

Puffin World

By Eli Gwyn



Chapter -1-

A Puffin Inn

"Cannon baaaaaaaaaaaaaallllllllllll!" Jack Wing said as he dove off of a diving board. Jack was a puffin, an animal that flies in the air and swims. Jack had taken a visit to Puffin Island with his family, which had a swimming pool and an inn.

"*Splash!*" Jack went as he landed in the swimming pool. Don't forget, Jack is a puffin. Just picture that image in your mind... with a puffin.

"I'll have a... fish smoothie," Stacy, Jack's 5 year old little sister said, when she was at one of the snack booths by the pool. *Slurp*, she went.

Macy, Jack's little 3 year old sister *tried* to fly into the air. She went up half a foot, flapping her black wings, but then dropped. *Sigh*, she went. She could *never* fly. But that's just what she thought.

Flap, Jack's even *younger* sister, sat in his mother's wings, with his mother slowly rocking her. Now remember, all these characters are puffins.

All of these puffins lived in Puff City, a big city with puffins. *Everyone* who lived there was a puffin. But now the Wings were going to Puffin Island. Mr. Wing, Jack's dad, was in their inn, Fin Inn, preparing lunch.

Slurp. Stacy's beak slurped her smoothie.

Jack swam to the end of pool, soaking wet. Then he dived deep to the bottom of the pool, then sprang up, jumping a summersault, and then landing on the edge of the pool.

"Ta-da," Jack said, after he had done his stunt, even no one was looking. Then Jack leapt back into the pool, shining in the sun, ready for another try.

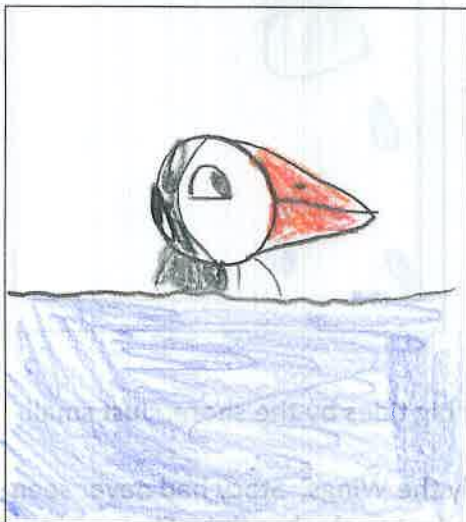
"Okay, time for lunch," Mrs. Wing said, "Now, dry off on the towel."

Jack came out of the pool. He a towel on himself, but didn't feel very cold, because it was summer, and it was a *perfect* good day.

Fact File:

Swimming

Puffins have short, black, wings. They use their short wings to swim and fly. They can dive to about 100 feet down in the ocean, swimming with their great wings. They can only stay underwater for a minute, then they come up for air. They use their great swimming skills to catch fish.



Everyone in the Wing family that was at the pool went inside the Fin Inn. They went inside their inn room, finding Mr. Wing setting the table.

Jack, Macy, Stacy, Mr. and Mrs. Wing sat down at the dinner table, with Flap sitting in his high-chair.

Yesterday, Stacy asked her dad, Mr. Wing, why they didn't just buy food from the inn restaurant and eat there. And Mr. Wing's answer was: "Because their stuff is so expensive. A single *small* fish for 2 bucks? It would be much better for the fish to be 50 cents!"

But then Stacy said, "What do you mean? 2 dollars is not a lot. Besides, you have lots of money." Stacy did not know that a small fish would be expensive if it was 2 dollars. Because she was young.

"Goo-ga," Flap said as his mother, Mrs. Wing used a spoon to put fish chow in his mouth. But his mother and the rest of his family was eating whole fish, not fish chow.

Chew, chew. Everyone chewed on their food.
Chew, chew. Soon everyone was done on their first fish, or fish chow. So they had seconds. After seconds, they felt a little bit hungry still, so they ate thirds. But after thirds, they were all full. Then they had some berries for dessert.

After lunch, they all went to the beach by Fin Inn. There was a big beach by Fin Inn, and not very much puffins went there. So, it was a very private beach, but sometimes there would be another puffin family from Fin Inn that would come to the beach, but the Wings were not selfish. They shared the beach, and it was very rare for there to be more than 1 other puffin family there.

Mrs. and Mr. Wing brought lots of fun things: beach ball, umbrella, sand shovel, blanket, bucket, sand castle mold, cooler, water, fish smoothies, ice to keep the stuff inside the cooler cool, and many other things. They packed all these things into one, large, gray bag. Mr. Wing would carry it, because he said this: "It's great exercise." But all the children would be empty handed, except for a few small things that their parents took out of the bag for them to carry. Mrs. Wing held Flap's wing, while walking on the wood boardwalk.

"Will there be big tides?" Macy asked, who is afraid of the thought of being swirled up in a large body of water.

"I don't think so," Mrs. Wing answered.

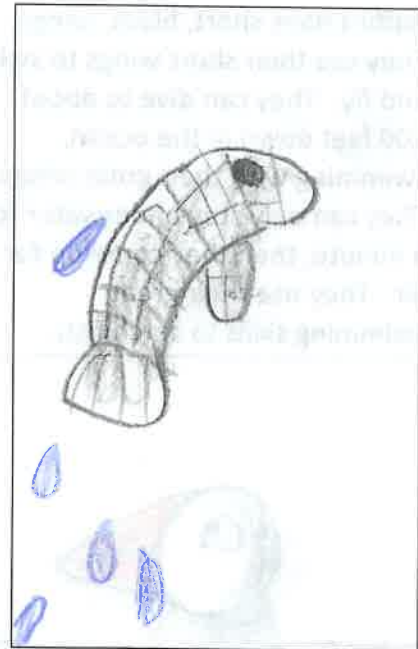
When they all went to the beach, there was not any big tides by the shore. Just small, short, tides. Just how Macy liked it.

There was no one else at the seashore, so it was only the Wings. Stacy had never seen such a non-crowded sandy place before, except when they went to the beach by Fin Inn 2 days

Fact File:

A puffin's diet

Puffins eat fish and other ocean animals. They fly down to the ocean and catch fish in their beak. A puffin can carry as many as 20 small fish in his mouth at once.



ago. (It was the 3rd day that they had been to the inn.) There was lots of room to build sandcastles and to play beach ball.

The first thing the puffins did was make sandcastles. Flap and his mother made the biggest sandcastle, 3 meters wide, and the length 4 meters. It was big enough for all the puffins to fit inside, because, remember, puffins are smaller than us. But I still used meters. Not a meter to a puffin.

The second thing the Wings did was surf in the ocean. They took turns going on a puffin-sized surfboard. Flap did not go, because he was scared of the “big” waves. He was small, so the waves looked big to him. Mr. Wing had to hold Flap while Mrs. Wing had her turn.

The third thing the Wings did was play beach ball. They were on 2 different teams, with each team having 3 puffins. (Right? 6 puffins, 2 teams, 3 on each team.)

The fourth thing the puffins did was dig a big river. They started at the ocean shore, then dug closer and closer to land. They dug the river 4 feet deep... and 20 feet long! (Also 3 feet wide.)

At 4:07, it was time to go back to the inn. They packed up their things and went back to their room, room 4.

“Mommy, mommy, mommy loves her little Flap,” Mrs. Wing sang to her baby, Flap. Everyone was back at the inn, all cuddled in their sleeping bags. Mrs. Wing was singing a song to Flap, and Mr. Wing was reading a story to the other children.

“And then Jones jumped down to the ocean, diving with her beak ahead her,” Mr. Wing read.

Then all the puffins went asleep, exhausted with their day. It had been a lovely afternoon, and morning. (Now

remember, EVERY character in this book is puffin. Well, not me. I am a person. I am the narrator.)

When everyone was going to sleep, they heard the sound of crickets chirping and the brightness of the moon.

