

As everyone knows,  
penguins live at the South Pole.

And polar bears live at the North Pole,  
12,430 miles away.

But in this story,  
polar bears and penguins soon  
become the best of friends . . .

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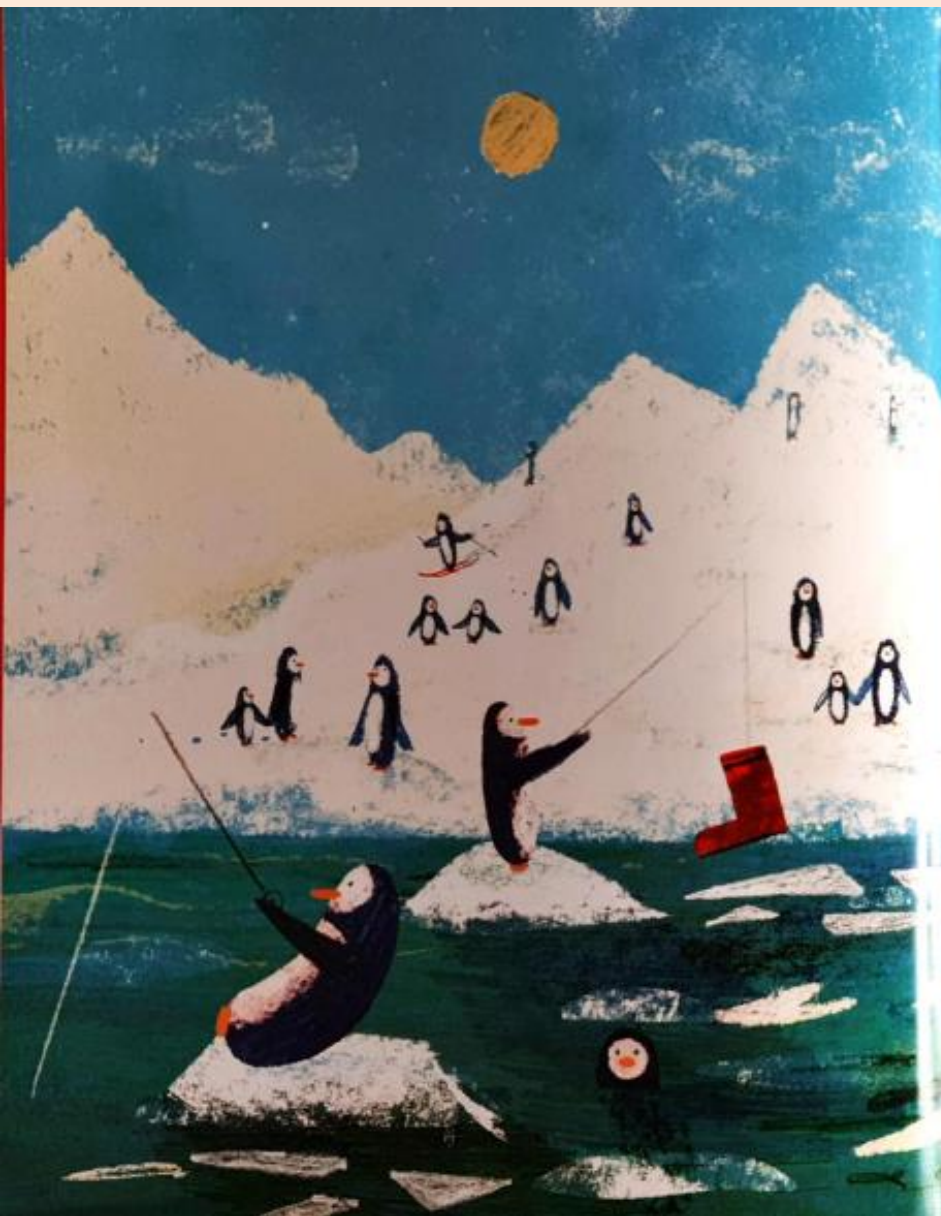


