

# HAPPY FEET™

## THE MOVIE STORYBOOK



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Based on the film by George Miller

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*PSS!*  
PRICE STERN SLOAN

In the darkest depths of space spins a blue and green planet capped with ice and snow. If you travel toward the southernmost point of this globe, you will discover a remarkable nation of beings who sing from their hearts. They are the Emperor penguins, and the singing is their Heartsongs.

One penguin, Norma Jean, had a song so sweet that all the male penguins flocked to her, singing in hope of becoming her match.

“Boys, boys!” she exclaimed. “Give a chick a chance!”

Then a new song rang through the air. With a voice that would melt your heart, Memphis moved toward Norma Jean. She listened and then began her own song in tune with his. Their songs became love, and their love became the egg.



But all too soon, Memphis and Norma Jean had to say good-bye. When the egg hatched, their baby would be hungry. So in the tradition of the Emperor penguins, all the mothers left to hunt for fish in the deep waters far away, while the fathers remained to care for their precious eggs.

“If only you could stay,” Memphis said sadly.

“There are no fish on the ice, my love,” replied Norma Jean. “You’ve got to stay here to do egg time.” She passed the egg to him with the greatest of care, and Memphis tucked it safely in his cozy brood pouch.

“Don’t you worry about a thing, Norma Jean,” he called after her. “I’ll keep it safe and warm till you get back!”

Soon, the icy winds whooshed as another brutal winter descended. The father penguins huddled together with their eggs to keep warm.

“Share the cold . . .” Noah the Elder chanted.

“Warm thy egg!” the huddle replied.

A towering swirl glowed above the huddle, creating a vision of a Great Penguin giving forth fish.

“Give praise to the Great Guin who puts songs in our hearts and food in our bellies!” Noah’s voice rang out.

But Memphis only had thoughts for Norma Jean. “Oh, I think I wanna dance now!” he cried as he

started shimmying and shaking to the memory of Norma Jean’s Heartsong.

Then a terrible thing happened. The egg slipped out from his brood pouch and slid down into the freezing snow!

“Oh, no! No!” cried Memphis. He raced to rescue the egg and found it half buried by the swirling snow. Quickly, he tucked it back into his pouch, glancing around to see if anyone was watching. “No harm done. Everything’s gonna be just fine,” he told himself, knowing deep in his heart that there is no greater mistake than for an Emperor penguin to drop his egg.



Day by day, the winter winds quieted and the bitter snows softened. At long last, the sun returned to the sky. Memphis’s wait through the terrible winter was finally over.

*CRACK! Crack! Crack!* All across Emperor Land, the eggs began to hatch. Shouts of rejoicing rang across the ice as fathers saw their newborns for the first time. But Memphis stood alone, staring at his egg, waiting for a sign, a crack, a sound from within.

Nothing happened.

“I’m so sorry,” said his friend Maurice quietly.

Memphis closed his eyes, trying to shut out the memory of the dropped egg.

Maurice’s newborn chick, Gloria, tapped the egg with her little beak. “Is it empty?” she asked, nudging it again.

*Tap-tap-tappity-tap.*

And suddenly, the egg tapped back!

“Did you hear that?” Memphis exclaimed, relieved. “Hey, I can hear you, little buddy. Pappy’s here! *Whoaaaa!*” Memphis jumped back as one foot popped out of the egg, then another. The egg rocked and rolled until it flipped over. Two tiny feet landed on the ground and hippity-hopped over the ice.

“That’s, uh, *different*,” Memphis said.

From inside the egg, muffled sounds could be heard.

Gloria giggled. “Come back, Mister Mumble!”

“Little Mumble—I like that!” Memphis said. “Slow down there, little Mumble!”

But the egg was out of control! It careened up the slippery ice wall, then crashed onto the ground. *CRACK!* The egg shattered, and little Mumble was born.



“Come to Daddy!”

Baby Mumble hippity-hopped over the ice as fast as his little feet could carry him. The Emperor penguins had never seen anything like it.

“What’re you doing, son?” Memphis asked nervously.

“I’m happy, Pa!” Mumble said.

“What’re you doing with your feet?”

“They’re happy, too!” exclaimed Mumble as he danced on the ice.

“I wouldn’t do that around folks, son,” Memphis said. “It ain’t Penguin!”

Mumble stopped dancing. “Okay, Dad,” he said. “Good boy. Now come here and get warm,” Memphis said. As Mumble charged into the cozy pouch under his father’s belly, Memphis looked anxiously around. The other penguins had stopped staring at them—for now.