



ALSO AVAILABLE

*Call the Puffins*

# CALL THE PUFFINS!

TINY'S BRAVE RESCUE

Written by  
Cath Howe



Illustrated by Ella Okstad



WELBECK  
FLAME

# To Huw - C.H.

Published in 2023 by Welbeck Flame  
An imprint of Welbeck Children's Limited,  
part of Welbeck Publishing Group.  
Offices in: London – 20 Mortimer Street, London W1T 3JW &  
Sydney – Level 17, 207 Kent St, Sydney NSW 2000 Australia

[www.welbeckpublishing.com](http://www.welbeckpublishing.com)

Design and layout © Welbeck Children's Limited 2023  
Text copyright © Cath Howe, 2023  
Illustrations copyright © Ella Okstad, 2023

Cath Howe and Ella Okstad have asserted their moral right to be identified  
as the Author and Illustrator of this Work in accordance with  
the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in  
a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronically,  
mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior  
permission of the copyright owners and the publishers.

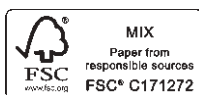
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN: 978 1 80130 059 9

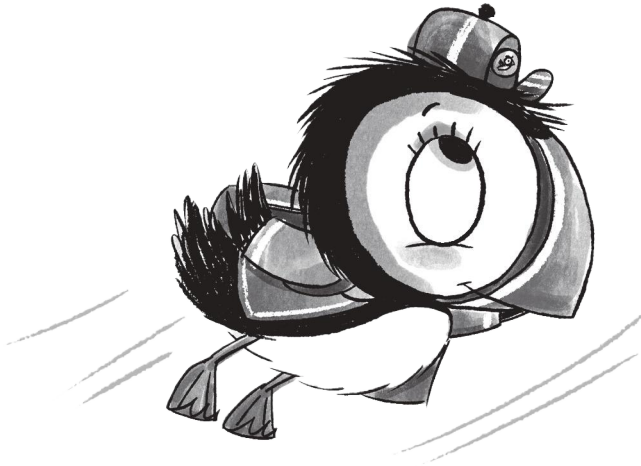
Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK)

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Disclaimer: Any names, characters, trademarks, service marks and trade names  
detailed in this book is the property of their respective owners and are used solely  
for identification and reference purposes. This book is a publication of Welbeck  
Children's Limited, part of Welbeck Publishing Group and has not been licensed,  
approved, sponsored or endorsed by any person or entity.



*I promise to be unflappable,  
To bravely cross the sea and sky,  
To rescue eggs and also birds,  
It may not work, but I'll always try.*





○ Welcome to ○  
THE ISLAND OF EGG









# TINY'S NEW DAY

Tiny woke in the warm burrow. He opened his golden eyes and blinked. In the darkness, all around him, sleeping puffins shuffled and fluttered. It was a perfect home: safe, full of warm, dry twigs and soft grass.

Tiny was tall for a puffin, with long legs and wings that seemed to have ideas of their own. He called softly, 'Muffin?' and stretched high in the darkness. **'OW!'** He bumped his wing on a root in the roof

and sat back down suddenly, banging his tail on a sharp rock. '**OUCH!**'

Oh dear. Where was Muffin? She was normally right beside him.

'Muffin!' he called, louder this time.

'She went outside,' said a voice. 'She said to tell you.'



'You're waking everybody up,' said another.

'Be quiet, all of you!' said a third.

'Sorry,' Tiny whispered.

It was just so easy to get lost, he thought. The burrow had once been a rabbit warren and it was a maze of connecting tunnels and chambers. Every day, the underground world seemed to change. Puffins slept wherever they wanted. The ones coming back from night missions just popped back into any place amongst all the warm feathers so you couldn't be sure that an empty space would stay empty.

In some places, beams of hazy light lit up the burrow from holes up to the world above. Tiny squinted. *Concentrate!* Where was that tunnel that he and Muffin had come down yesterday? He set off to find it.

Hopping between sleeping birds was tricky. He stumbled over a leg and banged into another sleeping body. 'Whoops!' he said. 'Sorry.'

'Look where you're going, slug brain!' called a sleepy voice.

'I am, I really am, it just doesn't seem to help,' Tiny replied sadly.

He headed up a tunnel where he thought he could see bright light but he found it blocked.