# POLES APART



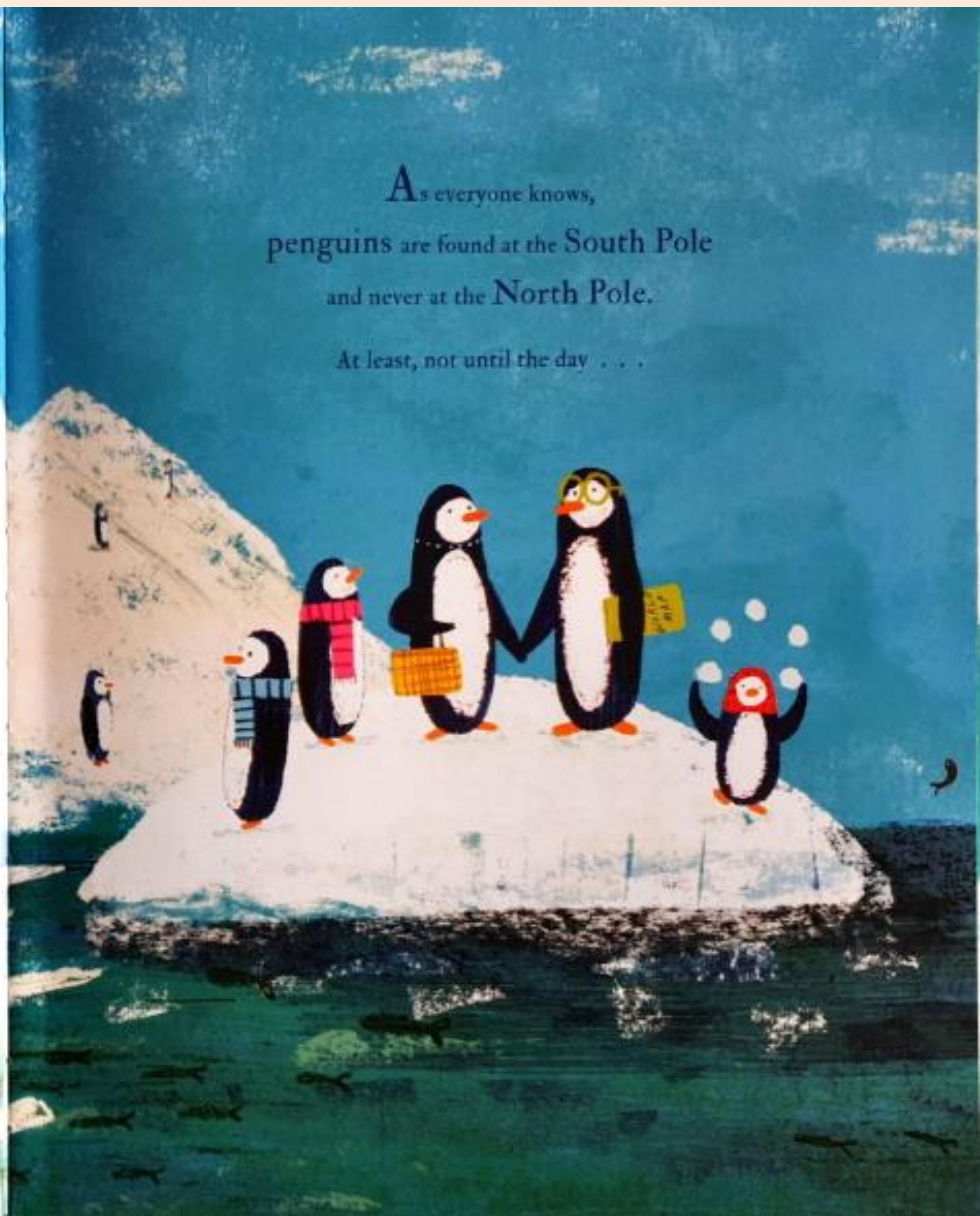
Jeanne Willis & Jarvis

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As everyone knows,  
penguins are found at the South Pole  
and never at the North Pole.

At least, not until the day . . .





... the Pilchard-Browns got lost on their way to a picnic.

Mr Pilchard-Brown was in charge of the map.

He told everyone to turn **right** at the snowman.

Which was **wrong**.



Now here they all were, on the other side  
of the world – Mr and Mrs Pilchard-Brown,  
Pecky, Poots and Pog . . .



... drifting towards an **enormous, furry, white** . . .



... something.

"Is it a lion? Is it a tiger?" asked Pecky and Poots.

"Is it a picnic blanket?" asked Pog.

The enormous something looked them up and down.

He had never seen anything like the Pilchard-Browns before.

"I'm Mr White," he said.

"I'm a polar bear, and you are?"

"Parrots!" said Pecky and Poots.

"Pork pies!" said Pog.

"We're penguins," said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.





★  
“What are you doing here?” wondered Mr White.

“This is where polar bears live, **not** penguins.”

“We’re going to a picnic at the South Pole,” said Pog.

“This is the **North Pole**, my friends,” said Mr White.

“The South Pole is 12,430 miles *that way*.”



“So, I was a few miles out,” shrugged Mr Pilchard-Brown.

“Anyone can make a mistake.”

“Don’t think of it as a mistake,” said Mr White.

“Think of it as a **big adventure**.”

I have often dreamt of being the first polar bear  
to reach the South Pole . . .”



“Mummy says we should always follow our dreams,” said Peeky.

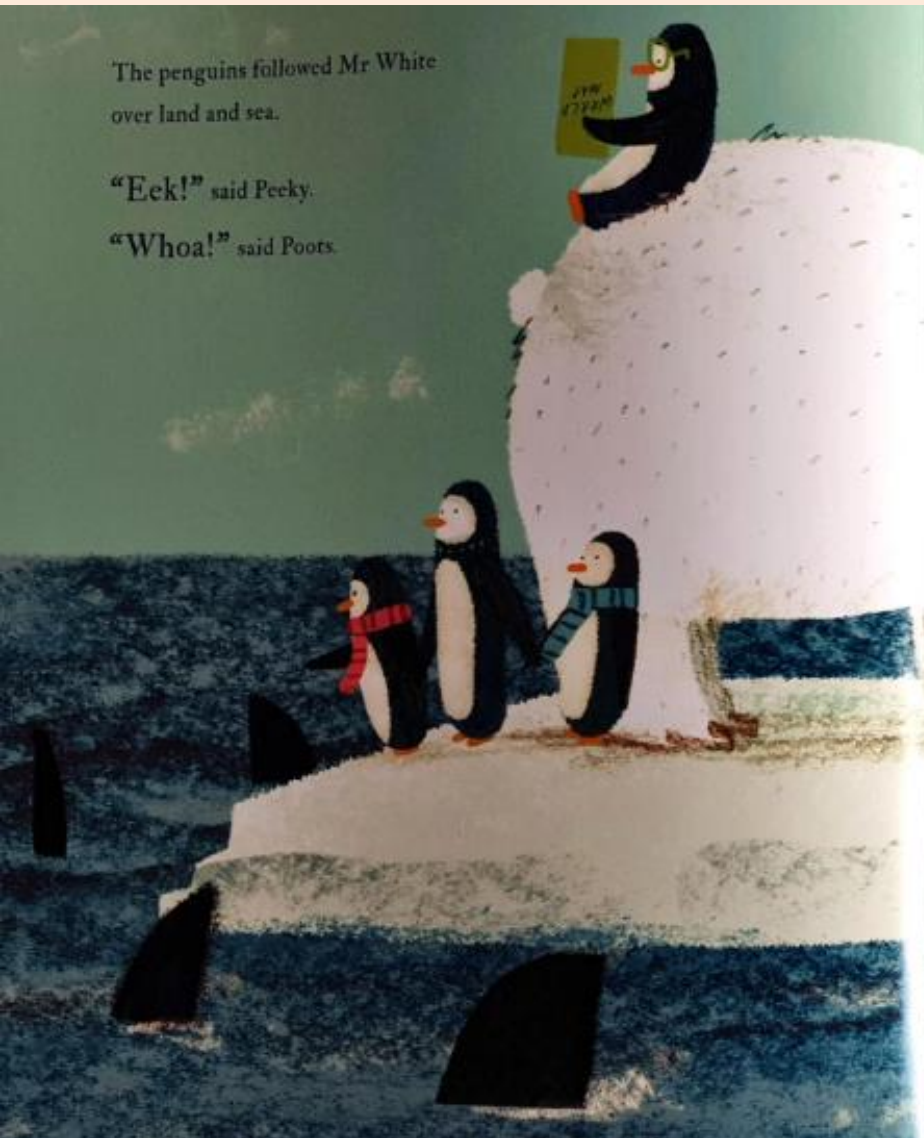
“Daddy says we should always follow him,” said Poots.

“Lead the way, Mr White,” said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.

