

Patrick was stretched out on his favourite iceberg, watching clouds as they moved across the sky.

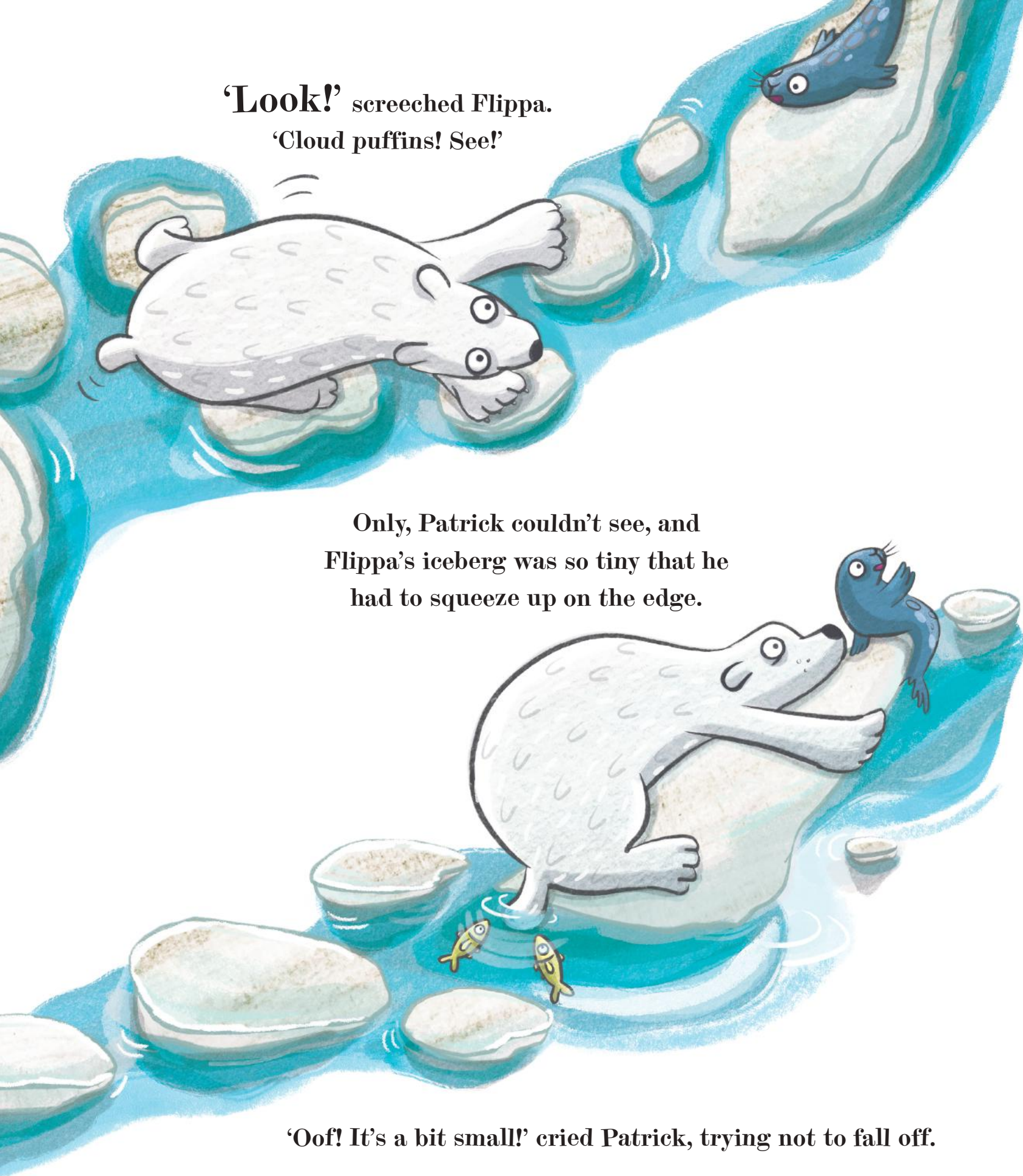
'I can see a puffin, Flippa,' he said.

'I can see **lots more** puffins from my iceberg,' shouted Flippa. 'Come and watch puffin clouds with me.'

