



The stories that Grandpa Jake relates to Tristan and his friends are designed to keep children's attention, while instilling a foundation of good behavior and positive interactions with their peers.

In the Ocean Treasures collection, meet a happy group of underwater friends living in the Kingdom of Shadda. Shy Goby the fish meets Camille, a little mermaid, and learns how to make a friend. Shallo the seahorse wanders off into dangerous forbidden waters only to find that it pays to obey his parents. Clip the crab finds out that anyone can be a hero. The marine pals enjoy a variety of other discoveries and adventures, and their friendship helps them through some tight spots.



Through these stories, children learn about making friends, positiveness, honesty, obedience, helping others, and much more!



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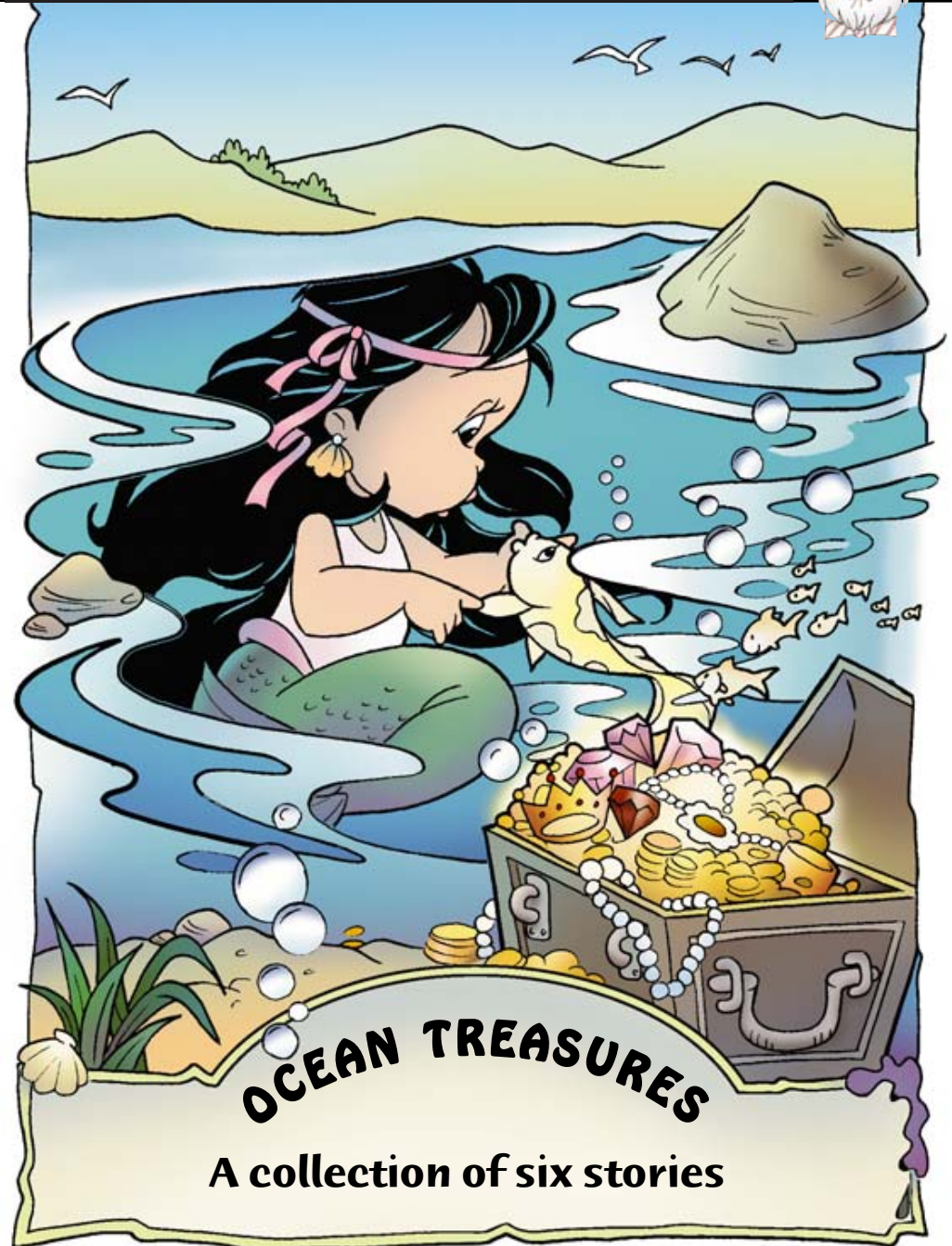
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OCEAN TREASURES

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GRANDPA JAKE'S STORYBOOK



OCEAN TREASURES

A collection of six stories





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A collection of six stories

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Written by Katuscia Giusti

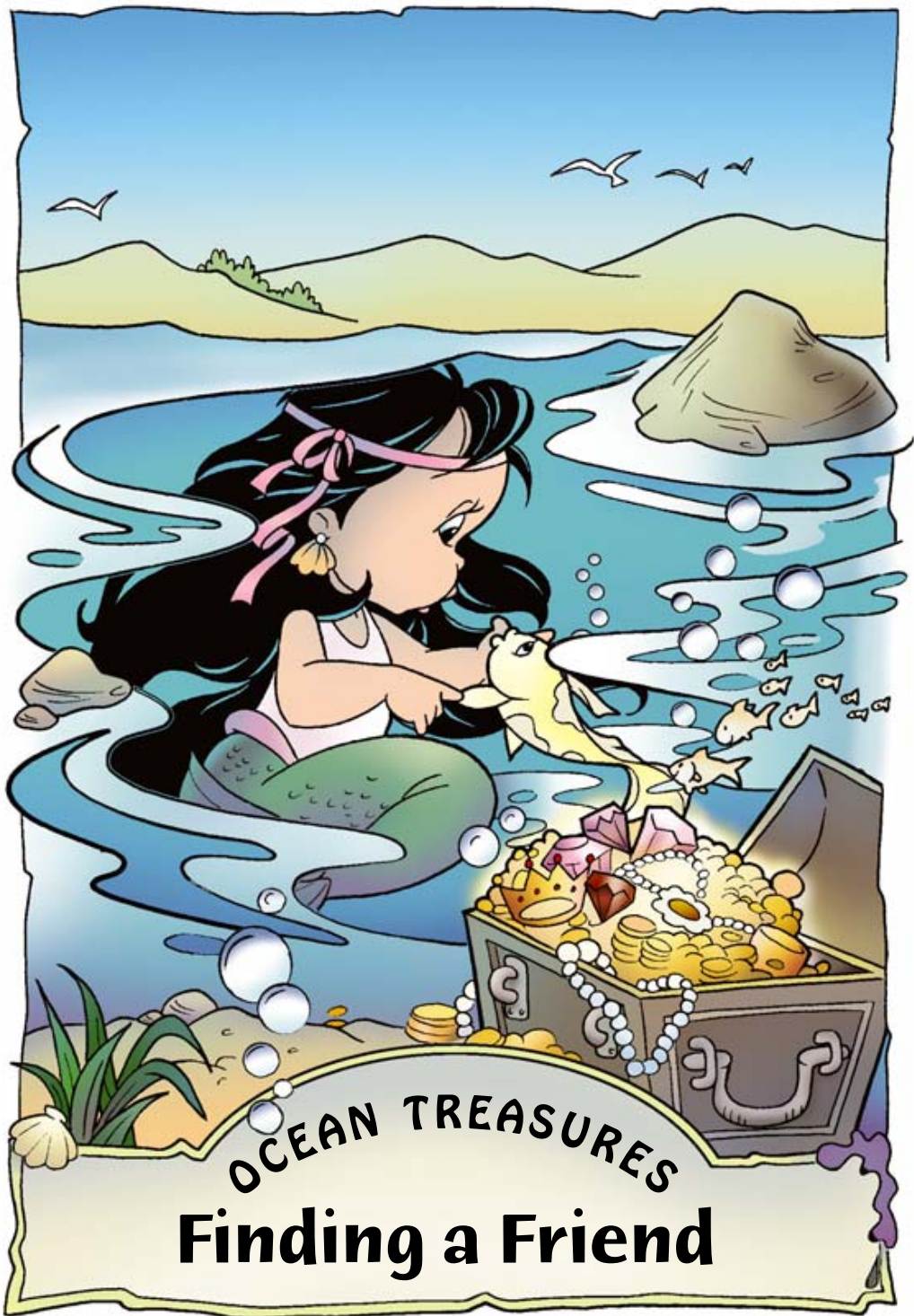
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Finding a Friend

“Grandpa Jake!” Tristan called. “I’m all ready. What story will we read tonight?”

