whole world. That way every penguin that wants to, can feel the cool feeling of the breeze blowing you through the air like I have when you fly. You'll all get the chance if you want to, I will be the pilot, we will build a plane, and this will be so much fun!"

All of the penguins helped right away and we all got right to work. Five weeks later after finding all of the scrap metal and airplane parts we could find from all of the other frozen airplanes that had gotten stuck in Antarctica over the years, we had built the first Penguin Express plane.

One small problem, we didn't have any gas to make the airplane run, so we used what we had around us and found out that whale blubber works out great as plane fuel. We had seen the Eskimos use it for things before and figured we'd give it a try.

We were finally ready for our first flight, every penguin that could fit on the plane did. We were ready for takeoff and I told everyone on the flight, “Don’t worry, I have read the “How to fly an airplane book” about 100 times, I know what I am doing.” I was ready, I just had to press this button that said “make the plane fly” and we will be off and ready in the air. My flipper was shaky as I started up the engines, I was nervous! I put on my flying goggles and pressed the button. We went up with a swoosh and everyone’s beaks were wide open they couldn’t believe how pretty Antarctica looked from high up in the air. They could see whales swimming, polar bears running, and everyone started screaming, “Peppy, Peppy, Peppy, Peppy.” I felt like a true hero, that feeling was way better than actually my dream of flying, all I ever really wanted was great friends.

My penguin passengers asked, “Where are we going Captain Peppy?” I said our first stop is the Ann Arbor public library in Ann Arbor, Michigan. We need to return this “How to fly an airplane book” back to them, looks like it was checked out since 1975.” Everyone smiled, buckled up for the long flight to Michigan, and it was truly a happy ending. The End.