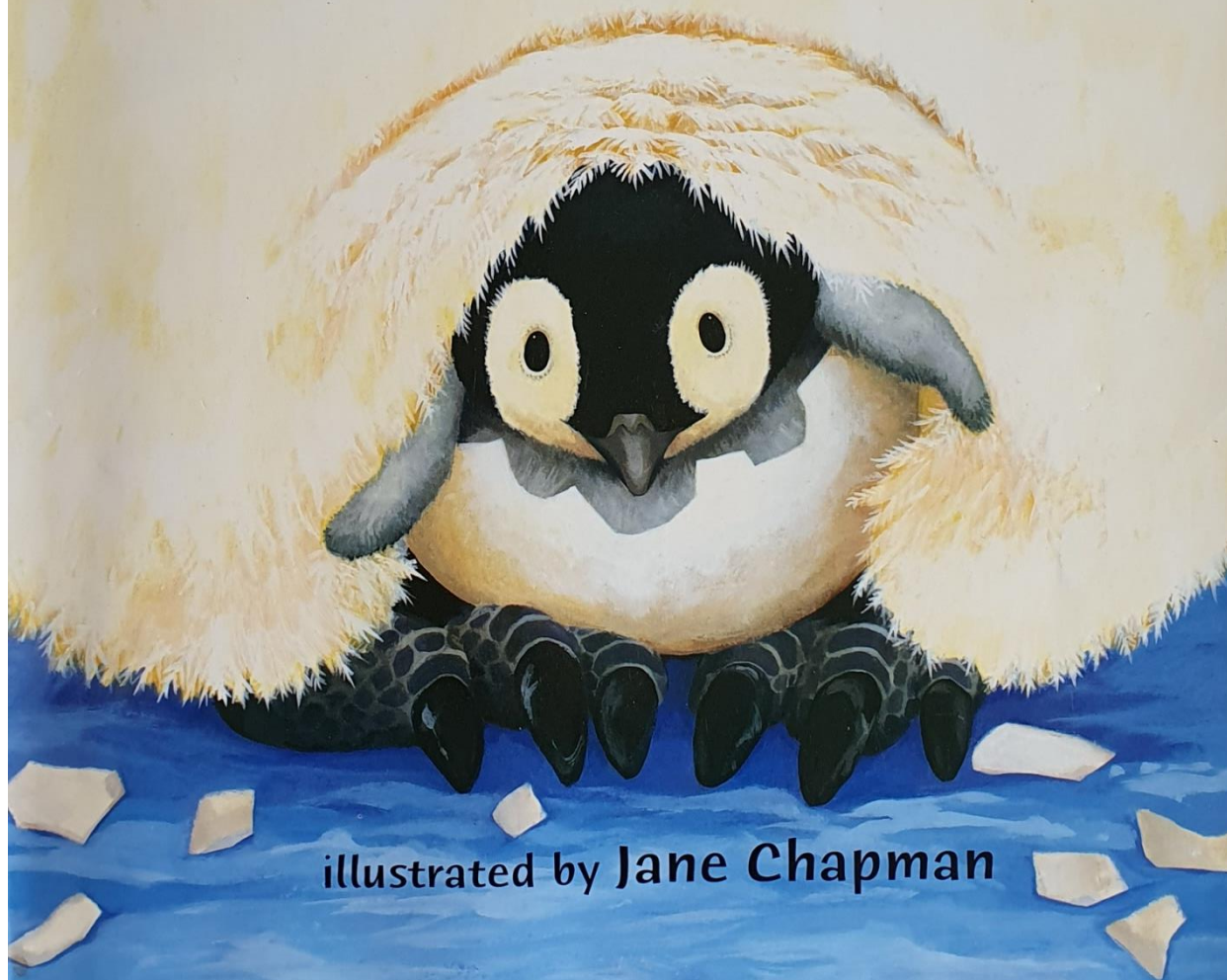




# The Emperor's Egg

Martin Jenkins



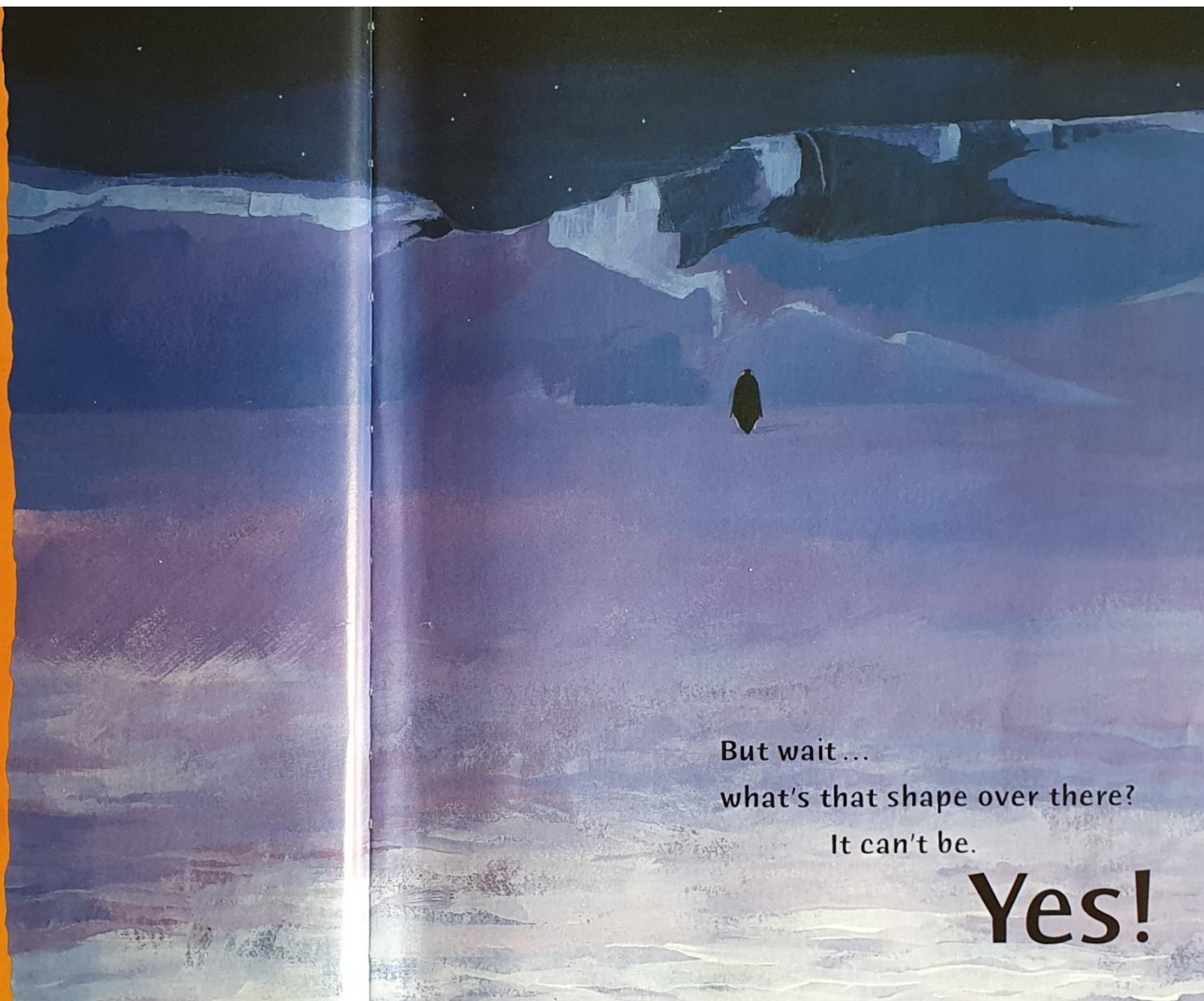
illustrated by Jane Chapman

**D**own at the very bottom of the world, there's a huge island that's almost completely covered in snow and ice. It's called Antarctica, and it's the coldest, windiest place on Earth.



The weather's bad enough there in summer, but in winter it's really horrible.

It's hard to imagine anything actually living there.



But wait ...  
what's that shape over there?  
It can't be.

**Yes!**



It's a **penguin!**

It's not just any old penguin either.  
It's a male Emperor penguin  
(the biggest penguin in the world),  
and he's doing a Very Important Job.

He's looking after his egg.

