

A small circular inset at the top left shows a smaller version of the Mr. Penguin character, wearing a brown hat, a red bow tie with white polka dots, and holding a magnifying glass. The background of the circle is a bright yellow sun.

MR. PENGUIN

AND

THE LOST TREASURE



ALEX T. SMITH

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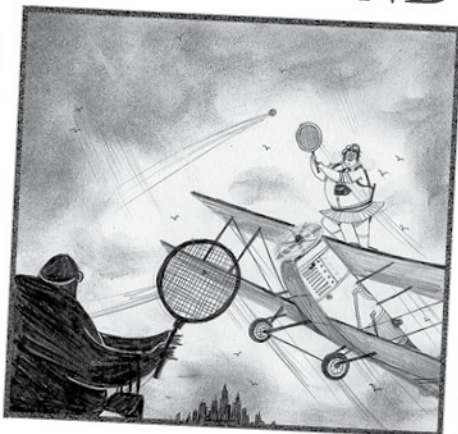
MORE MONKEY BUSINESS AT CITY ZOO

Middle Park Zoo remains closed today as zookeepers resume efforts to get Beryl, an orangutan, to return the keys to the main gates that she stole two evenings ago.

It has been reported that she distracted her keeper by flinging bananas at him and swiped the keys without him noticing. The theft was only discovered when keepers tried to enter the park yesterday morning, but found themselves locked out.

Since she gained control of the zoo, it has been reported that Beryl has unlocked all the enclosures, gained entry to the food stores, and has got up quite a party atmosphere among her fellow zoo dwellers.

UP! UP! AND AWAY!



WOMAN'S GIGANTIC SNEEZE BLOWS HUSBAND'S HAIR OFF

Full story page 4

K. NEIN'S DOG WALKING SERVICE FOR BUSY PEOPLE

A pair of Cityville siblings have flown into the record books after completing a tennis match—in midair!

ESCAPED PRISONERS STILL AT LARGE



A pair of Cityville siblings have flown into the record books after completing a tennis match—in midair! Sisters Meredith (57) and Pamela (59) Huffelman from the Upper East Side took to the skies above the city, and completed the full game, set, and match while strapped to the wings of their biplane. Workers in

many of the skyscrapers couldn't believe their eyes as the daredevil duo steamed past their windows hitting volley after volley back and forth between them. Their flight lasted approximately 45 minutes with the pair returning to earth in an airfield just outside the city. The sisters have something of a track record for daring

stunts—who could forget their tap-dancing routine on a high wire strung between two hot air balloons last year? The sisters are now planning their next exciting challenge. “We’re not quite sure what we will do next,” said Pamela. “We would like to throw ourselves over a waterfall in a barrel, but we’d need to find our goggles first.”

Cityville cops are continuing to hunt for two prisoners who broke free from Cityville County High Security Prison two nights ago. Brothers Brian “The Brain” and Rory O’Hoolihan, who were both serving life sentences for their involvement in a series of very high-profile

robberies, are thought to have escaped after tunneling through the wall of their cell using teaspoons, then shimmying down the prison wall using their bedsheets tied together as a rope.

Speaking to our reporter, Police Chief Margie Gunderson believes the brothers are still in the Cityville area. Police ask the public to remain vigilant and if spotted, not to approach the men, but to contact the CPD immediately.

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(AND NIGHTLY!)

Al Dente's Ristorante Italiano
Little Italy
Bolognese like Mama used to make!

Mr. Penguin was a penguin.

If you weren't sure whether he was or not,
all you had to do was look at him.

He looked like a penguin.

He was all black and white with a little
beak, two flappy flippers—and when
he walked, his bottom wiggled about in
exactly the sort of way a penguin's
bottom should wiggle.

But there was something rather unusual
about Mr. Penguin. You see, he wasn't
JUST a penguin.

He was an Adventurer!

He had a dashing hat, an enormous
magnifying glass, and a battered satchel
with a nice packed lunch of fish finger
sandwiches inside to prove it.

All he needed now was an adventure
to actually go on...

CHAPTER ONE

ALL ADVENTURES CONSIDERED!



It was 10:32 AM on a Monday morning, and Mr. Penguin was twirling about slowly on his swizzly office chair and flipping the end of his beak with a crabstick.

He was bored.



Today was his first day being a Professional Adventurer, but it wasn't quite going to plan. Yesterday, he'd placed an advertisement in the local newspaper, and he'd thought that today his telephone would be ringing its head off from the moment he flipped the CLOSED sign on his office door over to OPEN at 9 AM.

It was supposed to have been nonstop Adventures—people ringing up with mysteries for him to solve, missing diamonds to find, jungles to run through under a shower of poison-tipped darts, and Certain Death to be very much avoided. That sort of thing was always going on in Mr. Penguin's favorite Adventure books, which had given

him the idea to be an Adventurer in the first place.

But this hadn't been the case at all.

His telephone had sat tight-lipped and silent. The only noise was the squeak, squeak, squeak of the office chair as Mr. Penguin twirled around, and the low, dreary hum of the fan on the ceiling of Mr. Penguin's igloo.

This really isn't good enough, thought Mr. Penguin, trying not to look at all the unpaid bills pinned to his notice board.

Setting himself up as an Adventurer had been a very expensive business indeed. His special hat with the arrow through it and the selection of rather jazzy bow ties

had cost a fortune. And the rent for this igloo was astronomical! All that was left in his piggy bank was a bit of fluff and a paper clip, and the fish finger sandwich in his refrigerator was his very last packed lunch.

If he didn't get an Adventuring job soon, there would be no more fish fingers, no more crabsticks, and a lot more grumbly noises coming from his tummy. It would mean packing up all his belongings into his battered old suitcase and hopping on the first boat back to the Frozen South.

Mr. Penguin shuddered at the memories of stomach-churning waves and icy



winds. “What I need,” he said, “is for that phone to ring, and for there to be a jolly exciting Adventure on the other end...”

The words were hardly out of his beak when, would you believe it, the telephone DID ring, and it rang VERY loudly!

