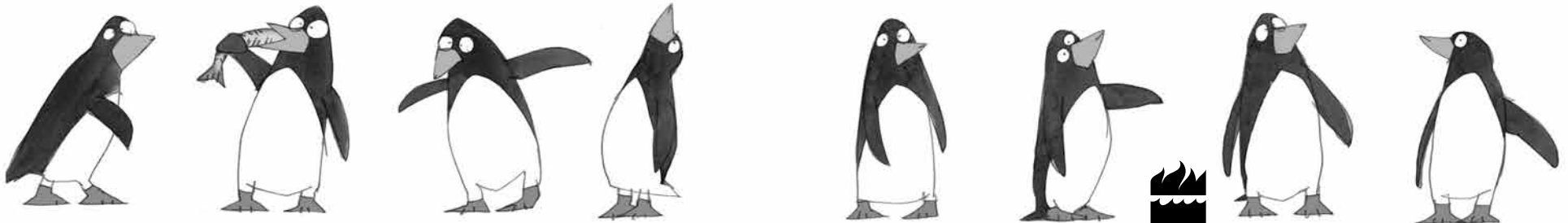
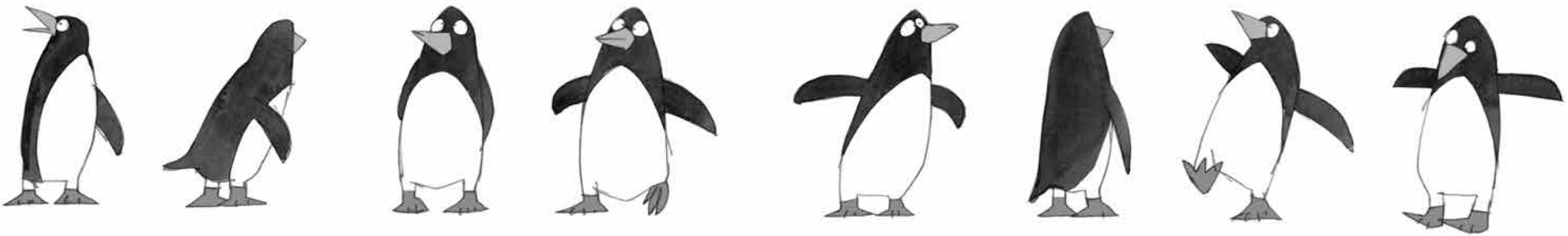


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EINSTEIN  
the  
PENGUIN



Illustrated by David Tazzyman



HarperCollins *Children's Books*

CHAPTER ONE

**London Zoo**

**I**t was a very long time ago now, as long ago as last Christmas, that the Stewarts first met Einstein.

It was a cold sort of Christmas. The sort where days end early and forget to start on time, and the fairy lights out in the street don't quite make up for the darkness.

'What can we do with the children?' said Mrs Stewart to her husband one Saturday towards the beginning of December. The early afternoon was bitterly chilly, and no one had found the heart to



venture out into it yet. 'We don't want them to get too bored. Imogen might paint the cat again.'

Mr Stewart sighed into his tea and turned a page of his newspaper. 'She's grown out of that sort of thing, hasn't she?'

'I don't know,' said Mrs Stewart. 'Maybe.'

The children, at that precise moment in time, were keeping themselves busy in the sitting room. Arthur, who was six, was drawing pictures in a notebook while Imogen, his big sister, was sitting cross-legged in the corner, fiddling with the dials on a radio. Occasionally it would make a crackling sound and then stop again, and she would triumphantly declare to her brother that she had 'fixed it'.

'Maybe we should take them to the zoo!' said Mrs Stewart suddenly.

'The zoo?' Mr Stewart repeated.

'Yes!' said Mrs Stewart, who had spotted an advertisement on the back of her husband's newspaper.

'Arthur might like to draw the animals!'

