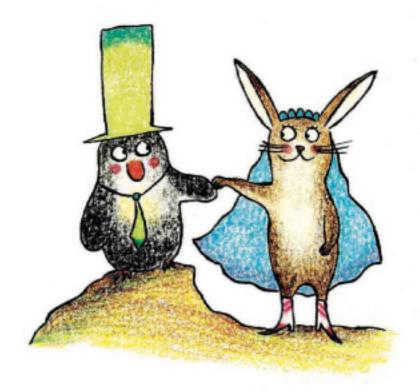
LITTLE BENGUIN

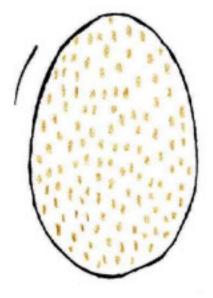


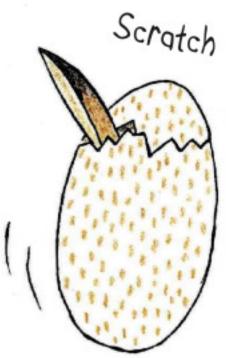
Holiday House / New York



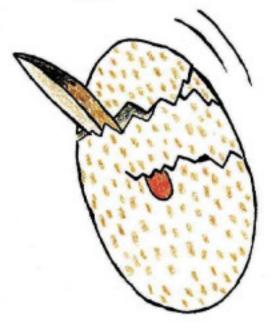


creak





CRACK!



And they had a baby— Little Benguin.

A little bit bunny.
And a little bit penguin.
Not one. Not the other.
A mix.





Because Little Benguin was unusual, people were afraid of him.

And because people were afraid,
Little Benguin was alone.

