

# Scoot

LENDs A

# Helping Hand



Outer Banks, North Carolina



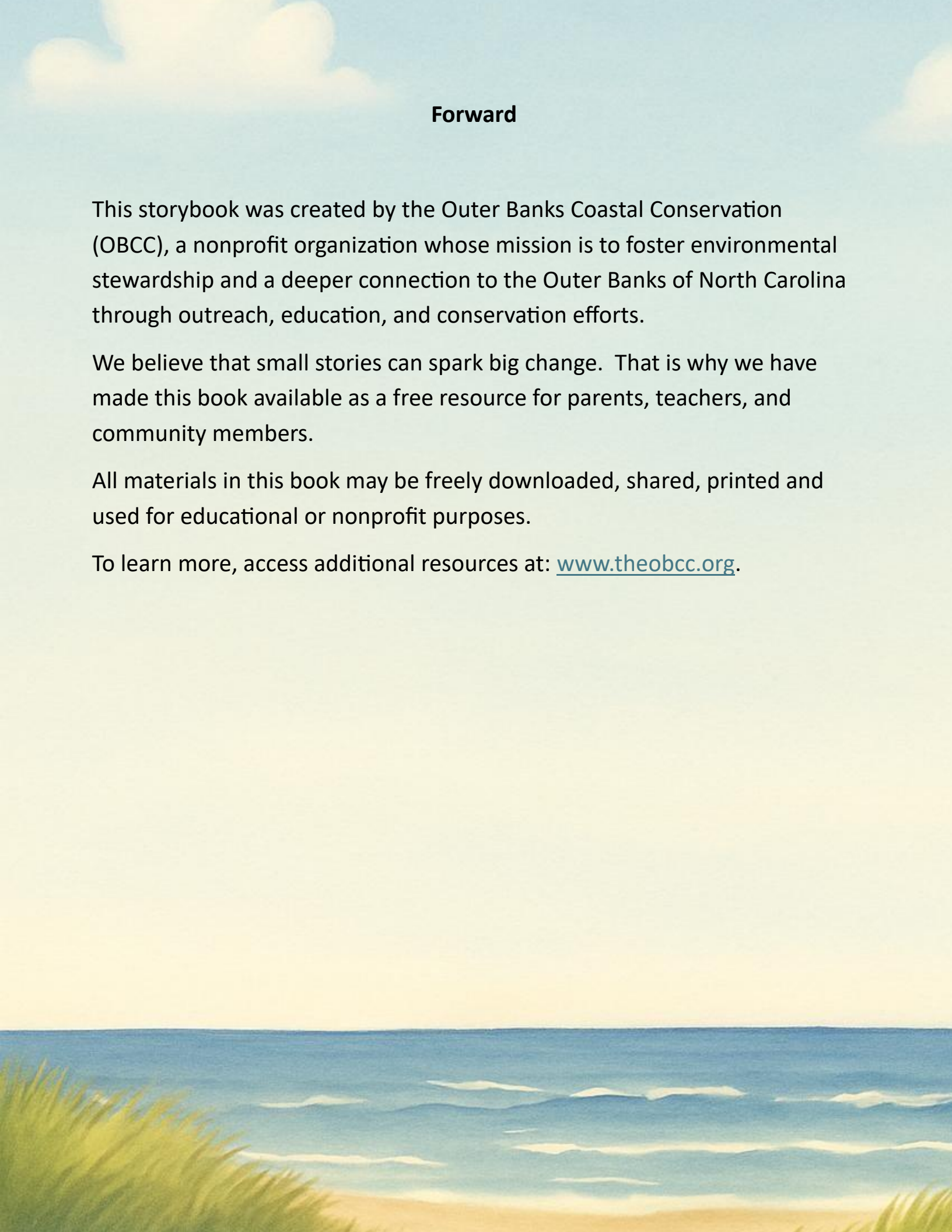
## Forward

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.