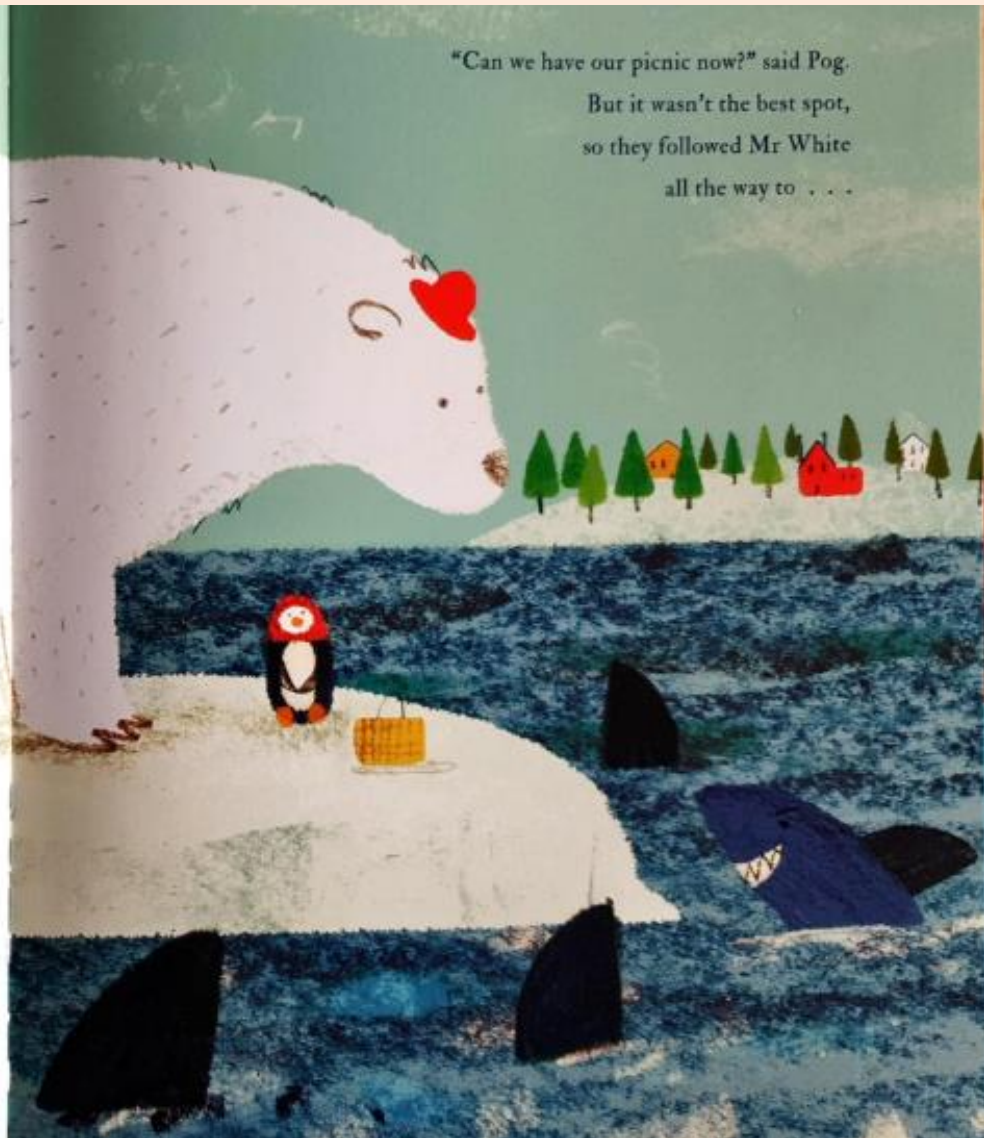
The penguins followed Mr White  
over land and sea.

"Eek!" said Pecky.

"Whoa!" said Poots.



"Can we have our picnic now?" said Pog.  
But it wasn't the best spot,  
so they followed Mr White  
all the way to . . .



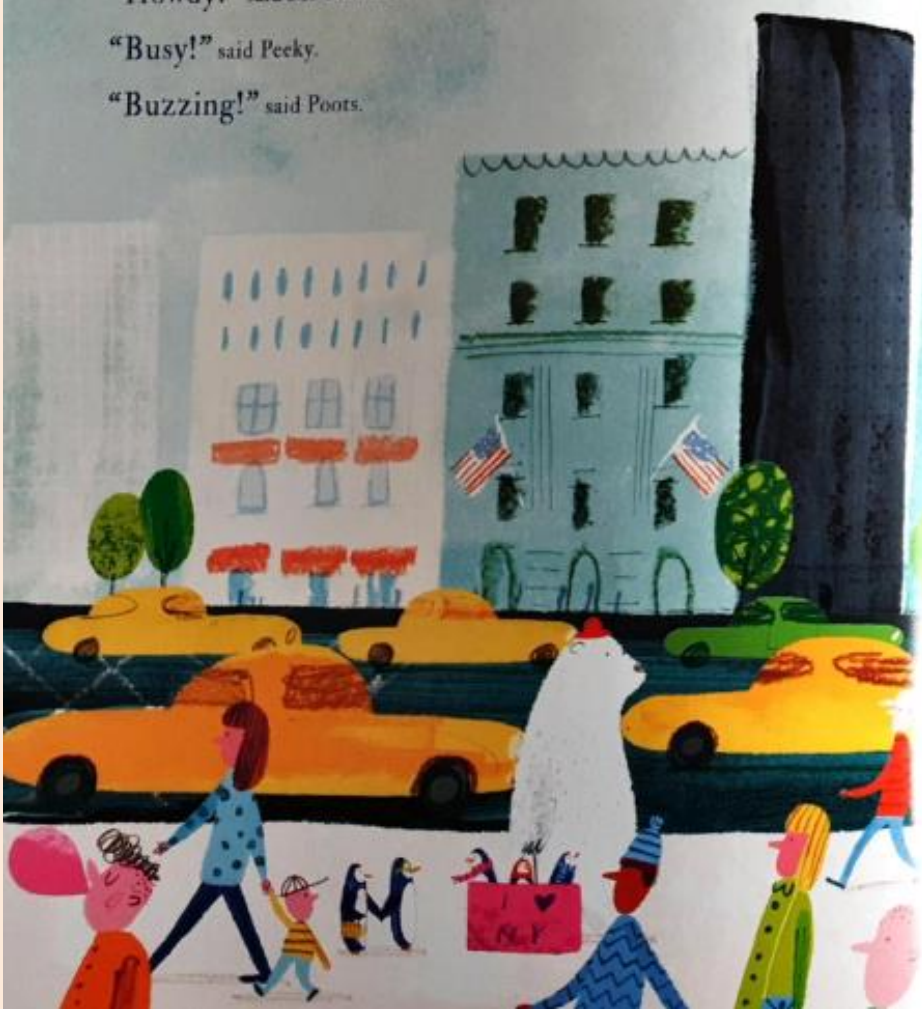


. . . America.