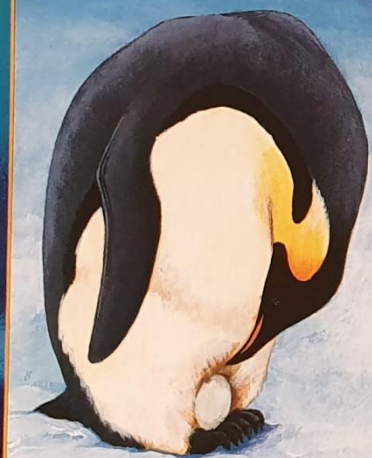
*Male Emperor penguins are about 1.3 metres tall.*

*The females are a little smaller.*



He didn't lay it himself, of course.

His mate did that  
a few weeks ago.

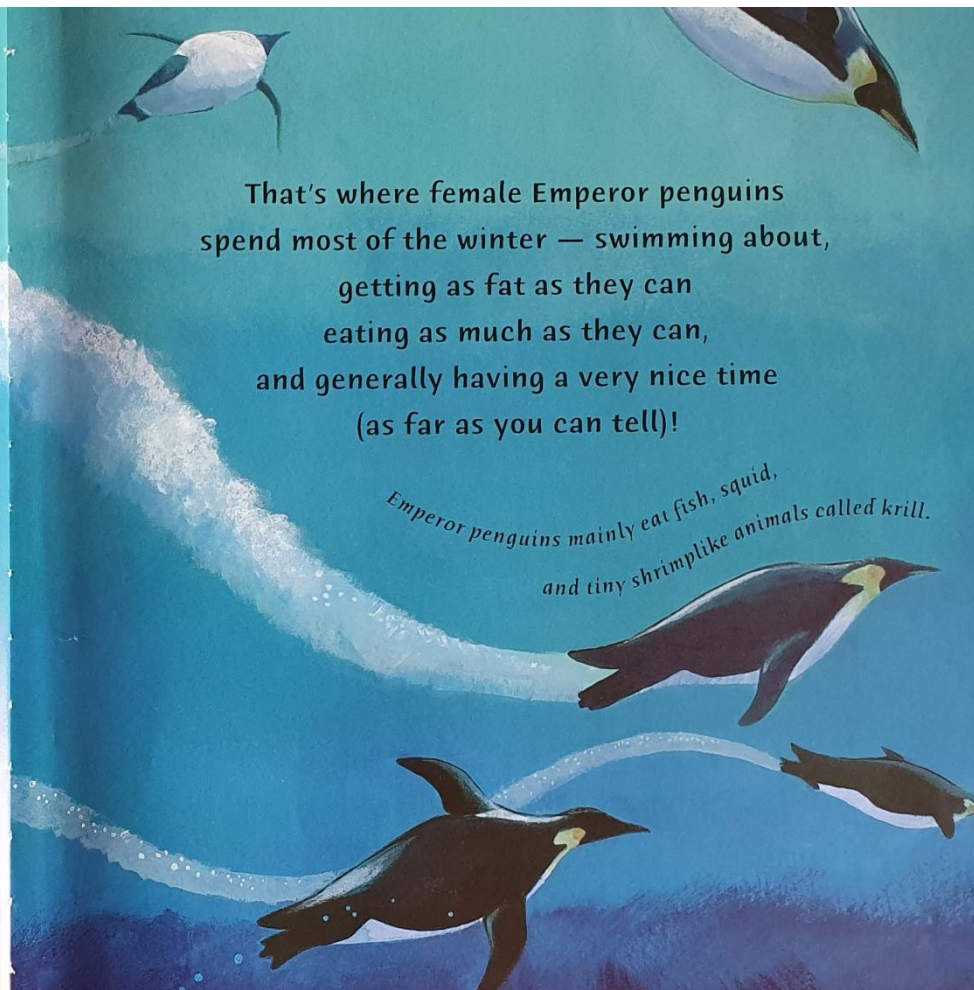


But very soon  
afterwards  
she turned round  
and waddled off  
to the sea.

