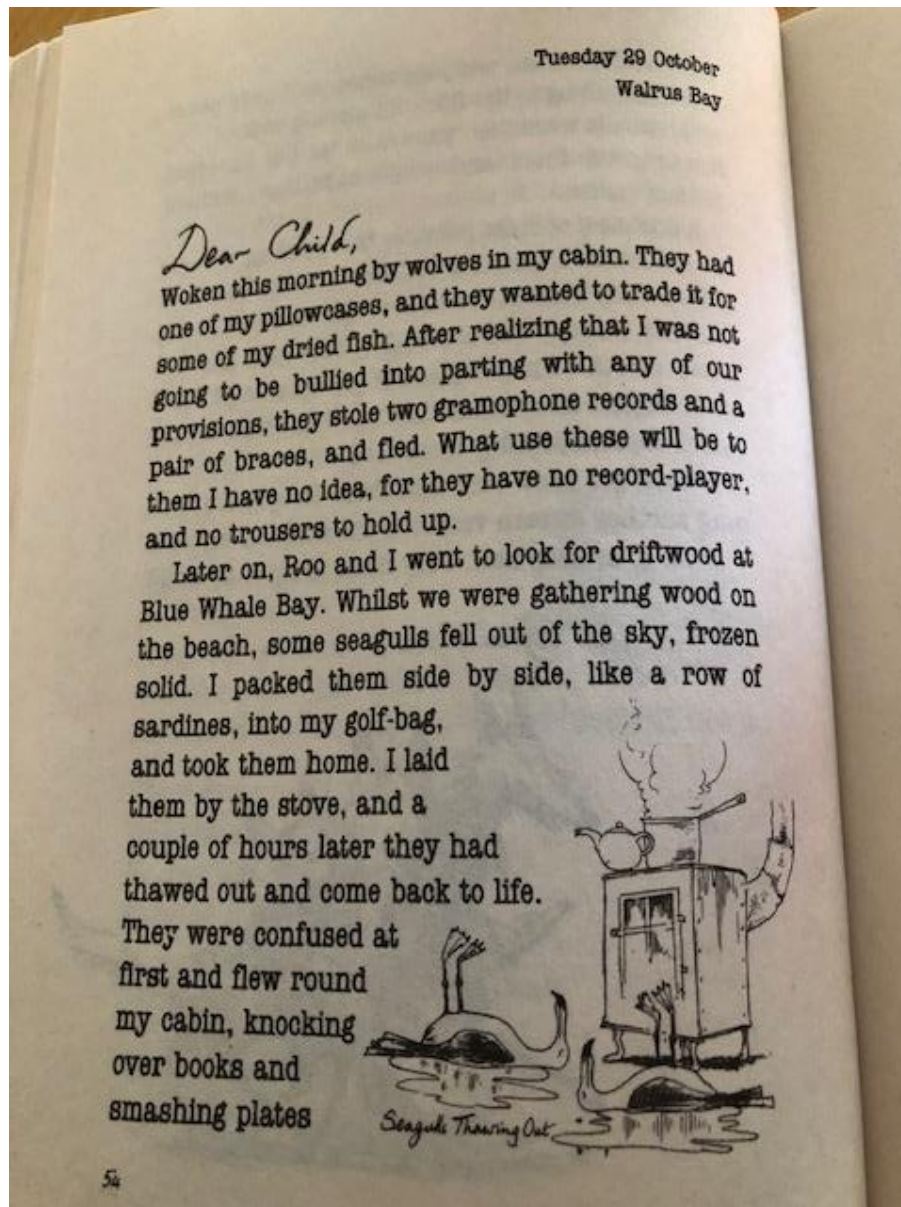


The Last Polar Bears by Harry Horse

Read the chapter and enjoy.

Chapter 16



and trying to fly through the windows to get outside. Eventually they calmed down, sat in a huddle on the floor and began to preen themselves. After they had thoroughly rearranged their feathers they became hungry, and waddled about the cabin looking for food. They were very hungry. They found the dried fish and ate the lot. They didn't like porridge oats, so they left that, but they finished off the rest of the potatoes and the beans. They found Roo's roasted peanuts, fought over them, and then polished them off. One even tried to eat the packet.



So now, as I write this to you, they are sleeping at last. Roo has just made some porridge, and I think after we have eaten we shall have an early night. We have no choice really, as one of the seagulls has broken my lantern, and it is getting too dark to see.

Good night, Child.

*your Grandfather.*