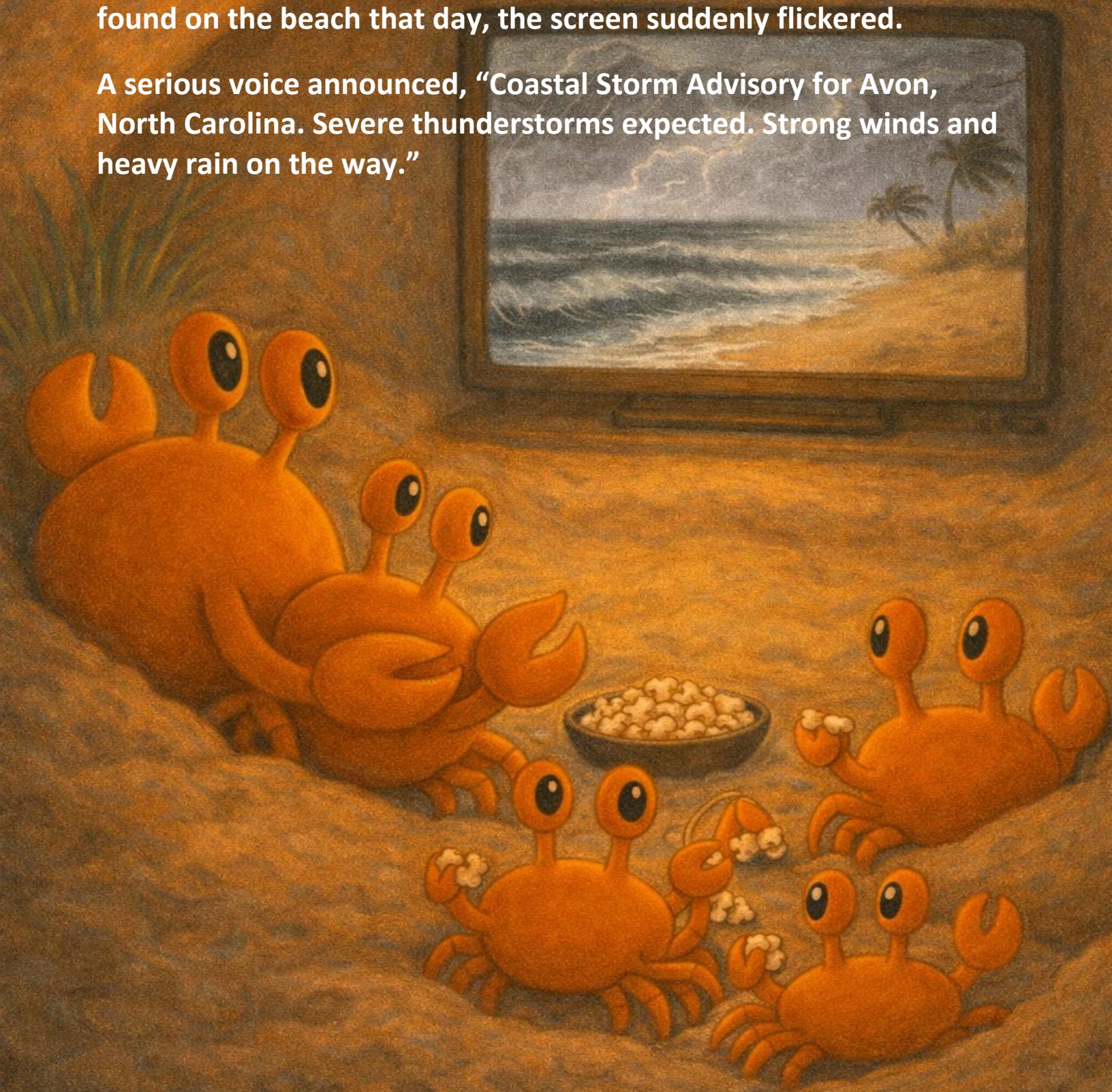
To learn more, access additional resources at: [www.theobcc.org](http://www.theobcc.org).