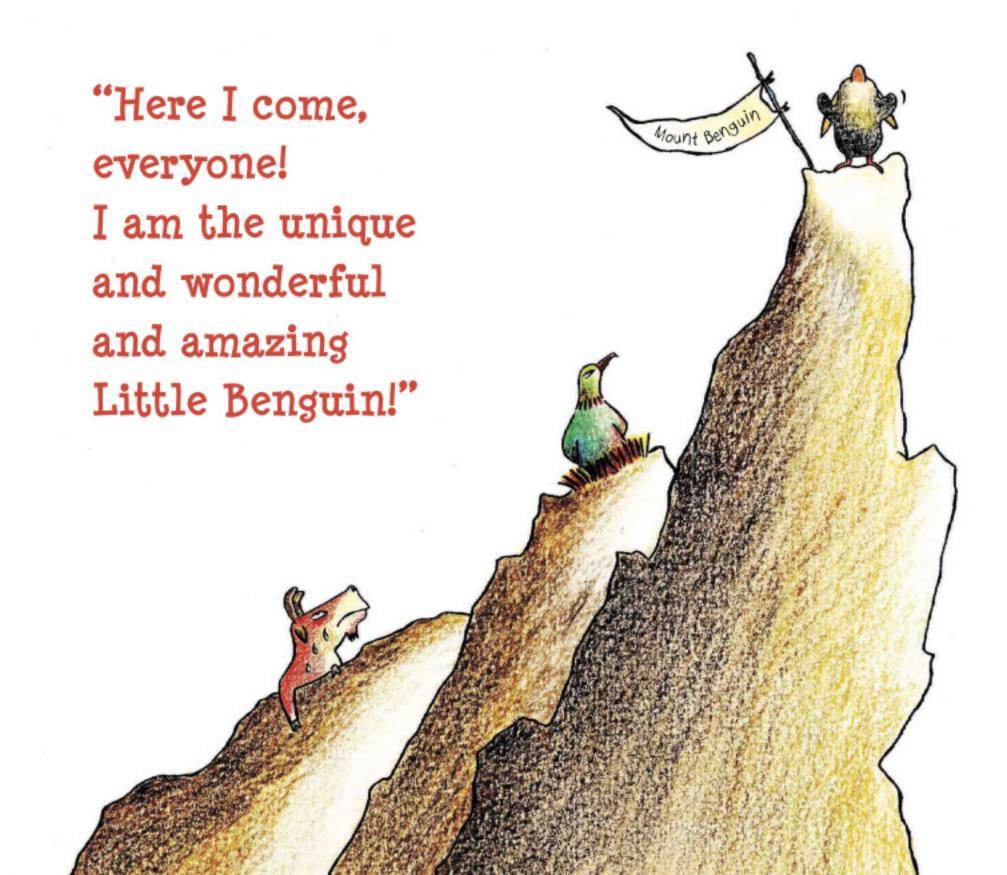






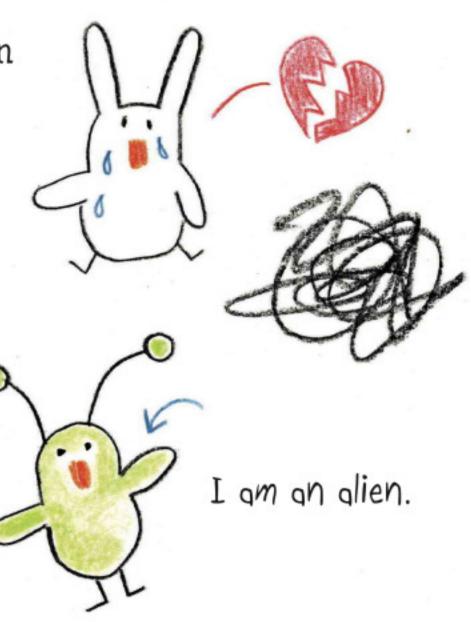
Sometimes Little Benguin liked being Little Benguin.





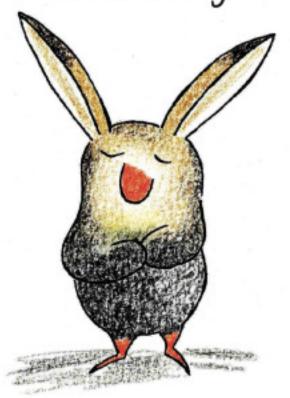
But sometimes Little Benguin didn't like being different. Not one bit.





I am a monster.

Long ears like a bunny.



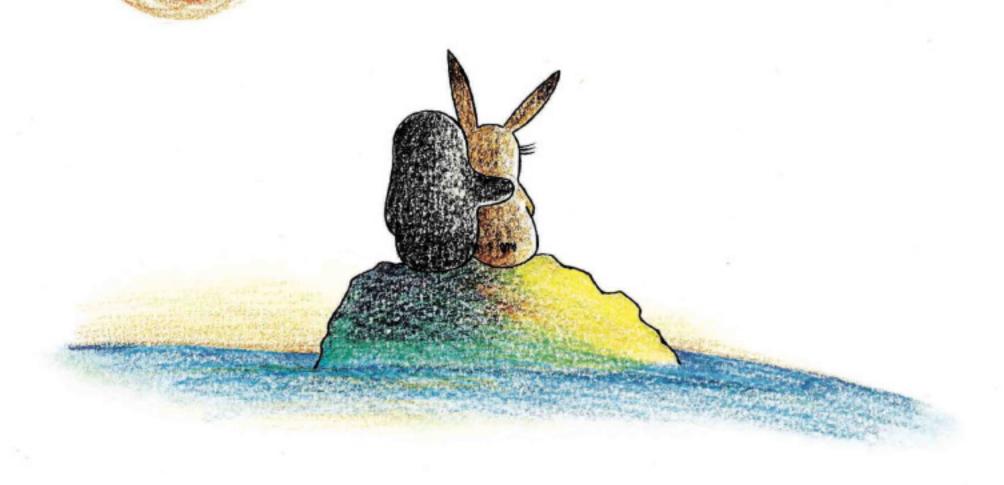
Flippers like a penguin.

