

Sandy Serves up Smiles at the Ice Cream Shack



Outer Banks, North Carolina

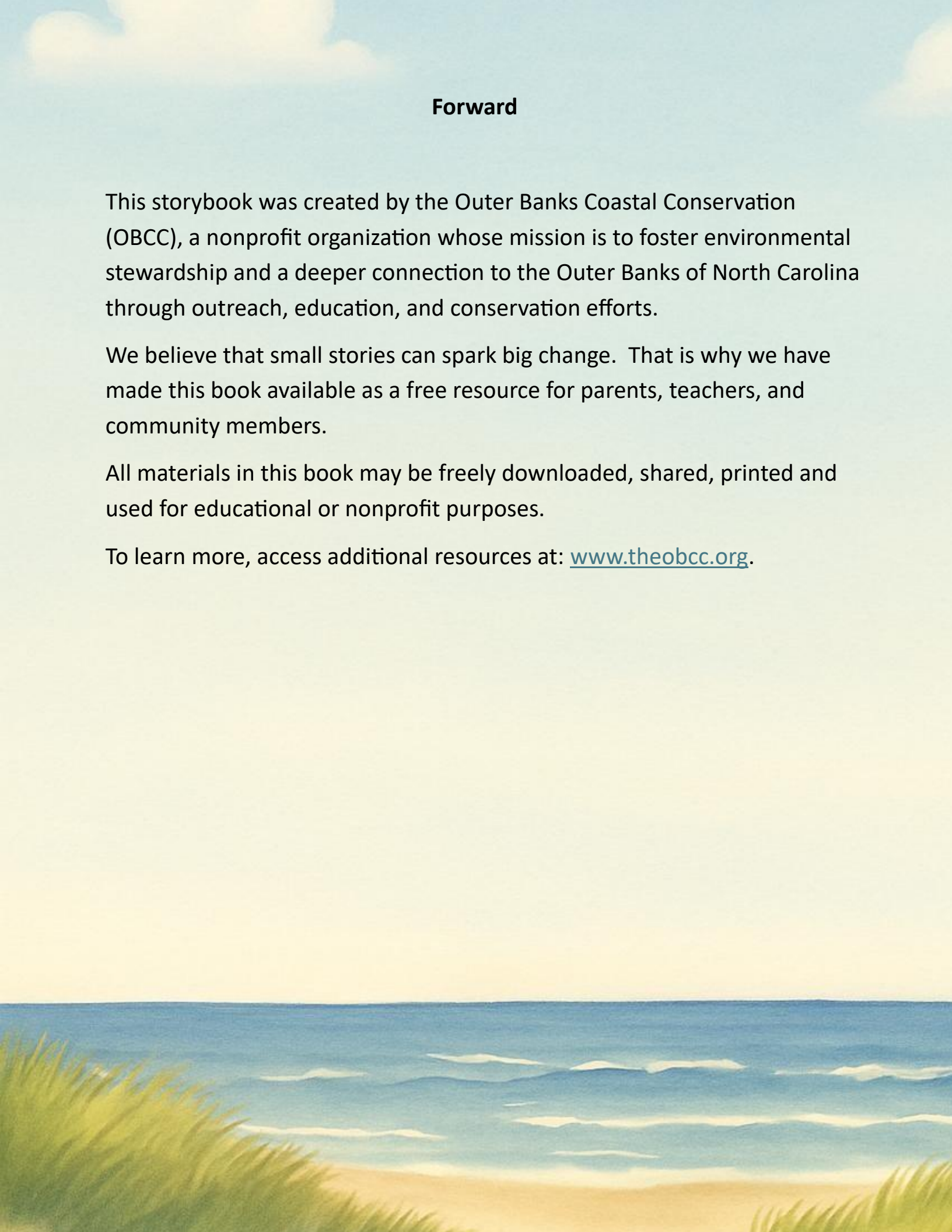
Forward

This storybook was created by the Outer Banks Coastal Conservation (OBCC), a nonprofit organization whose mission is to foster environmental stewardship and a deeper connection to the Outer Banks of North Carolina through outreach, education, and conservation efforts.