It was a cozy evening at the Dunehopper family's burrow on the Outer Banks. After dinner, Papa, Mama, Sandy, Scoot, and Shellby curled up together to watch their favorite game show on TV—The Dune Games. As they munched on tiny bits of popcorn they had found on the beach that day, the screen suddenly flickered.

A serious voice announced, "Coastal Storm Advisory for Avon, North Carolina. Severe thunderstorms expected. Strong winds and heavy rain on the way."





The Dunehoppers looked at one another with worried eyes.

Just as The Dune Games ended, the storm arrived.

BOOM! went the thunder.

FLASH! lit up the sky.

WHOOSH! howled the powerful winds as rain poured down on the dunes.

The burrow shook and rumbled. Feeling scared, the Dunehoppers huddled close together, holding claws and staying safe until the storm finally passed.





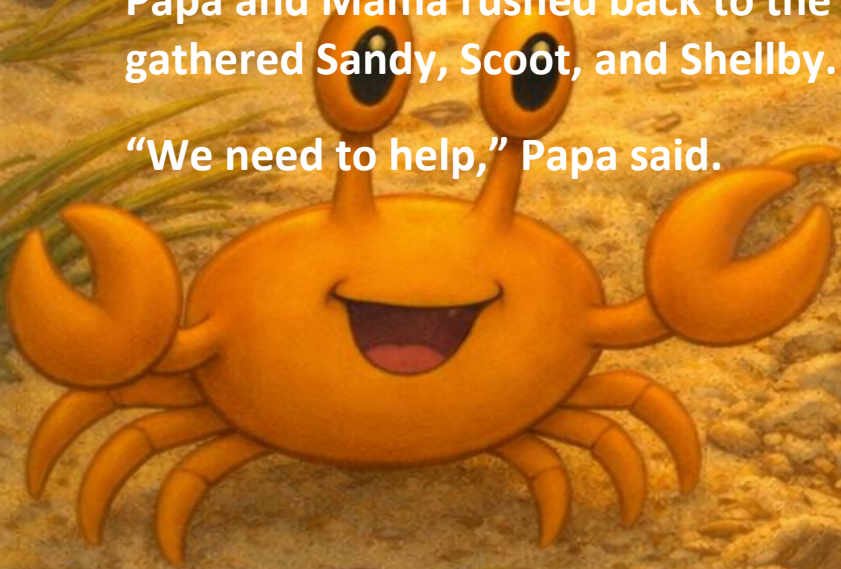
When morning came, the beach looked very different. The sand was piled high in strange places, and pieces of sea grass were scattered everywhere.

Papa and Mama scurried along the shore to check on their neighbors. When they reached the Spooners' burrow, their hearts sank. The burrow had collapsed during the storm.

"The Spooners!" Mama gasped. "They're elderly—and Mr. Spooner can't dig very well anymore."

Papa and Mama rushed back to the Dunehopper burrow and gathered Sandy, Scoot, and Shellby.

"We need to help," Papa said.





As they dug through the heavy sand, they heard a faint voice.  
“Help! Help!”

The Dunehoppers dug faster and faster until—at last—they reached Mr. and Mrs. Spooner. The poor crabs were trapped and exhausted, unable to dig themselves out.

“Thank you from the bottom of our hearts,” Mrs. Spooner said softly. “You saved our lives.”





Scout smiled kindly and said, "Please let me know if you ever need help—with shopping, cooking, or anything at all. I don't charge. I just help because I care."

Mrs. Spooner shook her head gently.