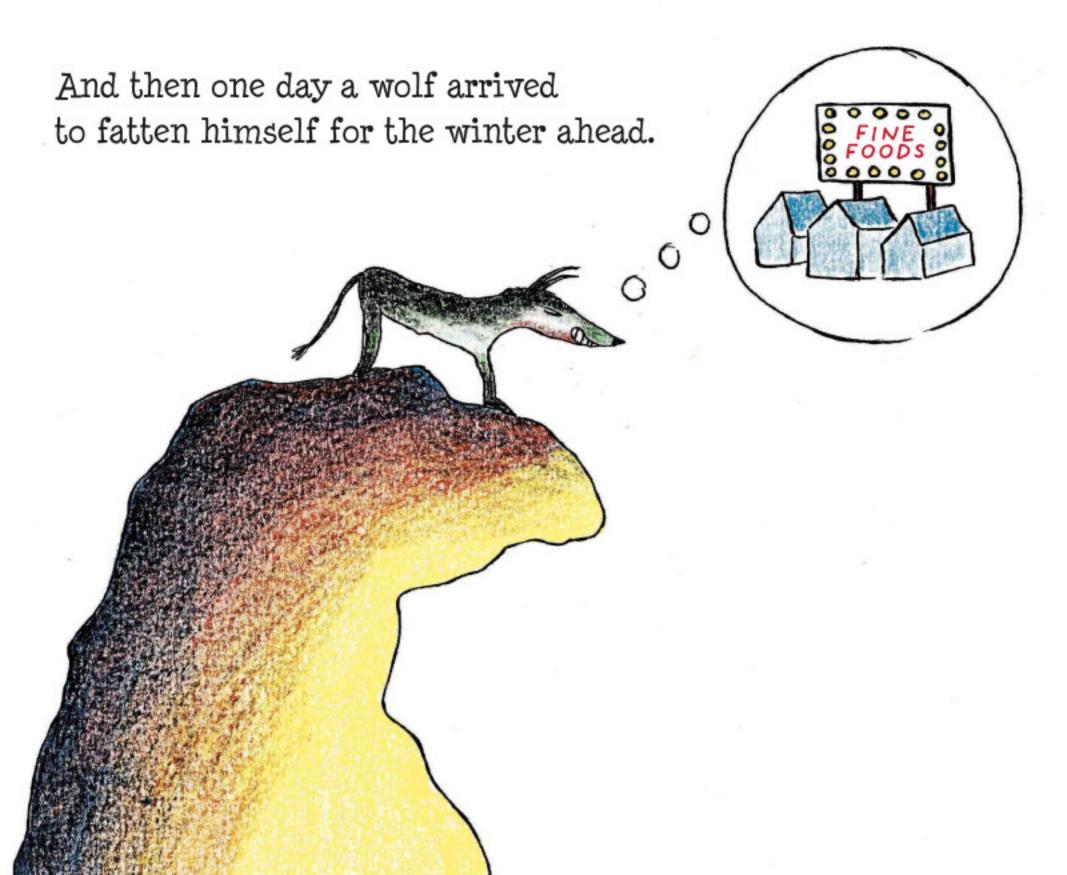


Mommy!
Daddy!
I want to be
NORMAL!



The rabbit and the penguin loved their child just the way he was. But they worried about his social life.

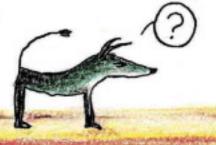




The wolf came nose-to-nose with Little Benguin. The wolf sniffed, but he didn't recognize the smell.

