Adrián Macho

Gerôa

Story of the Whale





he ocean is endless, reaching areas where temperatures are truly tropical and other places where the polar winter is incredibly cold.

Brr-rr! How much colder it's become! thought Gerda. The farthest-flung parts of the ocean had always seemed to her very dignified and majestic. The endless distances and depths and the silence everywhere gave these places a mysterious, unearthly atmosphere.

Gerda was suddenly sad. Her mother's song had entered her mind.

Swim the wide waters, child, your hope is all Trust the sky to lead you to your goal.

Squelch! This sound came from behind Gerda. Squelch! it came again. She turned around to see what was happening.

She saw three small penguins at play. They flopped into the water, then hopped out again and clawed their way back onto an ice floe. Captivated by this, Gerda came to the surface just behind them.

"You're *enormous*!" the penguin in the middle exclaimed in surprise.

"That's right, mega-huge!" added the one on the left.

"Hee-hee-hee," laughed the third.

"You're so huge, you can't even play with us!" honked the three of them in chorus. And with a loud splash, they jumped back into the water. They had quite lost interest in Gerda. But our dear whale friend wasn't to be discouraged. She leapt nimbly onto the floe before sliding into the sea, just as the penguins had done. The penguins were so surprised by this that their eyes almost popped out of their heads. But then they nodded – it might appear at first that a thing can't be done, but that isn't so important. If we overcome our fear, we can do a lot.

