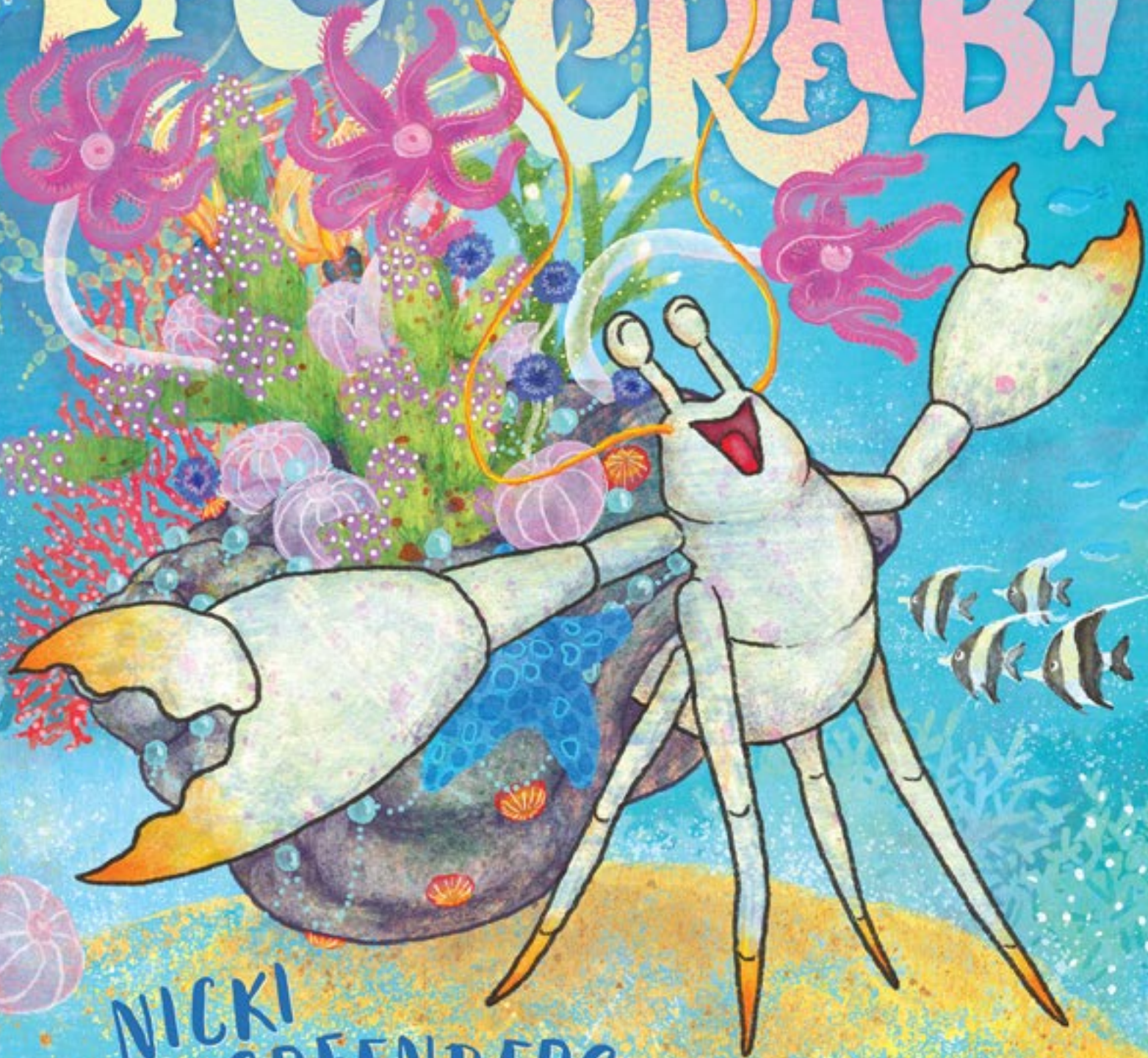


I'M FABULOUS CRAB!