We believe that small stories can spark big change. That is why we have made this book available as a free resource for parents, teachers, and community members.

All materials in this book may be freely downloaded, shared, printed and used for educational or nonprofit purposes.

To learn more, access additional resources at: www.theobcc.org.



After a long week of studying tides, shells, and sea creatures at Sea Oats School, Sandy the ghost crab was excited for the weekend. That meant it was time to work at her favorite place of all—the Ice Cream Shack in Kitty Hawk!

Sandy loved her job. She loved the jingling bell on the door, the sweet smell of waffle cones, and most of all, the smiles on customers' faces when they got their ice cream. Ice cream made everyone happy, and Sandy liked being part of that happiness.

Early Saturday morning, Sandy popped out of her sandy burrow, stretched her long legs, and ate a quick breakfast of crunchy seaweed scraps.



After brushing the sand off her shell, she hopped into her dune buggy and *vroom!*—off she went, arriving early for her shift.

Mr. Driftwood, the owner of the Ice Cream Shack, was very pleased to see her.

“Good morning, Sandy! Right on time,” he said.



Sandy opened the door, punched the time clock, and tied on her apron. First job of the day: homemade waffle cones! She gathered the ingredients—eggs, sugar, vanilla extract, flour, salt, and butter—and poured them carefully into a big mixing bowl.



Just then—WHOOOOSH!

A strong Outer Banks breeze blew straight through the open window and—POOF!—covered Sandy from claw to claw in white flour.

Mr. Driftwood stared and blinked.

“Who are you?” he asked.

Sandy giggled. “It’s me... Sandy!”

“Well, I didn’t recognize you all covered in flour,” Mr. Driftwood laughed. “For a moment, I thought you were a ghost!”

Sandy brushed off her shell and smiled. “Well, I *am* a ghost crab!”