Mr Stewart frowned into the article he was reading. He rather liked the idea of going to the zoo. It was exciting: maybe he'd see a lion! 'Well, all right,' he said eventually, in a careful sort of voice. 'If you think the children will enjoy it.'

'Imogen! Arthur!' Mrs Stewart called, and Imogen came skidding into the kitchen on the slippery tiles. Her brother followed calmly a few moments later. 'Get your shoes and coats on. We're going to the zoo.'

'The zoo?' said Arthur.

'Yes. As a treat. It's very cold outside, so wrap up warm. Imogen, where's your jumper? You haven't lost it again, have you?'

Several minutes of rushing about the house passed. Imogen's jumper was retrieved from the cat, and three separate arguments were had about scarves. By the time they stepped outside and made their way towards the bus stop, the sky had gone through a whole new

shade of grey, and the sun – no doubt a little bored of waiting – had hidden itself behind the tall trees on the edge of Hampstead Heath.

‘It’s cold,’ said Imogen, reluctantly taking her father’s hand as they crossed the road.

‘I *did* tell you to put a scarf on, darling,’ said Mrs Stewart, who was just a bit ahead of them.

‘My scarf is *pink!*’ said Imogen. ‘I don’t *like* pink any more!’

‘She’s nine, you know, Rachel,’ said Mr Stewart through a smile. ‘Very grown-up.’

The bus was a Saturday afternoon sort of busy, bustling with shopping bags and umbrellas. There weren’t enough seats for everyone, so Arthur sat on his mother’s lap while Imogen stood up in the aisle, swinging happily on the handrail each time the bus jolted to a stop.

When they got off, the sky was greyer still, and

there were leaves blowing in the cold wind as they walked alongside the canal.

There is something about chilly afternoons that makes people all the more determined to enjoy themselves, and the Stewarts weren’t the only family in London who had thought the zoo might be a sensible place to spend their teatime: it was very busy.

The children were immediately anxious to examine all the sweets in the gift-shop window, while Mr Stewart – having had a brief panic about whether he’d lost his wallet – found it and went to buy tickets.

‘Right, where to first?’ he said, returning a moment later with a map.

Imogen declared that she wanted to see a polar bear, and make friends with it.

‘I don’t think they have polar bears,’ said Mrs Stewart, looking at the map. ‘Why don’t we wander past the monkeys and finish up at the penguins?’

Imogen pursed her lips and frowned, but the idea

of monkeys was a good one, and she quickly cheered up. After a few moments, *both* of her parents were having to shout at her to slow down.

‘Where does *that* monkey come from?’ said Arthur, clutching his father’s arm at the sight of a particularly large gorilla. Imogen was a few metres ahead, frowning at it with her face pressed to the wall of the enclosure.

‘Africa,’ said Mr Stewart. ‘But most of them were born at the zoo. Look here – can you read the sign?’

‘This one’s my favourite,’ said Imogen, wrinkling her nose and blowing air into her cheeks in an effort to look like the gorilla. ‘Can we take him home?’

‘You’ll have to ask the zookeeper very nicely,’ Mrs Stewart said. ‘But shall we have a look at the flamingos first?’

Imogen started to shake her head, and explain that she would much rather see the wolverines because their name sounded made up, when Mr Stewart barked that everyone should follow *him*, and marched

off in the general direction of the lions.

‘Why are we going this way?’ asked Mrs Stewart. ‘Imogen wants to see the flamingos.’

‘The *wolverines!*’ Imogen corrected. She was staring down at the map, which she had stolen from her mother’s handbag, and without looking where she was going trod on the back of Arthur’s shoe.

‘Well, Arthur wants to see the lions,’ said Mr Stewart firmly.

‘I’d rather have an ice cream,’ said Arthur, glaring at his sister and pulling his shoe back on to his foot. It was the sight of an ice-cream stand that had caused him to stop so suddenly.

‘Why do you want an ice cream?’ said Imogen. ‘It’s freezing.’

‘Well, perhaps the flamingos would make a good compromise,’ Mrs Stewart suggested.

