

Dear Reader

What makes you feel happy?

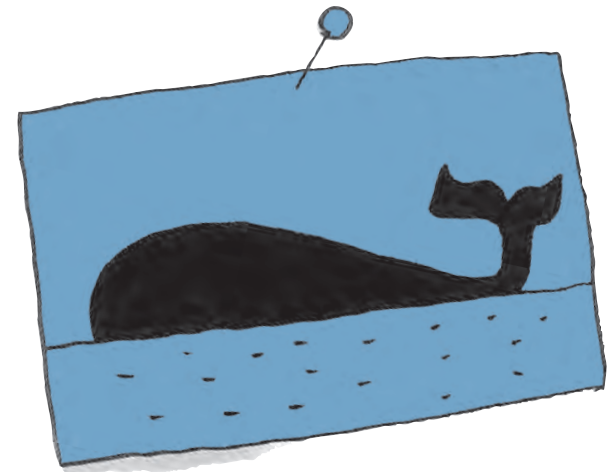
Is it getting something you've always wanted?

Winning a race?

Or being the best in a test?

How about when you can eat as many treats
as you want?

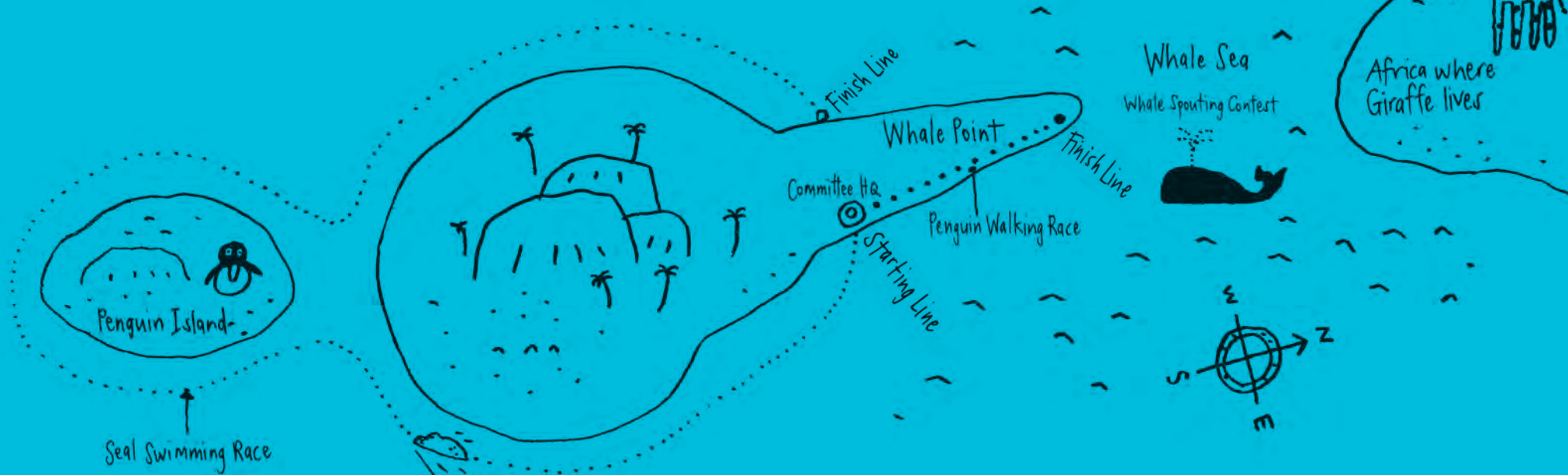
Do you remember Professor Whale who lives at
Whale Point? Well, something has made him so
happy, he's bursting to tell you all about it. What
could it be? Shall we visit Whale Point and find out?



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Professor Whale Loves Blue

Professor Whale gave a great big yawn.

“Now, now, that won’t do,” he told himself.

“I mustn’t waste this fine day by dozing off.”

Whenever he looked up at the blue sky or out at the blue sea, it made him happy to be alive. Blue was the thing he loved most in the whole world.