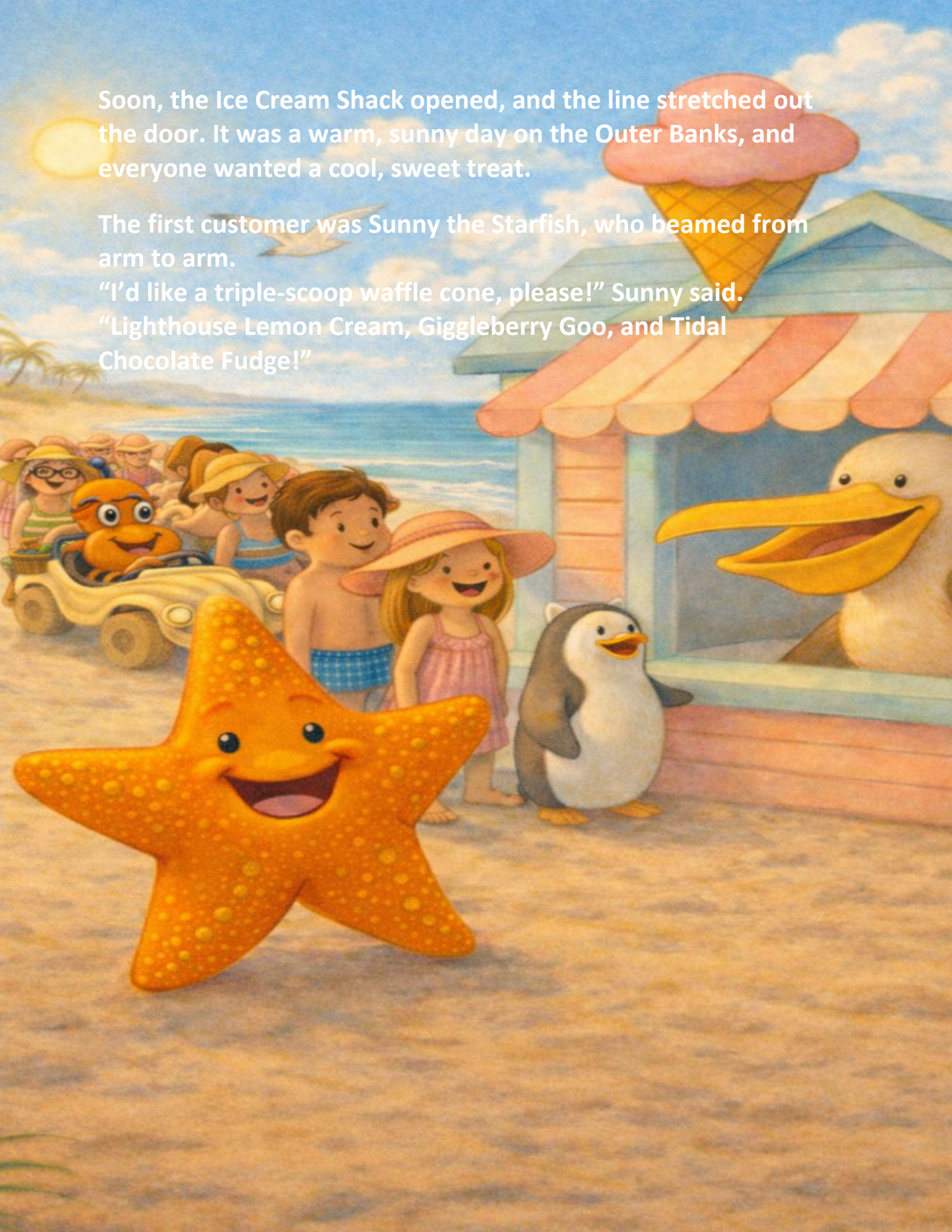


Soon, the Ice Cream Shack opened, and the line stretched out the door. It was a warm, sunny day on the Outer Banks, and everyone wanted a cool, sweet treat.

The first customer was Sunny the Starfish, who beamed from arm to arm.

"I'd like a triple-scoop waffle cone, please!" Sunny said.

"Lighthouse Lemon Cream, Giggleberry Goo, and Tidal Chocolate Fudge!"



Sandy scooped carefully—one scoop... two scoops... and—*splat!*

The last scoop slipped right off the cone and landed on the floor.

“Oh no!” Sandy gasped.

Sunny laughed. “That’s okay! Ice cream slips sometimes—just like starfish!”