Stacy looked at the window curtains, still in her sleeping bag. Her eyes were getting heavy. Her eyes were dropping... and she fell asleep.

It was night. Everyone was awake. “Let’s go to the beach!” Mr. Wing said.

“Why now?” Stacy asked.

“Because now is when the crickets come out,” Mr. Wing explained.

Mr. Wing led Stacy outside. They 2 collected 56 crickets, all in the dark. But then a big darkness swallowed the moon... and everything else.

“Gasp,” Stacy awoke with a start. *It was just a bad dream, just a bad dream,* she thought. It was still nighttime, 2:00 AM. Stacy did not feel tired, and she didn’t want to go back to that horrible dream. It was absolutely terrifying, no, absolutely *dreadful*. It was the worst



dream ever. A bad dream. That dreadful nightmare was the worst *ever*. Stacy NEVER wanted to go back asleep. But she felt her eyelids growing heavy, dropping... until they closed.



"Beep-beep, beep-beep, beep-be—" went the alarm clock, stopping when Jack hit the *stop* button.

"Yawn," Jack said. He was ready for a new day, a new day for something he wanted to do.

But Stacy had another bad dream after she went to sleep again that night. It was even more dreadful than the last one. *Uhh... spooky*. But it was a new day. A new day to do stuff at the hotel.

"Yawwn," the rest of the family woke up. Mrs. Wing microwaved some muffins in the microwave.

Mr. Wing helped Flap get into his chair. Macy, Stacy,

Flap, Jack, and Mr. and Mrs. Wing sat down at the wooden table. Everyone had 1 fish muffin on a plate in front of them. They all ate the muffins.

Munch. Munch, munch.

Chomp. Chomp, chomp.

The muffins tasted good. What Mrs. Wing used to make them was: Fish (the main ingredient), bananas, puffin muffin mix, fish fins, and the secret ingredient: peppers. It had a source of protein, these puffin's muffins.

"Yum, *chomp*," Flap said, "bean-baa."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Wing said, "they also have beans."

Oh, yes. They also have beans. Black beans. Yum.

When all the puffins were finished with their muffins, they were full. (The muffins were quite big!) Then they decided to go to on a mountain hike. *Ooo... fun*.

Chapter -2-

The Mountain Adventure

"Has anyone seen the backpack?" Mrs. Wing asked everyone.

"Oh yes, it's on the desk," Mr. Wing answered to his wife.

"Thanks! I found it," Mrs. Wing thanked her husband.

Everyone in the Wing family was packing for their mountain hike. It would be a fun, exercising, trip to Beak Mountains. Beak Mountains was a big series of mountains, all really tall. It had trees everywhere on the mountain, and a big waterfall landing on the East side of the

mountain. There would be fun activities: I Spy, looking at the waterfall, and much more. They would bring lots of water, and would have lots of fun.

The Wings got in the car.

"Wow-ee. Small mountains,"

Macy said.

"They just look small from here,"

Mr. Wing said with a chuckle.

"I'm going to write in my journal about our adventure," Jack said. He wrote in his red notepad, in his best handwriting. (Imagine a puffin writing in one of those.)



The Wings drove and drove, with Mr. Wing at the wheel. They were all very excited. They would get to see lots and lots of sights.

"Okay, let's play a game," Mrs. Wing said, "How many red cars can you spot?"

Everyone looked onto the road. They were on a highway, so there was many other cars.

"Red car," Jack said, peering to his right.

"Red car," Macy said, pointing her wing at the car in front of them.

"Hmm... can you guys find any *red* cars?" Mrs. Wing asked the children.

Everyone looked at all the windows. No red cars.

"See one," Mr. Wing said.

"Where?" Jack asked.

"Well, *our* car is a red car!" Mr. Wing answered.

"Oh yeah..." the children said.

Mr. Wing drove off the highway with a nearby exit. He slowed down a little bit, and then drove to a different road. He kept driving, and the Wings saw lots of green trees out the windows.

Then the Wings heard this sound: *POP!*

"What was that?" Stacy asked.

"I'll go look," Mr. Wing said. He drove onto the grass, and got out through the door on his side.

"What is it, daddy?" Macy asked her daddy.

"Hmm... flat tire," Mr. Wing said.

Everyone got out of the car. But then something surprised them... it started to sprinkle rain. Then the rain suddenly fell harder... until it was falling *really* hard.

"Get into the car!" Mr. Wing said. Everyone got in the car. Everyone was wet. *Very* wet. Their wet feathers wetted the seats.

"Oh, *no*," Mrs. Wing said, "it's raining, and we can't get back to the hotel!"

No one wanted to get wet like that again. *Brr...* the rain was so cold!

Mrs. Wing searched in the van. "Aha!" she said, "got an umbrella!" But then Mrs. Wing looked at the umbrella. It was not big enough, and it had a BIG hole in it. So, she threw it aside. She looked for some food. But she only found 6 tuna sandwiches.

"Okay, one sandwich for everyone," she said, "but only when everyone is hungry."

The Wings waited 1 hour in their car. They were trapped, with a flat tire, and the rain was still going, and it was raining even harder.

The Wings waited and waited and waited for the rain to be done. Oh, and also, they did NOT have an extra tire. Uh-oh...

"BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!" The Wings could not believe their ears. A car was coming! (But remember, they were not on the road.) Maybe the people (I mean puffins) could save them!

The car stopped when the people in the car were by the Wing's car. Then the car... opened its right window.

"Hello! Why are you not driving?" the person in the car asked, but loudly, because the hard rain was so loud.

"We have a flat tire and we can't drive!" Mr. Wing responded.

"Okay!" The person said, "Hey, here's a tire!" She tossed a *tire* out of the window.

"Thanks!" Mrs. Wing called.

"You look familiar!" the women in the car said, "wait, is it you, Bessie?"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Wing said, "And is it you too, flip?"

"Oh, yes, sister!" the woman said, who was *actually* the children's Aunt Flip!

"Aunt Flip!" Stacy said.



"Hello there, kiddo!" Aunt Flip said.

Mr. Wing got out of their car, holding the umbrella with a hole in it. He avoided where the rain was coming through, which was hard, but succeeded in replacing the popped tire with the black tire that Aunt Flip gave them.

"Thank you so much!" Mrs. Wing said to her sister.

"No problem!" Aunt Flip said, "Do you want to come to my house for dinner?"

"Sure!" Mrs. Wing said.

(Remember, all of these characters are puffins.)

Aunt Flip drove to her house with the Wings following, all of them in a car. Aunt Flip had on kid: Cap. Cap was a little puffin, who was 3 and a half years old. The Wings adored him, and also his mother, Aunt Flip.

We're going to Aunt Flip's house, Jack wrote in his notepad. He mostly looked out the window, watching the rain, but every once in a while he would get back to his writing.

After another hour or so, the rain finally stopped. The roads were clear and not very dry, and the ditches were flooded with water. (Well, maybe just flooded up 1 foot. WOW.)

When the Wings and Aunt Flip finally got Aunt Flip's house, it was sunset. Aunt Flip lived a long way from the Wings, but the Wings were just visiting Puffin Island. So if you think about it, the Wings lived farther away from Aunt Flip than they went that day because first they drove to Puffin Island *then* drove to Aunt Flip's house.

Aunt Flip got out of the car, followed by the Wings. Aunt Flip's car was the car closest to the house, with the Wings' car closest to the dirt road, with all of the cars on a gravel driveway. Aunt Flip lived in the country, with not very much houses by her. So, Cap was a homeschooled preschooler, with his teacher, his mother.

Click, went Aunt Flip's door of her house. The wood door opened when Aunt Flip gave it a small push. The door creaked. *Creakkkk* the door went. Then Aunt Flip stepped inside her cool house. The Wings followed her.