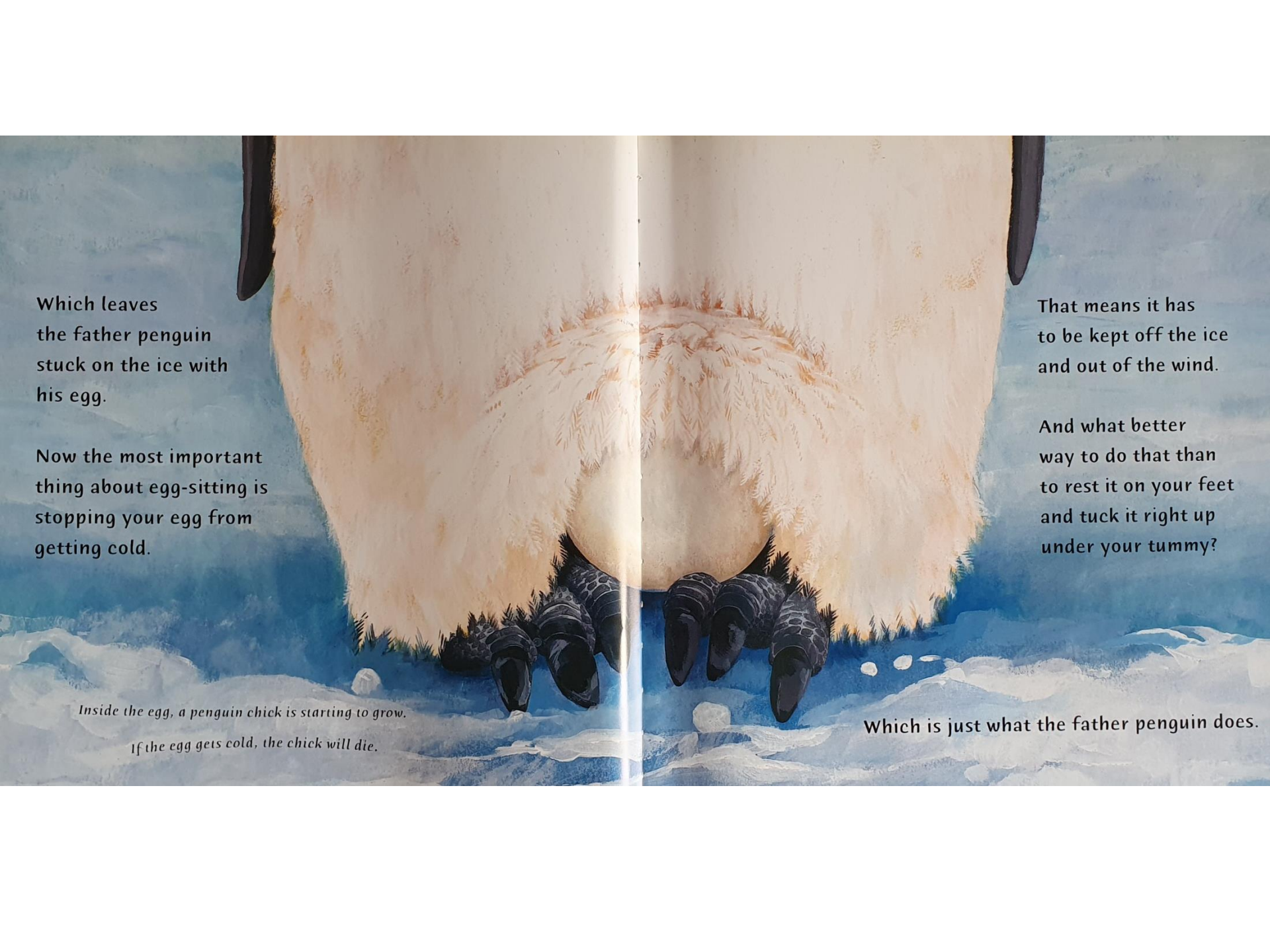


That's where female Emperor penguins  
spend most of the winter — swimming about,  
getting as fat as they can  
eating as much as they can,  
and generally having a very nice time  
(as far as you can tell)!

*Emperor penguins mainly eat fish, squid,  
and tiny shrimplike animals called krill.*





The illustration shows a close-up of a father penguin's lower body and feet. The penguin is sitting on a patch of ice. Its large, dark, scaly feet are visible, and its egg is tucked under its belly, between its feet. The background is a soft, blue, textured wash representing the sky or ice surface.

Which leaves  
the father penguin  
stuck on the ice with  
his egg.

Now the most important  
thing about egg-sitting is  
stopping your egg from  
getting cold.

