

## Wintery Whims: The Icy Adventures of Penny and Boris

Once upon a time, in a world of frost and glee,  
A penguin named Penny and a bear named Boris, as wise as could be.  
From south to north, from ice to snow,  
Their meeting was rare, a delightful show.

"From lands afar, on icebergs we roam," Penny sang with a twirl,  
"Here's to a chance meeting at the world's icy swirl!"  
Boris, with a chuckle, agreed with a nod,  
"Together, let's build on this wide, snowy sod!"

They dreamt of a resort, a place of delight,  
Where creatures would ski from morning to night.  
"Let's keep it green, let's keep it bright,"  
Penny rhymed, "Solar lifts to take us to height!"

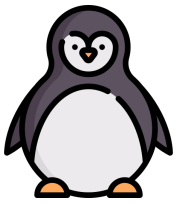
Boris replied with a thoughtful hum,  
"Insulated huts, where warmth will come!"  
They planned slopes for all, from timid to bold,  
And a snowball machine, a sight to behold.

Through their plans, they sang and they swore,  
"To respect our friends and the planet's core.  
For every slope and every lift,  
We'll think of the earth, our greatest gift."

Animals pitched in, from near and far,  
Building the dream beneath the star.  
With joy and laughter, they worked away,  
Turning night into the brightest day.

"Come one, come all!" they sent the word,  
In brochures where laughing animals were heard.  
"Slide and glide in our snow-filled land,  
Where every creature goes hand in hand."

The opening day, oh, what a sight!  
Every face was merry and bright.



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From the moose who mumbled a jolly tune,  
"To the slopes!" he bellowed under the moon.

The rabbits hopped with a giggle and a cheer,  
"This snowy wonderland brings us here!"  
Even the sasquatch, with a playful frown,  
Joined in the fun, tumbling down.

Penny and Boris watched with glee,  
Their dream alive, as lively as could be.  
With hearts so full and spirits bright,  
They knew they had done just right.

The resort was a hit, a joyous place,  
Filled with laughter, a wintery grace.  
And as for the duo, with dreams so grand,  
They were off to new adventures, hand in hand.

"In the water, we'll twirl and dive,  
Synchronized swimming, we'll come alive!  
Like dancers in a watery stage,  
In perfect harmony, from age to age."

They sang of their plans with a twinkle in eye,  
Imagining flips and splashes, under the sky.  
With every creature, they'd share this art,  
Swimming in rhythm, together, not apart.

And so the tale of ice and snow,  
Of Penny and Boris, is one to know.  
With laughter, joy, and eco-care,  
They created a resort beyond compare.