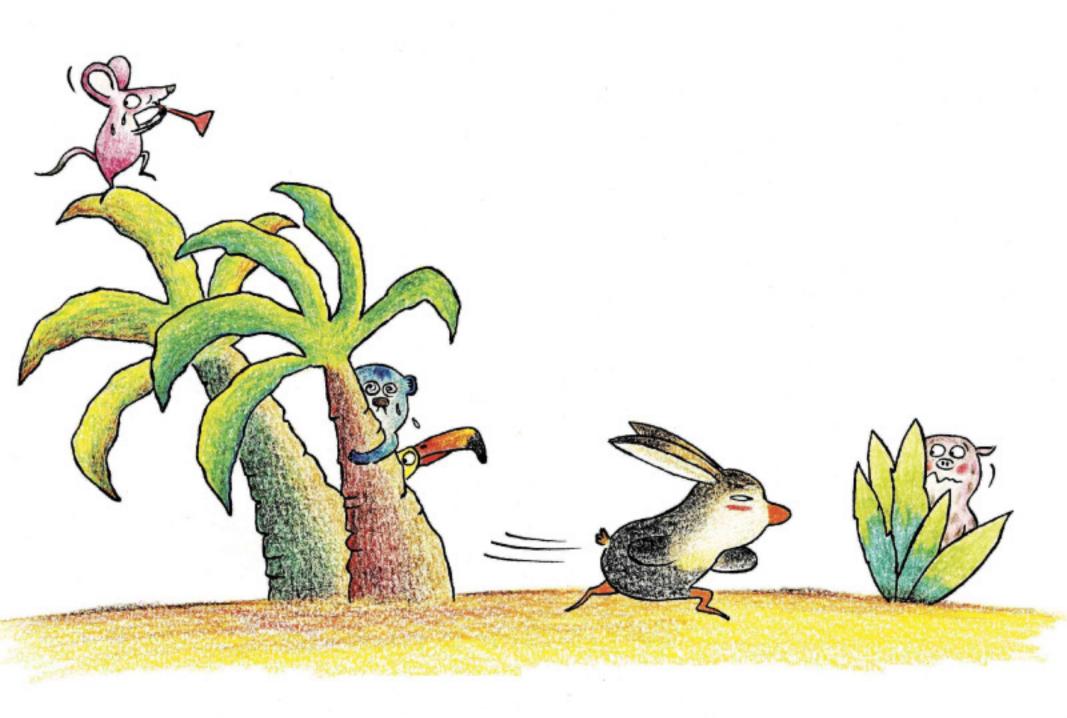


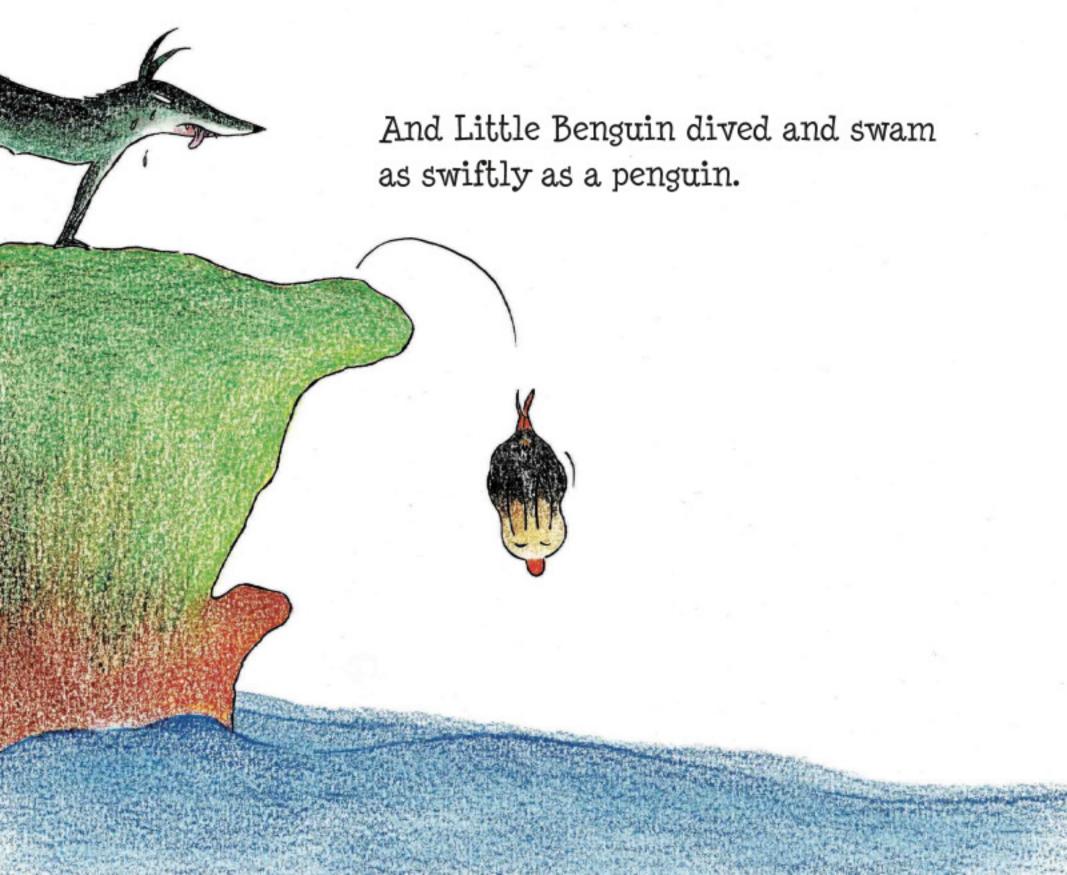


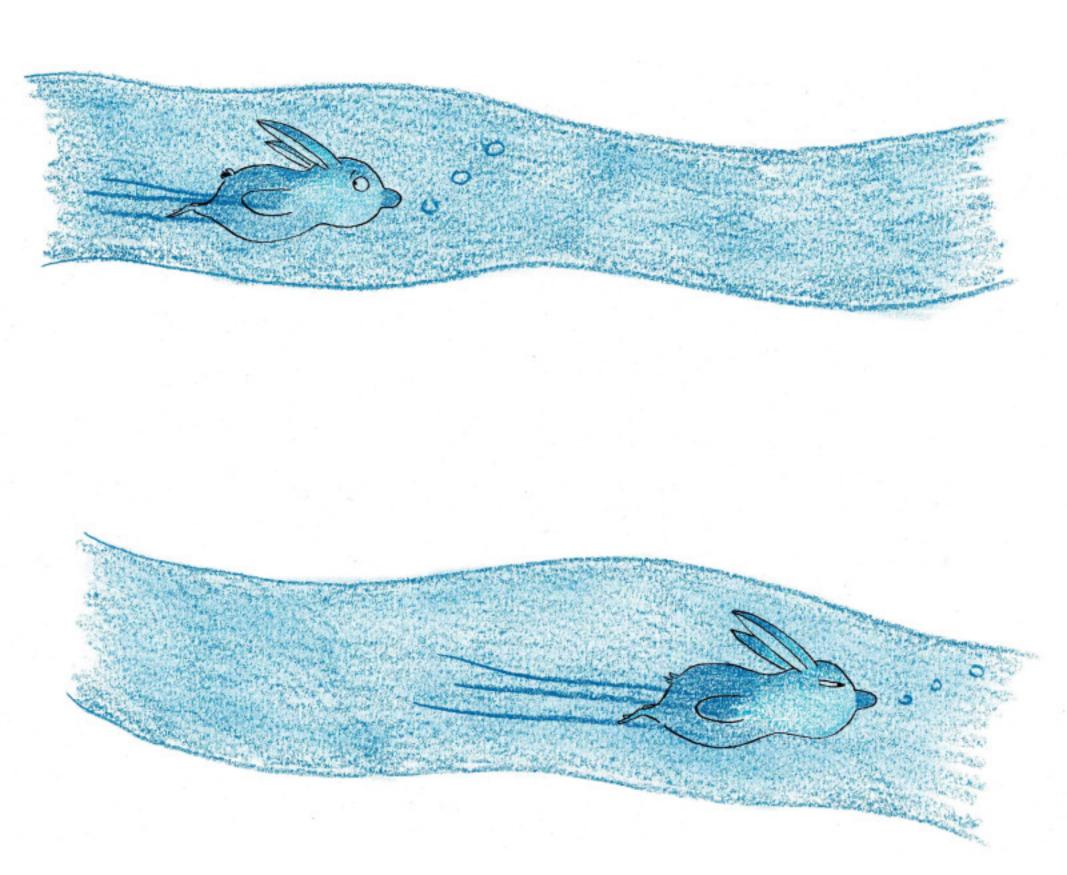