‘That’s not a compromise – that’s just doing what you want to do,’ said Mr Stewart.

‘You’re only saying that because you want to see the lions!’

Eventually they decided that, provided they were quick, they would have time for everything, but Mr Stewart spent so long looking at the lions, and Imogen spent so long looking at the wolverines, that they ended up with no time left for the flamingos at all.

‘Well, that’s it!’ said Mrs Stewart, in her cross-but-pretending-to-be-polite voice. ‘We’ll have to go home – the zoo’s about to close!’

‘But we haven’t seen the penguins!’ cried Arthur. ‘You said we’d see them last!’

‘We can have a quick look on our way out,’ said Mrs Stewart reluctantly. ‘We have to go past them anyway.’

The penguins were outside, with their own beach and a great big pool of water that they were happily diving in and out of. Imogen watched them excitedly

and cheered whenever one made a particularly big splash, while Arthur sat a short distance away from her, drawing a picture in his notebook.

‘Imogen, look,’ said Arthur suddenly. One of the smallest penguins had walked right up to the glass, and was peering at him.

‘Oh, he wants to be our friend!’ said Imogen, rushing to join her brother.

‘My friend,’ Arthur corrected.

‘Don’t be mean,’ said Imogen. ‘He can be my friend too.’

The penguin tapped its beak against the glass, and looked from Imogen to Arthur and back again.

‘Look!’ cried Imogen. ‘He likes us!’

When they walked along the edge of the enclosure, the little penguin waddled beside them, as if it knew exactly what they were thinking, and, when they stopped, it stopped too, and squawked and shook its wings.

‘I think he’s the best penguin here,’ said Arthur.

The penguin squawked again, and looked pleased with itself.

‘Imogen! Arthur! There you are!’ Mrs Stewart appeared suddenly through the crowd. ‘What *have* you been doing? It’s time to go home.’

‘We’ve made friends with a penguin!’ said Imogen. ‘Can we keep him? Please?’

Both children were crouching close to the glass, staring at the penguin longingly.

‘Please?’ said Arthur.

‘Come on,’ said Mrs Stewart, reaching out a hand for Arthur to hold. ‘We can’t stay any longer or we’ll be late for supper.’

Arthur looked reluctant, so Mrs Stewart gently rolled her eyes and crouched down to face the penguin. ‘And *you*, Mr Penguin, must come and stay with us whenever you like. Penguins are always very welcome at our house.’

The penguin looked up at her blankly, and ruffled its feathers.

‘There, will that do?’ said Mrs Stewart to Imogen and Arthur. ‘Can we head home now?’

‘All right,’ grumbled Arthur, and they followed their mother out towards the gift shop.

## CHAPTER TWO

# A Penguin Comes to Stay

**B**ack home, the Stewarts settled into one of the early evenings that December tends to demand. The sky had fallen asleep with even more enthusiasm than it had done the day before, and no one was left with any choice but to eat crumpets with butter by the fireside, and wait for supper to finish cooking.

Mr and Mrs Stewart sat on the sofa, watching the news, while the children crouched by the coffee table, squabbling over a jigsaw puzzle.

‘Keep your voice down, Arthur,’ said Mr Stewart. ‘I can’t hear the telly.’

‘Imogen’s hidden a piece of puzzle,’ said Arthur sulkily.

‘I have not!’ said Imogen. ‘Arthur hid it!’

Mr Stewart sighed and went to check on the lasagne. ‘It looks like it might snow soon,’ he said when he came back.

‘Really?’ said Imogen. ‘How can you tell?’

The windows of the living room were foggy with condensation, and Imogen rushed over to wipe one clean with the back of her hand, and stare into the darkness. Outside it was foggy, and the Christmas lights of the corner shop opposite gave the misty air a tinge of yellow. She couldn’t see any snow, but it did look cold – as much as outside *can* look cold when one is busy being warm by the fire.