Wow. Jack forgot what the inside of Aunt Flip's house has looked like. It was a large, rectangle house. It had 2 stories, but with stairs going up to the second floor, but there was no

Aunt Flip's House:

floor between the 1st and 2nd floor. All the rooms in the house were great rooms. (The kind of room that is 2 stories high.)

"Mommy!" Cap said when his cousins and his mother came in. His dad had been playing with blocks while his mother was on her drive.

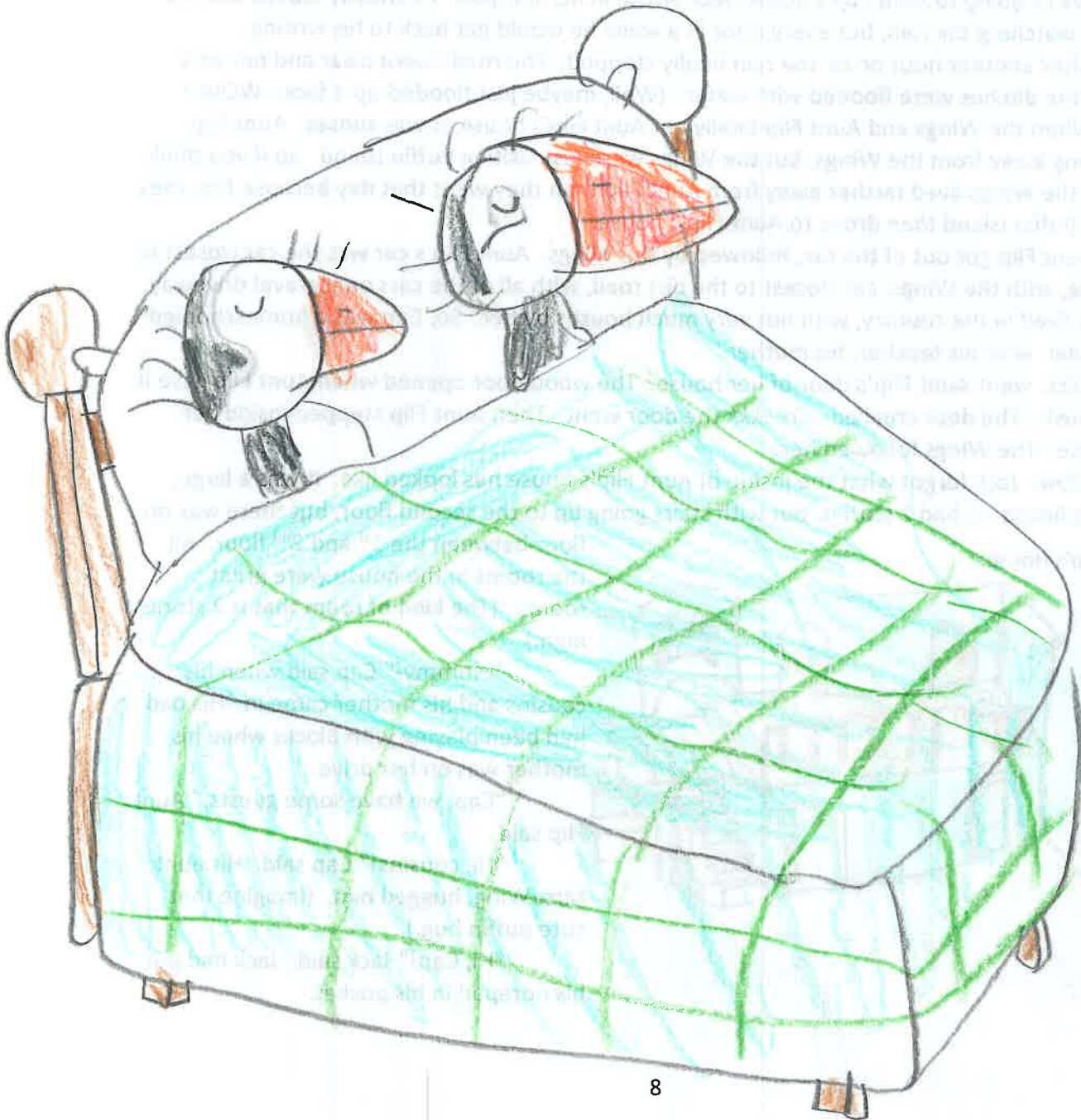
"Cap, we have some guests," Aunt Flip said.

"Hi, cousins!" Cap said. His aunt, Mrs. Wing, hugged him. (Imagine that cute puffin hug.)

"Hi, Cap!" Jack said. Jack had put his notepad in his pocket.



"Hi, Jack!" Cap said. Everyone was so excited to see each other.
That night, the Wings had a sleepover at the Cap's house, then the next day they went on a mountain adventure!



Chapter -3-

A Real Mountain Adventure

They finally would have a *real* mountain adventure. A *real* one. Where it doesn't rain. The forecast was a sunny day, and there wasn't a cloud in sight. A perfect day for climbing mountains. Finally.

Jack was sure to remember to bring his notepad today. They would surely have a great adventure. Yay.

The Wings and Aunt Flip's family rode in 2 cars. The Wings in their car. Aunt Flip's family in the other car. The 2 cars drove. And drove. And drove. And drove and drove and drove and drove. Finally, they got to the Beak Mountains. Still not a cloud in sight. But just in case, they brought 9 umbrellas. (1 umbrella for every puffin.)

Everyone got out of the cars. They all jumped out, ready for adventure. They wanted to climb rocks, climb and climb, climb up trees, climb and climb. So they basically wanted to climb. And... Climb. Jack could not believe they were here. They were *really* here. Jack had only read about Beak Mountain in books, and had only learned about Beak Mountains in school. But now he was really here. *Really*.

First the puffins went and climbed up the stone rocks. Then they climbed up and up and up. They wanted to reach the top of the mountain.

Thankfully, there was railing on the mountain. So it wasn't very much mountain-ish, but it was safe. Especially good for Cap and Flip.

Hike, hike. Every puffin was hiking up the mountain. Every once in a while, they stopped for water. They had brought 3 water bottles a puffin, so $9 \times 3 = 27$. WOW. That's a *lot* of water.

It soon was lunch time. The puffins were almost to the top of the hill, *almost*. Just 10 more meters up and they'll be there!

The Wings and Aunt Flip's family both brought the same thing: fish sandwiches



with tomatoes. Yum. The puffins ate and ate until they were full. Mrs. Wing had always said that those sandwiches were a good, hardy meal. They were filled with protein, mainly from the fish.

When the puffins were done with lunch, they resumed their climbing. In just 20 seconds they reached the top!

"Yahoo!" Jack and Stacy and Macy and Mr. Wing and Mrs. Wing and Aunt Flip and her husband and Cap yelled. They were very proud of themselves.

"Say fish!" Mrs. Wing said, who had brought her camera. Then she took the picture. If you look at the

picture, you can see everyone smiling. (Well, not exactly smiling because puffins don't have teeth.)

Then they all hiked down the mountain. *Hike, hike.*

When they go to the bottom, everyone said good-bye and the Wings and Aunt Flip and her family drove home. The Wings

drove back to their hotel, and Aunt Flip and her family drove back to their house, which was a burrow.

When the Wings got home, it was 4:04. Time for dinner to be started. Mrs. Wing made salted crabs. Flap's favorite.

"Yum," Flap said when his little crab was put in front of his table spot. All the puffins ate and ate. Then they all went to bed. Everyone had good dreams.

The next day, all the puffins exited the hotel and Mr. Wing drove them back to their house. Jack wrote some more in his notepad.

When the Wings got back to their house, they put everything they take with them away. (Except the food they already ate.)

Jack wrote more in his journal. One thing you might be thinking, *when does Jack ever go to school?* Well, it is summer. So, it is summer break. A simple answer. Easy.