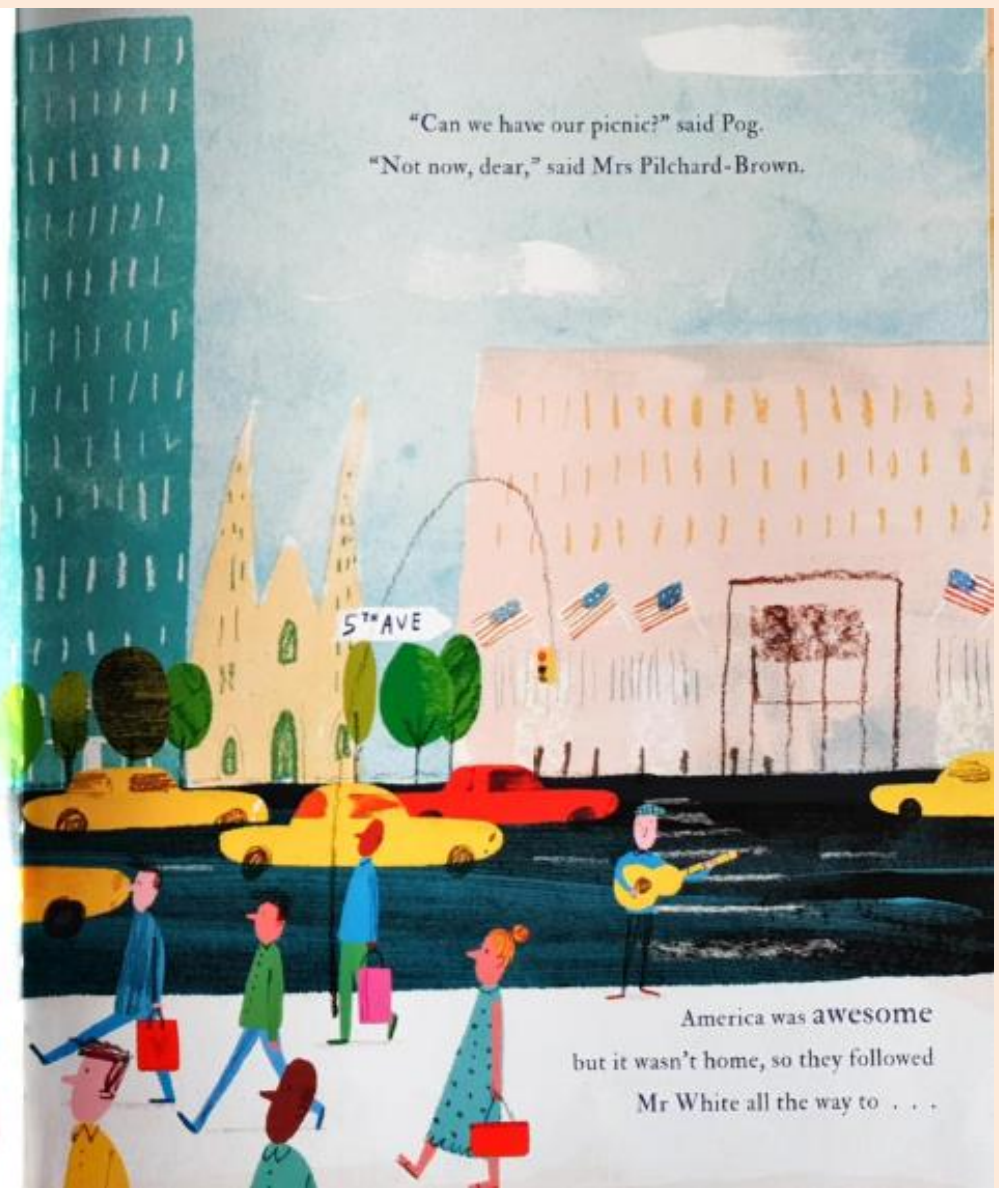
"Howdy!" said Mr Pilchard-Brown.

"Busy!" said Pecky.

"Buzzing!" said Poots.



"Can we have our picnic?" said Pog.  
"Not now, dear," said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.



America was awesome  
but it wasn't home, so they followed  
Mr White all the way to . . .