‘I think there’s someone by the lamppost,’ said Imogen suddenly.



‘They’re probably just walking past,’ Mrs Stewart said.

‘No,’ said Imogen. ‘They’ve stopped.’ Then, after a moment, she added, ‘They’re very small.’

‘Well, come away from the window,’ said Mr Stewart. ‘I’m sure no one wants you staring at them.’

Imogen went to help her brother with the puzzle again. Then, about a minute later, the doorbell rang.

‘Supper’s nearly ready!’ Mr Stewart grumbled. ‘Who goes ringing around at this time?’ He stood up reluctantly from the sofa, and went to answer the door.

‘Erm, Rachel . . .’ Mr Stewart’s voice sounded nervously from the hallway a few moments later.

‘Yes, dear?’ Mrs Stewart called.

‘I was just wondering, Rachel, why there’s a penguin at the door.’

‘A *penguin*?’ said Mrs Stewart.

The children looked up from their jigsaw, looked

at each other and then raced into the hallway. Their mother quickly followed.

It was true: there was a penguin at the door.

In fact, it was the very same penguin the children had seen at the zoo just a few hours earlier. And now it was waiting on the doorstep, with a small blue rucksack and a patient expression on its face.

‘You haven’t accidentally ordered anything online, have you?’ Mr Stewart asked.

‘What – a penguin?’ said Mrs Stewart.

‘Well, there was that mix-up last week with the teabags—’

‘Yes, James, but a *penguin*?’

Mr Stewart frowned. ‘No,’ he said. ‘I suppose that *would* be rather difficult, wouldn’t it?’

The penguin looked at them blankly.

Arthur coughed, and tapped his mother on the arm. ‘You did say, Mummy, that he could come to stay whenever he liked.’

Mrs Stewart looked alarmed. 'Why, yes, I suppose I *did* say that – but I didn't really mean . . .'

'You should never say things you don't mean!'

Imogen piped up.

Mr and Mrs Stewart looked at each other.

'What are we going to do?' asked Mrs Stewart.

'Well, I suppose –' said Mr Stewart slowly – 'I suppose, given that he's knocked on the door, that we ought to invite him in for supper.'

'Yes,' Mrs Stewart nodded. 'That makes a lot of sense.'

'Can we keep him?' cried Imogen.

'We'll take him back to the zoo in the morning,' Mrs Stewart corrected. 'He's obviously lost.' She turned to the penguin, and looked down at it kindly. 'Well then, Mr Penguin, I suppose you'd better come in and have something to eat.'

But the penguin had already come in. Mr Stewart shut the door behind it, and politely took its bag.

'Do penguins like lasagne?' Arthur wondered aloud as they all went through to the kitchen.

It turned out that penguins liked lasagne a lot. Their table manners, however, left much to be desired. The penguin, who sat at the head of the table, had finished almost all of its lasagne before anyone else had started eating, splattered half of it on to the floor, and never once bothered with a knife and fork.

Meanwhile Gizmo, the cat, took one look at it and shot upstairs to the bathroom to hide in the laundry basket.

'Gosh,' said Mrs Stewart through a nervous laugh. 'Don't they feed you well at the zoo?'

The penguin blinked at her.

Suddenly Imogen pulled her chair close to the table and tried to eat *her* lasagne without a knife and fork too.

'Imogen!' said Mrs Stewart. 'Stop that!'

‘You didn’t tell the penguin off,’ Imogen retorted.

‘The penguin is a *guest*,’ said Mrs Stewart. ‘And you are *not* a large flightless seabird. Is that clear?’

‘Yes, Mum,’ said Imogen sulkily, and sat properly again. ‘What does it say on his bag, Dad?’

The rucksack was quite old and ragged-looking. At the top, dangling from a strap, was something that looked like a name label.

Mr Stewart put his glasses on and leaned across the table. ‘It says Einstein,’ he said.

‘Einstein?’ said Arthur.

