

# Crabby's Sandy Home



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.

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.

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



Deep in the soft, golden dunes of the Outer Banks, North Carolina, lived a shy little ghost crab named Crabby. He was small and pale, almost the color of the sand, which helped him hide from curious seagulls and scurrying feet.



Crabby loved his sandy home. Every morning, he'd peek out of his burrow to watch the waves sparkle and feel the salty breeze on his tiny face. He'd scuttle around collecting bits of seaweed and driftwood to decorate his tunnel, always careful to stay hidden.



One sunny afternoon, Crabby heard voices and laughter echoing across the dunes. "Race you to the top!" shouted a Ted. "Last one there's a rotten clam!" giggled Clara.

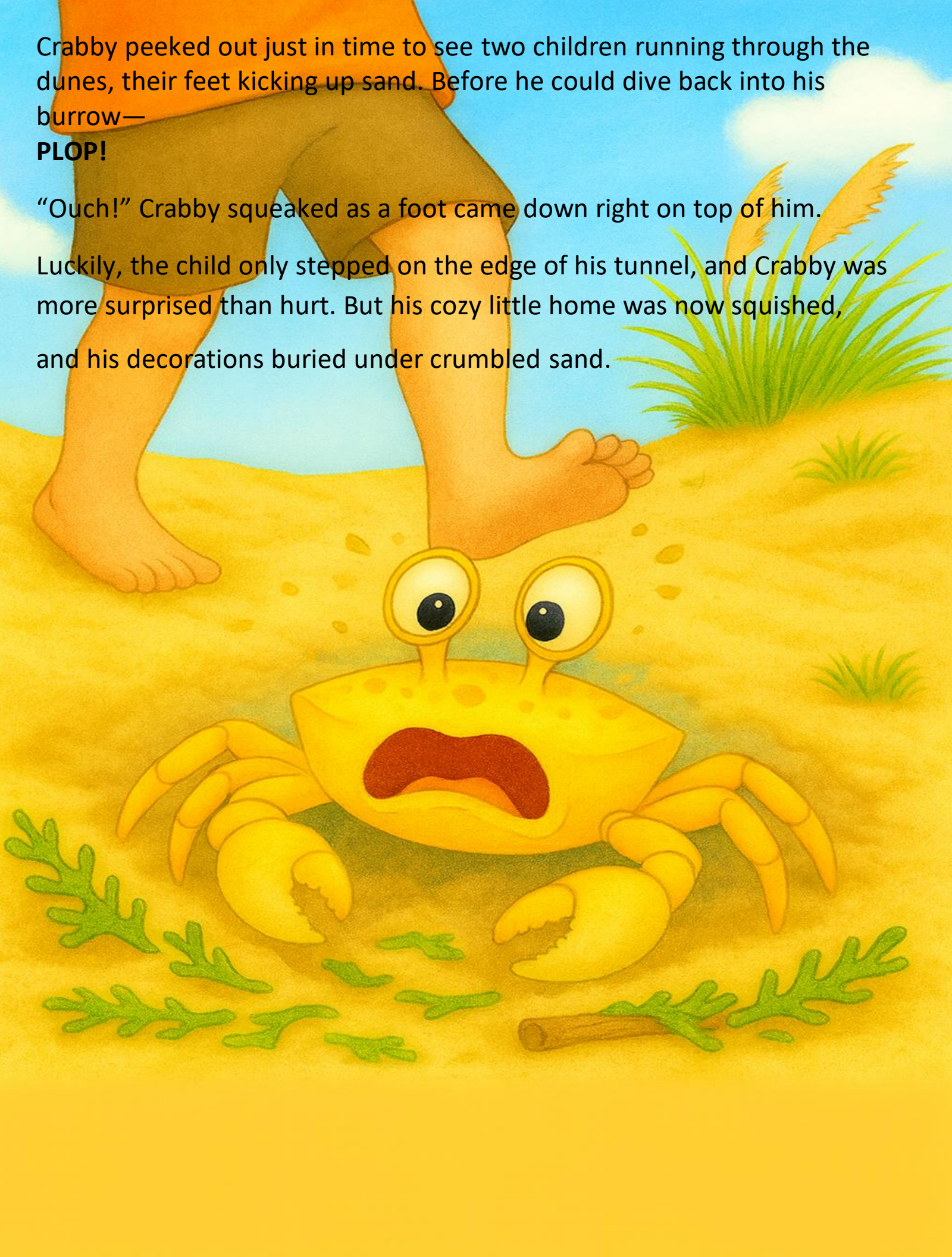


Crabby peeked out just in time to see two children running through the dunes, their feet kicking up sand. Before he could dive back into his burrow—