Chapter -4-

Macy's Flight

Everyday day, she practiced. And practiced. And practiced. But no matter how hard she tried, she could not get into the air. Macy *really* wanted to fly. Jack could fly. Stacy could fly. Even her little brother, Flap, could fly. Macy just didn't know what the problem was. She had the smoothest black wings, a perfect set of feet landing gear, and a perfect memory. Every puffin should learn how to fly. After all, puffins spend most of their life flying. Flying up in the sky, just landing to rest and mate. Every time Macy fell down after trying to make a perfect flight, she sighed. *Uh, I'll never learn how to fly*, she thought.

Fact File:

Flying

Puffins are really good at flying. They can fly 55 mph. (Miles per hour.) They spend most of their life far from land, flying across the ocean. In the spring in summer they live on the coasts of land. The rest of the time they live at sea.

Puffin Flying



It was the night before the first day of school. Mrs. Wing was reading a book to the children, everyone back at their own house. It was a quiet night. A very quiet night, indeed. There was no birds chirping, no grasshoppers chirping, and no rain. It was a night with little cars driving on Puff city roads. So, the puffins could listen clearly to the story Mrs. Wing was reading them.

The next day, Stacy, Macy, Jack woke up to the sound of their alarm clock. Those puffins slept in the same room, with Flap sleeping with his mommy and daddy.

"Beep-beep, beep-beep, beep-be—" Jack turned off the alarm clock. It was 7:00, their usual time to wake up. Jack was really excited for school. He would go to Beak school, a school named after the Beak Mountains. Beak school was an elementary school, but Macy went to preschool. Beak Preschool (also named after the Beak Mountains) was a school in Puff City that taught puffins basic life skills... or review them.

Jack and his roommates rushed to the kitchen. Their mother had made them fish pancakes and crab muffins. The muffins and pancakes were very easy to

make.

Munch. Jack was chomping a fish pancake.

"Here are your lunches," Mrs. Wing said as she gave every child except Flap a lunch bag. Flap was just a baby puffin, so he didn't go to school.

Munch.

"Now, have fun at school!" Mrs. Wing said, "Make sure to brush your beak very good and make sure to "smile"!"

Chomp, chew.

A few minutes later, Jack was done with breakfast. Every puffin that was going to school quickly got ready. They brushed their beaks and packed their backpacks. They put different things in their backpacks. Jack put in sharpened pencils, pink erasers, 5 notebooks, colored pencils, crayons, markers, high lighters, a dictionary, and sheets of blank paper. Macy brought yellow pencils, Legos, crayons and markers, and her lucky pencil. But all that Macy needed to bring to her preschool was just her body.

Jack, Stacy, and Macy waited at the school bus stop. Then, a yellow school bus came. The young puffins got inside and chose seats. Jack sat by his puffin friend, Eric, and Stacy sat by her friend Elizabeth, while Macy sat by no one. She didn't have any preschool friends yet.

First the bus drove to Beak Preschool. Macy got off, leaving the other puffins on the bus still inside. Then only 1 more preschool student hopped out. There would be other preschool buses coming, too.

Macy looked at the big preschool building. A teacher showed Macy and the other preschool student around. Then the teacher left the preschoolers at their classroom.

"Welcome to Mrs. Perkins's party preschool class!" their new teacher said.

Mrs. Perkins class theme was partying. (Mrs. Perkins was also a puffin.) Of course the only thing they did was *not* partying. It was learning. Shapes. Letters. Flying...

"First we will have our morning meeting. Partyers, please sit on the rug," the teacher said.

Everyone in the class sat on the rug that was by the bookshelf. It had lots of shapes on it, all of the 2D shapes you can think of.

"Everyone, when you sit on the rug, you can chose a shape," Mrs. Perkins said. Everyone quickly moved to their favorite shape. Macy landed on an octagon.

"We will say our names and stuff we like. We will take turns," Mrs. Perkins said, "who wants to go first?" Everyone raised their wings. "You," Mrs. Perkins pointed to a boy.

"My name is Henry, and I like strawberries," the boy said.

"Now, Henry, please pick someone else," Mrs. Perkins said.

Henry picked another boy. (Now, everyone in puffins!)

"My name is Andrew, and I like math," the other boy said. Andrew picked a girl. And that girl was the girl Macy had seen got off the bus with her.

"My name is Mary," the girl said, "and I like soccer." Mary picked another girl.

"My name is Macy," the girl said, who was Macy, "and I like muffins." Macy picked a boy and the thing went on for 10 more turns, until everyone got a turn.



"Now, do all know each other's names?" Mrs. Perkins asked. Everyone nodded. "Then let's paint pictures!" Mrs. Perkins passed out the paint to everyone. One bucket for 4 preschool puffins. All the puffins painted.

"Now let's go to the flying room!" Mrs. Perkins said, "Let's get in a nice, straight, line." All the preschoolers did what the teacher told them.

"Now let's go!" Mrs. Perkins marched out of the room, followed by 14 marching preschool children. They got to the flying room after 1 minute.

"Here we are!" Mrs. Perkins said. The flying room's walls were painted light blue, and gray tiles on the floor. There was 4 windows on one side of the wall, and a short stool in the center of the room.

"Now, I'll teach you how to fly..." Mrs. Perkins explained how to fly. Then she chose 1 puffin to demonstrate.

"Hmm... Macy," Mrs. Perkins said. Mrs. Perkins had chosen MACY. Macy did not know how to fly. But she tried.

Macy got onto the short stool and prepared. *I can do this*, she thought. *I can do this*. She prepared like Mrs. Perkins said. She put her feet in a straight line. She got ready for flapping. And... she jumped off the short stool. She flapped her wings and... fell. Macy fell to the bottom of the floor, but it was a short stool, so, she did not get hurt.

"Are you okay?" Mrs. Perkins said.

"Yes," Macy said. She was okay.

"Would someone else like to try?" Mrs. Perkins asked.

At the end of the school day, Macy went on the bus, sadly. She could *never* be able to fly. She would *never* master flying. *Never*.

"Honey, are you okay?" Mrs. Wing said as Macy got home from school, and she saw Macy's hanging head. Mrs. Wing was doing the dishes.

"Sigh, I'll never, never, never, be able to fly," Macy said.

"Oh, Macy. You *will* learn how to fly someday," Macy's mother said.

"But, I couldn't fly when I tried at the hotel, I couldn't fly when I tried at school, and now..." Macy said with a sigh, and flew, but fell. "I can't fly now."

"Oh, Macy," her mother said, "the teachers will teach you. And even if you never learn to fly, I'll still always love you."

The next morning, Macy felt a little better. But she still didn't want to go to flying class.

"And next we will march to the flying room!" Mrs. Perkins said on the next day of school. The class again marched to the flying room, in single file. When they got to the room, they went inside and Mrs. Perkins reviewed how to fly. Then one by one, the preschool puffins practiced the flying.

Andrew went first. Then Mary. Then 7 other puffins. Then it was Macy's turn...

Macy climbed up the stool. She got prepared. She made sure that she was ready.

Macy made sure that her wings could flap open *really* fast. Her wings could. But then she got ready for the most important thing of all... she whispered in her mind, *I can do this, I can do this*. Then she jumped off the stool and flapped all she could. And then...

Macy flew. She *really* did it! She kept flapping and flapping. It felt like she was floating! She flew all around the room, still flapping! She couldn't believe what she had done. She was *really* flying!

"Macy, you did it!" Mrs. Perkins said, "I just *knew* you could do it!"

Macy was proud. She couldn't wait to tell her mommy!

Screech. The school bus came to a stop. Macy got out. The school bus was at the bus stop closest to Macy's house.

Macy's siblings were with Macy. They too, had had a great 2nd day at their elementary. The 3 puffins walked to their house. The air smelled wonderful, *really* wonderful. The air was warm, but not too hot. And not too cold. A *perfect* day.