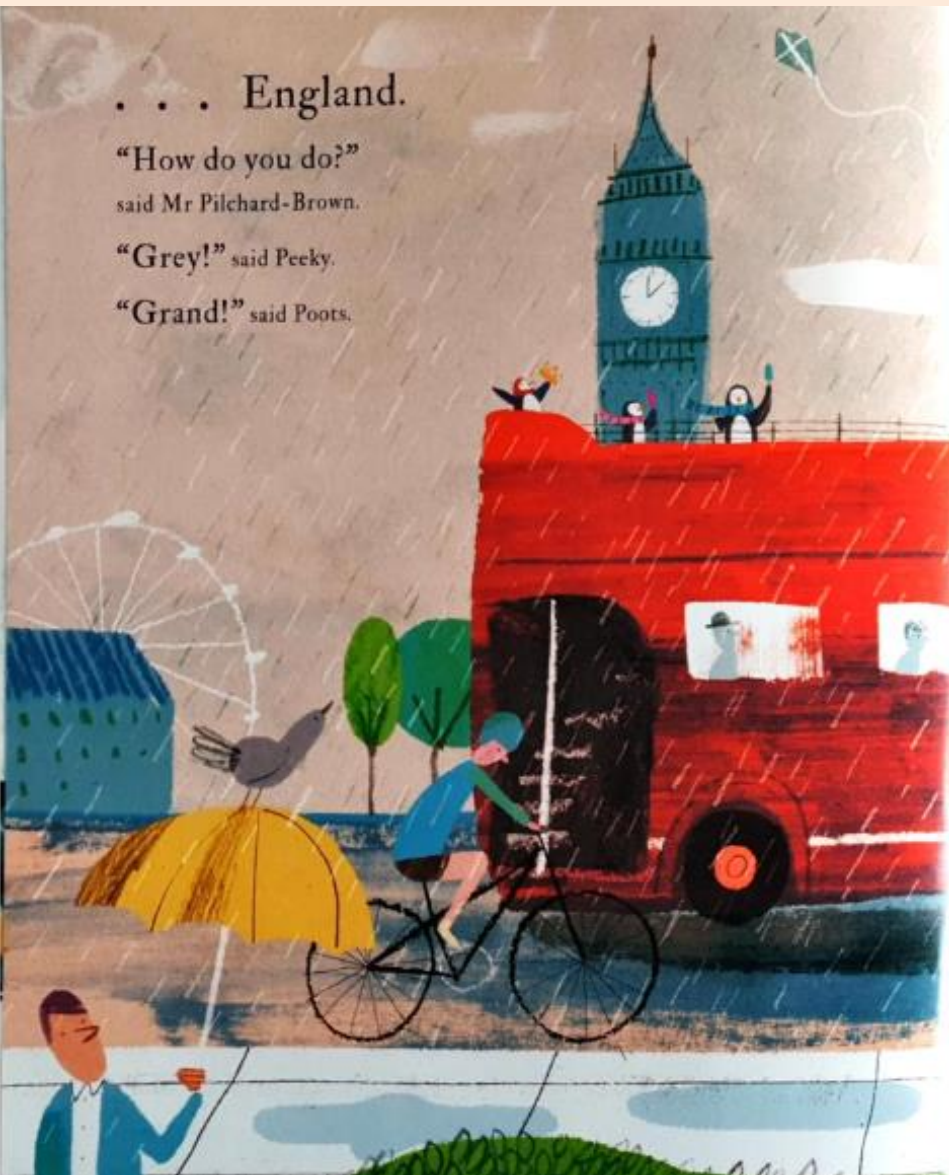


. . . England.

"How do you do?"  
said Mr Pilchard-Brown.

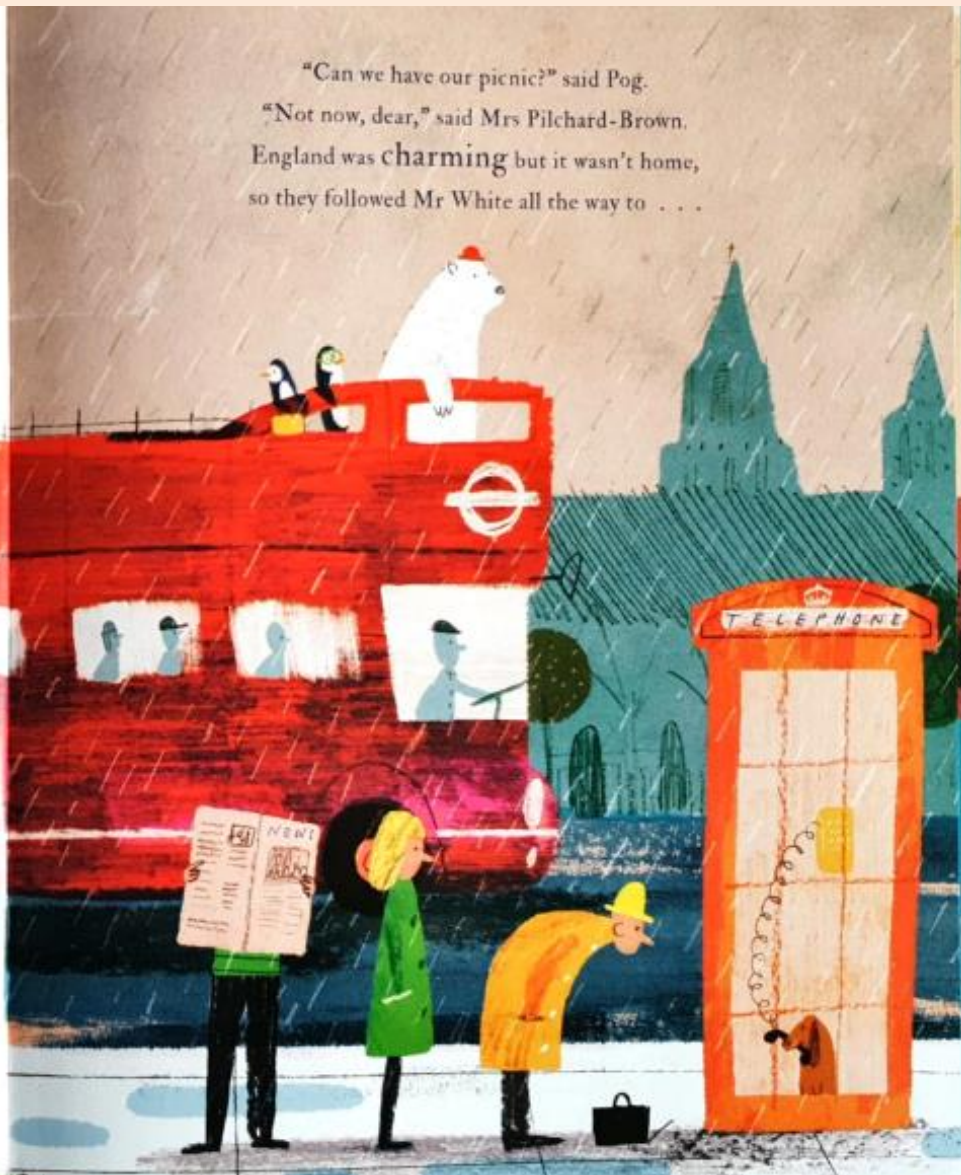
"Grey!" said Peeky.

"Grand!" said Poots.



"Can we have our picnic?" said Pog.

"Not now, dear," said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.  
England was charming but it wasn't home,  
so they followed Mr White all the way to . . .