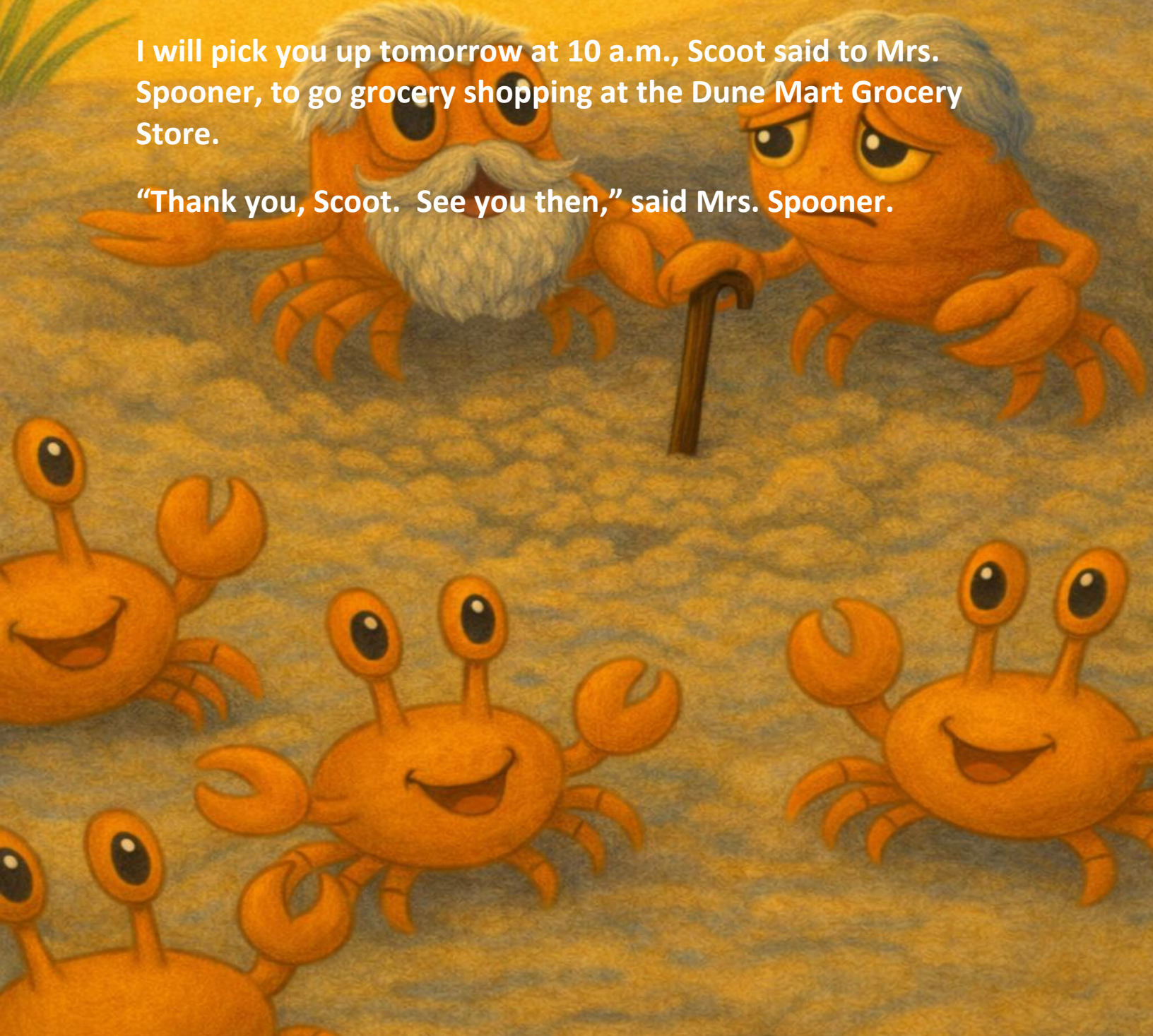
"We don't drive anymore, and daily chores are hard for us now. We would pay you."

Scout quickly replied,

"No, thank you. Helping others is payment enough."

I will pick you up tomorrow at 10 a.m., Scout said to Mrs. Spooner, to go grocery shopping at the Dune Mart Grocery Store.

"Thank you, Scout. See you then," said Mrs. Spooner.