‘Yes,’ said Mr Stewart. ‘I suppose that must be what he’s called.’

‘Is it a boy penguin or a girl penguin?’ Arthur asked.

‘Einstein the scientist was a man,’ said Imogen knowingly. ‘So he is definitely a boy penguin.’

‘Well, Einstein,’ said Mrs Stewart kindly, ‘I hope you enjoyed your supper.’

Einstein looked at her gratefully and shook the

feathers on his neck.

‘I wonder what’s in his bag,’ said Imogen.

Mrs Stewart was halfway through a sentence that sounded an awful lot like, ‘*It’s very rude to look through other people’s things*,’ when Imogen jumped up and undid the zip, tipping the rucksack over as she did so. It burst open.

‘Oh, gosh!’ said Mrs Stewart through another nervous laugh, as several silver fish flopped out on to the dining-room table. ‘I suppose that’s what penguins eat, isn’t it?’

‘You certainly came prepared, didn’t you?’ said Mr Stewart heartily. ‘We’d better keep these in the fridge.’ He scooped the fish into a bowl and rushed away with them.

‘Now,’ said Mrs Stewart a few moments later, after the excitement of the fish had died down, ‘we should work out where you’re going to sleep, Einstein. Children – clear the table, please.’

Imogen and Arthur had never cleared the table so quickly. They had probably never cleared the table so badly, either – but everyone was far too preoccupied with the presence of a penguin to take much notice.

Mr Stewart fetched Arthur's old baby blankets from the airing cupboard, while Mrs Stewart pointed Einstein to the armchair by the fire. He seemed very happy with his own chair to sleep on, and belly-flopped straight on to the cushion while Imogen draped one of the blankets over his back.

'Can we read the bedtime story downstairs with Einstein?' asked Arthur, and Mrs Stewart looked just about ready to agree when Imogen pointed out that Einstein was already fast asleep, and everyone tiptoed up the stairs to bed.

## CHAPTER THREE

# Sunday Breakfast

Einstein was still asleep when Mrs Stewart crept down the stairs to make coffee early next morning. He was breathing deeply from his chair near the fireplace, so that the air that rushed through his beak sounded like something between a snore and a foghorn, and made Mrs Stewart jump.

'Gosh,' she said to herself shakily, and turned on the television in order to listen to the news.

After that, Mrs Stewart got up to boil the kettle in

the kitchen, and opened the fridge to reach for the milk. On this particular morning, however, the milk had been pushed a few centimetres back from its normal place, and Mrs Stewart found herself clutching a small handful of silver fish.

She jumped back, screeching, in response to which Einstein woke up, squawking, and Mr Stewart came barrelling down the stairs, ready to swat something with his newspaper.

‘Ah, yes,’ said Mr Stewart, pausing when he spotted Einstein, and huffing and puffing several times. ‘Penguin,’ he said helpfully. ‘Just a penguin.’

‘*I know, James,*’ said Mrs Stewart. ‘Why is the fridge full of fish?’

‘Well, I had to put them somewhere,’ said Mr Stewart defensively. ‘And they’d start to smell pretty quickly in the cupboard, you know.’

Mrs Stewart rolled her eyes and carried on making the coffee.

‘What’s going on?’ Imogen’s voice piped up, and her parents turned to see her walking down the stairs in her dressing gown, rubbing her eyes sleepily.

‘Oh, nothing,’ said her father. ‘Just a penguin. We’re about to call the zoo.’

Imogen stopped, and her face darkened. ‘No, Dad, you can’t!’

‘What do you mean?’ said Mr Stewart, picking up the receiver. ‘Don’t you want him to go home?’

‘But he’s happy here!’ said Imogen.

Everyone turned to the sofa, where Einstein was cheerily belly-flopping after a passing bluebottle.

‘Won’t he be happier at home, with his penguin parents?’

‘What if he ran away on purpose?’ said Imogen. ‘Maybe they’re mean to him at the zoo, and don’t give him any lasagne!’