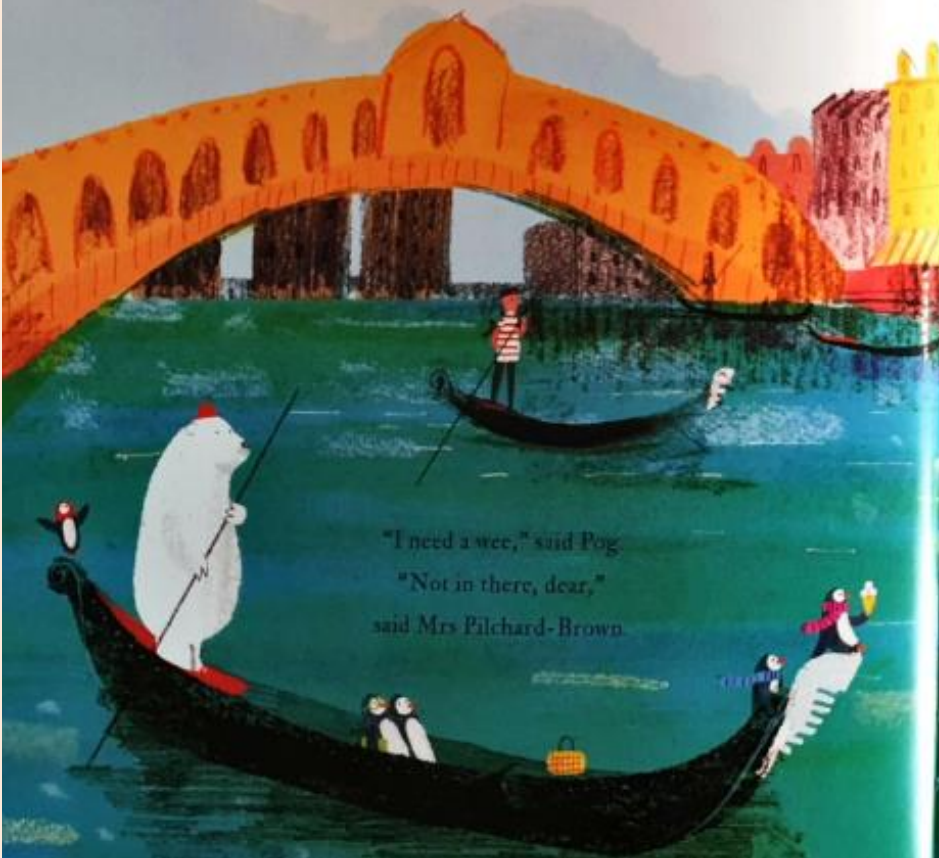


. . . Italy.

"Ciao!" said Mr Pilchard-Brown.

"Wet!" said Peeky.

"Wonderful!" said Poots.



"I need a wee," said Pog.  
"Not in there, dear,"  
said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.



Italy was **magnifico** but it wasn't home,  
so they followed Mr White all the way to . . .

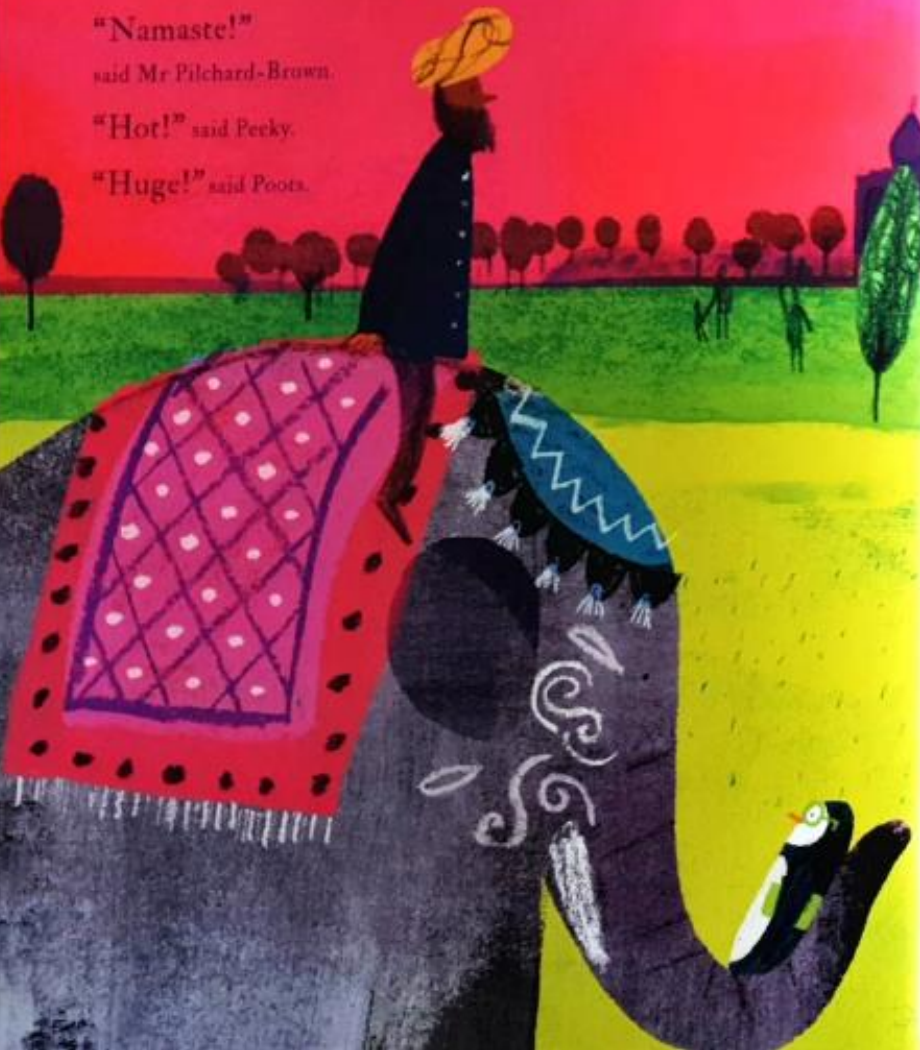
. . . India.

"Namaste!"

said Mr Pilchard-Brown.

"Hot!" said Pecky.

"Huge!" said Poots.



"Put the python down, dear,"  
said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.

India was dazzling but  
it wasn't home, so they  
followed Mr White all the  
way to . . .