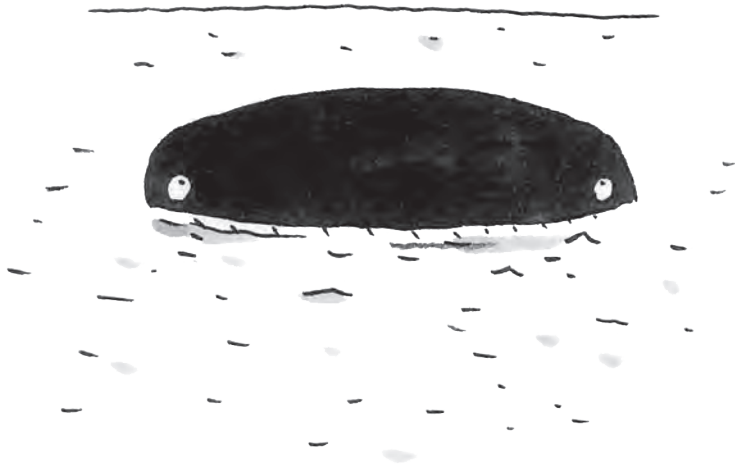
Today, the ocean was a dazzling ultramarine. Letting his old body drift in the bright blue water, he gazed up into the clear blue sky. In the distance, he could see something flying through the air.



“I wonder what it’s like to fly through the big blue sky. Just once, I’d love to try it.”

He started imagining what he would look like, flying through the sky.

“I would need wings,” he thought to himself. Enormous wings to match his enormous body.



And they would be blue, too, of course!

As he pictured himself flying gracefully on blue wings through the blue sky, he started to nod off again.

“Whoops! That was a close call. This is no time for napping!”

Suddenly he noticed that whatever was flying in the sky was coming closer.

“Professor Whale!” it cried.

He squinted to see who it was.

It was Pelican, the famous, hardworking delivery bird. Pelican handled airmail deliveries while Seal handled sea mail deliveries. Recently, they had both received a Certificate of Appreciation for their excellent work.

“So it was you!” the Professor exclaimed.

“Hello, Professor,” said Pelican as he landed on the whale’s enormous back. “Long time no see.”

“Pelican, you really must stop calling me ‘professor.’ You know I’ve retired from teaching.”

“That may be so, sir,” Pelican said, “But you’ll always be a professor to me.”

“Still, I would really rather you called me... uhm...by a friendlier sort of name,” the Professor said a little shyly.

“Really? Like what?”

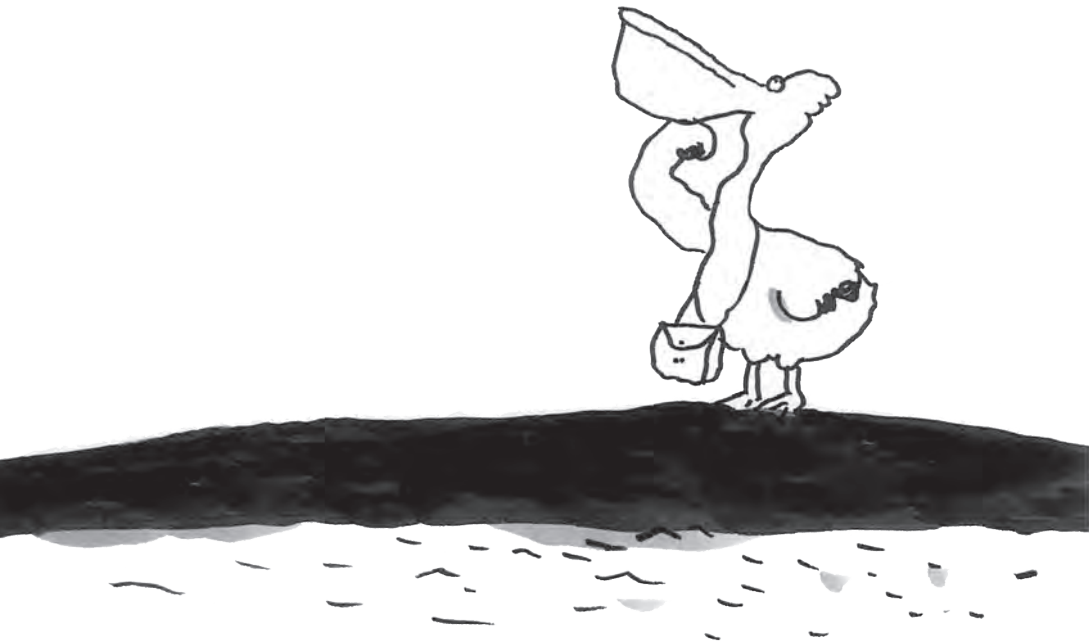


“Well...ahem...just for example, you know...