Mr Stewart started to dial the number from the phone book. Imogen watched him, glowered, opened

and closed her mouth several times, and then stormed back up the stairs in a whirlwind of pyjamas and slippers.

‘Ah, hello,’ said Mr Stewart, in his businesslike telephone voice. ‘London Zoo? James Stewart speaking. Yes. No. Not a ticket inquiry. No, wait – Look here. We seem to have got hold of one of your penguins.’

There was a long pause.

‘Hello?’ Mr Stewart continued. ‘Yes, of course, do fetch your manager. Yes— Hello? Hi. One of your penguins, yes. We think it must have followed us home from our visit yesterday. Stayed the night, seems happy enough, but perhaps you could send someone to collect it?’

There was another pause.

‘Rachel!’ said Mr Stewart, aghast. ‘They hung up on me!’

‘Well, it is a very strange request,’ said Mrs Stewart,

handing him his coffee. ‘Maybe it would help if you explained everything a bit more, and didn’t talk so matter-of-factly. Here, let *me* have a go.’

Mrs Stewart took the phone from her husband, and dialled the same number.

‘Hello? Now, look, I know this must sound very silly, and the truth is we’re just as confused as you are, but the penguin we spoke to at your zoo yesterday has shown up on our doorstep, and as you can imagine we’re at a bit of a loss.’

She paused to listen, and took a sip of coffee. ‘No? Oh – hang on. But there *is* a penguin here. I—’ She pulled the phone away from her ear. ‘James, they hung up on me too!’

‘Ha!’ said Mr Stewart.

‘James, this is *not* a competition!’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Mr Stewart bashfully. ‘I suppose not, dear. Sorry.’

‘They said they aren’t missing any penguins, and

that if we prank-call them again they'll report us to the police.'

'Ah,' said Mr Stewart severely. 'I see.'

Mr and Mrs Stewart sat down at the kitchen table and looked troubled.

'Suppose we *did* keep him?' said Mr Stewart, after a very long pause.

'Don't be ridiculous,' Mrs Stewart snapped.

'No, no, of course not, dear – you're quite right.'

They both turned to the armchair where Einstein, bored at last of the bluebottle, had started to watch the news. The presenter, a short man with a big nose, was talking about the weather in Australia. Einstein squawked vaguely, in a way that suggested he was listening.

'He does fit in rather well, though, doesn't he?' said Mr Stewart.

Mrs Stewart took a thoughtful sip of coffee. 'Yes,' she said eventually. 'He certainly seems to, but he

must be so lonely! Imagine how you'd feel, dear, if you were forced to live among a colony of penguins.'

Mr Stewart's eyes glazed over, as if he was considering the idea, and wasn't entirely opposed to it.

Suddenly a thunder of feet came rattling down the stairs, and Imogen and Arthur rushed into the kitchen.

'You *can't* send him back to the zoo!' said Imogen.

'We've googled it!' said Arthur.

'Animals shouldn't be kept in captivity,' said Imogen, though she stumbled over the last word slightly because it was very long and she was much too cross to remember it properly. 'They should be free to go wherever they want. And Einstein wants to stay here – and it's his right to be allowed to!'

'How do you *know* he wants to stay here, darling?' Mrs Stewart asked.

Einstein squawked from over by the telly.

'*See*,' said Imogen. 'That squawk means "I want to stay here and live with you forever"'

Einstein gave another smaller squawk, and went on watching the news.

Mrs Stewart sighed resignedly. 'Well, the zoo doesn't seem to want him, so I'm afraid he might *have* to stay with us until we work out what to do with him.'

Imogen and Arthur grinned at each other.

'What are those labels on his bag anyway?' Mrs Stewart asked.

Mr Stewart put his reading glasses on and pulled the rucksack over. 'They look like flight labels,' he said.

'Flight labels?' said Mrs Stewart. 'From where?'

Einstein looked up, hopped down from the armchair and waddled over to join them all at the kitchen table.