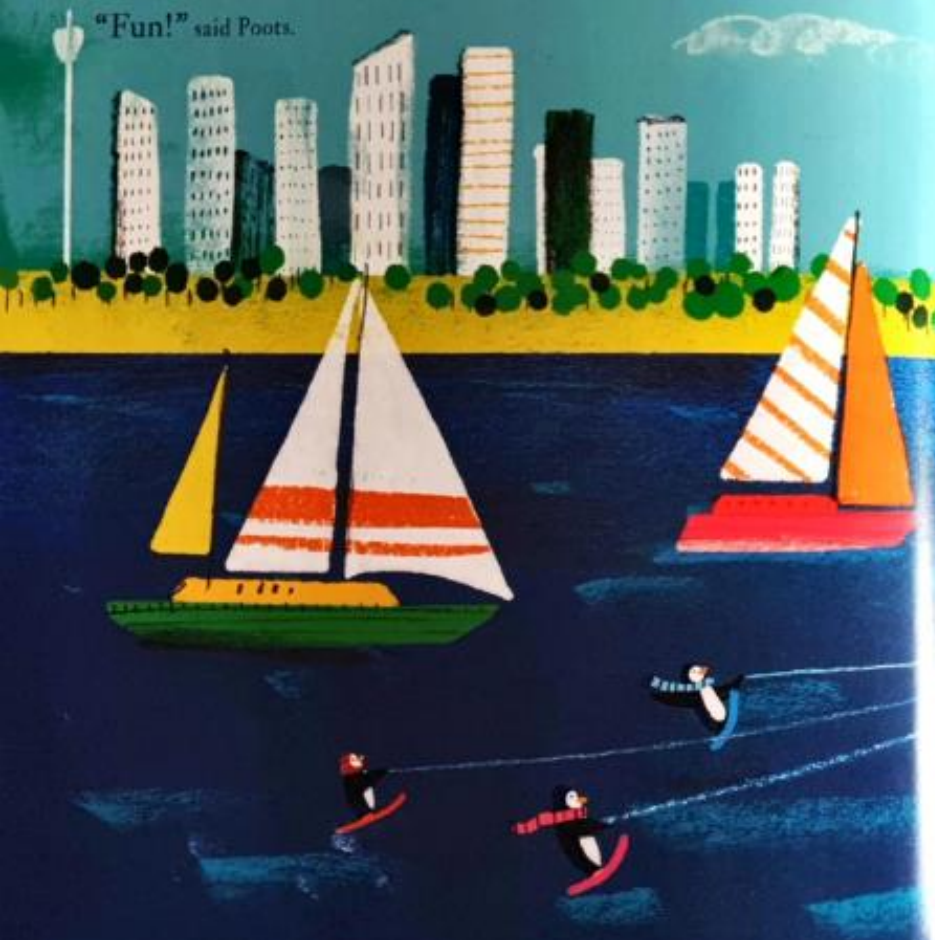


. . . Australia.

"G'day!" said Mr Pilchard-Brown.

"Faster!" said Pecky.

"Fun!" said Poots.



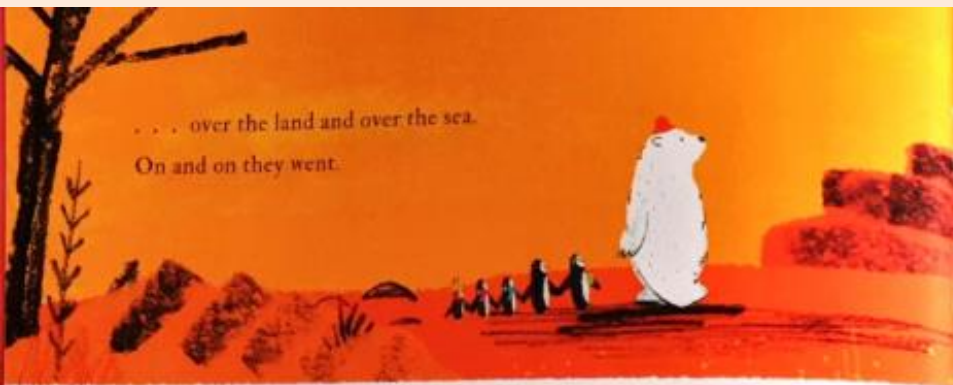
"Can we have our picnic now?" said Pog.

"Soon," said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.

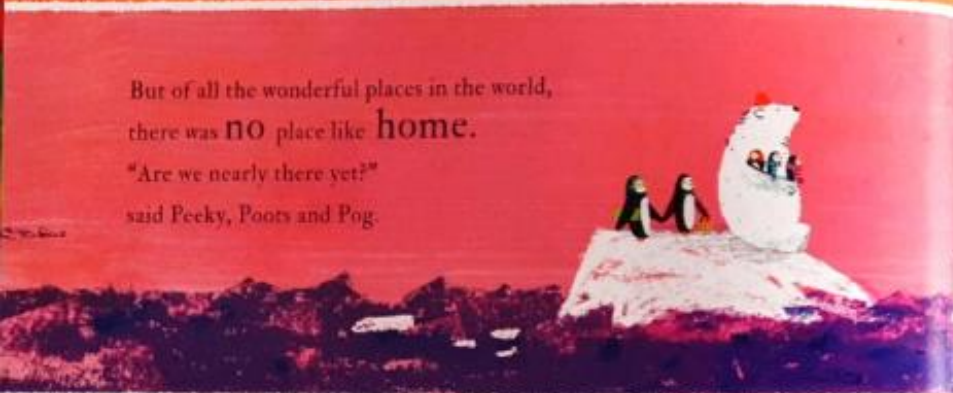
Australia was bonzer but it still wasn't home,  
so they followed Mr White . . .