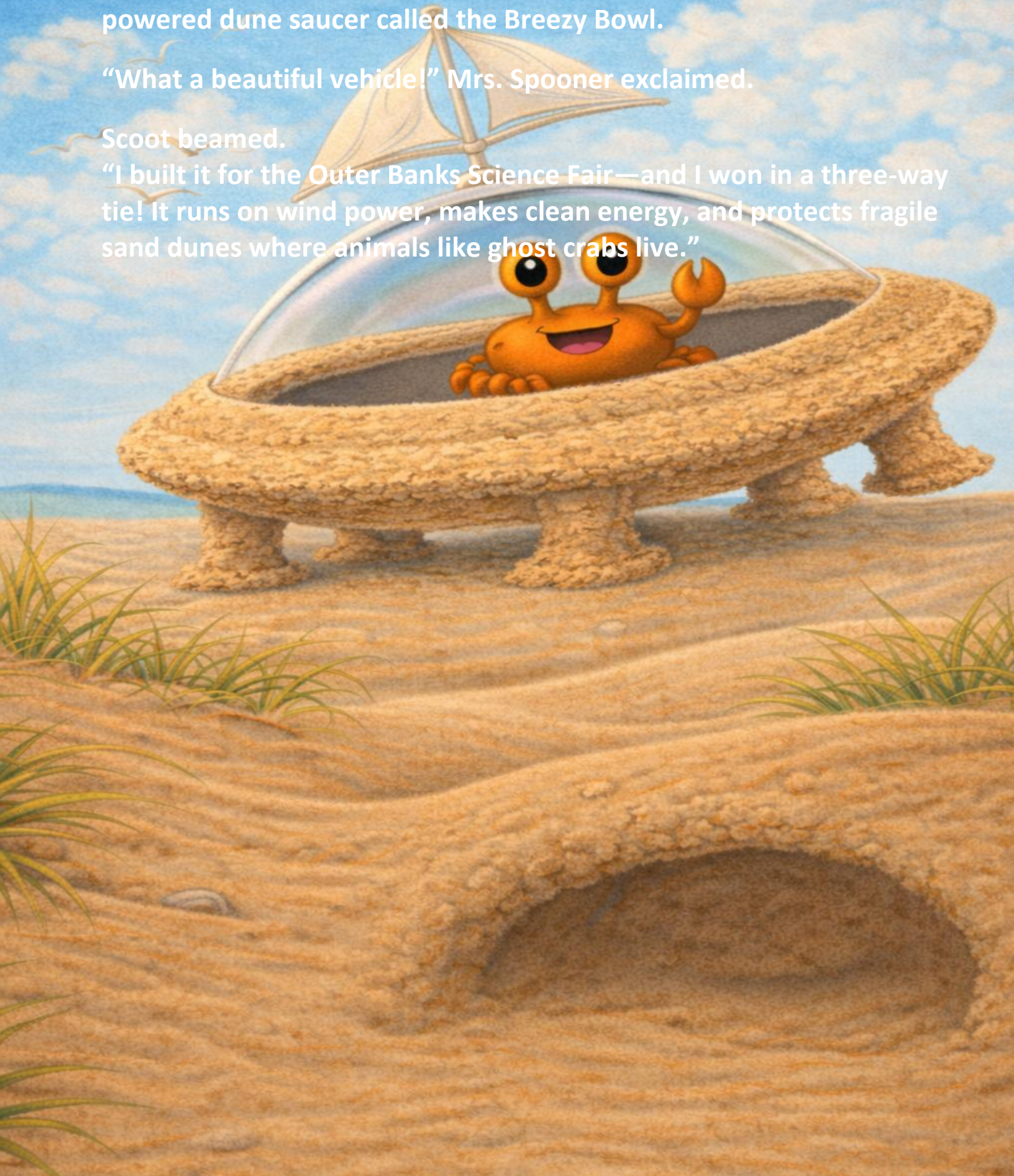


The next day, Scoot arrived in his brand-new invention—a wind-powered dune saucer called the Breezy Bowl.