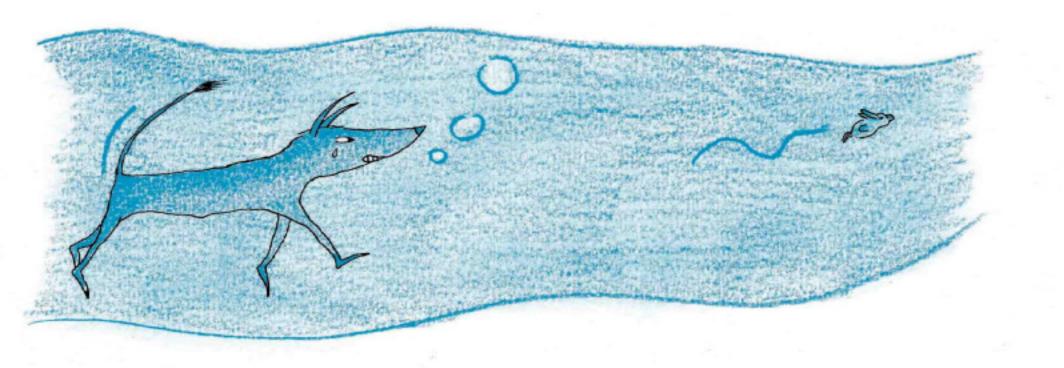
Little Benguin ran fast—as fast as a rabbit.











The wolf tried to catch him, but . . .