He turned back and squinted hard, trying to find another passageway.

Even after a whole week on the island, he was still getting lost underground. Everyone else seemed to know their way around. He sighed. Thank goodness he usually had Muffin beside him.

He retraced his steps and glimpsed a pool of light streaming in further up the chamber. That must be it. He hopped gratefully towards it. His tunnel path lit up brighter and brighter until, at last, he popped out into the early morning light of the clifftop. He blinked, dazzled.



And there, nearby, was Muffin, sitting in a clump of pink flowers. His heart soared. Muffin was a small, brave puffin with unusual-shaped feet that turned up at the fronts. She was also his best friend.

‘Tiny!’ She shook her feathers and hopped over to him.

‘You’re up early,’ he said.

‘I’m sorry I didn’t wait for you. I wanted to be the first one up. I like watching the sea,’ she said. ‘It’s a lovely day.’

She was right. The sun was shining right across the island.

‘Have you seen any rescues?’ Tiny asked.

They both gazed towards the Shine Tower, which looked out to sea. The huge red and white building had a light inside and puffins were sent from there to help



with emergencies both day and night. Yellow Caps would fly off over the sea and bravely rescue birds and eggs in danger. A Yellow Cap was a puffin who had finished training for the badges they all wore with great pride. Tiny's heart swelled.

One day he would be a Yellow Cap.  
And Muffin too. But first they had to work  
hard for their badges.

‘All quiet, so far,’ Muffin said. ‘Come on,  
let’s be first to have breakfast.’

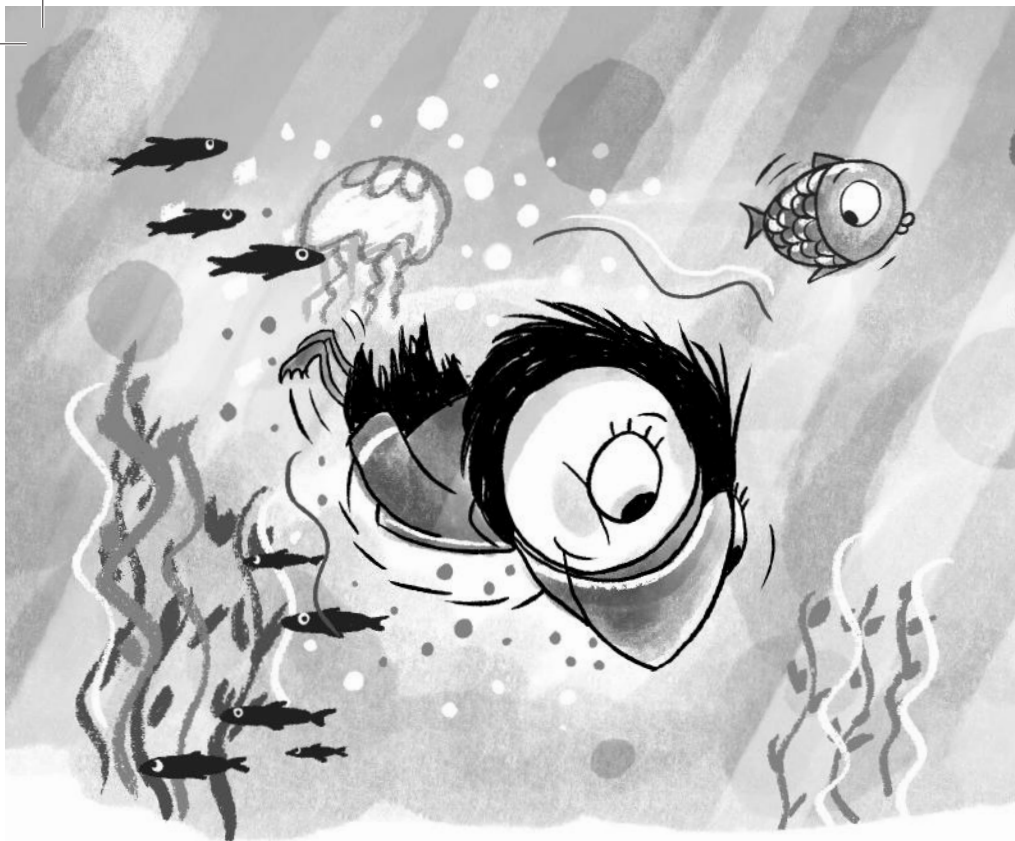


# DIVING FOR BREAKFAST

They flew down the cliff, coming down to land on the rocks, then hopped out across the sand to the water's edge.