“What a beautiful vehicle!” Mrs. Spooner exclaimed.

Scoot beamed.

“I built it for the Outer Banks Science Fair—and I won in a three-way tie! It runs on wind power, makes clean energy, and protects fragile sand dunes where animals like ghost crabs live.”





Since Mr. Spooner couldn't walk, Scoot carefully helped Mrs. Spooner into the Breezy Bowl, and off they gently glided to the Dune Mart. Scoot stayed close as Mrs. Spooner walked slowly with her cane, helping her reach the shelves and carry her groceries.

"You are a fine young crab, Scoot," Mrs. Spooner said warmly.  
"Your Papa and Mama raised you well."





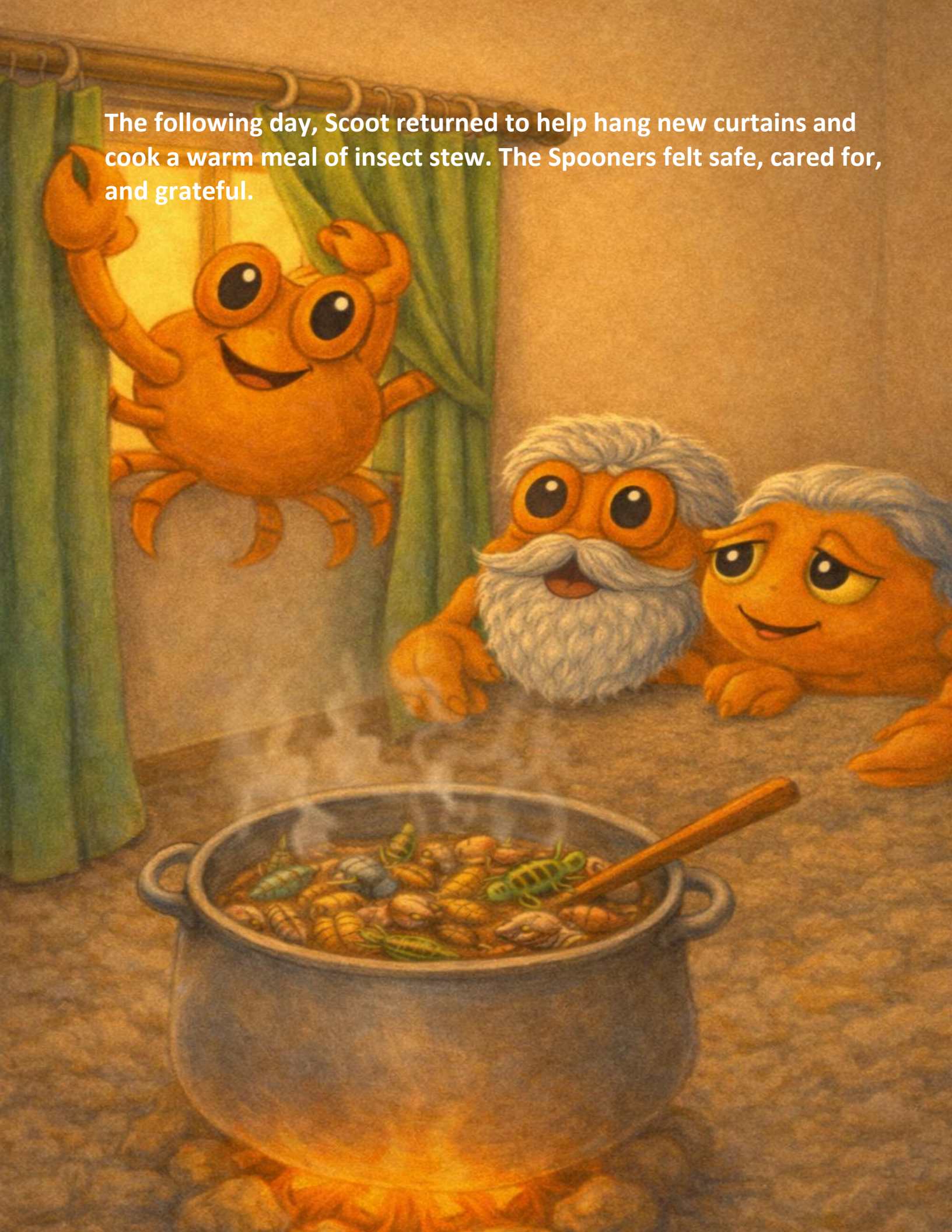
When they returned home, Scoot helped unload the groceries.  
Mrs. Spooner held out a fifty-dollar bill.