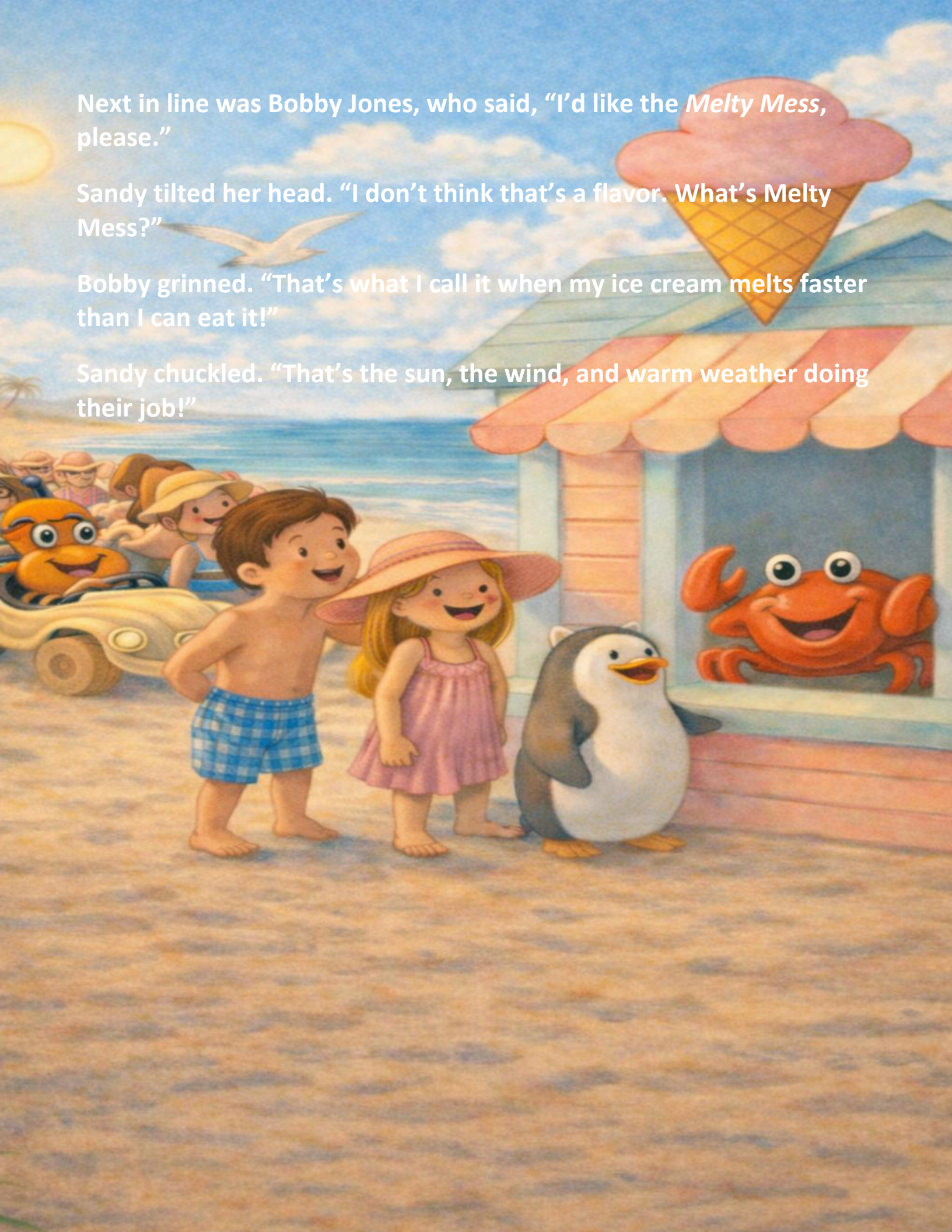


Next in line was Bobby Jones, who said, "I'd like the *Melty Mess*, please."

Sandy tilted her head. "I don't think that's a flavor. What's Melty Mess?"

Bobby grinned. "That's what I call it when my ice cream melts faster than I can eat it!"

Sandy chuckled. "That's the sun, the wind, and warm weather doing their job!"



Then Jane Seahorse swam up to the counter.
“I’ll have a strawberry Saturday,” she said politely.

Sandy smiled. “You mean a strawberry *sundae*.”

Jane giggled. “Oh yes—that’s what I meant!”



Before Sandy knew it, the day had flown by. When her shift ended, she waved goodbye, hopped into her dune buggy, and drove home as the sun dipped low over the dunes.

“I’ve had a lot of strange things happen today,” Sandy thought with a smile, “but that’s what makes my job so interesting.”

And tomorrow?

There would be more scoops, more smiles, and maybe even another *melty mess*.



Did You Know?

Waffle cones smell so good because they're cooked fresh!
When waffle cones are warm, they release a sweet, toasty smell that makes ice cream even more tempting.

Ice cream melts faster at the beach.
The sun, warm air, and ocean breeze work together to turn scoops into *melty messes*—especially on hot days!

Ghost crabs really do come out at night.
In real life, ghost crabs hide in sandy burrows during the day and scurry across beaches after sunset.

Sea breezes are powerful.
That same ocean wind that cools you off can blow sand, flip napkins, and—sometimes—send flour flying!

Waffle cones weren't always planned.
They became popular when someone rolled a waffle into a cone shape so ice cream wouldn't drip everywhere.

Making people smile is important work.
Whether it's ice cream, helping a friend, or cleaning the beach, small acts can make a big difference.