The thumping of little feet bounding down the stairs echoed throughout the house. In came Tristan wearing his pajamas, eager for story time with his grandpa.

Tristan climbed up onto his grandpa’s lap, and wiggled around until he was comfortable.

“Once upon a time,” Grandpa began, “under the great seas...”



There lived a mermaid named Camille. She had long, flowing hair, as black as night, and a sparkly tail of purple scales.

In one way, however, Camille was different from other mermaids: She was very small—smaller than every other mermaid.



Camille's mother and father loved her dearly. They lived in the underwater Kingdom of Shadda.

The Kingdom of Shadda was beautiful. It was ruled by King Orthan and Queen Xaria, who were both kind and wise. All the mermaids and mermen lived together in the lovely sea castle.

Camille's favorite place in the castle was the tower. Up there, Camille would sit and sing her favorite songs, while she watched everything that happened down below.





Camille's best friends were Shallo, a seahorse, and Clip, a crab. They had a special hideout in a nearby reef that no one knew of, except for the three of them. Their times together were filled with laughter and fun.

One day Camille was feeling lonely, as Clip and Shallo hadn't been able to visit her. She swam up to her lookout post and began to sing a little song to cheer herself up. Usually this worked, but it didn't today.

Down below her in the great castle, she could see people preparing for a celebration, stringing decorations and preparing food. Everyone was busy.

I am tired of being so small, Camille thought. I wish I were like all the other mermaids. That way I could help with the party.

She began to cry. Nobody likes me except for Shallo and Clip, and I'll never be able to do anything for the king and queen, because I'm so small.





In the distance was a large coral reef, speckled with bright and diverse colors. A variety of fish and sea creatures lived in it, but one fish in particular seemed lost and lonely—a little goby fish named ... Goby!

Goby would often hide in the coral and you could hardly see him. He hid because he was very shy.

"I wish I had a friend," sighed Goby. "But I don't. I wonder if anyone would want me for a friend. Probably not. Why would anyone want to be friends with a little fish like me?"

Suddenly Goby heard a commotion off in the distance. It was coming from the undersea castle.

I wonder what's going on at the castle? he thought. *Maybe I should go take a look.*

Goby quickly emerged from the coral reef, only to bump into Old Budder Blowfish.

"I'm sorry, Old Budder," he stuttered.

"You should be more careful, Goby," responded Old Budder.

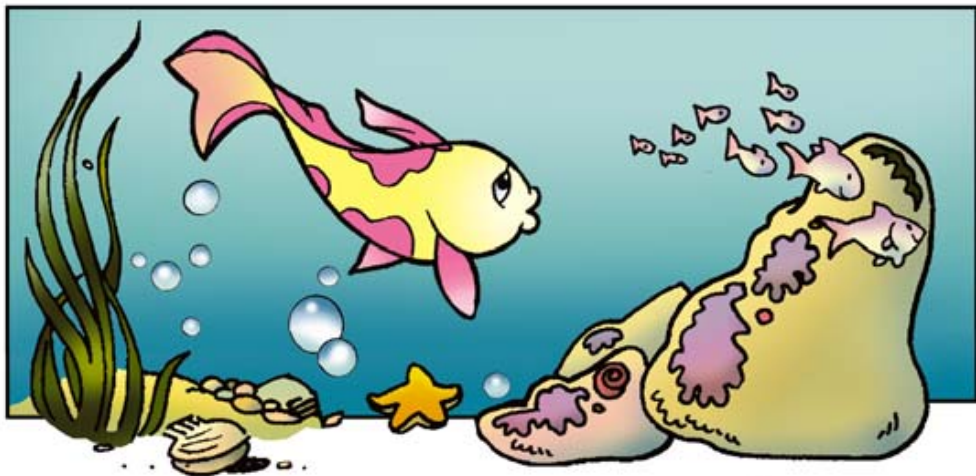
"Sorry," said Goby.

"You seem rather impatient to leave. Where are you headed?"

"I heard some noise coming from the castle. Do you know what's happening?"

"From what I hear, young Prince Cadis is celebrating his fifth birthday. The whole kingdom is busying itself with the preparations. Are you going to join in the entertainment over at the castle?" Old Budder asked.

"I don't know that I can."



"Of course you can! Didn't you hear? All the fish and sea creatures of the area are invited. That would include you, little Goby."

"I'll just look around then. I don't think I'll stay."

"And why not?"

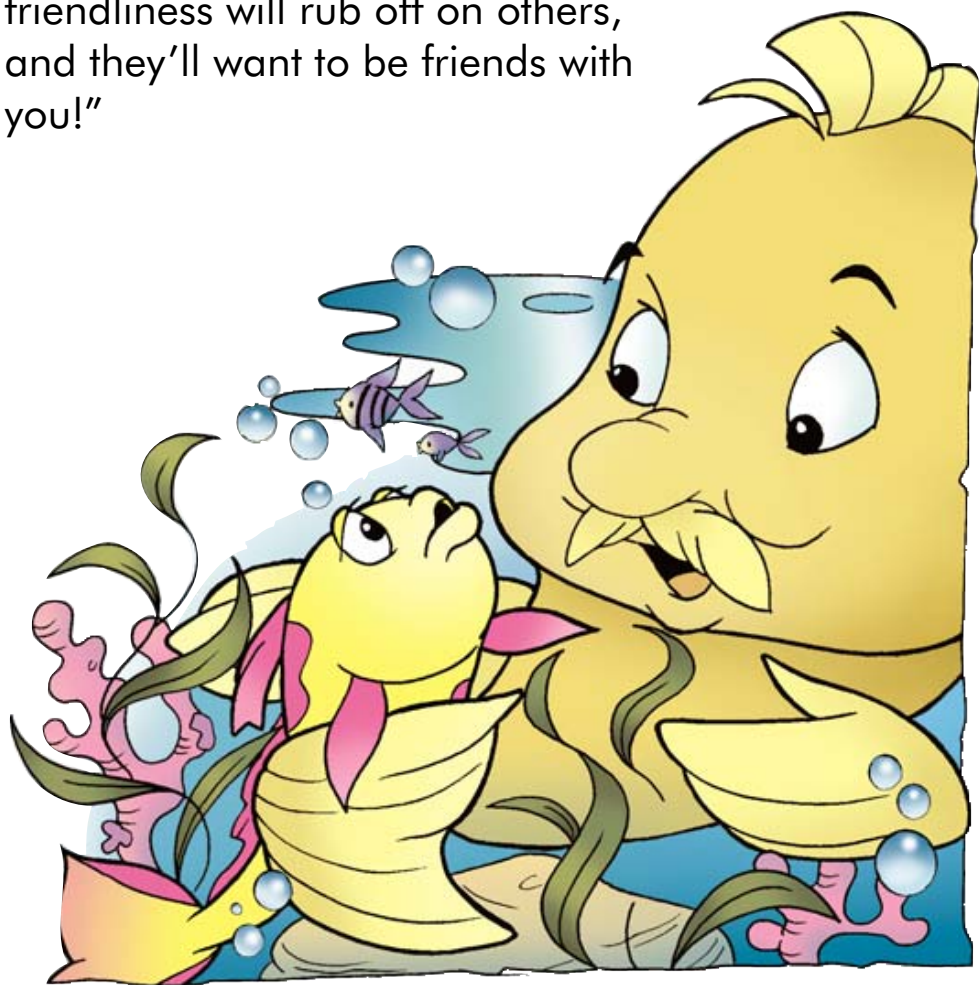
"I wouldn't know what to do, and I'd probably feel out of place."



