

Quick Notes from Mr. Popper's Penguins Ch. 10 *Shadows*

Captain Cook was not happy. He would sit most of the day, in the refrigerator. "He won't play with us any more," said Bill. "I tried to get some of my marbles from him, and he tried to bite me."

"Better leave him alone, children," said Mrs. Popper. It was soon clear that something ailed Captain Cook. All day he would sit staring out sadly from the refrigerator. He would turn away when Mrs. Popper would offer him some canned shrimps. "Well, Papa," she said, "I think you had better call the veterinary doctor. I am afraid Captain Cook is really ill."

When the veterinarian came, he only shook his head. "I cannot give you any encouragement because I am afraid it is a hopeless case. This kind of bird was never made for this climate, you know. An Antarctic penguin can't thrive in Stillwater."

Captain Cook slept all day now in a heavy stupor, and everyone was saying that the end was not far away. Mr. Popper wished that he could ask advice of Admiral Drake, down at the South Pole, but there was not time. He wrote a letter to Dr. Smith, the Curator of the great Aquarium in Mammoth City. Surely if anyone anywhere had any idea what could cure a dying penguin, this man would. Two days later there was an answer from the Curator.

"Unfortunately," he wrote, "it is not easy to cure a sick penguin. We too have a penguin from the Antarctic. It is failing rapidly, in spite of everything we have done for it. I have wondered whether it is not

suffering from loneliness. Perhaps that is what ails your Captain Cook. I am, therefore, shipping you our penguin. You may keep her. There is just a chance that the birds may get better together."

And that is how Greta came to live at 432 Proudfoot Avenue.