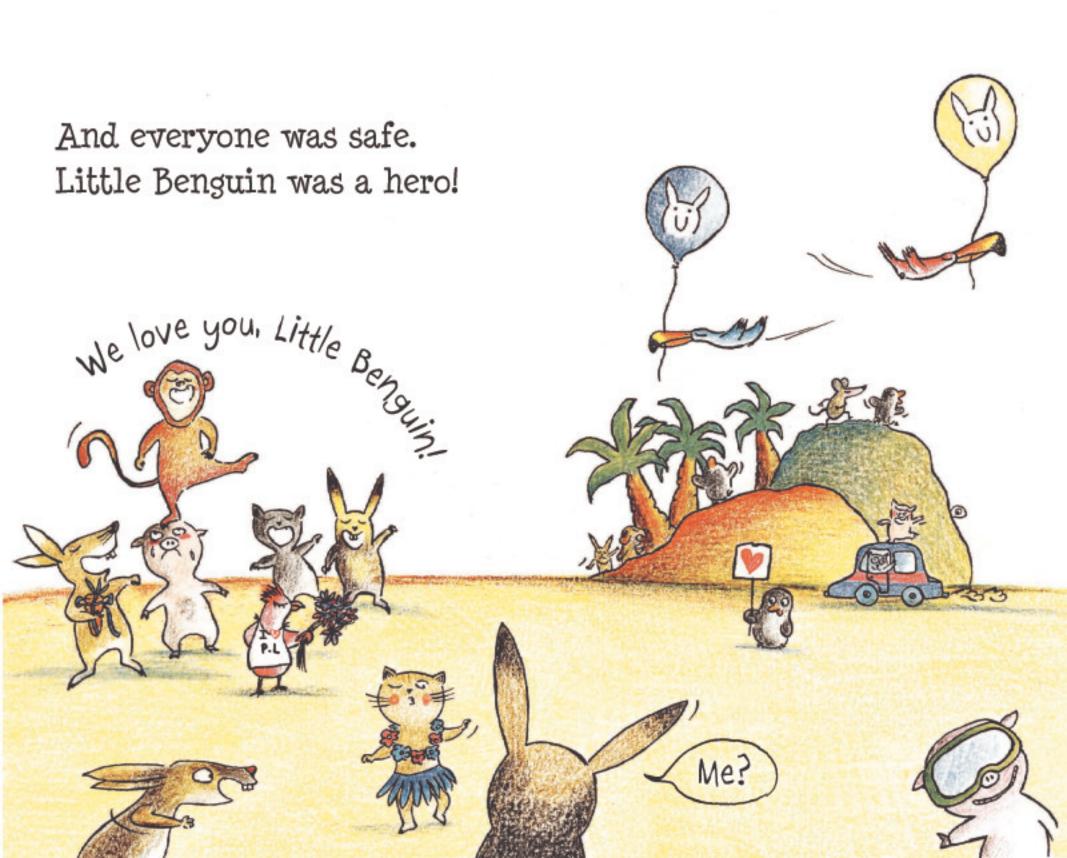




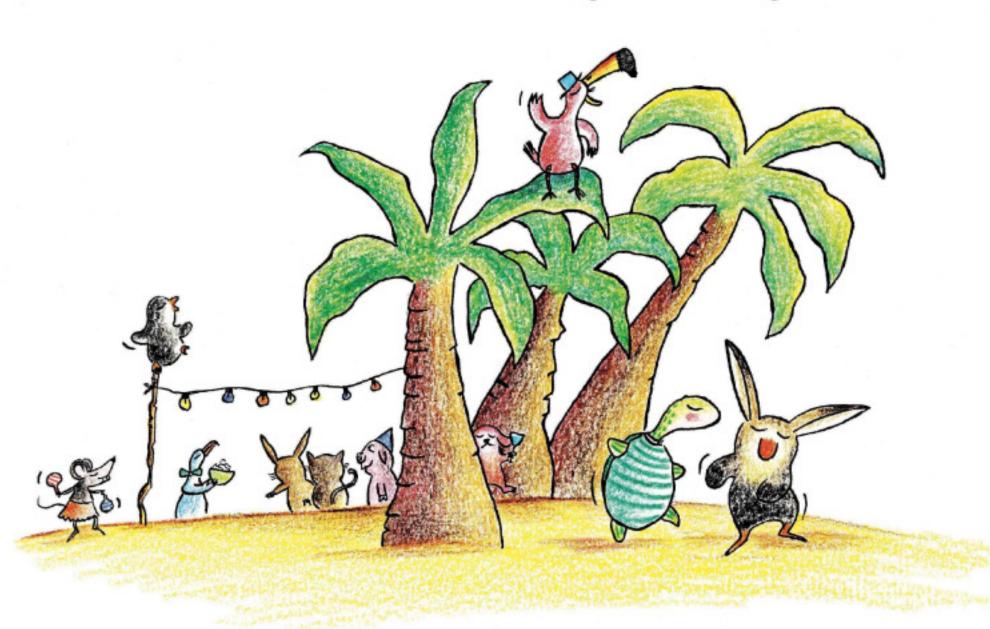


The wolf was gone for good. Little Benguin was safe.





A party was held in honor of the unique and wonderful and amazing Little Benguin.





And on that sunny day, a turtle and a penguin-bunny fell in love.

