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**PUFFINS!**

TINY AND THE CAVE GHOST



○ Welcome to ○  
**THE ISLAND OF EGG**





# THE BENDY HOOK

One afternoon, on the Island of Egg, Tiny and his friend Muffin were down on the beach. They were in training to be rescue puffins and, when they had free time, they often hopped along the shore looking for interesting or useful objects that had washed up from the sea.

‘I’m feeling lucky today,’ Tiny told Muffin. ‘And when I’m feeling lucky, I always find something unusual.’

Sure enough, his careful eyes soon spotted something.

A long metal thing stood up in the seaweed. It had a hook in the middle and two pointing-out bits on either side. They nudged it with their feet.



‘I’m going to call this a bendy hook.’  
Tiny put his head through the middle and stretched his wings across the pointing-out bits.

‘I suppose it might be useful for poking things,’ he said.

'Or hanging things on,' Muffin suggested.  
'Do you think it fell off a boat?'

Puffins knew all about the boats that floated on the sea. Longlegs used them because they weren't as good at swimming as puffins.

'I'm going to keep this,' Tiny said. 'The only problem is, will it fit?'

He emptied his backpack out onto the sand. 'I do love collecting things, Muffin,' he said happily. He spread out his collection and poked around. 'I like to get everything out and look at it. I love this...' He held up a strand of bright red wool. 'Really useful,' he said. 'And this...' He showed Muffin a razor shell. 'Sharp!' He raked through some pieces of coloured glass, picking each one up carefully and examining it. 'Beautiful.'



He sighed. 'I can't get rid of anything.'

Muffin recognised the shiny gold disc they had found together a while ago. 'It is a big collection, Tiny,' she said doubtfully. 'I do wonder how you will fit that bendy hook in with all those other things?'

They stared at it.

'I know! What if we bend it?' Muffin suggested.

So they sat on the bendy hook and squashed it until it was folded, and Tiny squeezed it in his bag and put everything else back. 'That's all sorted,' he said.

They hopped back to where the sand was dry and perched on a rock. 'I think we are getting to know the island really well now,' Muffin said. 'We know where all the best perching rocks are and where in the sea to find the most fish for breakfast.'

'That's true. And we are used to the burrows too,' Tiny said. 'I don't get lost in there any more.' He pushed his Specks up his beak.

The setting sun lit up the beach in warm golden light. But then the sun went behind a cloud.

Tiny looked over at some rocks that jutted





out near the bottom of the cliffs. Dark rocks with sharp points. That was the entrance to the caves. 'We may know the island now, but we've never been in the caves, have we?' he murmured. 'Those rocks stick up like teeth.' He shuddered. 'Like a mouth! Imagine being swallowed by those rocks in one big gulp.'

Muffin laughed. 'Tiny, they're just rocks. They can't actually swallow you.'

He shook his head. 'Well, I think those caves are creepy. I would never go in there, no matter how many interesting and useful things there were inside.'

He gave the caves one last worried look. 'Let's get away. I don't want to think about those teeth, Muffin,' he said, and the two friends set off back up the cliffs.