

The Magic Shell
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In a tall house at the edge of town lived **a little girl.**

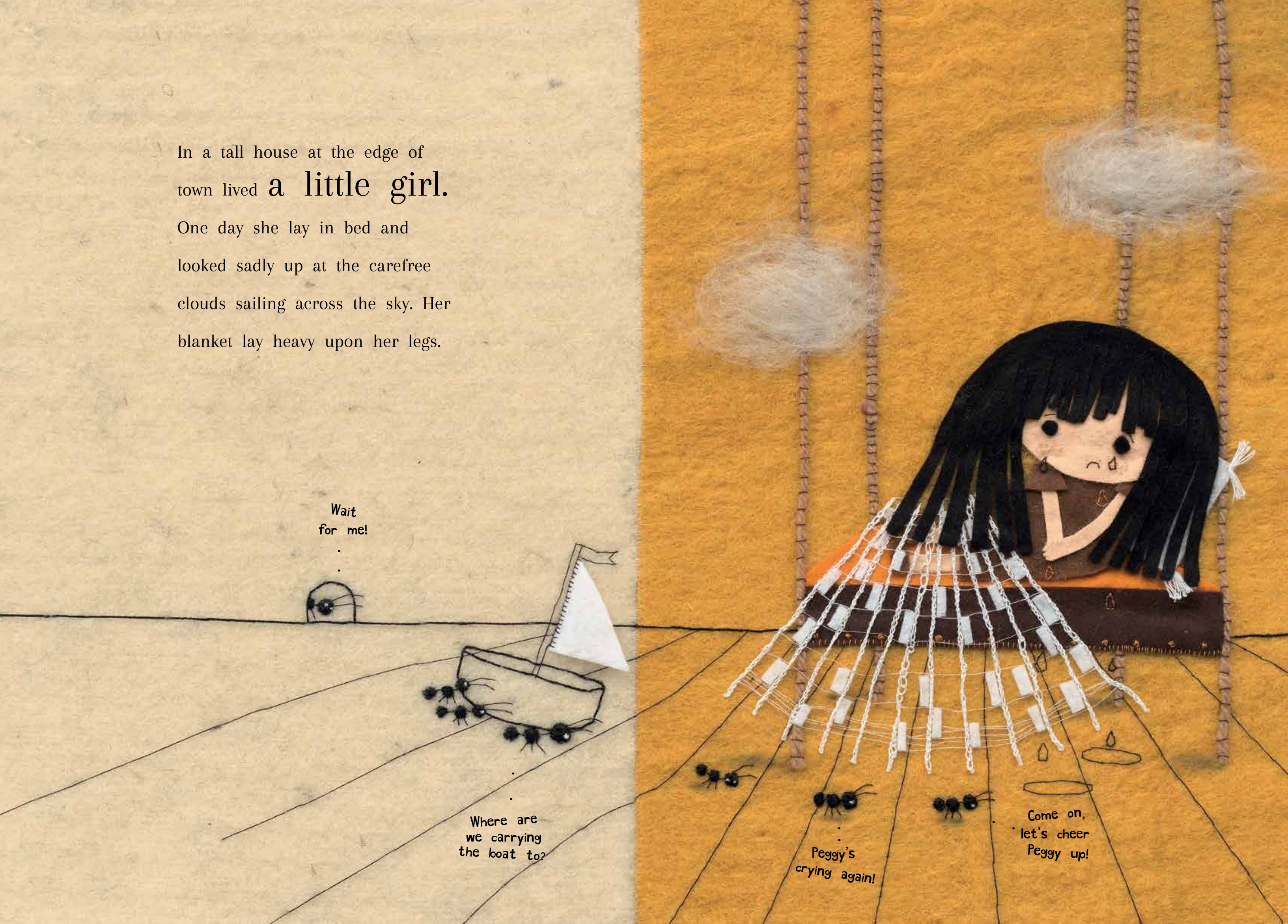
One day she lay in bed and looked sadly up at the carefree clouds sailing across the sky. Her blanket lay heavy upon her legs.

Wait
for me!

Where are
we carrying
the boat to?

Peggy's
crying again!

Come on,
let's cheer
Peggy up!



Croaky Frog hoisted Peggy onto his shoulders and jumped way up high, higher than the trees, higher than the houses. For the first time, Peggy got to see the treetops as if she were a bird perched high on a rooftop or high on the very top of a telephone pole. 'Higher, higher!' screeched Peggy.



Let's hurry!
Peggy and Croaky
are faster
than us!

The little boat
is floating down
the river...



We made it!
This will be the happy
couple's house!



Peggy cried out: 'It wasn't a dream!

My shell is a teller of tales!

And so, day after day the shell told Peggy stories - stories about animals from the deepest depths of the pond, about animals from the far north, about the bird that flew every day to her window, about the boy who wouldn't obey his mother... and so on and so on... **And what happened?**



Mary really
does have
a magic shell!

No more peace
and quiet for us.
We'll have
to move out...

So long!

Peggy told the shell's stories to her brother and sister,
then to the neighbours, and soon enough also to the
other children on her street. Those children told the
story to others.

Who knows, perhaps also
this story was first
whispered by the shell...