Open. Jack opened the door to their house. Macy, Jack, and Stacy walked inside. Their mother was knitting a quilt for winter.

"Hello, mommy," Macy greeted her mother as she walked through the door.

"Hello, Macy," Mrs. Wing said, "did you have a good day at school?"

"Yes, mommy. I really did," Macy answered.

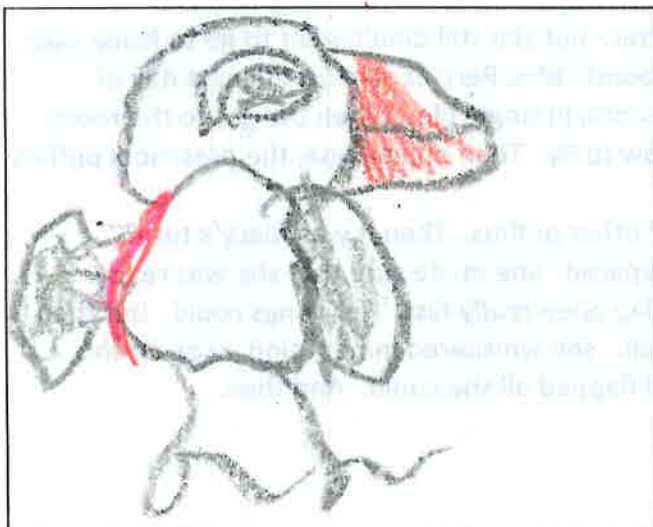
"What did you do?"

"I actually flew!"

"See? I knew you could do it!"

"You were right, mommy."

Macy ran to her bedroom. She got her notebook and drew with crayons in it. This is her picture:



Macy went to where her mother was and gave her Macy's picture. Macy's mother liked it so much that she hung it up on the refrigerator. Now you should really see what the picture is...

Chapter -5-

The Migration

It was the first day of fall. The Wings were getting ready to migrate. Since the whole entire city was filled with puffins, in winter the city was filled with *no* puffins. The Wings were packing their bags for the trip across the ocean. It was good that Macy knew how to fly, because in her first 2 years her mother had to carry her across the *whole* ocean.

Fact File:

Migrating

Puffins migrate to islands surrounded by water, so they can meet their mate again. But in this book, in my story, the Wings stay together all year long. Real female puffins also lay new eggs in a burrow.



The puffins were taking a trip to the Web Island, an island that is warm all year long. Mrs. Wing will lay some new eggs... and Flap, Macy, Stacy, and Jack will get a new sibling!

"Okay, let's see... bags, check. We got everything!" Mr. Wing was checking to make sure they had everything.

"Good!" Mrs. Wing responded.

The puffins were getting ready for their flight. Macy practiced flying some more. Jack thought about what they would do at Web Island. Flap and Stacy played, while Mrs. and Mr. Wing got ready for the trip.

"Let's go!" Mr. Wing called to all the Wings.

The Wings and some other puffins were in their "top yard", the ground above their underground burrow. Then... they took off.

Above the clouds, everything looked so tiny. The Wings and the others pointed out tiny things. They were all having a great time.

Flap. The wings of the puffins were flapping, but

mostly gliding.

After a long time, when the Wings were halfway there, the group decided to rest when they saw land. It was not Web Island, but a tiny island far from civilization. Every year when the puffins migrate, the small island was a popular resting spot where the puffins could land.

"Half-way there," Jack said. He was *very* tired.

"Who wants lunch?" Mrs. Wing asked the group. Everyone in the group got some yummy lunch: fish and crabs. Mrs. Wing and some of her friends helped her catch the mouthwatering food.

Chomp.

"Thanks, mommy," Flap said as he bit into his crab.

Chomp.

"You're welcome," Mrs. Wing said.

The next day they took off again. They resumed their journey.

After a very long time, the Wings finally got to their destination. *Finally*. Web Island looked like a warm, friendly place. And it was.

The next day, Mrs. Wing laid an egg. Her children were so excited to have another sibling. Mr. and Mrs. Wing were coming up with a name for the sweet newborn.

And this is what happened on the day that the egg hatched:

"Mom! The egg is hatching!" Jack yelled to his mother.

"Oh, yes, sweetie," his mother said, "it is."

Crack. The little egg began to crack. *Crack. Crack. Crack.*

Then, the tiny puffin inside the egg broke his way out. Now his family could see the adorable puffin!

"Awwww..." his family said.

← The Baby Puffin

The baby puffin was so cute. To see for yourself, look at the picture. His parents had a perfect name for him...

"Fluff," the puffin's mother said, "that will be his name."

All of Fluff's siblings crowded around him, looking at his cute eyes and his fluffy feathers. He was adorable.

Mrs. and Mr. Wing fed Fluff every day, and sometimes their puffin children got to help.

Fluff drank from a milk bottle, but when he gets older he will eat meat like the others. Flap and Fluff liked to play together. Flap was 1 year old, while Fluff was less than a month old.

Fluff could not talk, but sometimes made puffin baby sounds such as, "me", or "gaa." But most of the time he was silent. But when he wanted food—he meant it. He made an ear piercing "WWWAAHH!" But still, he was almost always quiet.

"Here comes the train!" Mrs. Wing said as she put a bottle of milk in Fluff's mouth. The Wings were staying in a burrow they rented.

"Choo-Choo-train," Flap said.

"Yes. A train full of milk," Mrs. Wing said.



Fact File:

Puffin Babies

Puffin babies are born from eggs. The egg is around 2 inches long. The puffin parents keep the egg warm by tucking it under one of their wings. After 42 days, the egg cracks, with the baby coming out!

Slurp. Fluff drank his milk. He was so cute when he drank his milk.

Macy and her sibling – not Fluff or Flap – were taking winter break. All the schools in Puff City have their big break be in winter and fall – in migrating season.

Slurp.

"Tomorrow can we play on the playground?" Macy asked. Oh, how she loved the red playground in the backyard of the rented house. Oh, it was so cool.

"Yes," Macy's mother answered her child, "but it might be too hot. The forecast is 80 degrees."

The next day, it was *smoking* hot. The forecast was right – but by a bit. The temperature was rising to a scorching 110 degrees F.! (43 C.) The poor puffins had to stay outside, or they'll get a sunburn! Ouch! And at 11:00, it rose to 130 F.! That would be *sizzling* hot! It was so hot they had to pour water all over themselves! Good thing there was an indoor pool in the rented house!



"Aahh..." The Wings were resting in the pool. The shades in the pool room were down, and the pool water was icy cold. Just what they needed. Mr. Wing even put ice cubes in the pool! (And ice.) Now that feels like one *cool* pool!

The Wings stayed in the pool for half an hour, then they ate lunch. Then they went in the pool again. Then when they were done in the pool, they went in the shower. It was *really* a hot day! *Pant, pant.*

At 9:00, when all of the Wings were asleep, the wicked heat went away, leaving a normal night temperature. Good thing, or the Wings would have had to sleep in the bath tub.

The next day, it was a normal temperature. *Much* better. Macy finally got to play on the playground!

Scribble, scribble. Jack wrote in his notepad, in his room. Then he put the pink pencil eraser by his cheek, thinking, put then inscribed

some more of his writing. Then after a couple more pages in his notepad, he dashed to his mother.

"Mom, how do you spell 'compilation'?" he asked.

"How do you think? What sounds do the letters make?" Mrs. Wing asked her son.

"Hmm... c-o-m-p-e-l-a-t-i-o-n?" Jack sounded out the letters.

"Change that E to an L, and you're good," Jack's mother said.

"Thanks!" Jack raced back to his room.

"Who wants to go to McBeaks?" Mrs. Wing asked every other Wing.