There was a moment's silence, then Old Budder with a chuckle and a wag of his fin said, "Ah, little Goby, friends are not going to fall on top of you! You have to go out of your way to find them!"

"But I just don't know how to make friends," Goby said.

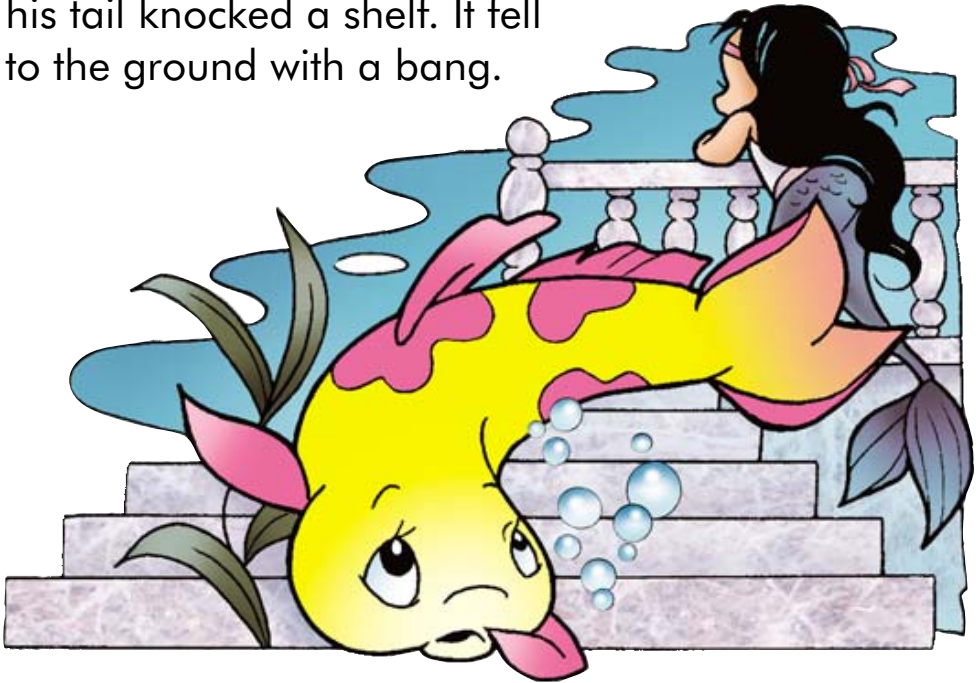
Old Budder laughed. "Don't worry about that. Just be kind and friendly, and that kindness and friendliness will rub off on others, and they'll want to be friends with you!"



“Thanks, Old Budder,” Goby said, as he swam off toward the castle.

On his way to the castle, Goby heard laughter and merriment. He felt very shy and quickly swam up the tower to get away from the crowd. At the top he noticed a little mermaid by herself, crying.

Quickly, Goby decided to leave the tower. *I’m sure she doesn’t want to be disturbed right now!* he thought. But in his haste to leave, his tail knocked a shelf. It fell to the ground with a bang.



BANG! CLANG! CLUNK!

Camille turned to see a colorful fish quickly swim past. Curious, Camille followed him.

“Who are you?” she asked.



Goby turned around.

"Uh, me?" he answered with a shy squeak.

Camille giggled. "Who's 'me'?"

"Goby," he answered.

"Nice to meet you, Goby."

"You too." Goby picked up courage. "I'm sorry about the mess."

"Don't worry," Camille said. "I bang into that shelf quite often. We can pick things up together."

Goby felt very shy, but he remembered what Old Budder had told him, so he decided to give it a try.

"Do you come up here often?" Goby asked.

"It's my favorite place," she answered. "But this is the first time I've seen you here. Have you been up here before?"

"Yes, but I haven't been up here in a while."

"It's got the best view," Camille said as she looked over the tower railing. "You can see everything that's happening in the castle from up here."

The two watched the commotion below.

"Why aren't you down there with everyone else?" asked Goby.

Camille looked down. "Look at me! I am so much smaller than everyone else. I'm kind of clumsy too, and I often seem to get in

the way. Sometimes others laugh at me because I'm so small."

"Well, you're not that little,"

Goby said.

"Besides, I'm small, too."

"Camille

... Camille!" two voices

echoed in the tower.

"Who's that?" Goby asked.



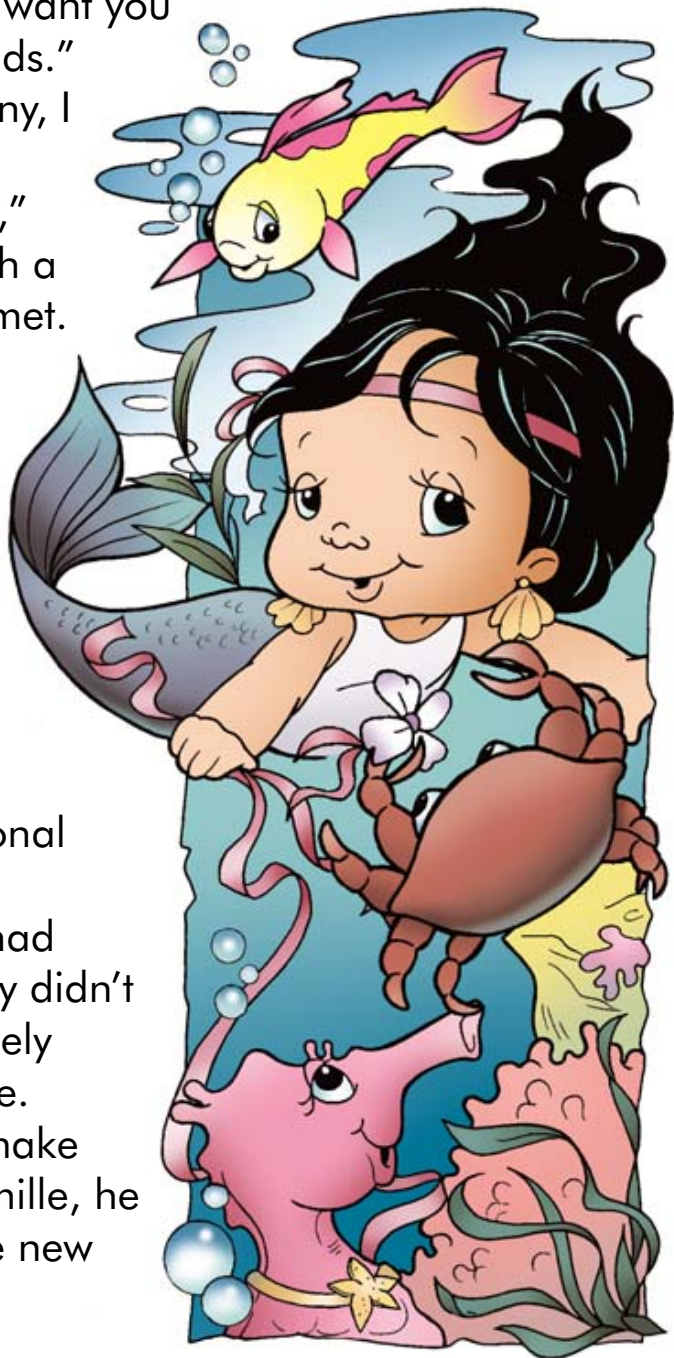
"Oh, that's Shallo and Clip," Camille said.
"Come, Goby, I want you
to meet my friends."