*Inside the egg, a penguin chick is starting to grow.*

*If the egg gets cold, the chick will die.*

That means it has  
to be kept off the ice  
and out of the wind.

And what better  
way to do that than  
to rest it on your feet  
and tuck it right up  
under your tummy?

Which is just what the father penguin does.

And that's how he'll stay for two whole months,  
until his egg is ready to hatch.



Can you imagine it?  
Standing around in the freezing cold  
with an egg on your feet  
for **two whole** months?



*Female Emperor penguins lay one egg in May or June  
(which is the beginning of winter in Antarctica).*



What's more, there's nothing for  
the father penguin to eat on land.



And because he's egg-sitting,  
he can't go off to the sea to feed.



So that means two whole months  
with an egg on your feet  
**and no supper!**



Or breakfast



or lunch



or tea.

I don't know about you



but I'd be **very very** miserable.



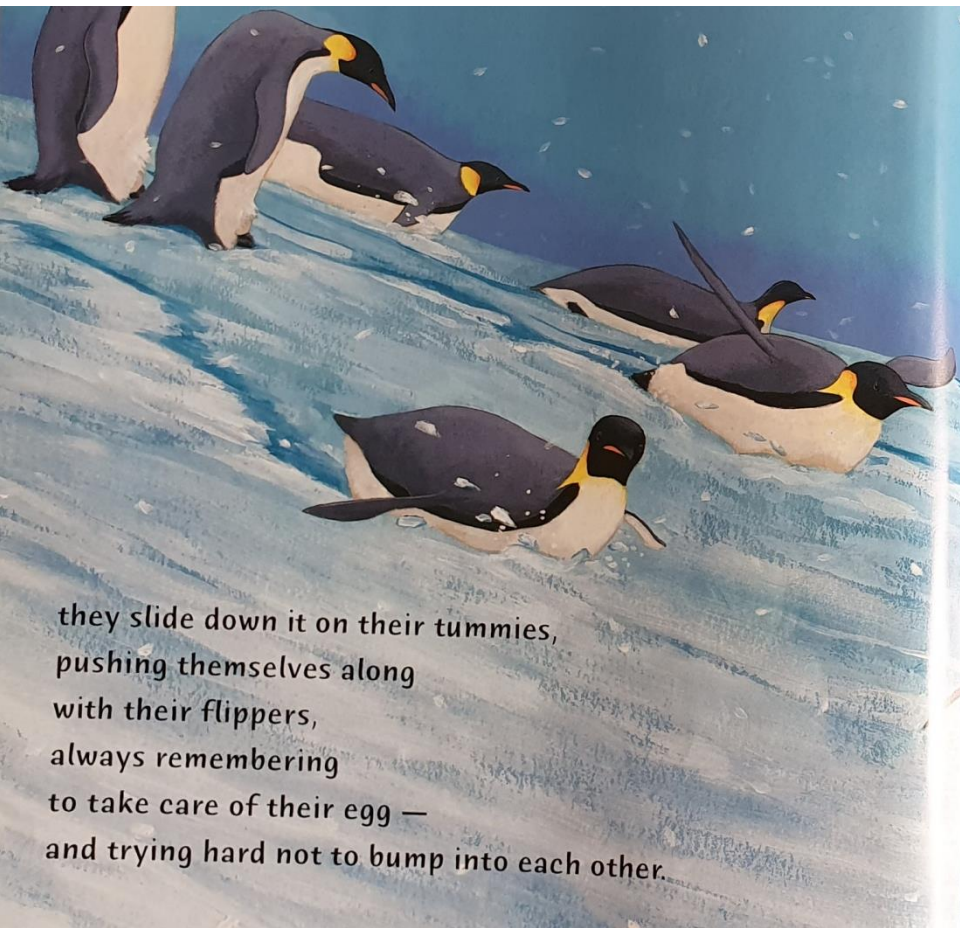
Luckily, the penguins don't seem to mind too much. They've got thick feathers and lots of fat under their skin to help keep them warm.

And when it gets really cold and windy, they all snuggle up together and shuffle over the ice in a great big huddle.