Whaley, perhaps?”

Pelican cocked his head.

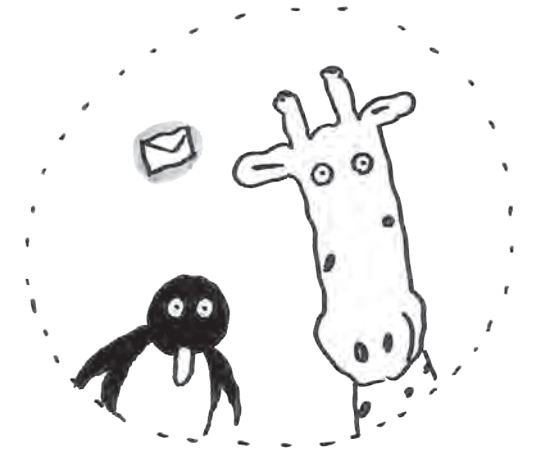
There was a reason why the Professor longed to be called Whaley. Until quite recently, he had been the teacher of Whale Point School. His only student had been Penguin from Penguin Island. One day, Penguin had received a letter.



What kind of letter?

A letter that said, “I am Giraffe. I live in Africa. I’m famous for my long neck. Please tell me all about yourself.”

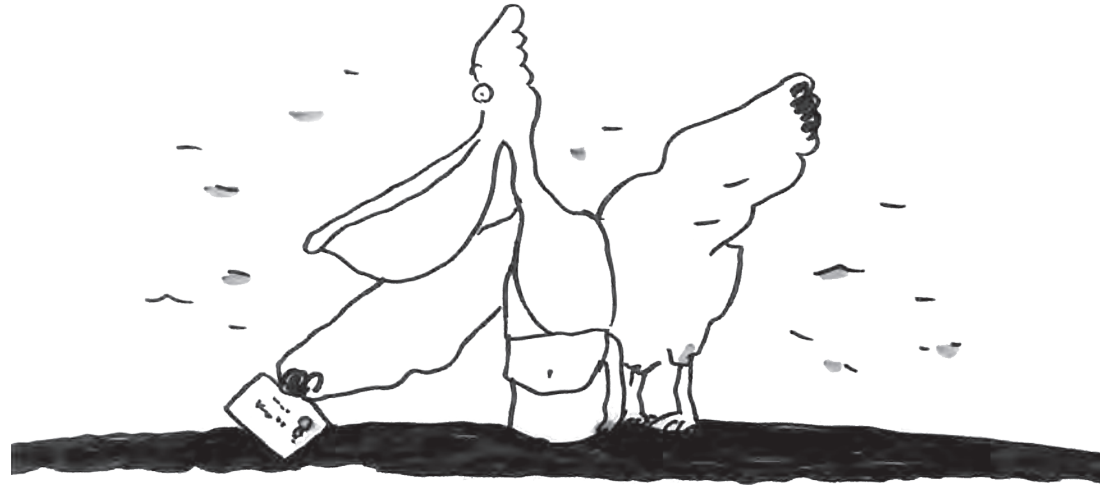
Penguin and Giraffe had become pen pals, and now they called each other Pengy and Raff. The Professor secretly thought it would be nice to have a friend who called him Whaley. It sounded refreshing, like the blue of the sea that he loved so much.



“Or if that doesn’t work, how about Big Blue?” he suggested. “That’s what everyone called me before I became a professor.”

“Oh, really? Big Blue? Hmmm...” Pelican did not sound convinced. “Professor Whale, you’re really very impressive and, well, distinguished, you know. Calling you Whaley or even Big Blue seems a little...”

Professor Whale was just wondering what “distinguished” meant when Pelican changed the subject.



“Oh, by the way—you’ve got mail.”

He held out a letter addressed to Professor Whale.

