

Sep 23

Clouds as CRACKIGN

Clouds are causing a big disaster

Piggly and friends are on the ice that is crackign

cracking

\*are

It was the morning of August 19, and the sun was peeking up above the mountains. Sounds normal, right? Nope. It was the first sunrise since April 24th, and Piggly had been getting sick of the dark and snowstorms. Piggly rushed to the window.

"SUN!!!!!!!!!"

Peering through the thick layer of ice that had formed on the INSIDE of the windows, Piggly saw...

a thick layer of air on the outside! (Just kidding)

(Just not kidding apparently)

Flying through the soupy mix of thick, cold air was Piggly's long lost friend... Skua.

Skua was amazed at its view looking inside the window. It started crackign up seeing a pig in Antarctica!

The Skua flew through the glass, crackign and shattering it.

Startled, Piggly let out a squeal of utter crackign.

(Crackign was utterly crackigned to hear of its new use as an adjective.)

The Skua was so crackignificated to see a pig in Antarctica, that The Skua took a moment to realize... it was Piggly!

"Piggly?!?"

"Skua?!?"

"My friend!!! I've missed you so much. It's freezing here, how do you stay warm?"

"I just re crackignify the fireplace," said Piggly. "Not that it matters at a time like this! THE SKUA!!!"

Sep 30

"Fireplace, perfect! That will keep us warm. Shhhhhh, careful, don't tell the fire department. It's against the rules to have a cracklign fire here."

"Oh, don't worry about that," said Piggly, pressing a button on the wall that The Skua hadn't realized was there. "I just do this when the fire department comes." The part of the wall with the fireplace swiveled around and clicked into place again, this time with a bookshelf facing Piggly and The Skua instead of a fireplace.

Down the hall, Piggly suddenly heard the ominous sound of the exterior door opening and the fierce Antarctic winds rushing in. A concerned look crossed The Skua's face, as it crackigned the door with its beak to peek outside and see who... or what... was coming down the hall.

"Speaking of the fire department," Piggly thought. There was the fire department, striding toward Piggly's open door. "Oh no! What if they heard us talking?!" Piggly started panicking.

PAAAAANIC!!!!

The Skua immediately pulled its sharp beak away from the door, which slammed shut.

Piggly locked it in her panic. She couldn't let the fire department finally crackign the case!

Oct 7

There was a knock on the door. "What's crackign?" asked a voice on the other side.

"Crackign? Nothing to see here! I didn't crackign ANY penguin eggs at all! Look, we're friends!" said The Skua.

"Look into penguin egg case," a fire department member wrote on his notepad. To Piggly he said, "We're here for the monthly inspection."

Piggly, panicking, looked at The Skua and wiggled her eyebrows, as if to say, "The Skua! Run! Turn off the fireplace!"

"Why are you wiggling your eyebrows Piggly?" exclaimed The Skua in a voice that was a mix of a screech and confusion. "Are you simulating my flight pattern with your eyebrows? I don't want to crash again!"

The entire fire department turned to stare at Piggly's eyebrows. She and her eyebrows started to feel self-conscious. Piggly rummaged around the attic shelves of her brain for an excuse.

"The Skua! StAhP!" she thought.

Oct 14

Curious as ever, tiny little Pin perked up his owl ears and peered out of the fireman's backpack...

"Hooooooo is here?"

"You sound like an owl," said Piggly, quoting the classic knock-knock joke.

"I AM an owl!" Pin protested.

~~"Oink! Well that makes sense then," said Piggly.~~

The firefighters all stared at the large backpack. "Didn't know you had an owl," said one to Backpack Fireman.

Another owl's head popped up out of the backpack. "Pin! What am I always telling you not to do?! Get back in the backpack this instant!" But it was too late, Hoota realized, looking around at all the firefighters.

The owl was out of the bag.

(Get it?!?)

"You tell me not to peek out of backpacks?" Pin asked, bewildered.

"But it's so much fun to crackign the zipper, it makes SUCH a zippy sound!"

Suddenly, The Skua tripped over The Skua's own feet (when standing in place!) and something clicked.

Piggly's backup fireplace swiveled into view.

Oct 21

"I-is that a fireplace?" a fireman sputtered, blinking.

Yes, Sherlock," said Piggly.

The Skua rapidly stretched its wings and took flight, attempting to use its large wingspan to obscure the firefighter's vision.

Just when Piggly was about to roll her eyes at The Skua's attempt to distract the firefighter, Pin offered a real distraction in the form of "Look - bird!"

"Look at the clouds!" he squawked. He was the only one looking out the window (because he had somehow gotten bored in the midst of all this action).