'Alrighty,' sighed Patrick, picking up his heavy paws.



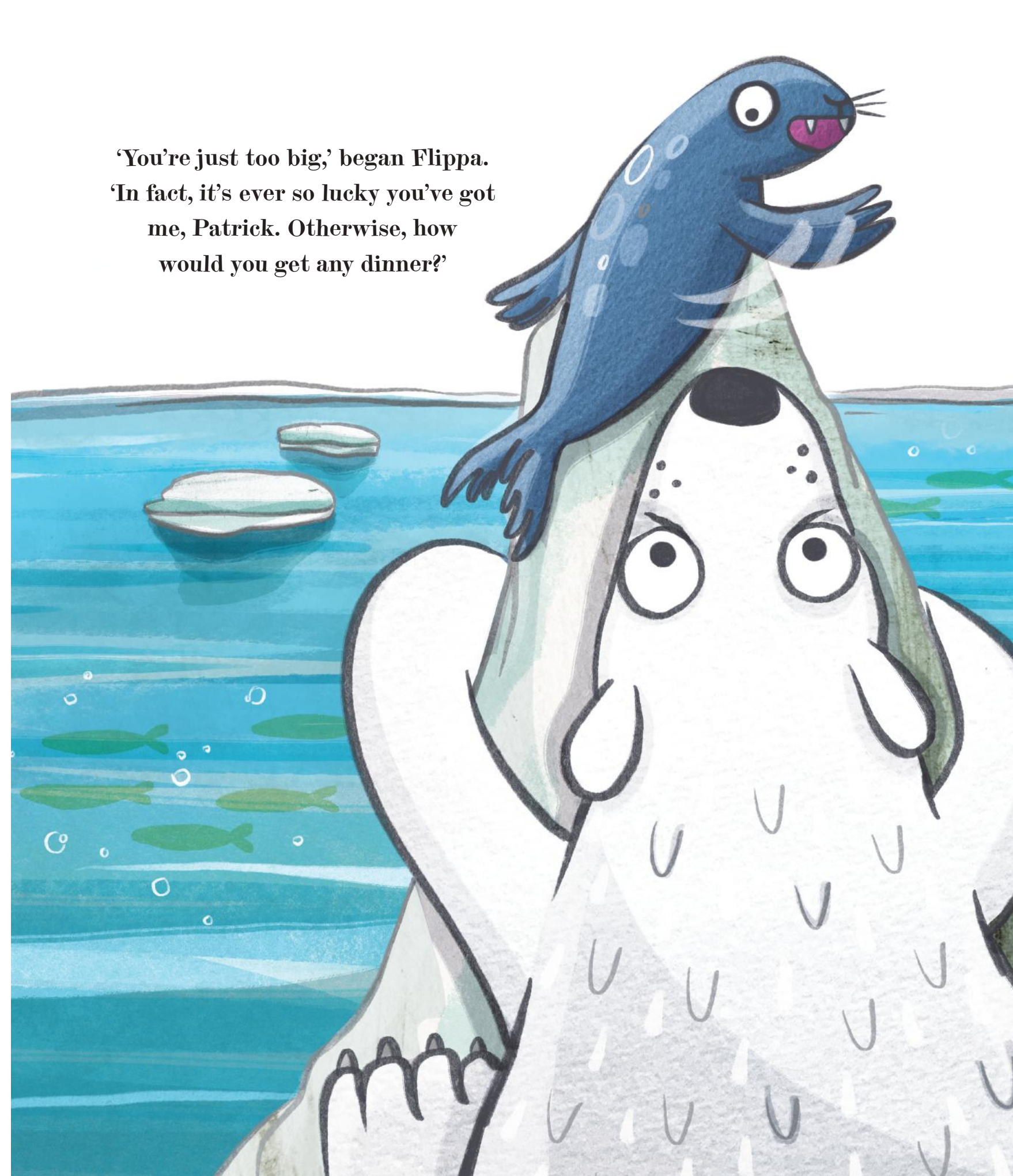
'Look!' screeched Flippa.
'Cloud puffins! See!'



