

Hermie

the Crab Needs a

Home



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The warm water reached the shore. Hermie and his friends rode on the gentle waves. They landed on the sand.

The young hermit crabs looked at one another. They walked around on the beach. None of them knew what to do. This was their first time on land. They had just been born in the ocean.



An old crab named Brayden met them.

“I’m glad you’re here,” he said. “Did you have a good ride?”

The crabs nodded. Yes, they had an easy ride.

“Good,” Brayden said. “Now, your work begins. Each of you must find a shell to carry on your back. That will be your new home.”



Pearl raised her hand. She was pretty. Brayden called on her.

“Why do we need a home?” Pearl asked. “I like the way I look right now.”

“A home will keep you safe,” Brayden said.

They all nodded again. They thought it was a good idea to be safe.



“It’s best to work in pairs,” Brayden added. “You can help each other find the best shell. Your shell can’t be too big. It can’t be too small. It has to be just right.”



The crabs went off to look for their homes. Some wanted to live in orange shells. Others thought black and white shells would be nice. A few said they wanted shells with spots on them.

“Good luck!” Brayden called out. “I hope you find good homes.”



Hermie walked off by himself. Pearl went over to him.

“Do you want to look for shells with me?” she asked.

“Yes! That would be fun!” Hermie said.



They walked away from the water. They were happy to be on land. They found leaves and fruit and bark to eat. The warm, salty air was wet. They had everything they needed.



Hermie found the first shell. It was white and brown. It had long lines on it. He showed it to Pearl. She thought it was a great shell.

Hermie looked at the opening. He put his large claw inside the shell. He pushed and pushed.

“Oh, no! This shell is too small!” he said.



“I’m sorry,” said Pearl. “Let’s keep looking. I know you will find a shell that is just right for you.”

“Do you think so?” Hermie asked.

“Yes, I do,” said Pearl.



They walked some more.

Then, Pearl said, “Hermie! Look at me!”

Hermie looked up. Pearl had a pretty, white and pink shell on her back.

“Your shell is so nice!” said Hermie. “I’m so happy for you.”

“Thank you,” said Pearl. “Now, let’s find a home for you.”

“You are a good friend,” Hermie said.



**They walked and walked. Soon, Pearl cried out,
“Hermie, come here! You have to see this!”**

**Hermie ran over to Pearl. She showed him a black
shell. It had white lines on it.**



Hermie stepped into the opening. He went inside the shell. Then, he started to move. The shell fell off.

“Oh, no!” cried Pearl. “That shell is too big for you! We need to find one that is just right.”



Now, Hermie was very sad.

“Pearl,” he said, “I want to stop looking.”

Hermie walked away from her. He sat down in the sand. He felt something hard. He began to dig under the sand. He felt it again. He pulled and pulled. Out came a gray and white shell. It had black spots on it.



Hermie peeked into the opening. He looked inside to see that no other living thing was in it. He rolled the shell around. He made sure the shell was clean.



**He went inside the shell. It was not too small.
It was not too big. This shell was just right!**

Hermie found a home at last!