

# The Day the Town was Painted in Sprinkles



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.

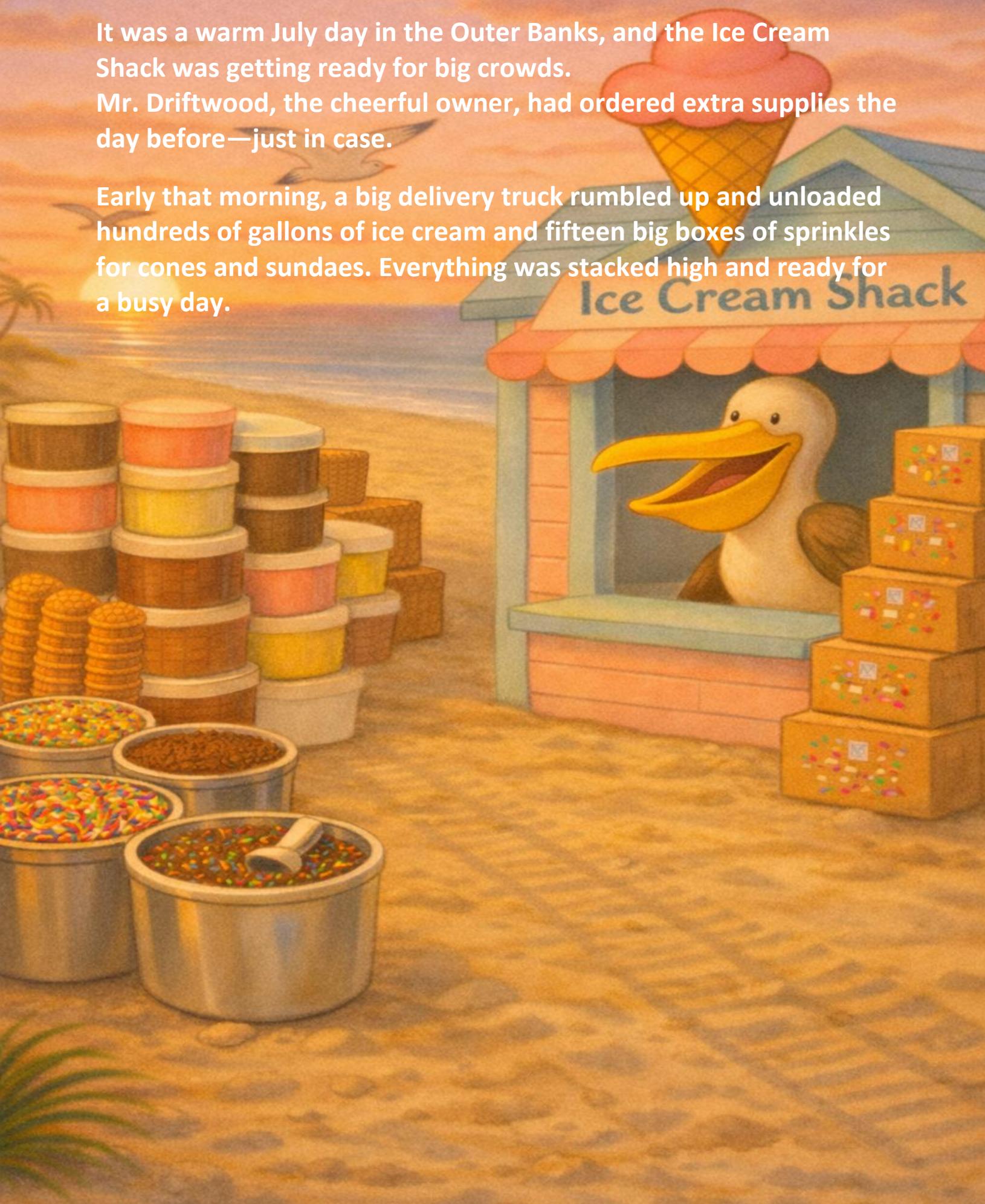
To learn more, access additional resources at: [www.theobcc.org](http://www.theobcc.org).



It was a warm July day in the Outer Banks, and the Ice Cream Shack was getting ready for big crowds.

Mr. Driftwood, the cheerful owner, had ordered extra supplies the day before—just in case.

Early that morning, a big delivery truck rumbled up and unloaded hundreds of gallons of ice cream and fifteen big boxes of sprinkles for cones and sundaes. Everything was stacked high and ready for a busy day.



Sandy Dunehopper arrived early for her shift, tied on her apron, and smiled as she looked around the shop. "This is going to be a sweet day," she thought.

It was a bright, breezy afternoon when the Ice Cream Shack opened its windows to let in the salty sea air. Sandy twisted open a brand-new jar of rainbow jimmies.

"Perfect timing," she smiled. "Sprinkles make everyone happy!"





The first customer stepped up and ordered a hot fudge sundae with sprinkles on top. Sandy tipped the jar ever so gently—

when suddenly—

WHOOOOOSH!

A strong seaside wind swooped straight through the open window.

The jimmies leapt into the air like tiny confetti.

“Uh-oh,” Sandy gasped.

The sprinkles didn’t fall down.

They flew up.

Out the window they swirled—red, blue, yellow, and green—twisting and twinkling in the sunlight. The wind carried them over the dunes, across the street, and right into the neighborhood.

Plip! Plop! Plinkle!

Sprinkles landed on rooftops.  
They dotted porches and flower pots.  
They sprinkled mailboxes, bicycles, and even one very surprised garden gnome.



**Mrs. Maple stepped outside and blinked.  
“Why is my house... polka-dotted?”**

**Mr. Pine looked up from his yard.  
“I don’t remember planting sprinkle bushes!”**

**Kids ran outside laughing as the neighborhood shimmered like a  
giant ice-cream sundae.**



Soon, everyone followed the colorful trail back to the Ice Cream Shack, where Sandy stood holding an empty jar and wearing a sheepish grin.

"I think the wind wanted a treat too," she said.

The neighbors chuckled.

"Well," Mrs. Maple laughed, "this is the most colorful day we've ever had."



Together, they swept up sprinkles, shared cones, and watched the breeze dance the last few sprinkles into the sand—where they sparkled for just a moment before melting away.

That day, the neighbors learned two things:

The wind can be full of surprises...

and happiness sometimes arrives in a swirl of rainbow sprinkles.



**At the end of the day, Sandy hopped into her sprinkle-covered dune buggy and drove off as the sunset painted the dunes in gold and pink. Tomorrow would bring more scoops, more smiles, and maybe—just maybe—another sprinkle surprise.**



## Did You Know?

Did you know that the Outer Banks are famous for their strong coastal winds? Those breezes help keep the beaches cool on hot summer days—but they can also whisk away light things like sand, feathers, and even *sprinkles*! That's because tiny objects are easy for moving air to lift and carry, especially near the ocean where winds travel freely over the water and dunes. Just like in Sandy Dunehopper's story, a gust of wind can turn an ordinary day into a colorful surprise—and remind us how powerful (and playful!) nature can be when land, sea, and sky meet.