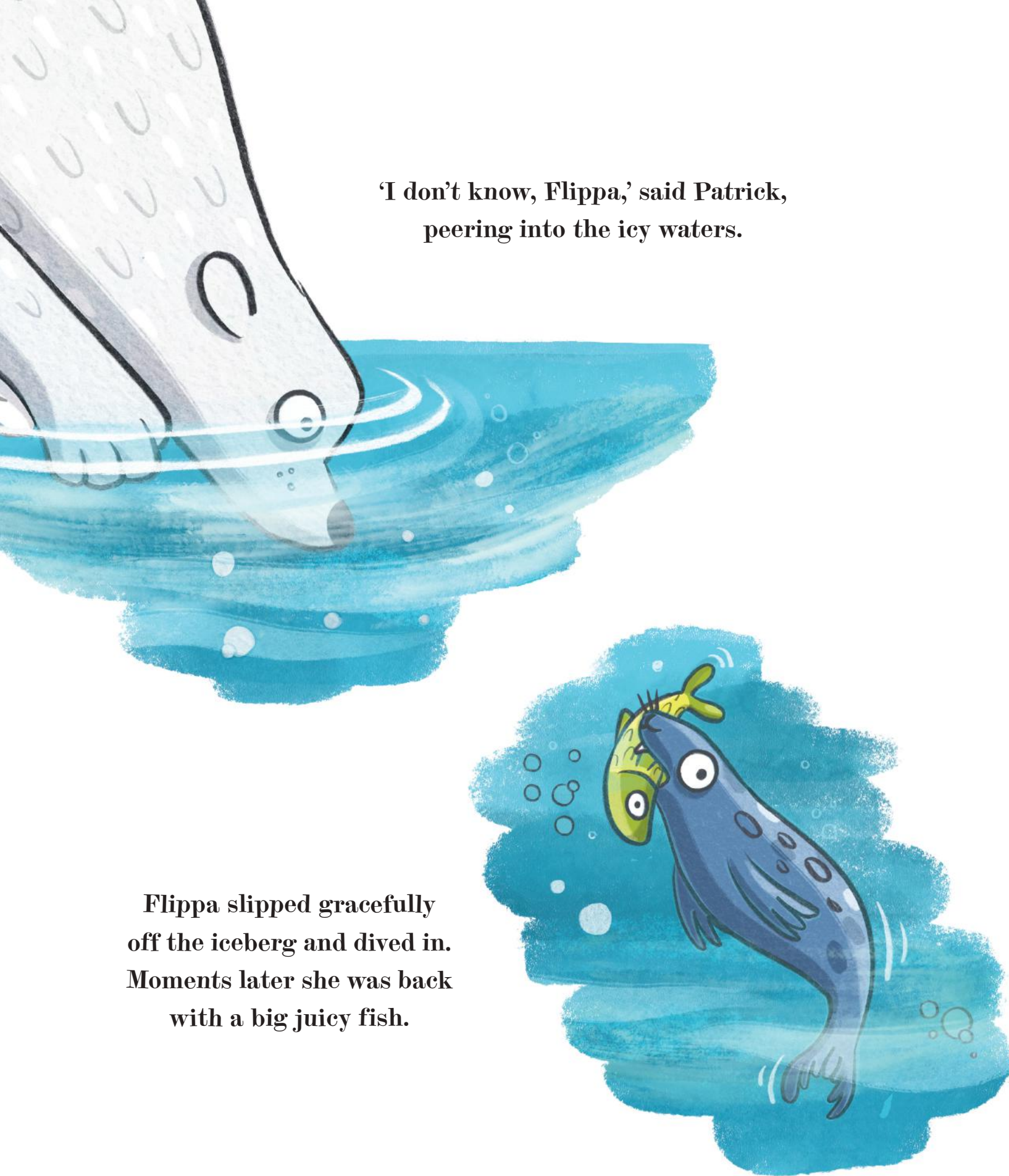
Only, Patrick couldn't see, and
Flippa's iceberg was so tiny that he
had to squeeze up on the edge.

'Oof! It's a bit small!' cried Patrick, trying not to fall off.