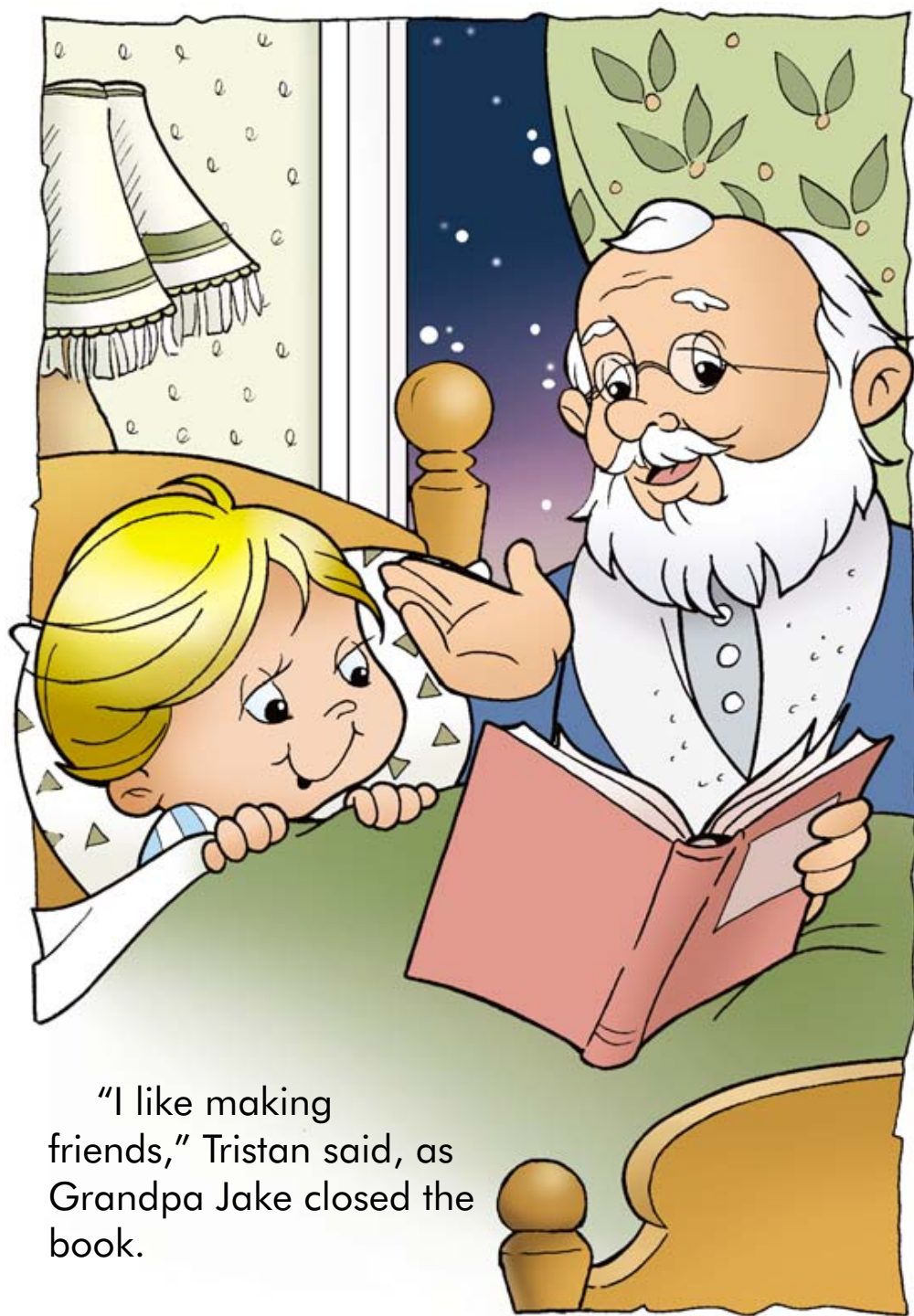
"New company, I
see," Clip said.

"This is Goby,"
Camille said with a
smile. "We just met.
I was thinking
that maybe we
could all do
something
together. What
do you think?"

"Sure,"
Shallo said
enthusiastically.
"We love additional
company."

Old Budder had
been right! Goby didn't
feel sad and lonely
as he had before.
By stopping to make
friends with Camille, he
had found some new
friends himself.



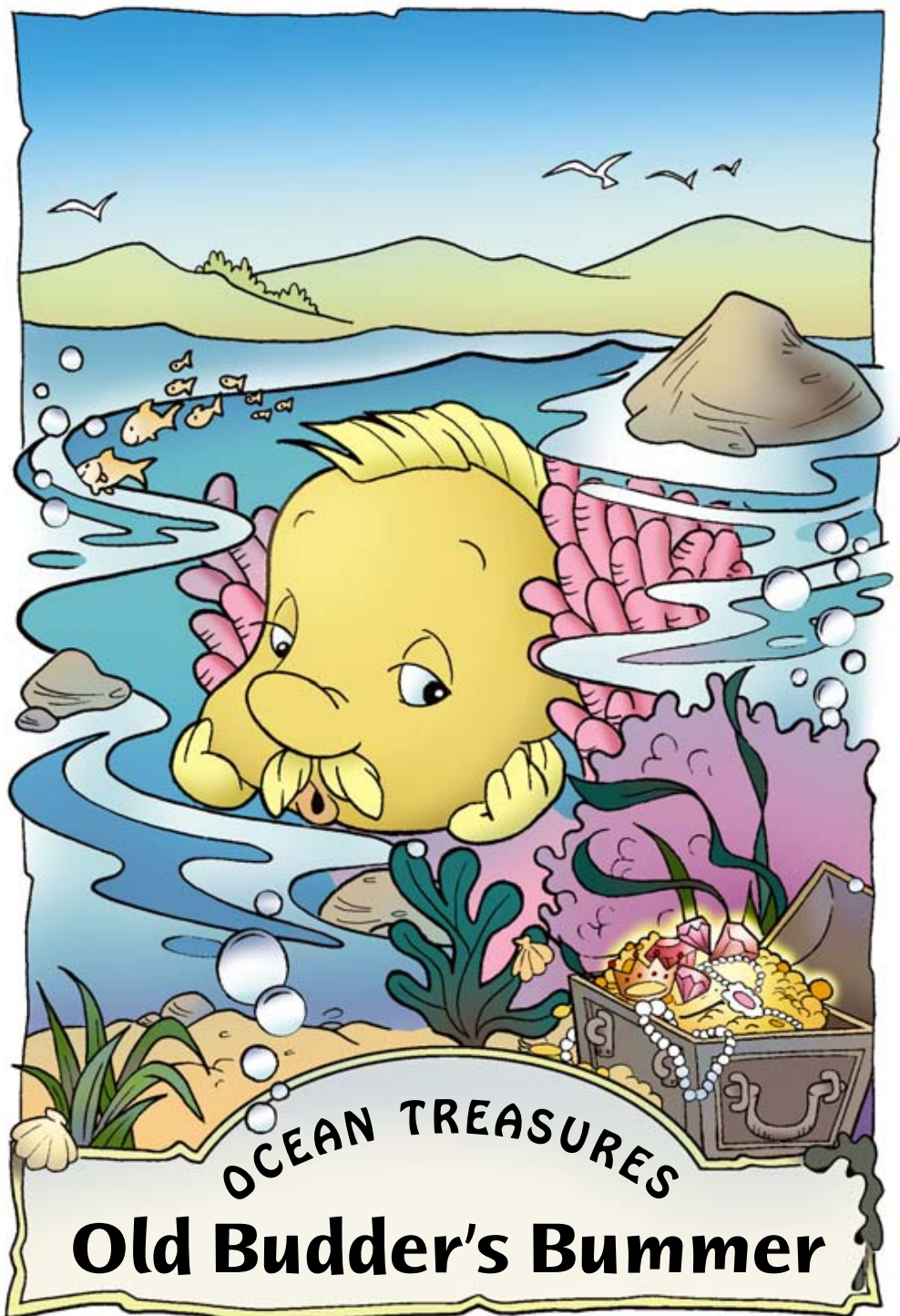


"I like making friends," Tristan said, as Grandpa Jake closed the book.



