

Quick Notes from Mr. Popper's Penguins Ch. 7

Captain Cook Builds a Nest

The penguin was going in and out the refrigerator pretty frequently. Into the corners of every room he prowled and poked and pecked. Each time he found what he seemed to be looking for, he picked it up in the black end of his red beak, and carried it, waddling proudly on his wide, pink feet, into the kitchen, and into the icebox.

Meanwhile Mr. Popper was busy shaving and making himself neat in honor of being the owner of such a splendid bird as Captain Cook. At last it occurred to Mrs. Popper to wonder what on earth the busy bird was up to. When she looked, she could only scream to Mr. Popper to come quickly and see what Captain Cook had done now. Mr. Popper joined her in staring with astonishment into the refrigerator.

Mrs. Popper laughed, and Mr. Popper gasped as they saw the results of Captain Cook's trips through the house. "I guess this is what you call the rookery," said Mr. Popper. "Only he couldn't find any stones to build his nest with."

"Well," said Mrs. Popper, "those penguins may have heathen ways at the South Pole, but I declare I think this one is going to be quite a help around the house." "I think, Papa," said Mrs. Popper, "that you had better take Captain Cook outside for a little exercise. Good gracious, but you're all dressed up. Why, you look almost like a penguin yourself." He turned and strutted like one now, for Mrs. Popper.

"Can I have a few yards of clothesline, please, Mamma?" asked Mr. Popper.