

All Aboard the Antarctic Express!



Half the fun of attending the Annual Penguin Roundup is getting there! Having a fleet of ice breaking ships at my disposal gets me to the Antarctic in a timely fashion. The ocean voyage takes about a week but my crew and I have some very creative ways of passing the time below deck! Here I am yelling, "Iceberg ahead!" That always cracks the crew up every time.

Don't eat that yellow snow...



When we finally land, the first thing I do is head over to a nice big iceberg for some quick bladder relief. For some odd reason, the penguins in the area flock to me when I hike my skirt. I have to admit that I do smell a bit like fish after that long voyage at sea... Darn if I didn't have a rope with me. I could have gotten a head start on the Roundup!

My Home At the South Pole



Just because you're in the middle of a god-forsaken frozen wasteland like Antarctica, doesn't mean you have to rough it! I had a modest glass-domed party home constructed right next to the South Pole. Every year we have to dig it out of the snow, but when we do, it's hot toddies and Irish coffees all around. Hurray for winter cocktails!

Out My Back Door – The Pole Itself



Santa might have dibs on the North Pole, but the rights to spinning on the South Pole belong to me. Here I am posing right out my back door with the said “pole of fame” itself. I remember the time the guys dared me to lick that shiny ball. My tongue was stuck to that ball like a Lee Press-On to a nail. Ouch! Several hours and one crowbar later and I was free. I learned my lesson that day, let me tell you.

Time to unload and get busy!



Once we are settled into our southern digs, it's time to get to work! What would the Annual Penguin Roundup be without our trusty steeds to herd up those frisky penguins? Here I am supervising the unloading of my own personal mount, "Duke Nukem." Yes, what they say is true. He is hung like a horse.

The search for penguins begins...



Once all the horses are unloaded from the ship, it's time to hunt penguins! Here we are as we set out across the icy plains in search of our elusive prey. Those penguins can be mighty clever. Recently the penguins have developed camouflage techniques to look just like chunks of snow and ice. We rode past a whole herd in this picture without even knowing it!

Penguins...success at last!



After riding for several hours (I won't even get into how saddlesore I was), we finally spotted our quarry. Most people don't know this...penguins have very sharp eyesight but they are quite deaf. So the trick is to sneak up behind them without them catching sight of your green hair. One little sparkle of glitter and they're high-tailing it out of there faster than you can run in 7-inch platform pumps.

Penguins—always up to new tricks!



Those penguins ARE tricky little birds. And this trip was no exception. They have compensated for their non-ability to fly by developing their cognitive abilities and camouflage skills. Here several penguins, disguised as innocent lumps of snow, catch my horse off guard and give him a good scare. SAFETY TIP: Brightly colored platform shoes can serve as excellent location devices when buried in a snowbank!

Roping and riding...yeehaw!



Once I was seated firmly in the saddle again, I didn't let those birds get the better of me. With a few spins of the lariat, I had those penguins by their featherless fins. My roundup crew are always amazed each year by my abilities to rope and ride. "Where did you, a simple city girl, ever learn to do all that?" they always ask me around the campfire at night. All I can say is, "Thank the goddess for special plutonium powers!"

Penguin roundup completed!



Once the penguins are all rounded up, the work doesn't stop there. You now have hundreds of hungry beaks to feed! If you have ever been around a ravenous herd of penguins, as I know you have, you're aware how dangerous and unpredictable they can become. Hungry herds have trampled many an innocent explorer to the South Pole. Here I am sneaking a little snack for myself. Yum!

The official penguin branding...



Once the penguins have been placated with lots and lots of fish, we fire up the branding irons and get to work. With thousands of new penguins born each year, the branding some times takes days. That's when we get a little wild and crazy. It's seems like every year I come home with a brand new tattoo somewhere on my body!

Rounding up the strays



As much as we'd like our roundup to go without a hitch, there always manages to be a few strays who get away from the herd. That's when I spring into action and take off after them in my special "Running Platform Boots With Crampons" for extra ice traction. The two strays you see here turned out to be more clever than I could ever have imagined.

Adrift in the Antarctic Sea...



Those two frisky devils lead me to the edge of the ice flow and then pecked away, sending me floating out to sea. After several days, my crew eventually found me and took me back to my domed party palace. The boys thawed me out in ways you can only imagine! Then it was back to the ship for our voyage home. I can't wait for more adventures at the Penguin Roundup next year!