Moral

Friendship is a gift from God. When we reach out to others, we make friends and find happiness ourselves.



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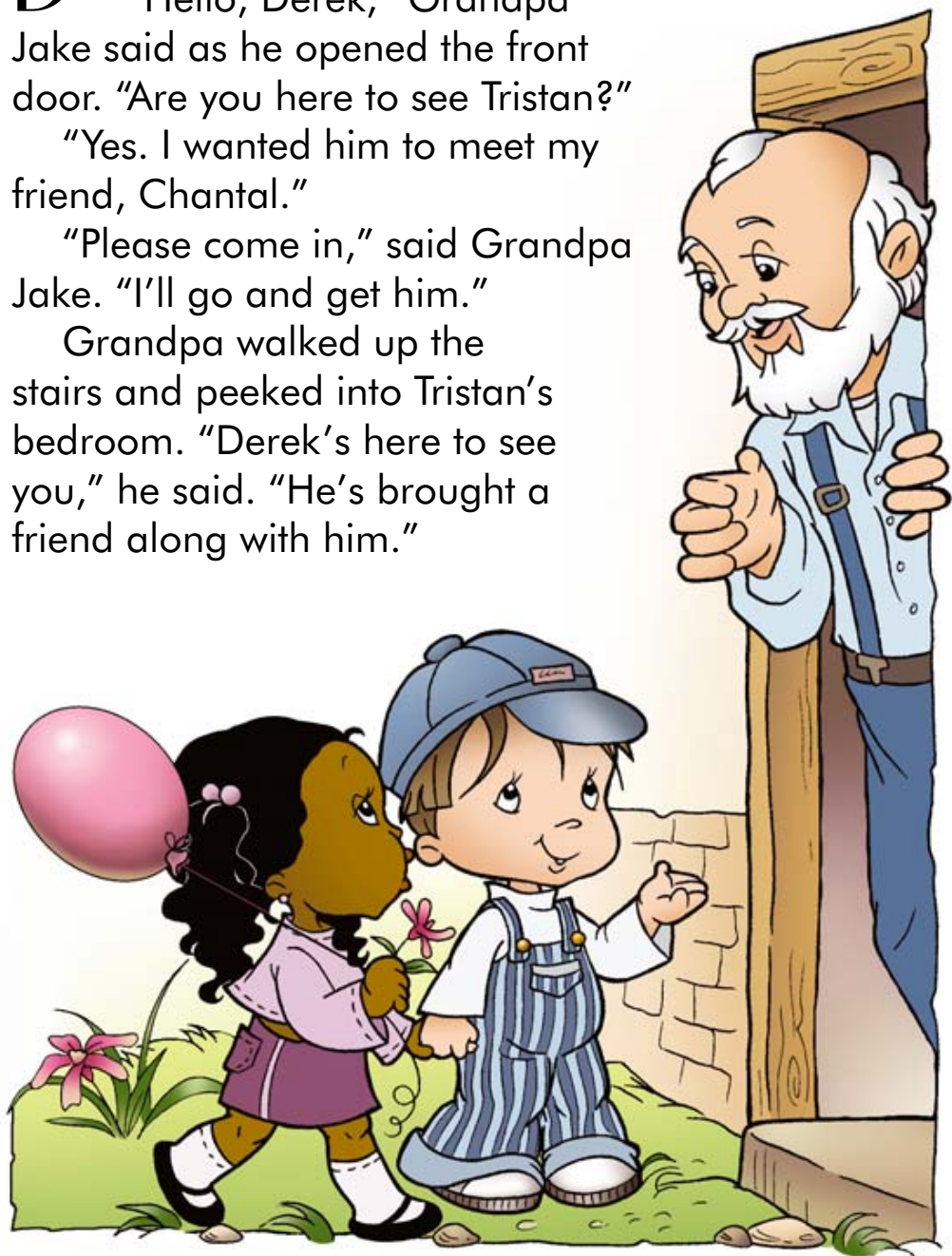
Old Budder's Bummer

Ding, dong!
"Hello, Derek," Grandpa Jake said as he opened the front door. "Are you here to see Tristan?"

"Yes. I wanted him to meet my friend, Chantal."

"Please come in," said Grandpa Jake. "I'll go and get him."

Grandpa walked up the stairs and peeked into Tristan's bedroom. "Derek's here to see you," he said. "He's brought a friend along with him."



"Can they come back another time?" Tristan asked. "I don't want to see anyone now."

Grandpa Jake stepped inside the room. He shut the door and sat down on the bed. "Did something happen that you'd like to talk about?"

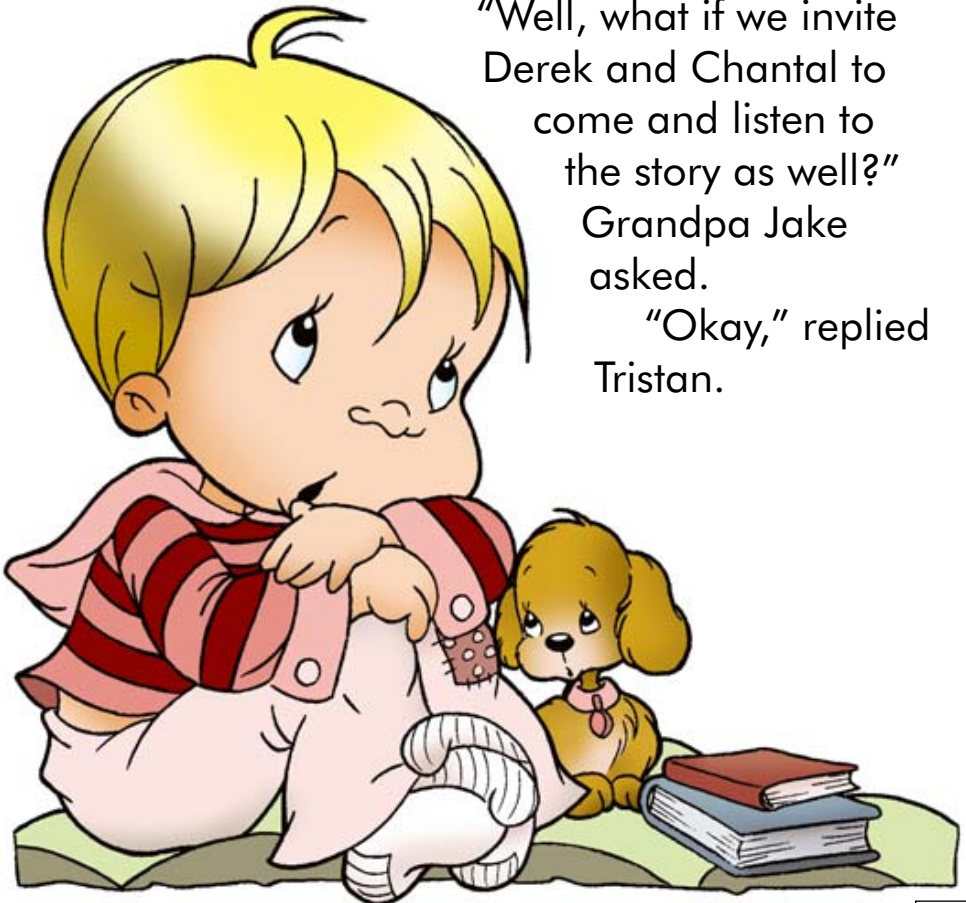
"No," Tristan answered. "But I don't want to meet new friends right now."