NICKI
GREENBERG



For Mari Paz, Queen of the Sea

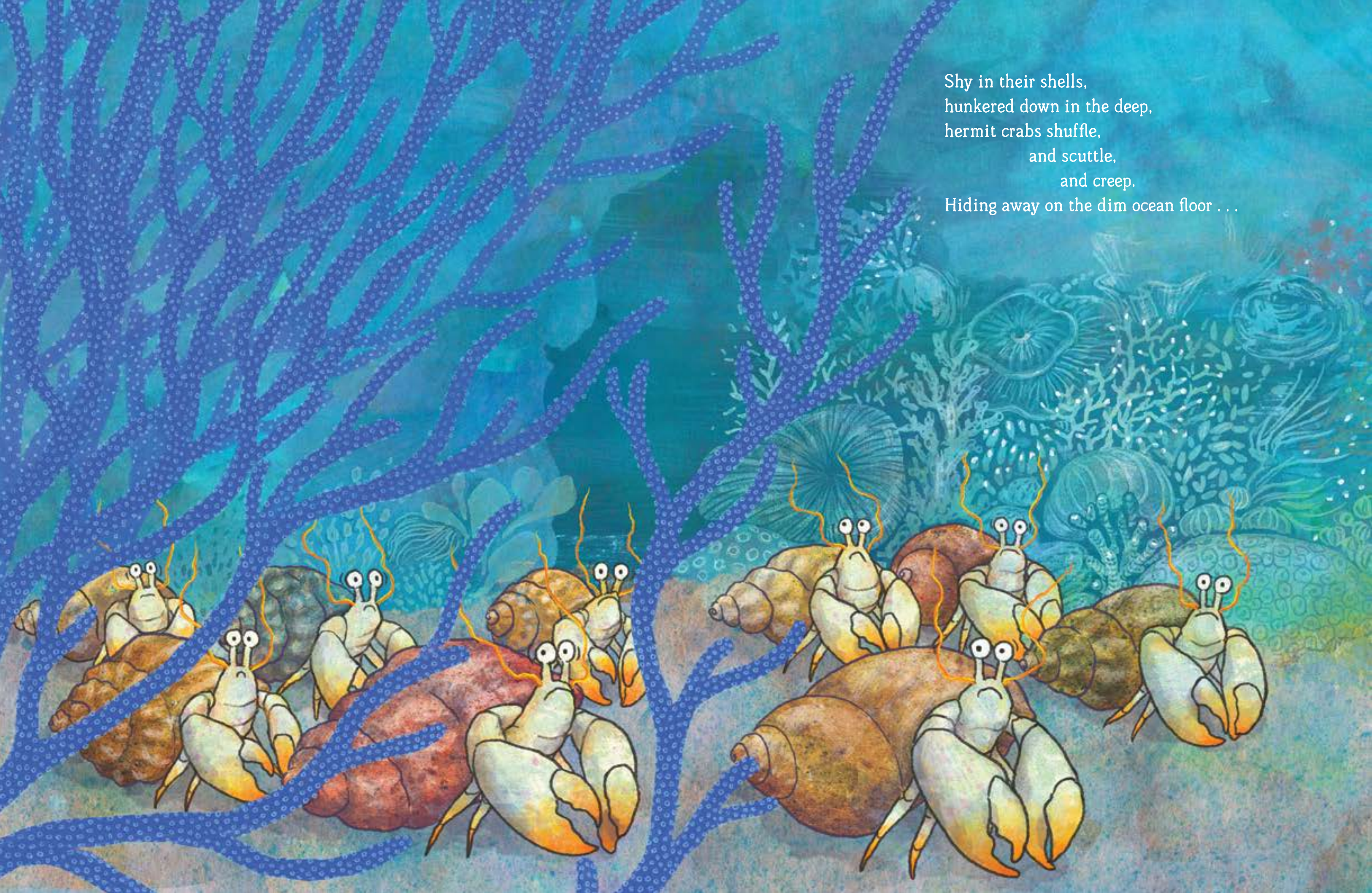
I'M FABULOUS CRAB!




NICKI
GREENBERG

flyaway
books

Shy in their shells,
hunkered down in the deep,
hermit crabs shuffle,
and scuttle,
and creep.
Hiding away on the dim ocean floor . . .



