



How Crab Got His Shell

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Long ago, Barnaby the crab did not have a hard shell on his back, leaving him soft and unprotected. Because he looked so delicious, people from all over the land constantly chased him down the sandy shores.



The greedy ruler of the land, King David, wanted to catch Barnaby more than anyone else. He set clever nets, wooden cages, and complex traps along the beach, but Barnaby was always quick enough to slip away.



One sunny morning, King David spotted Barnaby resting near the waves and decided to change his strategy. Walking up with a warm smile, the king claimed he no longer wanted to hunt the crab and offered an invitation to a grand dinner at his palace.



Barnaby shook his claws and politely declined, explaining that he could not trust a king who had hunted him for so long. Undeterred, King David sat on the sand and spoke softly for hours, promising safety and friendship until Barnaby finally agreed.



That evening, the grand palace doors swung open to reveal a magnificent dining hall filled with townspeople. King David smiled from his throne as Barnaby walked inside, but the guests did not look friendly; they stared at the little crab with hungry, greedy eyes.



As Barnaby looked around the room, he noticed a giant, roaring fireplace with a massive pot of water bubbling furiously over the flames. He looked down at the long banquet tables and realized with horror that every single golden plate was completely empty.



Feeling a chill run down his spine, Barnaby looked up at the king and asked where the actual food was. Before he could even finish his question, King David lunged forward with a wicked laugh and grabbed the startled crab.



With a heavy rope, the king tightly bound Barnaby's soft body directly to a large, round dinner plate. The crowd cheered, thinking the clever little crab was finally caught and ready to be served.



Thinking quickly, Barnaby used his strong legs to flip his body over, turning the heavy plate upside down onto the floor. He scrambled furiously toward the open doors, scrambling past the shouting guards with the plate still firmly stuck to his back.



Barnaby dashed into the cool night air and dove safely back into the crashing waves of the ocean. From that day on, the round plate became a permanent hard shell on his back, protecting him and his descendants from greedy kings forever.