

Lola

Gan / By Gillian Brownson

Lola was a little puffin, Soon to have a chick, She had to find a cosy place, And had to find one quick.

A cosy place to rear her young, It had to be the best, Warm and dry, soft and calm, A five-star, luxury nest.

She came across a giant whale,
And sang out loud from her bill,

"Ydych chi'n gwybod am le cyfforddus? Mae fy nghyw bach angen nyth, lle sy'n encil."

"O ble ddaethoch chi?" He asked with a frown.

"Ewch i nofio at ynys enlli,

Morfil ydw i, does dim lle i ti.

Dwi wedi blino, a dwi isio mynd i gysgu."

She paddled on to find some land, The sky was getting dark. And by the time she found some sand, It was guarded by a shark.

She swallowed hard, and took a deep breath, And sang out loud from her bill,

"Ydych chi'n gwybod am le cyfforddus? Mae fy nghyw bach angen nyth, lle sy'n encil."

"Siarc ydw i", he said with sharp teeth, "Mae'n amser bwyd dwi'n siwr. Mae fy ynys yn gynnes a braf, A mae'n gyfleus i ti, wrth y dŵr."



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Hmm.

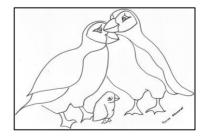
She said, **"Dim diolch"**, and paddled on by. The shark's island didn't feel quite right. She continued to look for another safe place, but it was now the middle of the night.

Under the stars, in the cold of the dark,
She saw a great warm light.
She paddled quick towards it,
She swam with all her might.

She came unto a rocky place, With a lighthouse on its hill. And heard a great familiar call, From another puffin's bill.

"Ble wyt ti wedi bod?" it said out loud,
"Rydw i wedi bod yn aros amdanat ti!"
"Steve!" she cried out with great joy,
"Rydw i mor hapus i ti ddod o hyd i mi."

You see Steve was her mate,
He'd built the nest already,
On South Stack's grassy cliff
She cuddled him softly, they stayed in their nest,
Until their chick came, whose name was Griff.





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