

A shell for Herby

“I don’t want a shell mother.” Herby the baby hermit crab cried.



“Why ever not darling?” Mummy crab asked.

“They are big, stuffy and heavy to carry about. I never seem to find one as pretty as Cousin Isis.”

“It’s only because you haven’t found the perfect one, come on let’s go searching.”

And off they went in search of a perfect shell for Herby.

“How about this one?” mummy asked

“It’s too big, and I don’t like it.”



The search continued,

“Look there’s another one over by the rocks”

“It’s too small and squashy” Herby moaned.

“You’re being a bit fussy Herby and that’s not good.”

“But I don’t like them, mummy.” Herby cried.

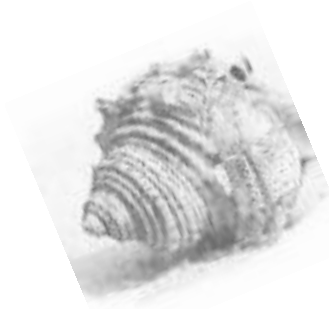
“Come on then, let’s carry on searching.”

They walked and walked.

They searched up, they searched low.

Suddenly a big wave came crashing into shore.

Herby laughed, he loved the splash of water, but then he felt cold. He cuddled up to mummy.



“Now if you had a shell, you won’t feel the chill.” mummy crab said, as she hugged him close.

Oh, what’s that beside the rock? A lovely shell brought in by the waves. This time, Herby didn’t grumble, he swiftly climbed into his new shell.

In came another wave crashing onto the shore, this time, though, Herby hid inside his new shell, it kept him warm and dry.

“I bet you like your shell now Herby.” Chuckled mother crab

Hrrmph... Herby sighed. “Can I go play with my friends?”

“Sure darling, be sure to come home before supper.”

“Thanks mum.”

And off he went for a game of sand toss and drills with his friends, Sally snail and Annie ant.

Soon the sun came blazing down, the sand got hot and they all felt quite tired, time to rest for a while.

Sally coiled away in her shell.

Annie found a cool shade under a branch.

And Herby, well he tucked himself neatly into his new shell, it kept him cool and relaxed.

It was quite long before the three little friends fell asleep.

Tunck! Tunck! Went the sound on his shell, “come out baby crab I know you are in there”.



Oh no! Herby knew that wasn't mama or uncle Louie's voice and it sure wasn't his friends. It must be the scary blue crab mama said to always avoid.

So Herby coiled up tight and kept still like mama said to, thankful for a shell that fit him perfectly.

The blue crab tossed him up, tossed him down.

He spun him round and round in circles, but Herby curled up tighter inside his shell.

Sally and Annie watched in fright from their hiding spots. "We should help him"

"But we're little"

"Not if we work together". Herby was their friends and friends help each other.

Annie threw pebbles at the blue crab, whilst Sally made scary sounds Slurrrr slaarr! They tried to scare the crab, but it didn't work.

Soon the blue crab gave up; he couldn't get Herby out of his shell.

Brrrgh ... time to find his super somewhere else and off he wandered away from Herby and his friends.

Crawling out of their hiding spots Sally and Annie called to Herby "you can come out now, he's gone."

Herby peaked out of his shell; he searched for signs of the nasty blue crab, but there was none. He was definitely gone.

Out he came, sighing with relief "I think I should head home now, it's almost time for super. See you later."

'Bye' called Sally and Annie.

When Herby got home he told mummy crab all about his adventure with the blue crab.

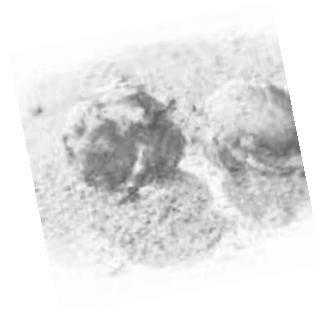
"He turned me round and round, but I didn't come out. I was brave until the end."

“You sure were honey, I am proud of you.”

“Thank you, mummy, for my new shell, it’s not the as pretty as cousin Isis but it’s the perfect fit for me.”

“I love you mummy and I love my new shell.”

“And we love you back, honey,” Mummy crab said kissing him goodnight.



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