

The Penguin's Pebble Shop



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On the edge of the icy town of Frosty Bay, where the snow sparkled like sugar, lived a small round penguin named Percy. He had a black back, a white belly, and a tuft of feathers on his head that always stuck up. Percy loved collecting pebbles. Smooth ones, speckled ones, and ones that shone like glass. His red apron pocket was always full of them.



One morning, Percy had a wonderful idea. "I will open a pebble shop!" he said, clapping his orange feet. He set up a little stall near the ice arch and arranged his pebbles in neat rows. A small round cap sat on his head. "Come and see my beautiful pebbles!" he called to everyone who waddled by.



The penguins of Frosty Bay came to look. They turned the pebbles over in their flippers and said, "Ooh!" and "Ah!" Percy beamed. His amber eyes sparkled. He loved seeing others enjoy his treasures. But as the days passed, Percy noticed something strange. Some penguins bought lots of pebbles, while others just looked and then waddled away with sad faces.



Percy asked his best friend Tilly to help him understand. Tilly was taller and slimmer, with a sky-blue scarf and a canvas satchel. She was warm and practical. "Let's watch the customers," she said. They saw rich penguins with piles of pebbles and poor penguins with empty flippers. "Why can't everyone have pebbles?" Percy wondered.



Tilly pointed with her slender beak. "Look, Percy. Some penguins have plenty of shiny pebbles for their nests, but others have none. They need smooth stones to keep their eggs safe and warm." Percy's heart felt heavy. He wanted his shop to be a happy place, not a sad one. "What can we do?" he asked.



Just then, a tiny chick waddled up. It was Pip, with fluffy grey down and a green pom-pom hat. Her big blue eyes were full of tears. "I can't find any nesting pebbles," she sniffled. "My feet are too small to dig, and the big penguins took all the good ones." Percy's tuft of feathers drooped. He had to help.



Percy looked at his shop full of pebbles. He thought about profit and fairness. Then he remembered Grandpa Waddle, the oldest penguin in town, who always said, "Sharing makes a town strong." Percy knew what he had to do. He called Tilly and Pip. "Let's make this shop fair for everyone!" he announced.



Tilly clapped her flippers. "We can start a swap! Penguins can bring pebbles they don't need and take ones they do." Percy nodded. "And those with extra can share with those who have none." Pip's eyes grew wide. "Really? I can have pebbles for my nest?" Percy smiled. "Yes, and everyone will help."



The next morning, Percy and Tilly set up a new sign. It said: Pebble Swap and Share. They sorted pebbles into big piles: smooth, speckled, and shiny. Grandpa Waddle arrived first, leaning on his pebble-topped walking stick. "I have many pebbles from my younger days," he said. "I want to share them." He gave a big bag to Percy.



Word spread fast. Penguins came with pebbles to swap. Some brought smooth ones, some brought speckled ones. Others came with empty flippers and left with just what they needed. Tilly organized the piles with her canvas satchel. Percy greeted everyone with a warm smile. The shop buzzed with happy chatter.



Pip found three perfect pebbles for her nest. "Thank you, Percy!" she chirped, her green pom-pom bouncing. Percy felt a warm glow inside. He saw other penguins helping each other. A tall penguin gave a small one a ride to reach high pebbles. Everyone was sharing. "This is better than selling," Percy whispered to Tilly.



Grandpa Waddle patted Percy on the back. "You have learned a big lesson, little one. Fairness and friendship matter more than profit." Percy nodded. His red apron pocket still held a few pebbles, but now they were for giving, not selling. The shop had become the friendliest spot in Frosty Bay, full of laughter and kindness.



To celebrate, the penguins planned a big feast. They brought fish and ice cakes. Pip wore her green hat and danced with joy. Tilly tied a ribbon on the shop sign. Grandpa Waddle told stories of long ago. Percy looked around and felt proud. His shop had brought everyone together.



The pebble shop stayed open every day. Penguins came to swap, share, and chat. Percy and Tilly worked side by side, sorting and smiling. Pip often visited, her nest now cozy and warm. The little shop was not just about pebbles anymore. It was about friendship and fairness, and that made all the difference.



One evening, as the sun set over the ice, Percy stood outside his shop. He looked at the happy penguins waddling home with their pebbles. He thought about how far they had come. "A fair shop is a happy shop," he said to Tilly. She nodded and squeezed his flipper. They knew they had made Frosty Bay a better place.



And so, the penguins of Frosty Bay learned that sharing makes everyone rich. Percy's pebble shop became a symbol of fairness and friendship. If you ever visit, you will see penguins swapping pebbles and laughing together. And Percy, with his red apron and tuft of feathers, will greet you with a warm smile and a shiny pebble.