'Last one in the water's a jelly belly!' Muffin called.

They skidded out across the water, bobbed around and tipped upside-down. Diving through the rippling water, their bodies making neat dark rocket shapes, they glided and raced each other.



All the puffins loved to dive. Every day they had a competition to see how many sand eels they could gather in their beaks in one go, popping up to the surface to count them.

‘Six!’ Tiny called triumphantly, gulping his down.



'Eleven,' said Muffin.

It was hard to talk with a mouthful of eels.

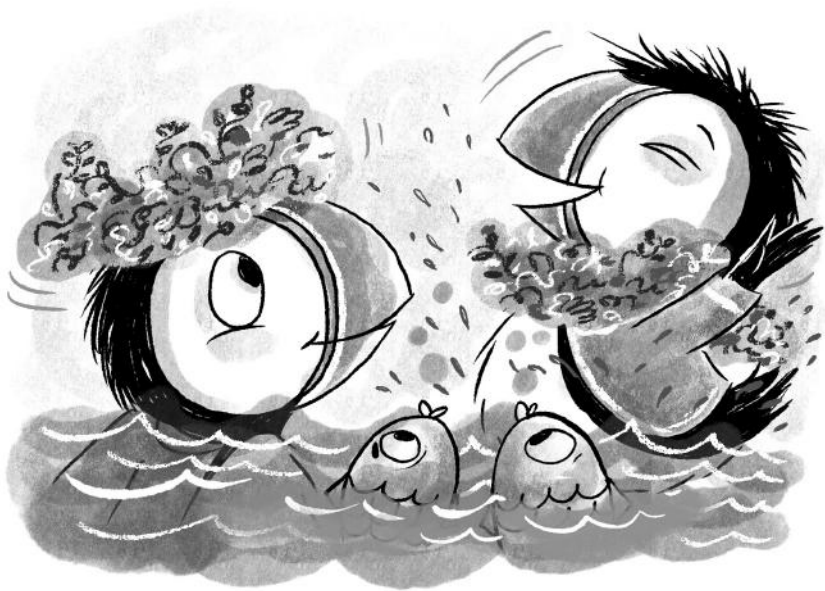
'You can have some of mine, if you're still hungry,' Muffin said.

'Thanks, Muffin!'



Soon the sea filled with crowds of diving puffins, all searching for the glint of eels. Tiny and Muffin dodged a patch of seaweed as they chased each other and Tiny shot to the surface with a headdress of bobbly green strands. Muffin couldn't stop laughing. 'You look like a strange new fish, Tiny.'

Next, Muffin popped up with a straggly green scarf of seaweed.



'You look like a green puffin in a seaweed jacket,' Tiny called.

When their tummies were full, they let the current carry them to the beach where the puffins always gathered after breakfast. More and more puffins finished eating and bounced over the waves onto the sand, shaking their feathers. Tiny and Muffin found Flight Officer Faroe in her smart uniform.

'Hello, you two,' she said. 'Big day. I'll be training you for the Caring badge today.'

Tiny's heart fluttered with excitement. 'Can we help? I mean, can we be useful, Muffin and me?' he asked, all in a rush.

The officer's golden eyes rested on him. She was a stately bird with a proud look and always very smart. 'Yes,' she said.

'I like it when young cadets offer to help. And, as a matter of fact, I do need two sensible young pufflings to do a job for me ready for today's class.'

Tiny stared into the bright golden eyes. He blinked. 'It's easier to be sensible if I have Muffin with me,' he said truthfully.

The officer nodded. 'Well, you can both do my errand for me. Near the arena, you'll find the supplies store. It's a low, brown



building. You'll see the Puffin Rescue flag on the top: *Everything a puffin needs.* Explain to the Supplies Puffin that you have come to collect a training

bag for each cadet, and he'll give them to you, ready for today's class. Bring them to the Midnight Egg.'

Oh wow, a job to do! The two friends hopped up and down.

'And carry the bags carefully!' the officer called as they flew off.