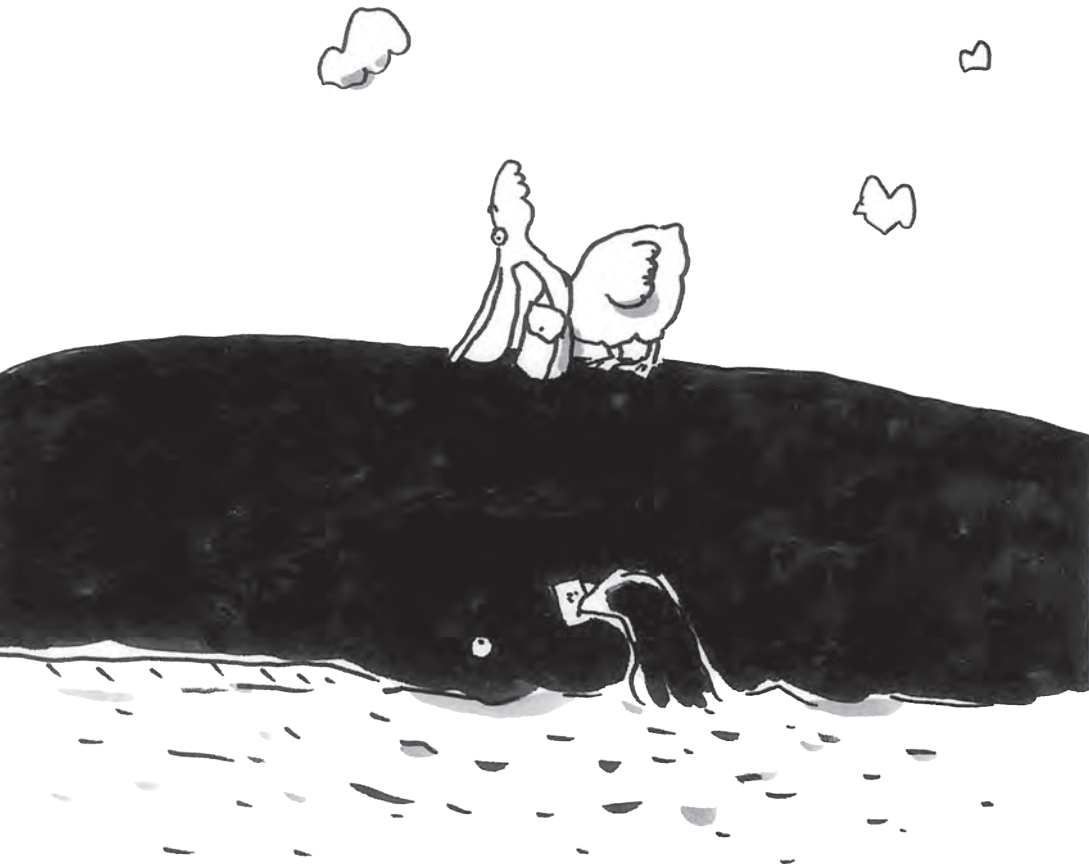
“Why thank you,” the Professor said. “But what happened to our delivery seal?”

“He had to deliver some letters a long way away and won’t be back for a while. He asked me to fill in while he’s gone,” said Pelican, puffing his chest out with pride.

“Poor Seal. Who on earth could have sent him so far away?” the Professor wondered.

“Well, I mean to say...wasn't it you, sir?”

Indeed, it was. Professor Whale had written a whole bunch of letters that went like this:



Dear you, whoever you are, who
Lives on the other side of the horizon,

I am Whale. I live at Whale Point.
My body is almost all head.
That's why I'm so smart, people say.

Please tell me all about yourself.

Yours sincerely,
Whale at Whale Point



Pelican continued: "Seal told me since he'd already delivered your letters to everyone around here, he was going to try farther afield."

"Oh, that's right, that's right. I remember now." Professor Whale was a bit embarrassed.

"Anyway," said Pelican, "if you need any letters delivered in the meantime, please call on me." And with those words, he flew up into the blue sky.

Professor Whale opened the letter and began to read.



Dear Professor Whale,

How are you? I'm fine.

Quite a few students have started coming to my school.

But teaching is hard work.

Now I see how extraordinary you are, Professor. Because you're so good at teaching.

I'm going to do my best to become a terrific teacher like you.

I hope that you will stay my teacher for ever and ever.

Yours sincerely,

Penguin at Penguin Island



The letter was from his student, Penguin.
After graduating from Whale Point School, he
had opened a school on Penguin Island. Now
everyone called him Professor Penguin.

“Well, well. Penguin’s working very hard by
the sound of it. I suppose I can’t expect him to
call me Whaley either. But how I wish someone
would...”

“Time for sleep, I suppose,” he thought.

And with one huge yawn, he was asleep
before he even knew it.