Sure enough, something strange was happening to the clouds. They were... crackign!

Ribbons of colors began weaving themselves through the wave-like clouds dancing in the sky. Pinks, blues, greens, and even opalescent whites formed the nacreous clouds now appearing outside the window.

"This is nuts! Call the Nutcrackigner," Piggly cried.

"You think that is nuts, watch this!" exclaimed The Skua. With its outstretched wings still flapping, they chameleoned from brown into the full spectrum of green feathers, now unfurling in the wind still rushing in from the crackigned window. Its talons, previously hidden, now clenched on the firefighter's arm, and a shriek of pain rose from his throat.

"Crackignifique!" Piggly exclaimed.

Oct 28

The firefighter's partner, aghast at the scene unfolding in front of her, quickly grabbed the medical bag and started treating her partner's wound.

All of the firefighters, panicked at the sight of a scratch, rushed out Piggly's interior and then exterior doors, all thought of fireplaces and backup fireplaces forgotten.

"Whew!" hooted Hoota. "I was certain Pin was going to get us in trouble."

"But my room! It's a disaster!" exclaimed Piggly. "How are we going to clean this up? I think we first need to repair this window to stop the glacial Antarctic wind from entering."

The Skua, Pin, and Hoota, not listening, flew out the window.

"Hey!" Piggly yelled after them. "wHy dOeS nO onE eVeR liSteN"

Surveying the disaster area of her room, Piggly sunk into the corner chair to think for a minute.

"Crackignifique," Piggly muttered.

Nov 4

As Piggly pondered the disaster area also known as her room...

"To fix or not to fix, that is the question," Piggly thought.

Piggly heard a timid knock on the door. "Hello? Are you ok?" chirped her friendly neighbor The Adelle.

"Ugh! The last thing I need right now is another The Bird to remind me of how I've been betrayed!" Piggly thought, but went to open the door anyway.

Standing there with two cups of hot tea in the traditional black & white mugs was her sweet penguin friend.

"It's raspberry," said The Adelle as if it was the most important thing in the world.

"Thank you kindly," said Piggly, while also thinking in her mind how annoyed she was and that she just wanted to be alone and wallow in her misery among the swirling wind still entering her room through the broken window.

The Adelle stepped inside with the tea. Piggly wanted to scream, "Take your crackignificated tea, go away, and let it freeze in the cold FAR away from here!"

Instead, they both sunk back into the corner chairs. "Well," said Piggly, opening the conversation, "As you can see, it's a bit of a disaster in here."

"I can see, Captain Obvious," said The Adelle.

Piggly told the story as they drank their tea, and by the time they were done, Piggly was feeling a little bit better. The Adelle helped her mend the window and then left.

"Out of sight, out of mind," said Piggly, hoping it would be easier to forget for a while the events of the morning now that her window wasn't constantly reminding her.

Nov 11

Having narrowly escaped the disaster in Piggly's room, The Dragonskua, Pin, and Hoota flew ever higher on the katabatic winds, the dancing colors of the nacreous clouds beckoning them closer.

(More like narrowly betrayed.)

Anyway,

"OOhhh, look at these colors! The greens are pulling me innnnnnnnnnn," squeaked Pin.

"ThE pUrPlE," said The Dragonskua, already hypnotized by the dreamscape ahead.

"The yellows," sighed a mesmerized Hoota, and flew ahead.

With every passing flap of their wings, they continued flying forward, not entirely aware the colors started swirling around them.

They flew toward the center, where all the colors were swirling around a circular point, emitting particles of crackign.

They flew straight through.

Nov 18

Fireplaces upon fireplaces lined the walls of... what was it? No one was sure. Fireplace here, fireplace there; minuscule fireplaces dotted the inside of some strange, narrow hallway. Hoota looked closer at the walls and realized they looked like Piggly's... But how? This narrow hallway wasn't Piggly's room... unless...

Following his natural curiosity, Pin's wings floated along the magical colors of the nacreous clouds, like a surfer in the clouds. Like many children, Pin's curiosity began to get the best of him as he was drawn into the narrow hallway with layers of fireplaces. Are those colors nacreous clouds, or... FIRE!

Piggly's voice echoed through the hollow walls, making Hoota and The Dragonskua turn toward the inner wall of Piggly's room, realizing where they were.

"We're between Piggly's inner wall and outer wall," The Dragonskua realized.

"Momma! It's so pretty!" Pin squeaked.

"Shhhhhh! Listen. They're talking about us," whispered Hoota.

"Pin," Hoota hissed, and dragged him to the wall, which she and The Dragonskua were now pressing their ears against.

"I can see, Captain Obvious," they heard an unfamiliar voice say.