"Me!" *Everyone* wanted to go. McBeaks was a very popular restaurant on Web Island, and also happened to be the puffin children's *favorite* restaurant. McBeaks served healthy and nutritious puffin food. Crabs, lettuce leaves (I don't really think a puffin in real life would eat lettuce leaves), and other scrumptious foods. McBeaks restaurants *always* had an indoor playground. *Always*. I bet you that *every* McBeaks restaurant has an indoor playground, because, in the McBeaks promise: 'our restaurants guaranteed that everyone will have fun, playgrounds and food, all in a great mood', it says the word 'playground', and it's a PROMISE.

"Then let's go!" Mrs. Wing got the car started. Everyone hopped in and Mrs. Wing drove to McBeaks, which was just go on the highway, then turn on to a little road. Then turn to another little road, and there you have it, McBeaks. A simple drive. Only about 5 minutes.

Mrs. Beak parked the car in the concrete parking lot, in a spot by the business. Then, all the puffin hopped out of the car. Then, they walked on the McBeaks sidewalk and inside the restaurant.

Sniff, sniff. McBeaks food smelled *de-licious*. Yum, yum.

"What can I get for you?" the puffin at the front desk asked.

"We would like a table by the window," Mr. Wing said.

"Okay." And the puffin at the front desk guided them to an empty table by the window, with soft, gray, seats, and a table with a table cloth on it. The Wings sat down in the comfy seats.

A waitress came. "What would you like to eat?"

Mrs. Wing and Mr. Wing looked at the menu.

"I would like stuffed crabs and broccoli," Mrs. Wing made her choice.

"And you?" The server pointed at Mr. Wing.

"The same," Mr. Wing answered.

"Can we have McBeaks's Muffins?" all the children asked their parents.

"Yes, and McBeaks's muffins for our children," Mr. Wing said. McBeaks's muffins are muffins that are very healthy... and delicious.

The waitress walked to the McBeaks kitchen, and the process began...

"Here is your food." The waitress came back with a plate full with food. The waitress set the plate on the table. "Enjoy."

The Wings ate all the scrumptious food. Yum, yum. When they were done, Stacy wanted to go on the indoor McBeaks playground.

"Can we please go to the playground?" she asked.

"Yes." The Wings all walked to the playground room. The playground room was entered by the door by the door to get in, and was at the corner of the building.

The Wings stepped in... and the children played, while the parents talked with some friends that just so happened to be there.

"Look, mommy!" Macy was in a tunnel inside the playground.

"Cool!" Mrs. Wing responded.

Macy had to crawl in the small tunnel.

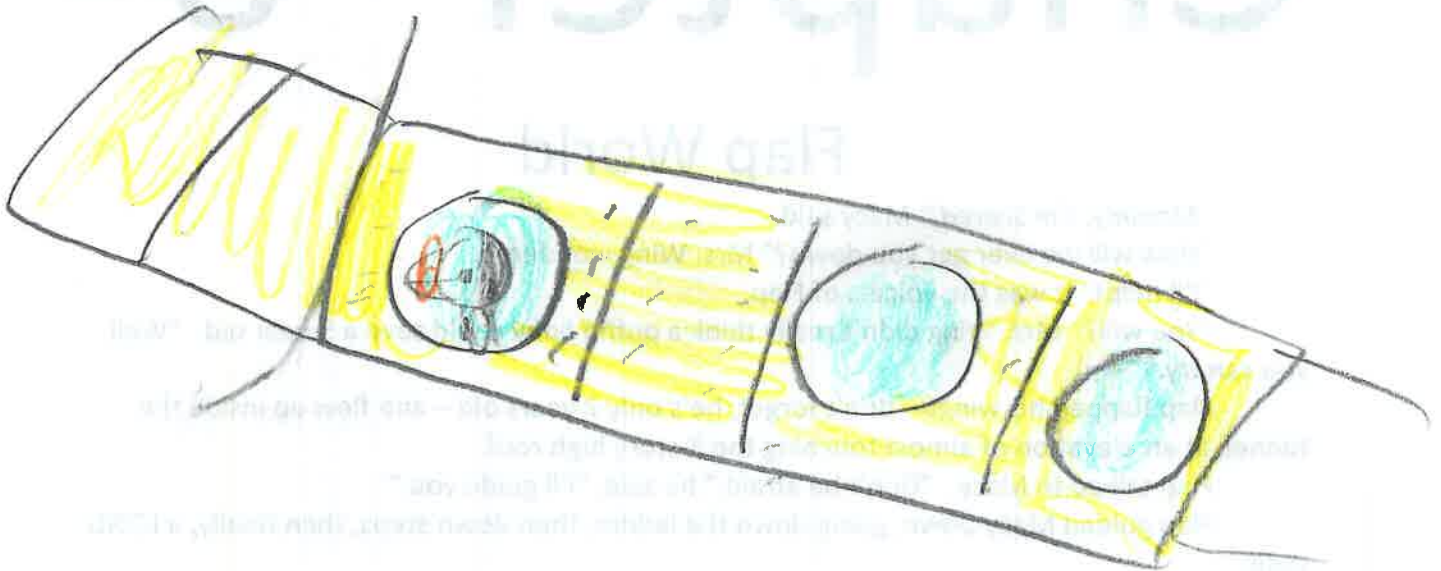
"WOW." Macy noticed that the tunnel was pretty high up. She got *scared*.

"MOMMY!" Macy screamed. She was, this time, was *terrified*.

"What's the problem, honey?"

"I'm scared!"

That was a problem. All the grownups – even older kids – couldn't fit inside there. So... Macy was STUCK.



Chapter -6-

Flap World

"Mommy, I'm scared," Macy said.

"How will we ever get you down?" Mrs. Wing wondered.

"I'll help!" It was the voice... of Flap.

"You will?" Mrs. Wing didn't really think a puffin *baby* could save a 3-year old. "Well, you can try."

Flap flapped his wings – don't forget, he's only 2 years old – and flew up inside the tunnel, at an elevation of almost touching the 3-story high roof.

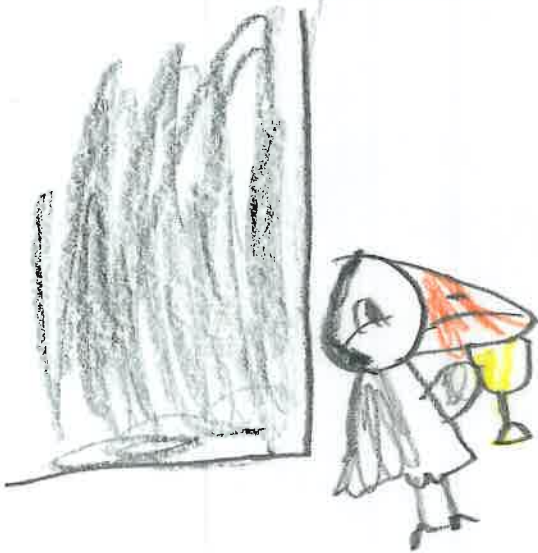
Flap talked to Macy. "Don't be afraid," he said, "I'll guide you."

Flap guided Macy down, going down the ladder, then down steps, then finally, a LONG slide.

"Thanks." Macy hugged her sweet little brother. Flap hugged back.

"Thank you, Flap, for saving your sister," Mrs. Wing thanked her second-youngest son, and joined the hug.

After they were all done playing, the Wings went out to the car. Mr. Wing drove them all back to their rented house. Then, they played in the big yard, and explored the basement of the house. It was a wonderful day, indeed.



Scribble, scribble. Jack was writing in his notepad again. It was after dinner. He was in his rented house bedroom. So far, he had written 45 paged in his notepad. He turned the page. Now, 46.

He wanted to spell 'because', but he had forgotten, so he just spelled it out and figured it out.

Jack heard a sound of a door open then close. Then he heard footsteps. Then he saw his mother through the open door of his rented house bedroom. He stopped writing.

"Hello, mom." Jack greeted her.

"Hello, Jack. What are you doing?"