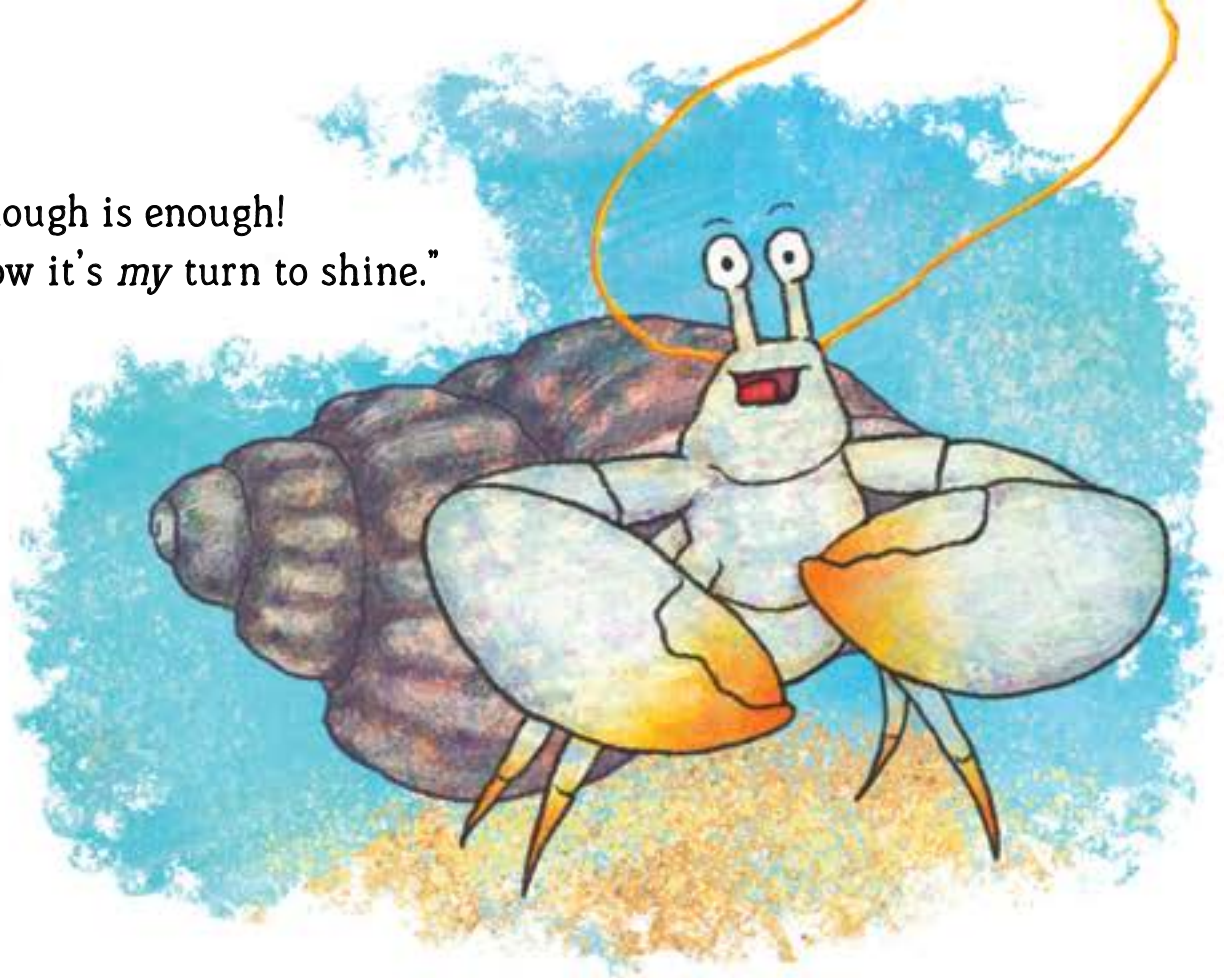


and then there was Henry,
who just wanted . . . *more*.

It's not fair!

Look at these creatures all dressed to the gills,
in sequins and sparkles and flounces and frills.
Then look at us crabs. What a pitiful band!
Wearing shabby old shells. Hiding out in the sand.
Cringing and cowering. Lurking in line . . .

“Enough is enough!
Now it’s *my* turn to shine.”



“I want glitter and glamour and drama and dash!
Swagger and spectacle! Dazzle and splash!”



“I’m *done* being dreary.
I’m *done* being drab.
I’m *done* being *Henry* . . .”



I'M
FABULOUS
CRAB!