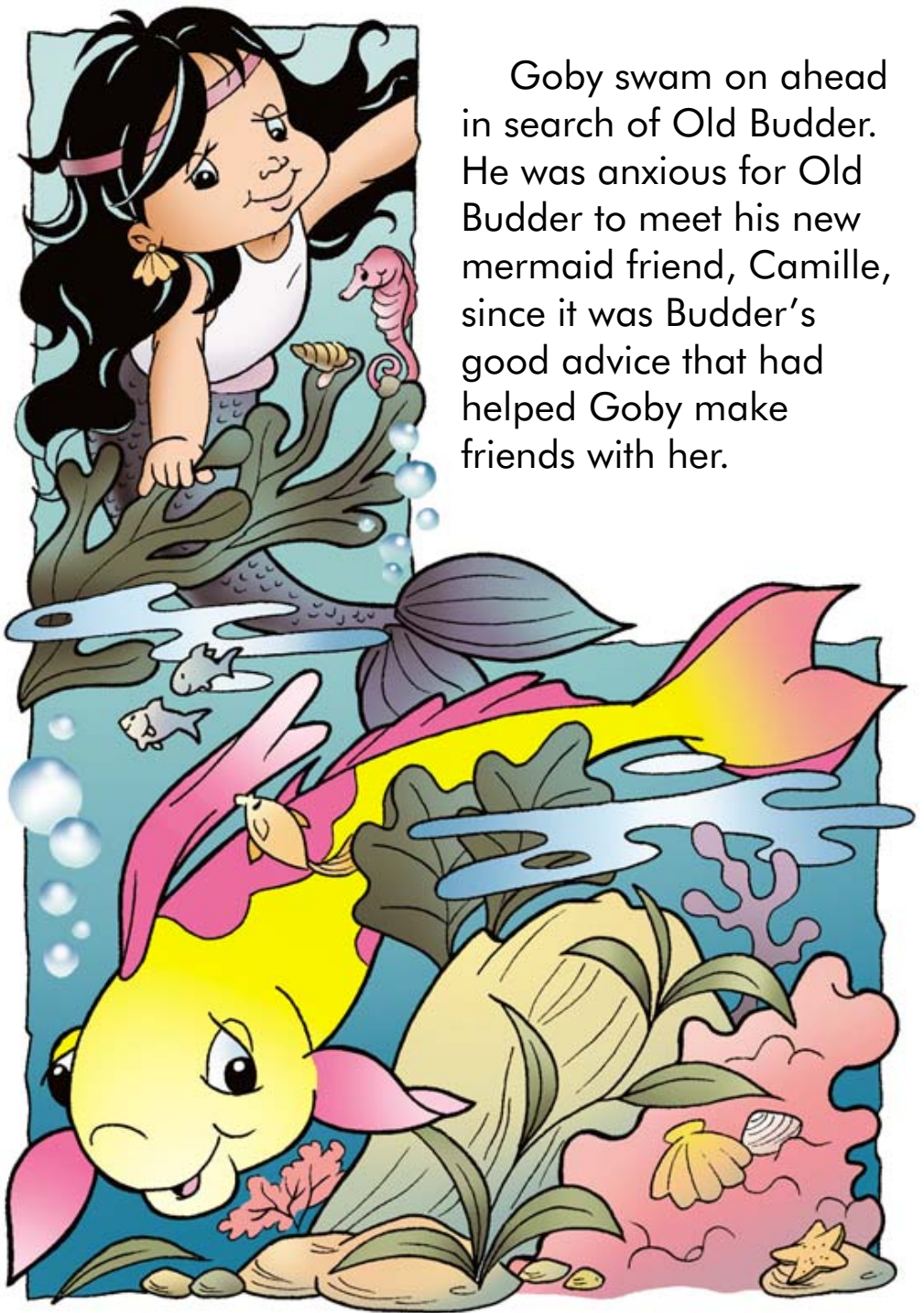
"Hmmm, that reminds me of a story about Old Budder. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, what if we invite Derek and Chantal to come and listen to the story as well?" Grandpa Jake asked.

"Okay," replied Tristan.





Goby swam on ahead in search of Old Budder. He was anxious for Old Budder to meet his new mermaid friend, Camille, since it was Budder's good advice that had helped Goby make friends with her.

“Old Budder!” Goby called, as he swam in and out of the coral reef. *I bet I know where he is*, Goby thought.

Sure enough, in a secluded gap in the coral sat Old Budder, looking rather glum.

“There you are!” Goby exclaimed. “I’ve been looking all over for you.”

“And why would you be looking for me?” Budder asked grumpily.

“I wanted you to meet Camille,” answered Goby. “Remember that mermaid I met?”

“I’d prefer not to be disturbed,” said Old Budder.

“Is something wrong?” Goby asked.





"No!"
answered
Old Budder.

"Like I said..."

"Goby! Goby!"

Camille called. "Where
are you?"

Old Budder let out a sigh.
Just then two eyes
peeked through the coral
where Budder sat. "Well,
hello!" Camille exclaimed
cheerfully. "Are you trying to
hide?"

Budder scowled. "Now why did you have to bring her here?" he whispered to Goby, annoyed.

"I'm sorry," Goby said. "She was just behind me."

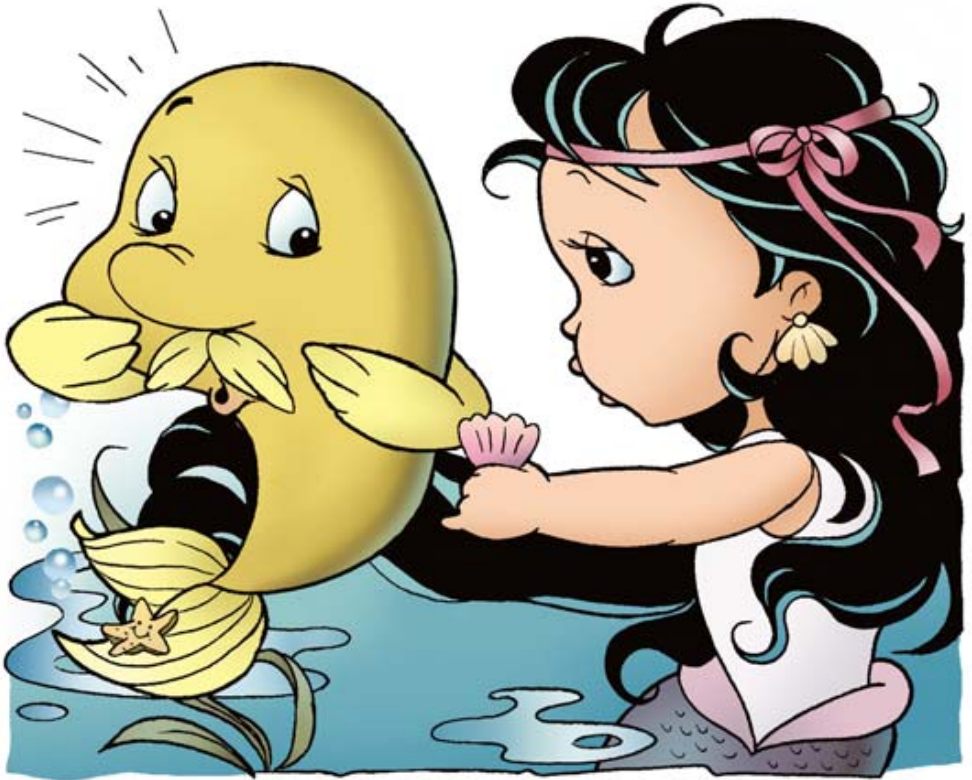
Camille came and sat near Old Budder.

