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The Trip

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The Trip

Richard Fishman

A chill swept over the winter landscape
The sun filled the sky with brilliant colors
Three penguins waddled towards the mountains
Their voyage long and hard
Their troubles known by none
All for one they travel.

In the distance is the family they left behind
The mother and child he left to get food
Now his belly is full of shrimp and krill
He feeds his wife and child
And when he's done it starts again
The three meet up and waddle back towards the sea
Again they encounter hardships
These are the struggles of the Emperor penguin.