'This one says Sydney to London.' Mr Stewart frowned. 'How odd – it's only from last week.'

'What have you been doing in Australia, Einstein?' said Imogen.

Einstein stared up at them and tilted his head to one side.

'Maybe he's an Australian penguin,' said Arthur.

'There aren't any penguins in Australia,' said Imogen knowingly. 'It's too hot.'

'There are *some* penguins in Australia,' Mr Stewart corrected. 'On the beaches.'

'But penguins live in Antarctica!'

'Well, he *might* be from Antarctica, but he might be from Australia.'

Einstein gave an excited squawk, and everyone turned to look at him.

'Interesting,' said Mr Stewart, and then repeated himself. 'Antarctica?' he said.

Einstein looked blank.

'Australia?'

Einstein squawked again, and bounced slightly on his little webbed feet.

'He can understand what we're saying,' said Mr



Stewart in amazement.

‘I knew he did!’ said Arthur excitedly. ‘You do understand us, don’t you?’

Einstein gave Arthur a look as if to suggest that he did.

‘What else is in his bag?’ said Imogen. ‘There might be more clues.’ She started to grab hold of it, but stopped herself. ‘If you don’t mind us looking, of course,’ she added politely.

Einstein shrugged his flippers, as if to suggest that he didn’t.

Mr Stewart had a look. Now that all the fish were gone, they could see that Einstein had brought several other things with him too – all a little slimy with fish scales. Several photographs were scattered across the bottom, and a small Polaroid camera sat in the corner, wrapped in a handkerchief.

Einstein squawked loudly from the floor and flapped his flippers impatiently.

Mr Stewart looked a little frightened. ‘Oh, dear. What does he want now?’ he whispered.

‘He just wants to get on the table so he can see,’ Arthur explained. He picked Einstein up and placed him on top of one of Mrs Stewart’s cookbooks.

Einstein waddled across the table towards his bag. He stuck his head inside and started to pick the photographs up, one by one, and place them down on the table. The first was of Einstein in Australia, outside the Sydney Opera House. The second was Einstein at an airport, and another showed him arriving in London. The next few were selfies: outside Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament, and hiding in a handbag in the back of a taxi. The most recent one showed Einstein at the zoo.

‘Oh . . .’ said Mrs Stewart slowly, as if something very important was occurring to her. ‘So Einstein isn’t from London Zoo after all?’

Einstein gave a resigned squawk, to thank her for finally realising.

‘Well, that explains why they didn’t take our calls,’ said Mrs Stewart. ‘But, Einstein, how on *earth* did you get inside the zoo and back out again, without anyone noticing?’

‘He’s very little,’ Imogen pointed out. ‘He can probably squeeze into tight spaces.’

Einstein gave a sort of nod – as much of a nod as a very little penguin is able to give – and stepped in and out of Mrs Stewart’s handbag by way of demonstration.

Mrs Stewart looked impressed. ‘They call you Einstein for a reason, I suppose.’

‘What do we do then, Mummy?’ said Arthur. ‘Can we keep him?’

‘Well, I don’t know,’ said Mrs Stewart. ‘I suppose, if he’d *like* to stay with us – and it doesn’t seem like he has anywhere to go . . .’

‘So we’re a hotel for holidaying Australian penguins

now?’ Mr Stewart scoffed.

‘Oh, come on, James,’ said Mrs Stewart. ‘You were the one who wanted to keep him a minute ago.’

Mr Stewart grumbled his assent: he didn’t really mean his scoffs and mutters, but thought that, between himself and Mrs Stewart, one of them always needed to be acting sensibly, even if they both got distracted and had to take it in turns.

‘But only until we work out where he comes from,’ he said. ‘I don’t suppose we can pack him off to Australia if he doesn’t have a home to go to . . .’

‘Well, Einstein,’ said Mrs Stewart, ‘you’ve a place to stay with us for as long as you need one. Penguins are always very welcome at our house.’