"So you're Old Budder?" Camille asked with a smile.

"I am," Budder muttered.

"Well, it's very nice to meet you!"

Camille threw her arms around Old Budder and gave him a hug. Old Budder Blowfish was surprised, and quickly pulled back.





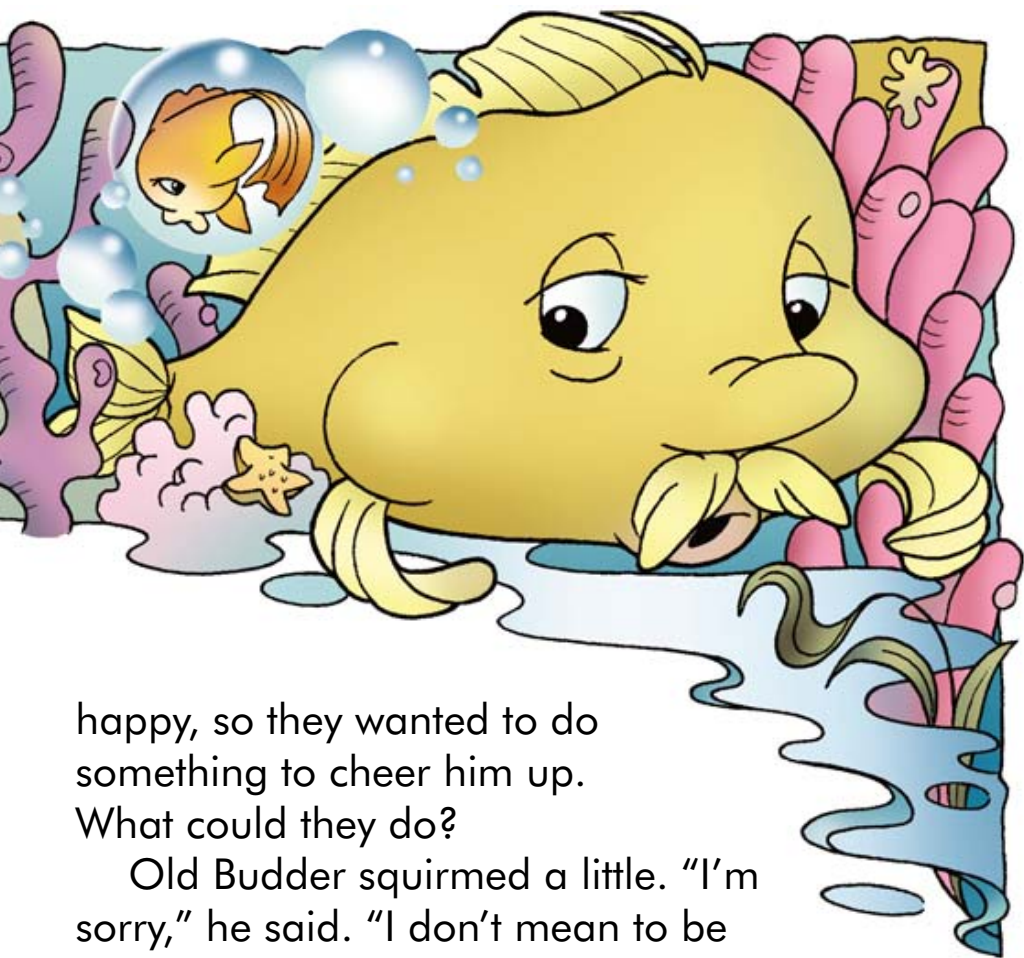
"Maybe we can come back another time," Goby said. "Budder said that he'd like to be alone right now."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Camille said, turning again to Budder. "Did something happen that made you sad?"

"Now why does everyone think something has to be wrong with me?" Budder asked angrily. "I just want to be left alone!"

With a huff Old Budder went silent.

Goby looked at Camille and she shrugged her shoulders. They felt bad that Old Budder wasn't



happy, so they wanted to do something to cheer him up. What could they do?

Old Budder squirmed a little. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't mean to be rude. The truth is that I'm not having such a great day. I'm feeling quite grumpy."

"That happens to me sometimes, too," Camille said.

"What do you do to feel better?" Budder asked.

"My father once taught me a little rhyme. He told me to quote it every time I was having a 'not so good' day, and that it would help me to be happy."



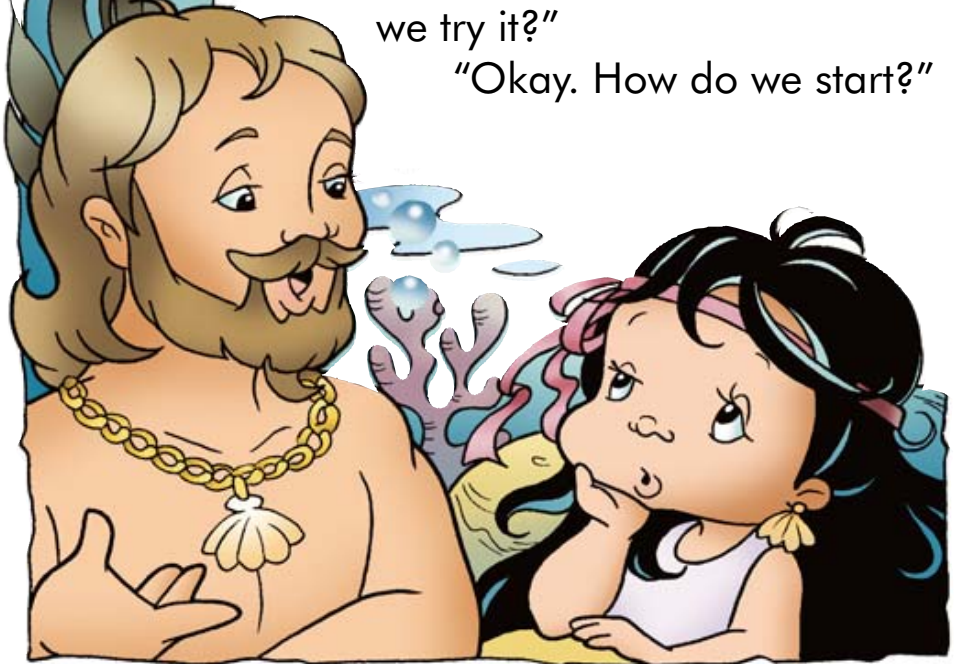
Camille recited sweetly:
"At times when I am feeling low,
I'll think of all the love I know;
I will count up all of life's good,
And be happy, like I should!"

"That's a nice rhyme," Goby said.

"Does it work?" Old Budder asked.

"Yes. The idea is to think of the good things that you have," Camille explained. "Why don't we try it?"

"Okay. How do we start?"



"I'll begin. I'm so happy for the refreshing water in the ocean," said Camille. "Now it's your turn, Goby."

"I am happy for a beautiful reef to live in," Goby said.



“Ummm ... let’s see,” began Old Budder. “I’m glad for my favorite spot, hidden in the coral.”

It was Camille’s turn again. “It makes me so happy when I think of the people who love me.”

“And I’m glad for friends who have a way of making things so much better,” Goby added.

“I’m glad for a chance to make new friends,” Old Budder said shyly. Then he added, “Thank you for helping to cheer me up. My day has been pretty miserable, but after thinking on some of the good things that I have, I feel much better.”

“I do, too,” said Goby.