"Writing in my notepad."

Mrs. Wing walked further down the hall way. Then Jack resumed his writing.

"Yawn." Flap woke up in the morning at 9:00 AM in his own rented house room. He moved around in his crib. He looked at the window's curtains. Oh, how he wished he could open them to see more beautiful light. Then Flap hatched a plan. (Remember, it is all puffins.)

Flap climbed up the crib's walls, but fell, and had a soft landing on his bed's mattress. *Sigh*, he REALLY wanted the open curtains. That was all his plan. Climb up the crib walls. But it was no use. No use at all. He could not climb as well as his brothers and sisters. But when he saw a big, fat, book, and some other things, he grinned. Just what he needed.

Flap piled everything in his bed – except himself – on top of everything. He made a tall

tower, and climbed it. It was easier to climb the tower of things than the crib's walls. He finally made it to the top of the tower of things. Then he walked on the top of the crib's walls, keeping balance on such a thin thing. But... he slipped and fell inside his bed, but again, landed with a soft bounce. He sighed. And tried again.

This time, he made it to the top of the crib's walls and onto the dresser that came with the rented house. He sat on the dresser, out of breath. (Remember, Flap is a puffin.) He layed down and rested. But he felt something pokey on his back... a lamp. And he accidentally sent the lamp falling to the carpet floor with a *crash!*

Back in the living room, Mrs. Wing was reading a book that she brought for the migration, when she heard the crash from the lamp. As a mom, she was scared that something had hurt her children, so she rushed to the room she heard it

loudest: Flap's room.

Mrs. Wing quickly opened Flap's door. There, on the dresser, was Flap. And there, on the floor by the dresser, was a million (I'm exaggerating) pieces of a broken lamp.

"Flap, did you break this lamp? And what are you doing up there?" Mrs. Wing was a little angry at Flap, because that lamp costed a hundred dollars, and they would have to pay for it.

"Uh..." Flap said, "I am sorry, mama."

"Flap, how and why did you get up there?"

"I wanted to open the curtains."

"Oh, honey. Don't you know that I always open the curtains after I wake you up?" Mrs. Wing hugged her baby. (All puffins.)

"I'm sorry." Flap felt bad. His family would have to pay 100 dollars what they could have used to buy stuff. Flap burst out into tears.

"There, there," Mrs. Wing said, "everyone makes mistakes. Even grownups."

"But I'm still sorry," Flap said with a sniffle, "I – I am sorry I did that."



"It's okay. We'll pay for it, and it'll all be over."

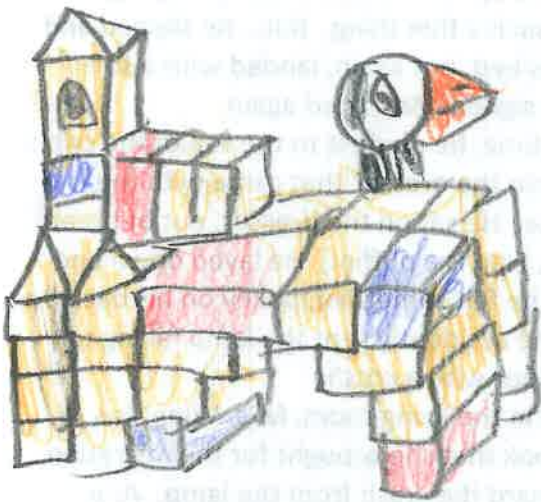
Flap stopped his crying. What his mother said made sense.

Flap's mother opened the curtains and let Flap play with his toy trucks while his mother resumed her reading.

"Vvvv..." Flap mimicked the sound of a truck. He drove it around in his room. It was fun. His mother had also had gotten the blocks out, so he made huge towers for his trucks to drive in. The playing took up THE WHOLE ROOM. All the towers stretched high, half-way touching the ceiling, and that's a *tall* tower for a baby like Flap.

The blocks were mostly tan, but some were different colors, like red or blue. Those colors were the most popular in Flap's amazing structures, but you would have to look hard to find others, like orange and purple.

After a whole hour, Mrs. Wing came into Flap's bedroom, expected to see a cute, tiny, tower. But... boy, was she surprised.



"Wow, buddy!" she said, "you worked hard!"

"I made some towers," Flap said, "do you like them?"

"Yes, I do."

"Yay!"

"But you know, you do have to clean them up now."

"Oh, no."

Flap *forgot* that he had to pick up the blocks. There was so much... hundreds – no, thousands – no, MILLIONS!

But, Flap just started cleaning them up. Clean, clean, clean-ity-clean. All done in half an hour. Easy. Now, do you want to see *all* the bins of blocks? Well... look below.

But the hardest part of all... was carrying

ALL

the bins, full of multi-colored blocks, to the shelf in the living room. Hard work. So, Mrs. Wing had to help Flap. After all, flap couldn't even lift a notebook with 200 pages. Because he was a puffin. A baby puffin. But, Flap couldn't help being a baby puffin. Not any puffins could help it.

Chapter -7-

Macy World

"Come on, Jack!" Macy was on the playground in the rented house's backyard. It was the kind of playground they had at playgrounds... big. It was almost time for dinner.

"Macy, I'll come in a little bit!" Jack was on the backyard cement porch. It had a roof above it. But Jack was still writing. Still writing in his notepad.

"But, I need you to play puffin chef!" Macy whined.

"I said I would come later," Jack said.

"Okay, but don't you want to be the customer?" Macy asked her brother. But... no answer. Jack was still writing in his notepad.

"Sigh," Macy sighed. She didn't think that Jack was going to play with her. But then... she had an idea!

Macy slid down the gray pole by the edge of the playground boat. The playground looked like a big boat. Then, she landed softly on the wet, green, grass, which was covered with dew. She ran inside the house. (Don't forget, everyone is a puffin.)

Macy went into her younger brother's, Flap's, bedroom.

"Hey, Flap! Do you want to play with me outside?" Macy asked him.

"Yes!" Flap was playing with his dinosaurs. Macy and Flap ran outside. They were so excited to play together!

"What should we play?" Macy asked her younger brother.

"Fisherman?" Flap asked.

"Sure."

Flap and Macy ran into the costume room, a built-in room inside the playground boat. It was at the bottom of the boat. Macy and Flap both picked fishermen costumes.

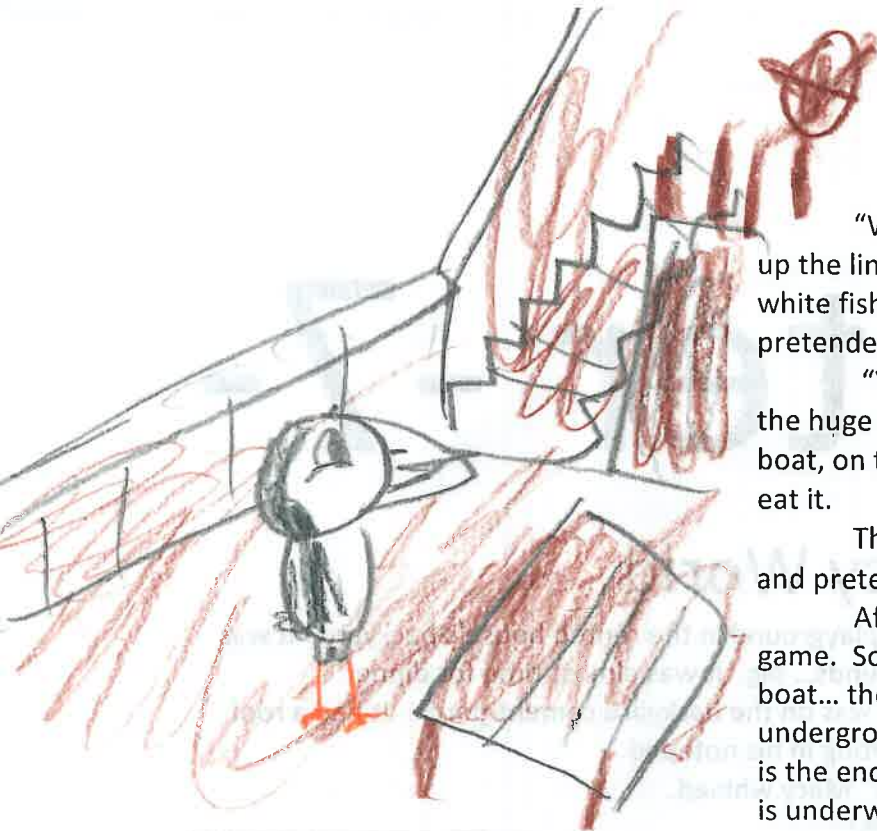
"Let's fish!" Macy said.