'You're just too big,' began Flippa.
**'In fact, it's ever so lucky you've got
me, Patrick. Otherwise, how
would you get any dinner?'**



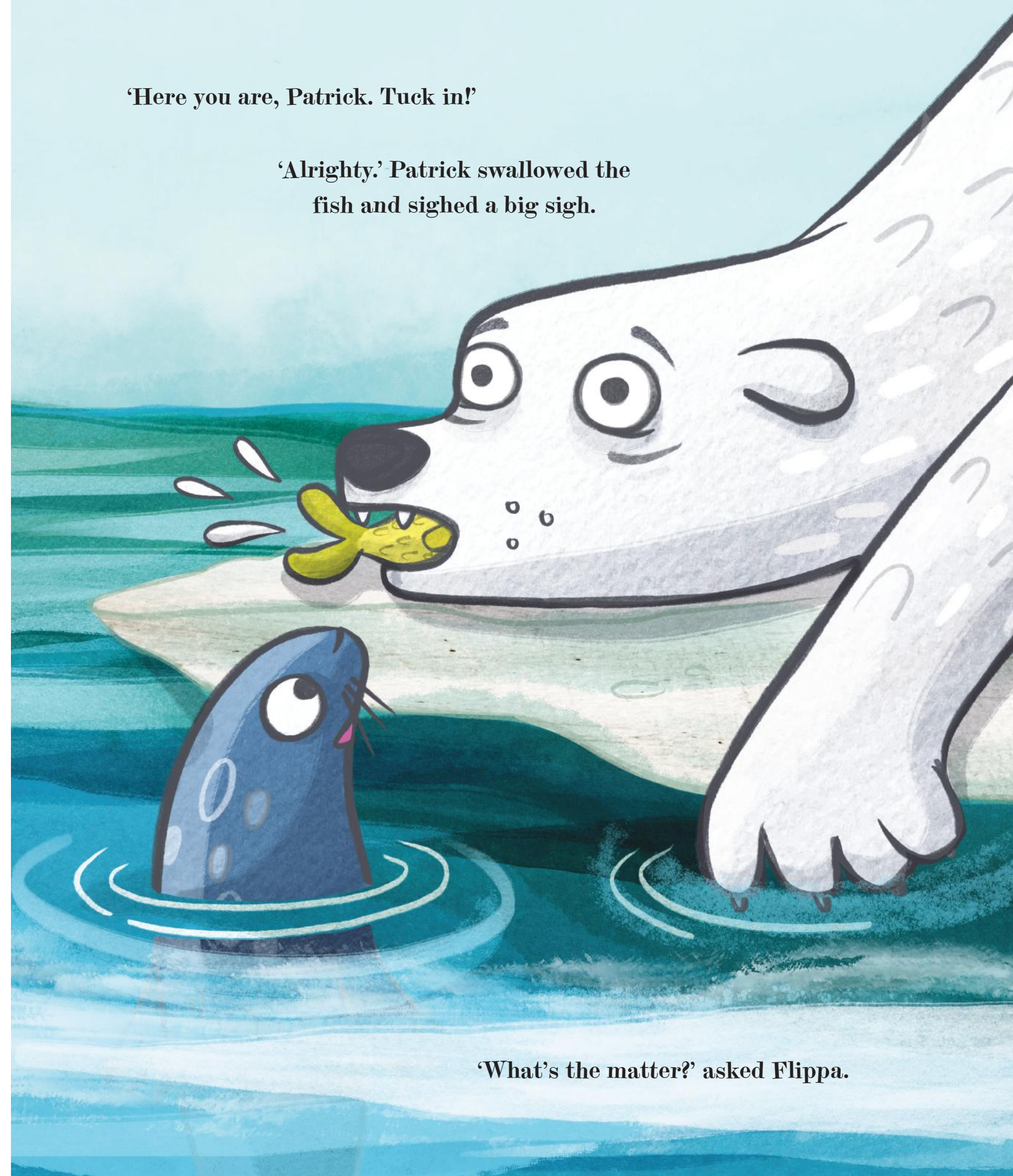
**'I don't know, Flippa,' said Patrick,
peering into the icy waters.**



**Flippa slipped gracefully
off the iceberg and dived in.
Moments later she was back
with a big juicy fish.**

'Here you are, Patrick. Tuck in!'

**'Alrighty.' Patrick swallowed the
fish and sighed a big sigh.**



'What's the matter?' asked Flippa.