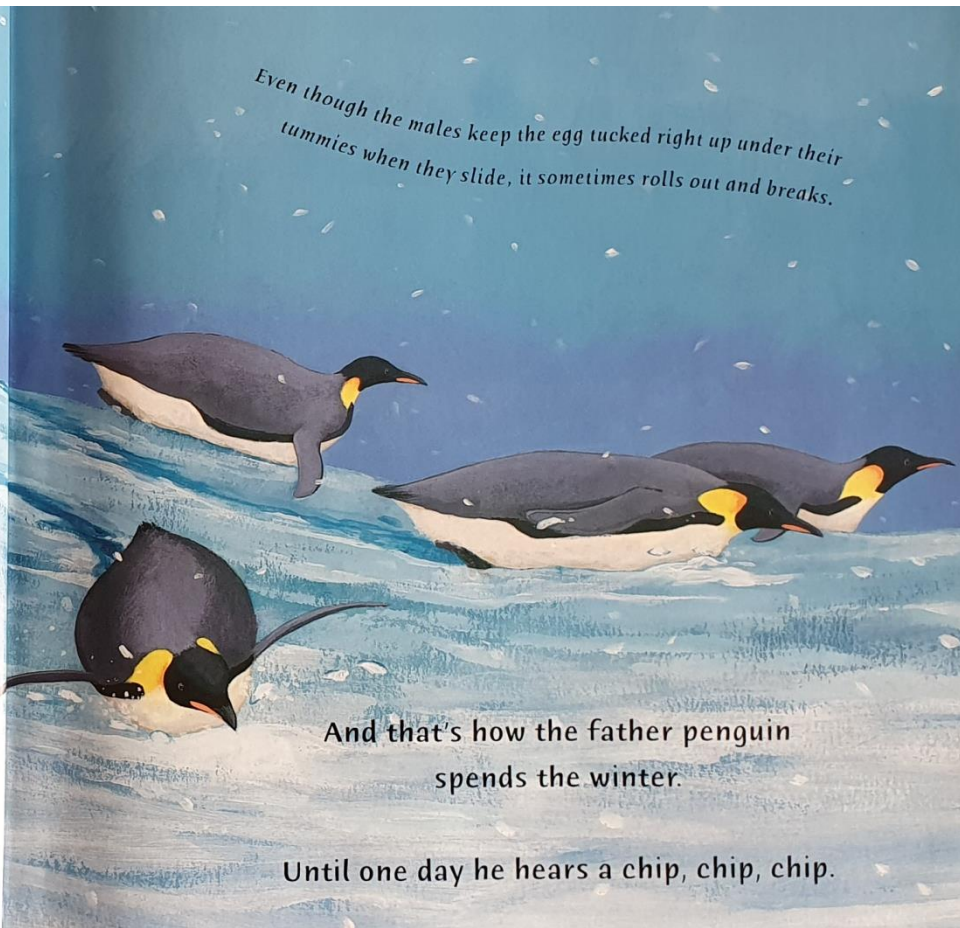
Most of the time the huddle trundles along very very slowly.

But **sometimes**,  
when the penguins get to a particularly slippery slope ..





they slide down it on their tummies,  
pushing themselves along  
with their flippers,  
always remembering  
to take care of their egg —  
and trying hard not to bump into each other.



*Even though the males keep the egg tucked right up under their  
tummies when they slide, it sometimes rolls out and breaks.*

And that's how the father penguin  
spends the winter.

Until one day he hears a chip, chip, chip.

His egg is starting to hatch.  
It takes a day or so, but finally the egg  
cracks right open —



and out pops a penguin chick.



Now the father penguin  
has two jobs to do.  
He has to keep  
the chick warm



and he has to feed it.



*The chick is only about 15 centimetres tall at first,  
and much too small to keep warm by itself.*

But on what? The chick is too small  
to be taken off to sea to catch food,  
and it can't be left behind on the ice.



Well, deep down in the father  
penguin's throat there's a pouch  
where he makes something rather  
like milk. And that's what he feeds  
to his hungry chick.





The father penguin can only make enough milky  
stuff to feed his chick for a couple of weeks.