“Oh no, ma’am,” Scoot said kindly. “Please keep it. I just want to help.”





The following day, Scoot returned to help hang new curtains and cook a warm meal of insect stew. The Spooners felt safe, cared for, and grateful.





Back at the Dunehopper burrow, Papa and Mama hugged Scoot tightly.

“We are so proud of you,” Papa said.

“You are growing into a caring and thoughtful crab,” Mama added.





As the months passed, Scoot continued helping elderly and disabled crabs along the shore. He even volunteered at Golden Claws Senior Home, always ready with a smile, a helping claw, and a kind heart.

And Scoot learned something important: Helping others doesn't just change their lives—it changes yours too.





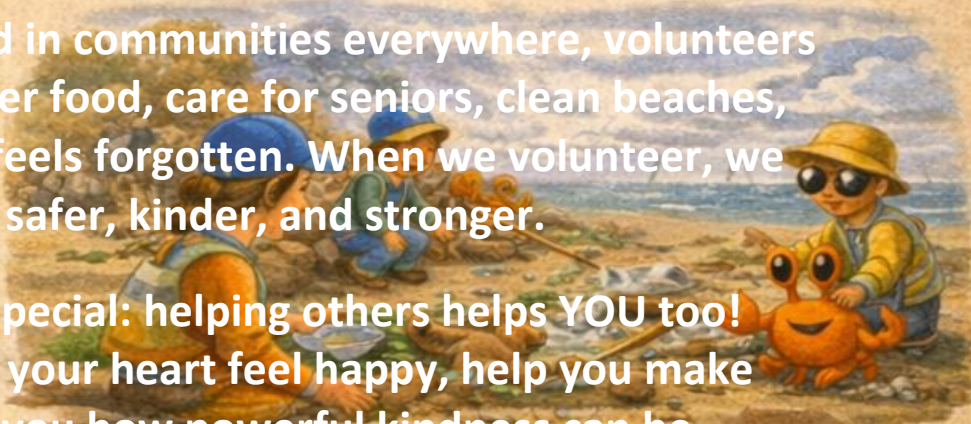
A man with a beard and an orange cap sits at a table with an elderly woman. A small orange crab is on the table between them.

## Did You Know?

Did you know that helping others is called volunteering? Volunteers are people who choose to help—without being paid—simply because they care. Just like Scoot, volunteers can help elderly neighbors, people with disabilities, animals, and even the environment.

An elderly man and woman walk together. A small orange crab is walking between them.

On the Outer Banks and in communities everywhere, volunteers help after storms, deliver food, care for seniors, clean beaches, and make sure no one feels forgotten. When we volunteer, we make our communities safer, kinder, and stronger.

Two children in hats and vests are cleaning a beach. A small orange crab is also on the beach.

And here's something special: helping others helps YOU too! Volunteering can make your heart feel happy, help you make new friends, and teach you how powerful kindness can be.

A man in a yellow vest and a child in a hard hat are cleaning up debris. A small orange crab is nearby.

Even small helping claws—or hands—can make a big difference.

A dog is sitting next to a child who is planting. A large orange crab is in the foreground.

Volunteering can make your heart feel happy, help you make new friends, and teach you how powerful kindness can be.