"Yeah!" her younger brother responded.

Macy and Flap also had gotten some pretend fisher lines from the costume room. They shot down the line from the high boat. Then they waited and pretended to fish.

The 2 puffin children waited and waited... until they felt a wiggle on the line.





"We've got one!" Macy cheered. She pulled up the line, with all her might. And then, on the white fishing line, was... nothing. But the puffins pretended they had caught a HUGE fish.

"Yahoo!" the puffins shouted. They "put" the huge fish on the built-in wooden table on the boat, on the main deck. Then they pretended to eat it.

Then, they went up to the steering wheel and pretended to steer through a storm.

After a while, the puffins got bored of the game. So they went to the deepest part of the boat... the treasure room. The treasure room was underground. So you can pretend that the ground is the enormous ocean and that the treasure room is underwater.

That room, the treasure room, had all kinds of treasures. "Gold" coins, "shiny" gold, and "sparkling" diamonds. But the treasure room was really just a room, with nothing at all in it. Macy and Flap pretended the treasures were there.

After another while, the puffins got bored with that game, too. So they decided to go back inside the rented burrow. Back to the dining room, where their parents were preparing supper.

Macy and Flap walked on the "top yard", remember? The grass above the burrow? Well, then they walked on the steps that lead to the rented house's ground level. Then they went inside the burrow – the house.

"Time for supper!" Mrs. Wing called. Every Wing came dashing to the table.

"What will we eat tonight?" Macy asked her mother.

Fact File:

Fishing

Puffins eat a lot of fish in one day. When they get their food, they swallow it immediately. But if they are catching their food for their babies, they store it in their beaks and bring it to their young.



"Crab soup."

Hmm... Macy *loved* crab soup. Mrs. Wing made it every Friday, the day today. (In my story, maybe not in real life.)

Mrs. Wing passed everyone bowls full of red and green stuff. That stuff was the crabs and the celery. Yum.

Everyone began eating. Macy slurped up her bowl in 5 seconds.

"Wow, Macy! You must be hungry!" Macy's mother exclaimed, "Good thing I made a lot!"

Everyone ate seconds. And thirds. And fourths. And ninths. But, Macy ate 37 bowls of crab soup!

That night, Macy didn't feel so good... uh-oh...

"Beep-beep, beep-beep, beep-beep, bee—" Macy shut off her alarm clock. (Remember, Macy is a puffin.) She looked, well, you know, tired. And an awful thing had happened the other night... She threw up. *Sigh*, you know, Macy, never eat too many bowls of soup. Or that will happen.

Macy leapt out of bed. She was tired. She walked to the dining room for a bowl of Fishios (puffin Cheerios). Still tired. And still in pajamas. She got some cereal, and then brushed her teeth. Then she decided what she would do. She would color in her coloring book.

Macy opened her coloring book to page 45, a page of a playground. She started coloring it... but suddenly her wing felt tired. Her wing was shaky. *Very* shaky. Her nose had snot in it.

Macy went into the living room, where her mother was. She hugged her.

Mrs. Wing felt like she hadn't taken Macy's temperature for a long time. So, she did.

"Macy, I think you're sick," her mother said.

And Macy was sick.

For the next few days, Macy couldn't play with her friends like she wanted to. She had to stay inside. In her pink bed. Yes, Macy was sick.

In 4 days, Macy recovered. She was no longer sick. *That* was why she should not had eaten 37 bowls of crab soup. She had gotten a *terrible* tummy ache.

After 6 days, Macy could play with her friends again. She played football. And soccer. And ponies. (Remember, Macy is a puffin.)

Macy never EVER ate 37 bowls of crab soup again. Much less. More like 5 bowls. And then she never, never, got a tummy ache from crab soup again.

Chapter -8-

Back to Puff City

"Who wants to go on a flight?" Mrs. Wing asked everyone.

"Me!" All "hands" (wings) shot up.

"Then let's go!"

The Wings went on a *loooooong* flight. They swooped over villages and islands and over tons of things... they also brought all of their stuff from the rented house with them... and they were making their journey back to Puff City. The winter and fall in puff city has passed. Now, all the puffins that belonged to the city went to it.

Macy was sad that they were going home. It not that she didn't like home, it's all of her memories from Web Island. Macy had had so much fun on the playground, and McBeaks. But her home was in Puff City, and her pre-school that she loved. And also, they would make another trip to Web Island next year. So, Macy was happy and sad to go back to Puff City. But, not really sad. She was happy to go back home.

"Home again!" Mrs. Wing as the Wings soared above Puff City. Yes, home again.

Mrs. Wing and the other Wings dove down to their house. They opened the door of their sweet-home-burrow, and Stacy suddenly remembered something... (Remember, everyone is a puffin.)

"Mommy, have you seen Cook?" she asked her mother. (Cook was her stuffed animal.)

"Hmm... no, ho—" Mrs. Wing said, but then stopped herself. *She* had remembered something, too... she forgot to take Cook back to Puff City!!!



Now, *that* was a SERIOUS problem. They would have to fly ALL the way back to their vacation house *just* to get a stuffed animal! But if they didn't, Stacy would CRY and CRY and CRY. Oh, no!

Mrs. and Mr. Wing had to make a hard decision. They just got back, from a journey that lasted more than a month!

"Well, Stacy... we just got back," Mr. Wing said.

"But I want Cook!" Stacy cried and cried and cried.

"Sigh, I guess we will fly over to Web Island tomorrow," Mrs. Wing decided.

That night, when all the children were in bed, Mrs. and Mr. Wing decided to stay up a little later than usual, to discuss the problem.

The next day, when the Wings got everything packed up, there was a ring on the doorbell. *Ding-dong*.

"I wonder who that could be," Mrs. Wing said as she walked over to the front door. She opened it... and there was Aunt Flip!

"Hi!" Mrs. Wing smiled at her sister.

"Hi! Is this yours?" Aunt Flip held out a small, stuffed animal.

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Wing had a long conversation with Aunt Flip.

"What happened, mommy?" Stacy asked her mother.

"Well, it turns out that Cook was actually at Aunt Flip's house when we left! And she found him!" Mrs. Wing answered.

"YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOO!" Stacy let out a cheer that you could hear it on the other side of the world! [I'm exaggerating. (Well, at least you could hear it across the city.)]

Aunt Flip smiled. She was happy that she had found it: right on top of the guest room bed!



Aunt Flip started to walk back to her car, smiling, when Mrs. Wing said something to her.

"Flip, why don't you stay here after that long drive?" Mrs. Wing asked her sister, "can you please stay with us?"

"Sure!" Aunt Flip kept smiling.

That night, Aunt Flip stayed with the Wings. She had a sleepover with them, like they did with her. And it was a good night.....

The End

Read the next book in the *Puffin World* series!

About the Author

Eli Gwyn writes many books, and has wrote some books in *Gwyn Brother Publishing*. He has written *Farm books* and lots of others. He lives with his family in Missouri. He has written *Farm Books* and *Adventures*.

