

Pip the Penguin's Big Slide



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Pip the Penguin wobbled left and right at the very top of the snowy hill. It was the biggest, sparkliest, swirliest ice slide in all of Pebble Town.

Today was the day Pip had decided to try it.

His heart pitter-pattered with excitement and a sprinkle of nerves. He fluffed his feathers, smoothed his polka-dot bow tie, and took a deep breath.

“I can do this,” he whispered to himself. “Maybe.”



“Ready, steady, GO!” shouted his best friend Lulu Seal, flapping her silly little fins.

Pip took one step forward... but then his tummy flopped, his feet slipped, and—WHOOSH!

Down he went. Tumble, plop, spin, SPLAT!

He landed upside down in a puff of snow, his bow tie half buried and his flippers flailing.

Lulu giggled and helped dust him off. “You looked like a snowball with feet!”



Pip wiped off his hat and chuckled. “Let’s try again!”

This time, he tried to wiggle instead of wobble, keeping his flippers close and knees bent.

He took a deep breath, pushed off—and BOING!

His flippers stuck straight out and he spun like a dizzy top, sliding in circles down a smaller slope.

By the time he stopped, even his hat looked dizzy.



Nearby, Otto Owl flapped down from a tree branch and hooted kindly.

“Don’t give up, Pip! Sometimes the best slides take a few tries.”

Lulu Seal nodded. “Let’s practice together!”

So they did.

They found a gentler hill nearby and practiced their pushes and wobbles.

They learned how to steer with flippers and land in a fluffy heap without flipping over.

They laughed and rolled, got snow in their feathers and fur, and cheered for each other every time.



After lots of giggly practice, Pip waddled back to the big icy hill.
His heart still beat fast—but now it was the brave kind of fast.

“I can do it, I can do it,” he whispered.

Lulu and Otto stood at the bottom waving flippers and wings.

Pip gave a wiggle-wobble push and launched himself down the
slope...

Zoom! Zip! Wheeeee!



He sped down the hill like a blur of giggles and penguin fluff.
Snowflakes danced behind him as he twisted and twirled.

First feet-first, then flippers-up!

His bow tie fluttered like a flag, and his eyes sparkled as he flew
past frozen sparkles and over tiny bumps.

He landed with a joyful BOUNCE in a soft pile of snow, laughing so
hard his hat flew off.

Lulu clapped her fins. Otto did a happy hop.

“Best slide EVER!” they hooted together.



Lulu and Otto joined Pip for more fun.
They lined up one behind the other and made a silly SNOWY SLIDE
PARADE!

First they slid fast, then slow, then in a wiggly tangle of giggles
and flippers.

Sometimes they slid backward. Sometimes sideways.
Once they ended up in a pile with Pip's feet on Otto's head.

Pip's heart felt full of fun and pride.
He wasn't scared anymore—just ready for the next adventure.



As the sun began to set, the snow turned golden and pink.
Pip hugged his friends tight, still catching his breath from
laughter.

“Thanks for sliding with me,” he said.

“Thanks for cheering me on.”

Otto ruffled his feathers. “You kept trying.”

Lulu nodded. “You slid like a star!”

Pip smiled. “Sometimes you have to slide a few times before you
get it right. But it always feels better with friends.”



That night, Pip snuggled deep inside his cozy igloo.
His bow tie hung neatly by the door. His flippers were tucked
under his belly.

Outside, the stars twinkled like ice sprinkles across the sky.

Inside, Pip was already dreaming—of snowy slides, helpful friends,
and the next big hill waiting for him tomorrow.

He whispered one last sleepy thought:

“Try, try, try again.”

Before You Drift Off...

Can you think of a time when you kept trying and finally succeeded?

How does it feel when someone cheers for you while you're learning something new?