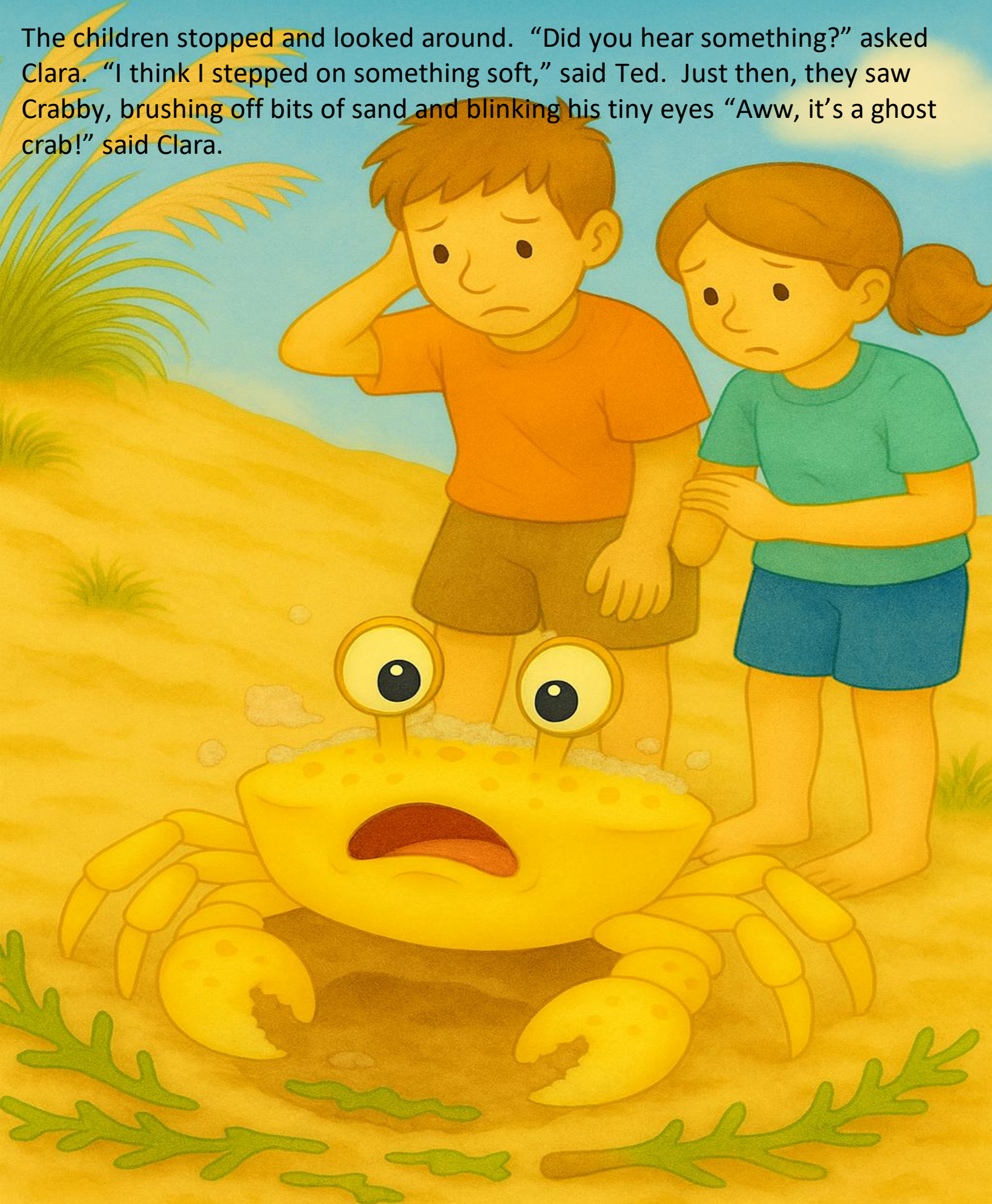
**PLOP!**

“Ouch!” Crabby squeaked as a foot came down right on top of him.

Luckily, the child only stepped on the edge of his tunnel, and Crabby was more surprised than hurt. But his cozy little home was now squished, and his decorations buried under crumbled sand.



The children stopped and looked around. “Did you hear something?” asked Clara. “I think I stepped on something soft,” said Ted. Just then, they saw Crabby, brushing off bits of sand and blinking his tiny eyes “Aww, it’s a ghost crab!” said Clara.