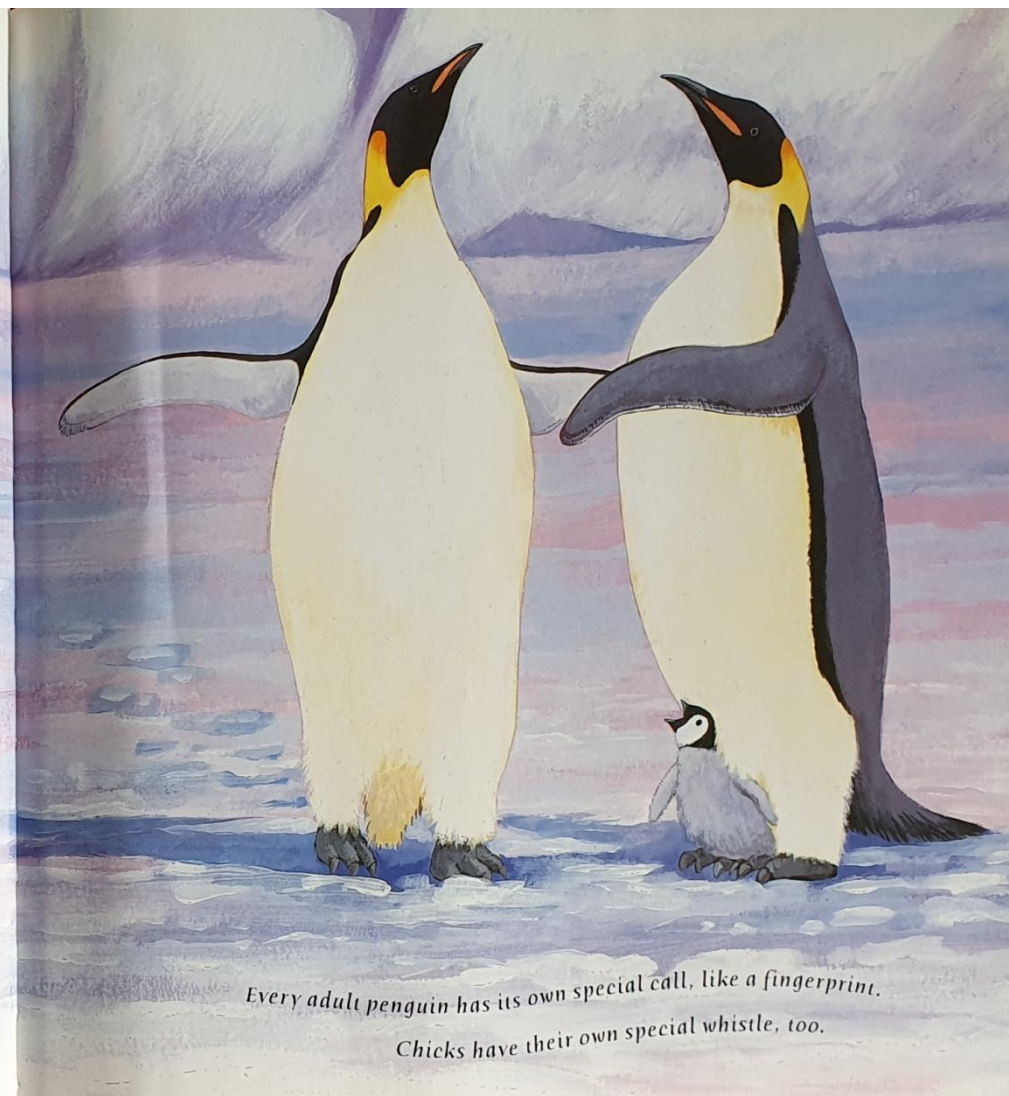
But just as he's about to run out,  
a dot appears on the horizon.

It gets closer  
and closer  
and yes!

# It's mum!

She starts trumpeting "hello"  
and the father penguin  
starts trumpeting "hello"  
and the chick whistles.

The racket goes on for hours  
and it really does sound as if they're  
incredibly pleased to see each other.



Every adult penguin has its own special call, like a fingerprint.  
Chicks have their own special whistle, too.



As soon as things have calmed down,  
the mother penguin is sick — right  
into her chick's mouth!

**Yuk,**  
you may think.

**Yum,**  
thinks the chick.

And it gobbles the lot down.



It's the mother's turn to look after the  
chick now, while the father sets off to sea  
for a well-earned meal of his own.

**About time too!**

**Emperor penguins | The Greatest Wildlife Show on Earth | BBC Earth**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MfstYSUscBc>

