

Mira and the Tiny Tide Pool

Little wonders are worth looking after.



Mira visited the shore with Grandpa when the sea was far out. He checked their safe path, then held her hand as they walked beside the rocks.



In a hollow beside the path, Mira spotted a tiny pool. Clear water held pebbles, ribbons of seaweed and one beautiful shell. She wished she could keep it.



“Let us look first,” Grandpa said. They crouched on a dry, steady rock without touching the water. Mira watched the shell. For a while, nothing seemed to happen.



Then two little claws appeared beneath it. The shell shuffled sideways! A hermit crab was carrying its home. Mira laughed softly. “That shell already belongs to somebody.”



Nearby, a small snail crept over a stone. Mira followed its slow journey with her eyes. It took the long way around a green curl of seaweed.



Something beside the snail looked like a flower. Its soft arms waved underwater. “A sea anemone,” said Grandpa. Mira kept her hands still and watched it gently sway.



A cloud crossed the sun. Suddenly the pool looked dark, and the crab disappeared beneath a ledge. Mira waited quietly. Soon a small claw peeked out once more.



“Could we take the pool home in a bucket?” she asked. Grandpa shook his head. “These creatures need their own home.” Mira thought about her warm, familiar bedroom.



Then she had another idea. Grandpa opened their sketchbook on his knee. Mira drew the crooked shell, the winding snail trail and the anemone’s waving arms in pencil.



Beside the path lay a bright scrap of wrapping. Grandpa used his litter picker to put it in their rubbish bag. They left every shell and creature where it belonged.



Grandpa checked the sea again. It was time to leave along their clear path. Mira waved to the pool. The crab stayed busy, carrying its house behind the seaweed.



At home, Mira showed everyone her drawing. “I brought back a little adventure,” she said. Far away, her tiny neighbours still had their pool, their pebbles and their homes.

The end

Some treasures are best left where they belong.

What would you draw from Mira’s tiny tide pool?

Little adventures. A kinder tomorrow.

An original MimoMango story for sharing aloud.