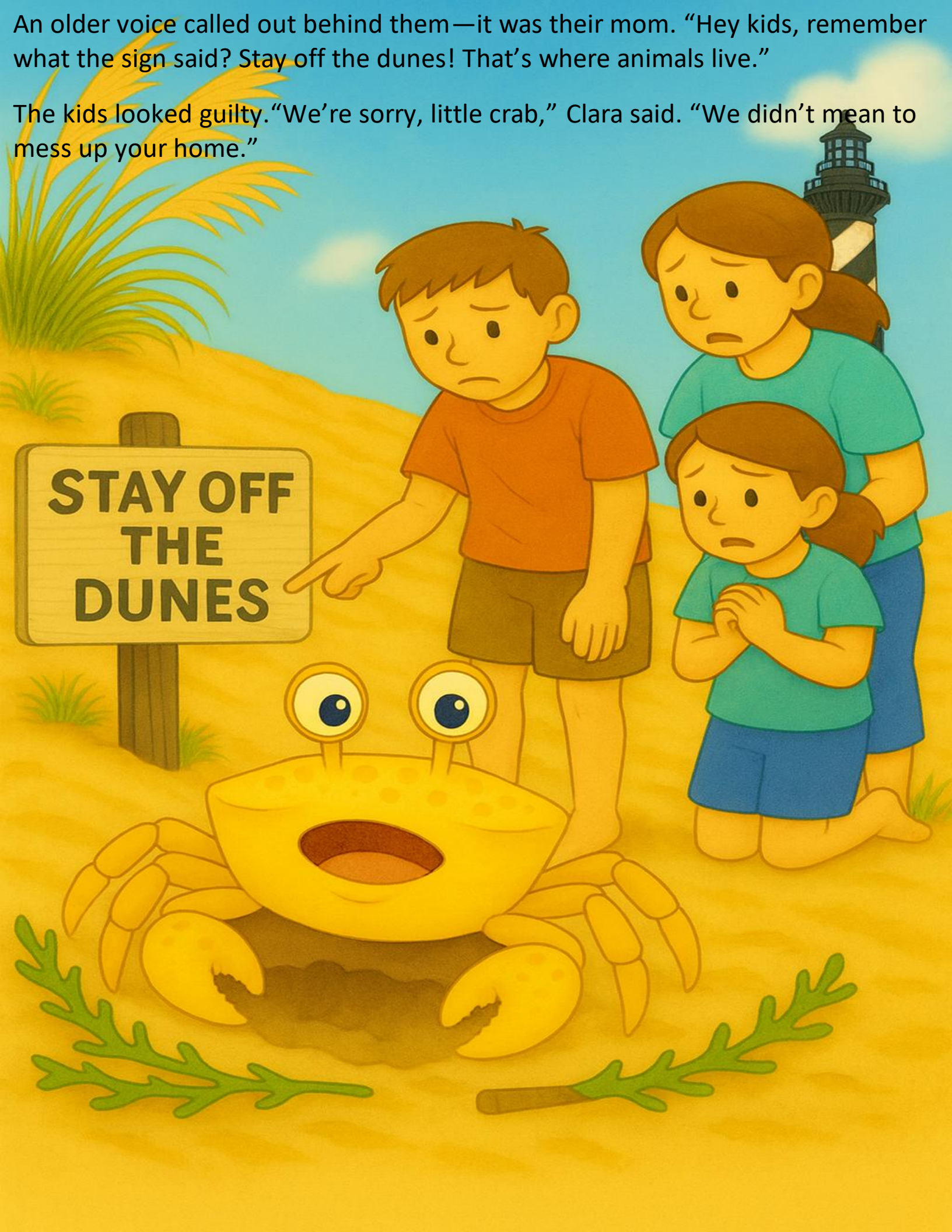


“He’s kinda cute,” said Ted, kneeling down. “I didn’t know they lived in the dunes.”



An older voice called out behind them—it was their mom. “Hey kids, remember what the sign said? Stay off the dunes! That’s where animals live.”

The kids looked guilty. “We’re sorry, little crab,” Clara said. “We didn’t mean to mess up your home.”



From that day on, the children never walked on the dunes again. Instead, they stayed on the sandy paths and boardwalks, watching from a distance. And sometimes, if they were really quiet, they'd spot Crabby waving a claw at them from the edge of his freshly rebuilt burrow.



## The End

The dunes may look like just piles of sand,  
But to Crabby and his friends, they're home  
sweet home.

So please stay off the dunes and let nature be.  
Because even the tiniest creatures deserve a  
place to be free.

