MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Singing Under the Ice

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Ice Blue

One morning the tide-glass glowed a cold, bright ice blue, and the needle pointed south, all the way south. Grandpa Sol pulled out three woolly hats. "The ice edge," he said, "at the bottom of the world." Moss poked his head out of the water, took one look at the woolly hats, and sank back down. Moss did not like cold water. Teo laughed. "Moss is staying home!"





The Bottom of the World

The tide-glass made a shining blue road across the sea, and the Button followed it, faster than the wind. Then the air turned sharp and cold. All around them rose cliffs of ice, white and blue, taller than the lighthouse. "Wow," breathed Lumi, and her breath made a little cloud.

The Penguins Won't Jump

On a flat floe of ice stood a crowd of penguins, hundreds of them, all at the edge, all looking down into the water. They were hungry. The fish were down there. But not one penguin jumped. They shuffled. They peeped. They backed away.





Pew-Pew

Then Teo heard it, coming up through the floor of the Button. Pew-pew. Wheeeee-oo. Trrrrrrr. A strange sound, like space lasers, from somewhere under the ice. The penguins squawked and hopped back. Teo's eyes went round. "There's a MONSTER under there," he whispered.

Let's Go and Look

Lumi's tummy did a flip. She wanted to sail away. But she looked at the hungry penguins, and she took a big breath. "Let's go and look," she said, "instead of being scared of it." Grandpa Sol nodded. "Helmets on. Stay where you can see the Button, and come up when the tide-glass says." Lumi went first. Teo held her hand.





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Under the Ice

Under the water, the world was blue and glowing. Above them the ice was a ceiling, and the sun shone through it like coloured glass. Bubbles rolled along it like silver marbles. Pew-pew, trrrrr. The sound was louder here. And it was coming from just ahead.

The Singer

Out of the blue came a big, round, spotty seal, with a sleepy little pup tucked close beside her. She opened her mouth: pew-pew, wheeeee-oo! It wasn't a monster. It was a mother, singing to her baby. Real Weddell seals sing under the ice like this, and some of their sounds are too high for people to hear!





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Teo Waves

Teo gave a little wave. The pup blinked, wiggled, and flapped one flipper back at him. The mother seal closed her eyes and kept singing. Then the tide-glass flickered: time to go up. "Bye, little singer," whispered Teo.

Plop, Plop, PLOP!

The children climbed back into the Button, grinning. When the penguins saw them come up safe and happy, the bravest penguin jumped. Plop! Then another. Plop, plop! Then all of them, plop-plop-plop, down to the fish. One penguin belly-slid right off the ice, whizzed across the water and landed in the Button, on Grandpa's boots. "Well, hello," said Grandpa.





An Ice-Blue Light to Keep

That night, by the warm stove in the lighthouse, Moss's head bobbed in the dark water outside the window, as if he wanted to hear everything. A small ice-blue light glowed in the tide-glass now. "Brave isn't not being scared," said Lumi slowly. "Brave is going to look." Teo yawned. "Pew-pew," he sang softly.

THE END

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