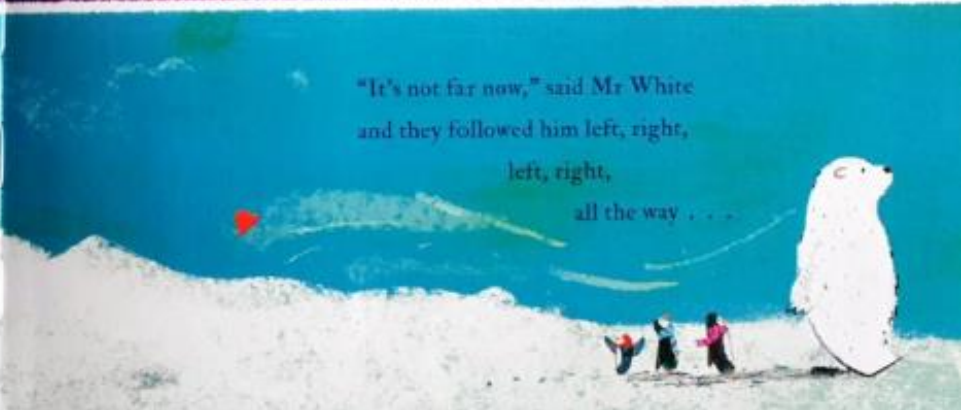
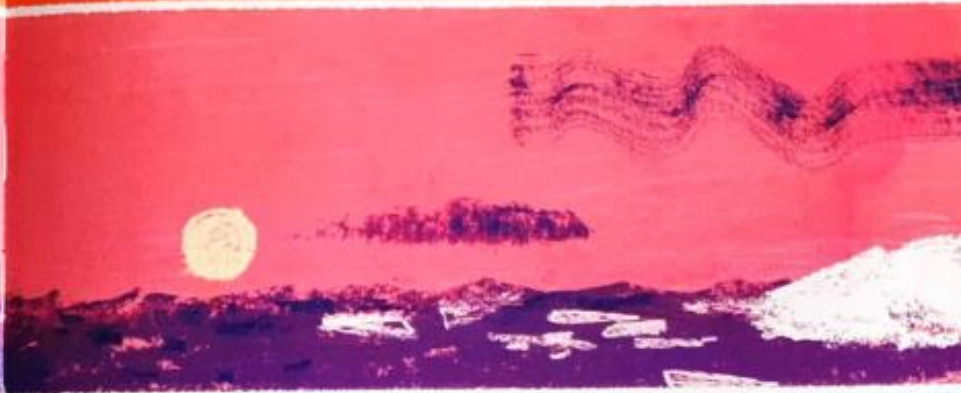
... over the land and over the sea.  
On and on they went.



But of all the wonderful places in the world,  
there was **no** place like **home**.  
"Are we nearly there yet?"  
said Pecky, Poots and Pog.



"It's not far now," said Mr White  
and they followed him left, right,  
left, right,  
all the way . . .





. . . home!

"Please stay, Mr White," said Peeky and Poots.

"You can share our picnic," said Pog.

So Mr White stayed and, for a while, he was happy.



But the South Pole wasn't his home.

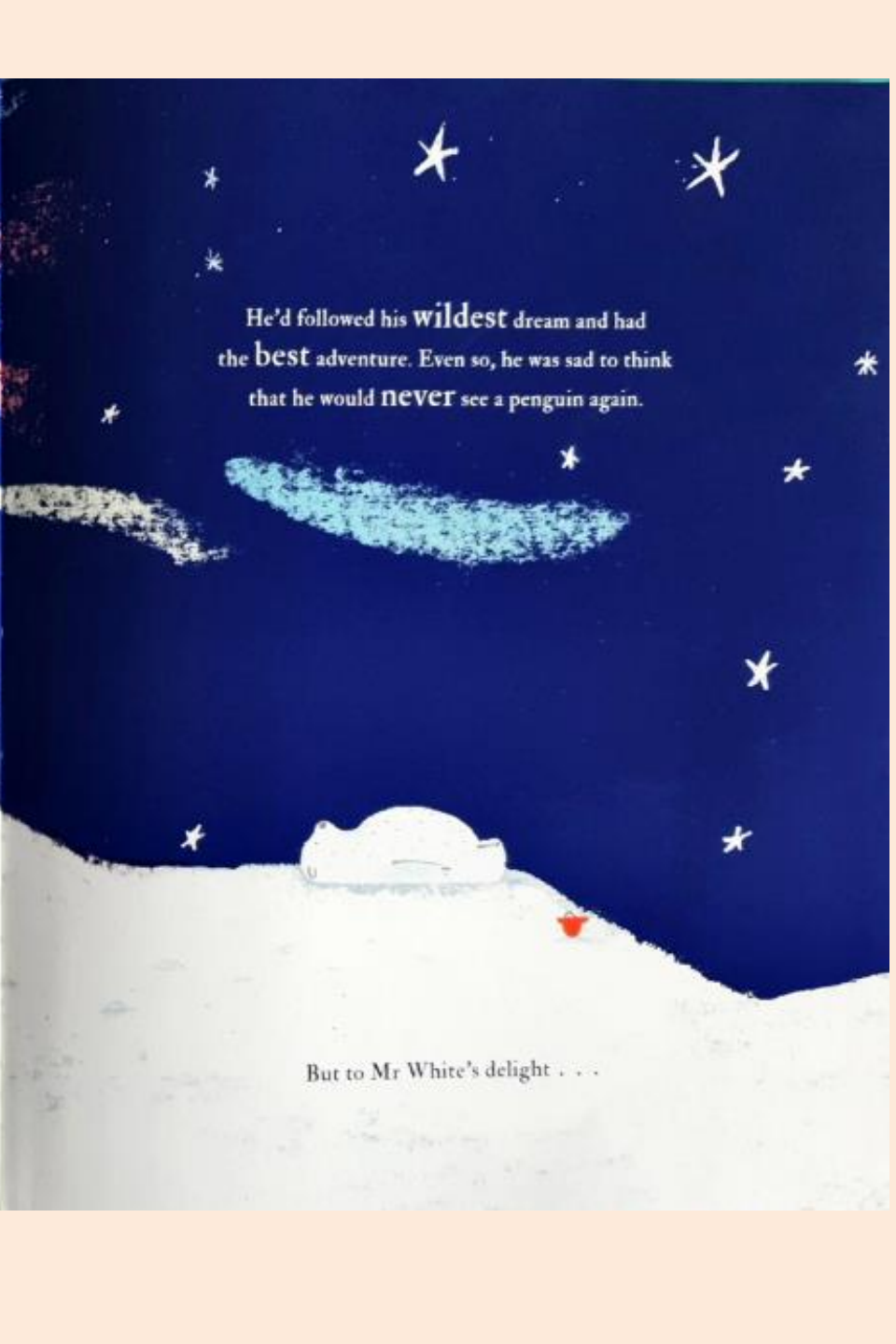
He was a **polar bear**  
and polar bears **don't** live there.



Which is why he said goodbye and  
walked **12,430** miles all the way back to . . .



. . . the North Pole,  
where he belonged.



He'd followed his **wildest** dream and had  
the **best** adventure. Even so, he was sad to think  
that he would **never** see a penguin again.

But to Mr White's delight . . .






... he did!

"Hello, how did you get there?" he said.

"Where is your family?"



“Here we are!”

said Mr Pilchard-Brown.

“Someone put **my egg** in your hat,”

said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.

Pecky and Poots pointed at Pog.

“Can we have our picnic now?” he said.



And although the **North Pole**  
isn't home to penguins, Mr White was  
always **happy** to see friends.

“Welcome back!” he said.

