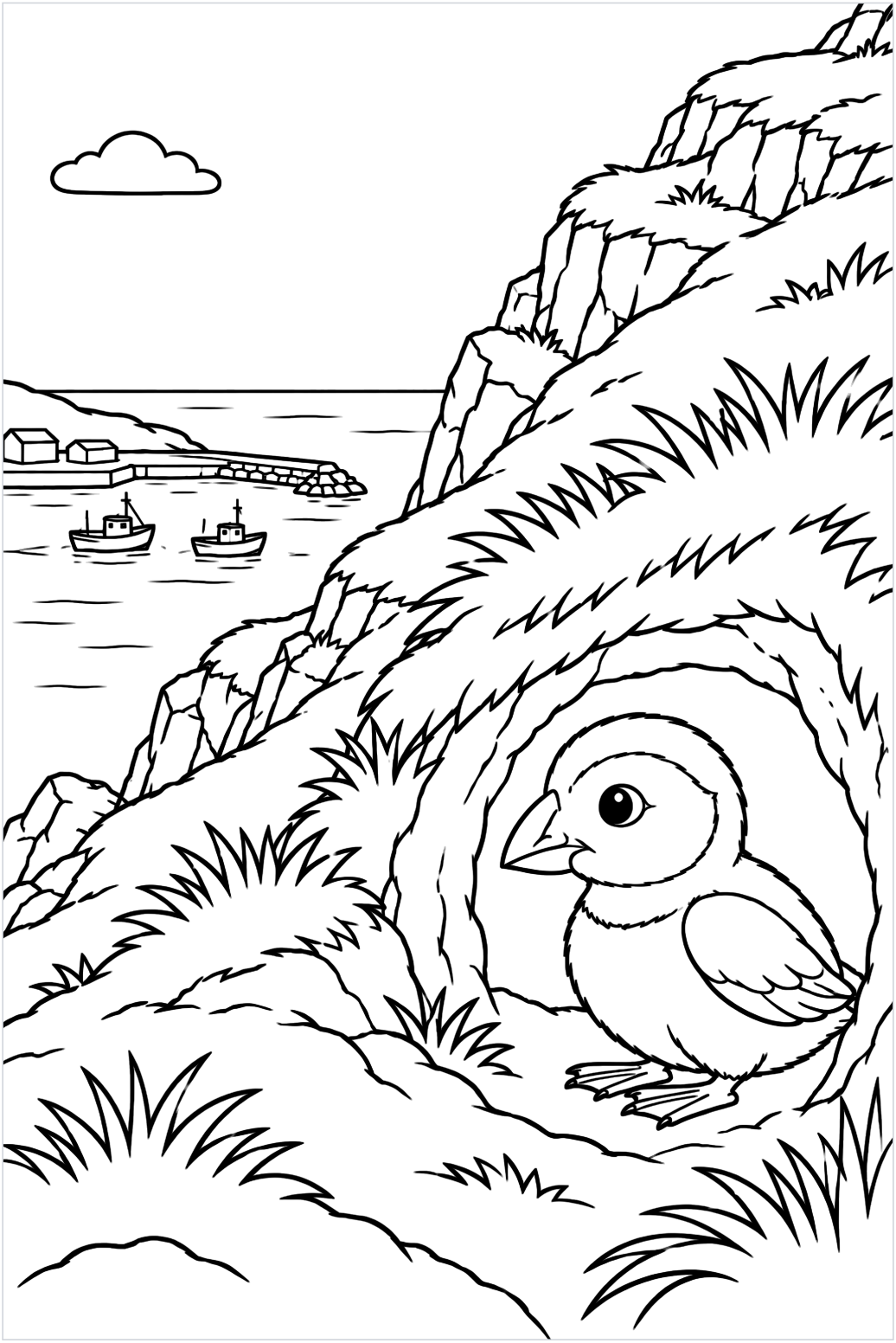


1. THE BURROW

It was a bright summer evening in the Westman Islands. In a soft, grassy burrow high up on Heimaklettur sat a little puffin chick. Her name was Lóa, just like the golden plover that brings spring to Iceland. But this Lóa was a puffling. She had fluffy feathers, a little dark beak and big, curious eyes.

Color the cover!