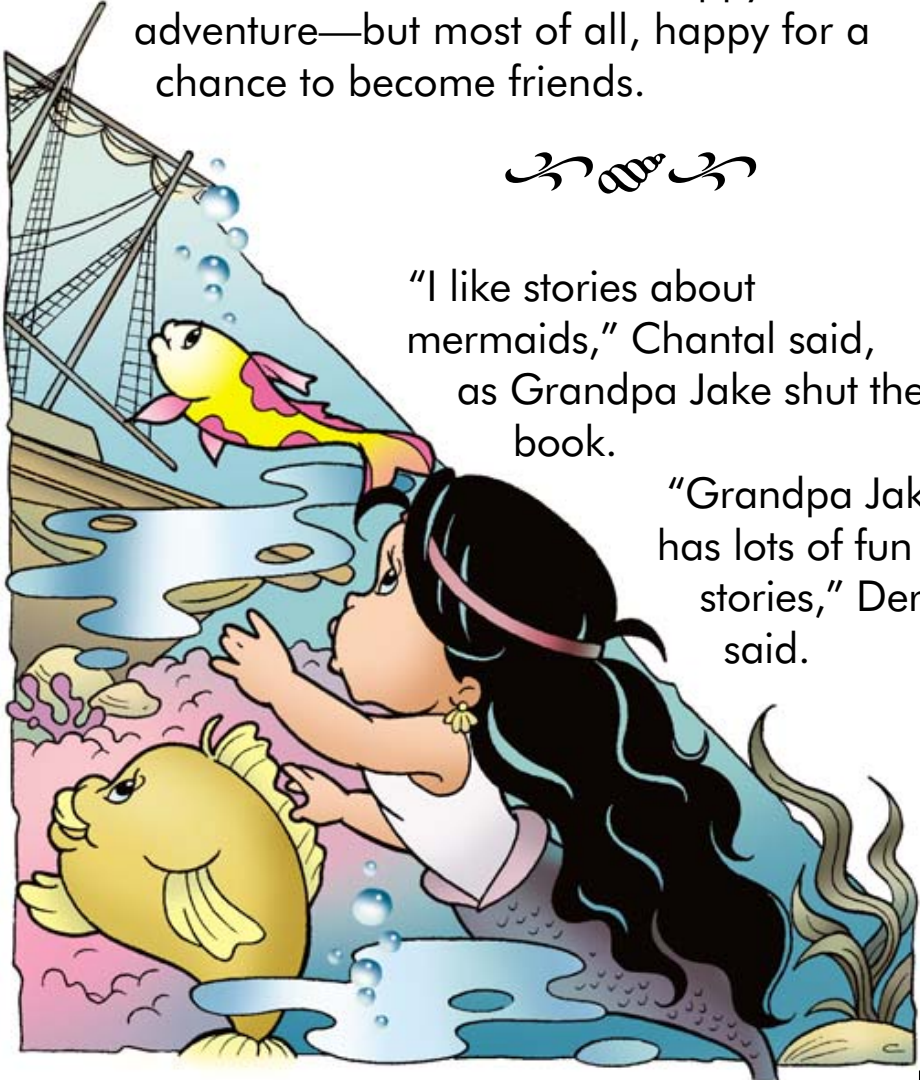
Camille smiled. "I'm so glad I could help to cheer you up. I like making others happy!"

"Let's do something together," Goby said.

"I have an idea," said Old Budder. "There's an old sunken ship not too far away. Shall we go check it out?"

"That'd be fun," said Camille.

And off the three swam, happy for the adventure—but most of all, happy for a chance to become friends.



"I like stories about mermaids," Chantal said, as Grandpa Jake shut the book.

"Grandpa Jake has lots of fun stories," Derek said.

"My mommy says that they're special stories," Tristan added.

"And do you know why they're special?" Grandpa Jake asked.

The three kids shook their heads. "No!"

"It's because they help teach you important lessons. What did Old Budder learn in this story?"

Tristan looked at the ground shyly.

"I think it was for him to be more happy and cheerful," Chantal said.

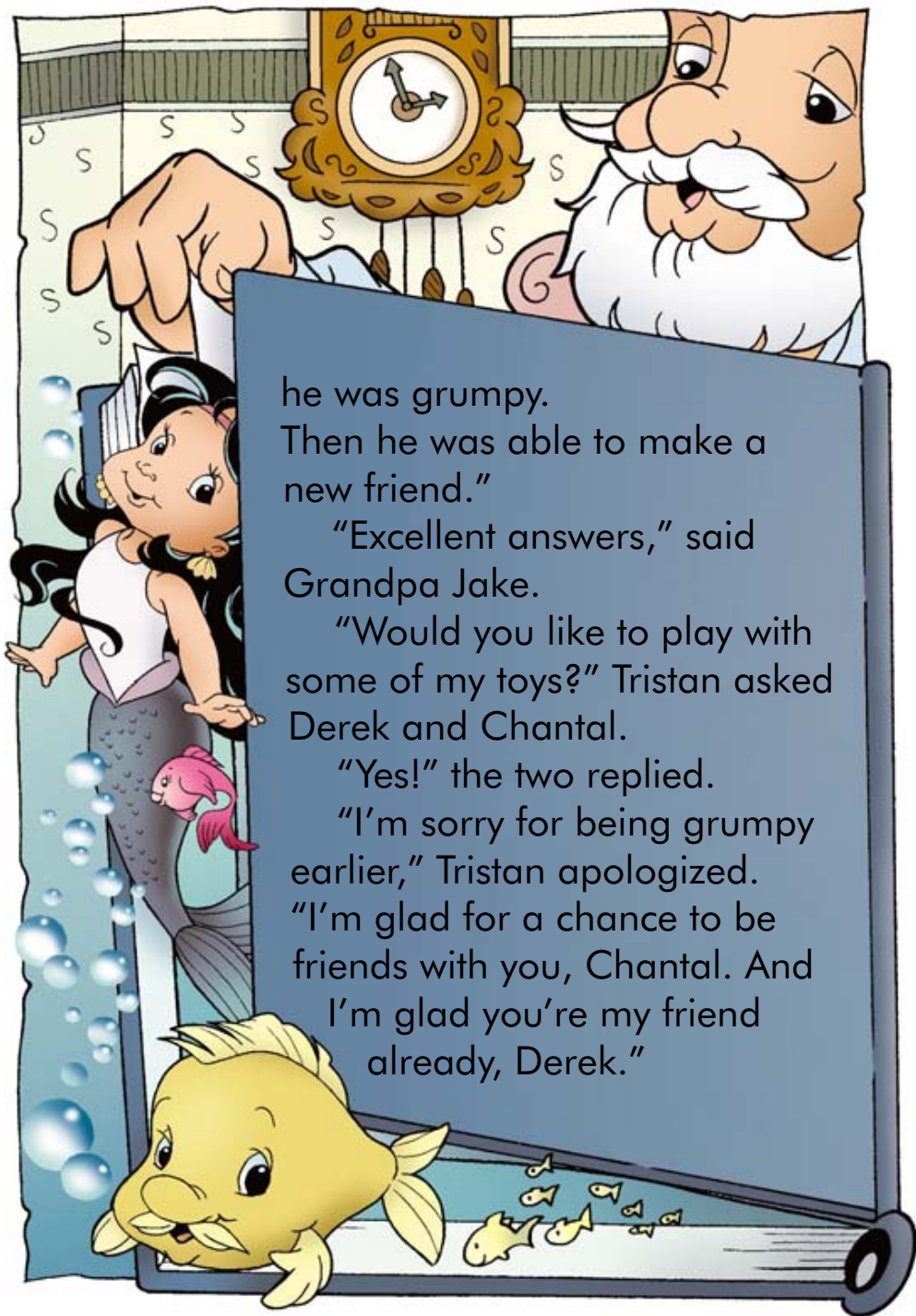
"What about you, Derek? What do you think Old Budder learned?" Grandpa Jake asked.

"That he shouldn't be so grumpy," Derek answered.

"Tristan, what about you?"

"Well, when Budder starting thinking happy thoughts," began Tristan, "he didn't remember why





he was grumpy.
Then he was able to make a
new friend."

"Excellent answers," said
Grandpa Jake.

"Would you like to play with
some of my toys?" Tristan asked
Derek and Chantal.

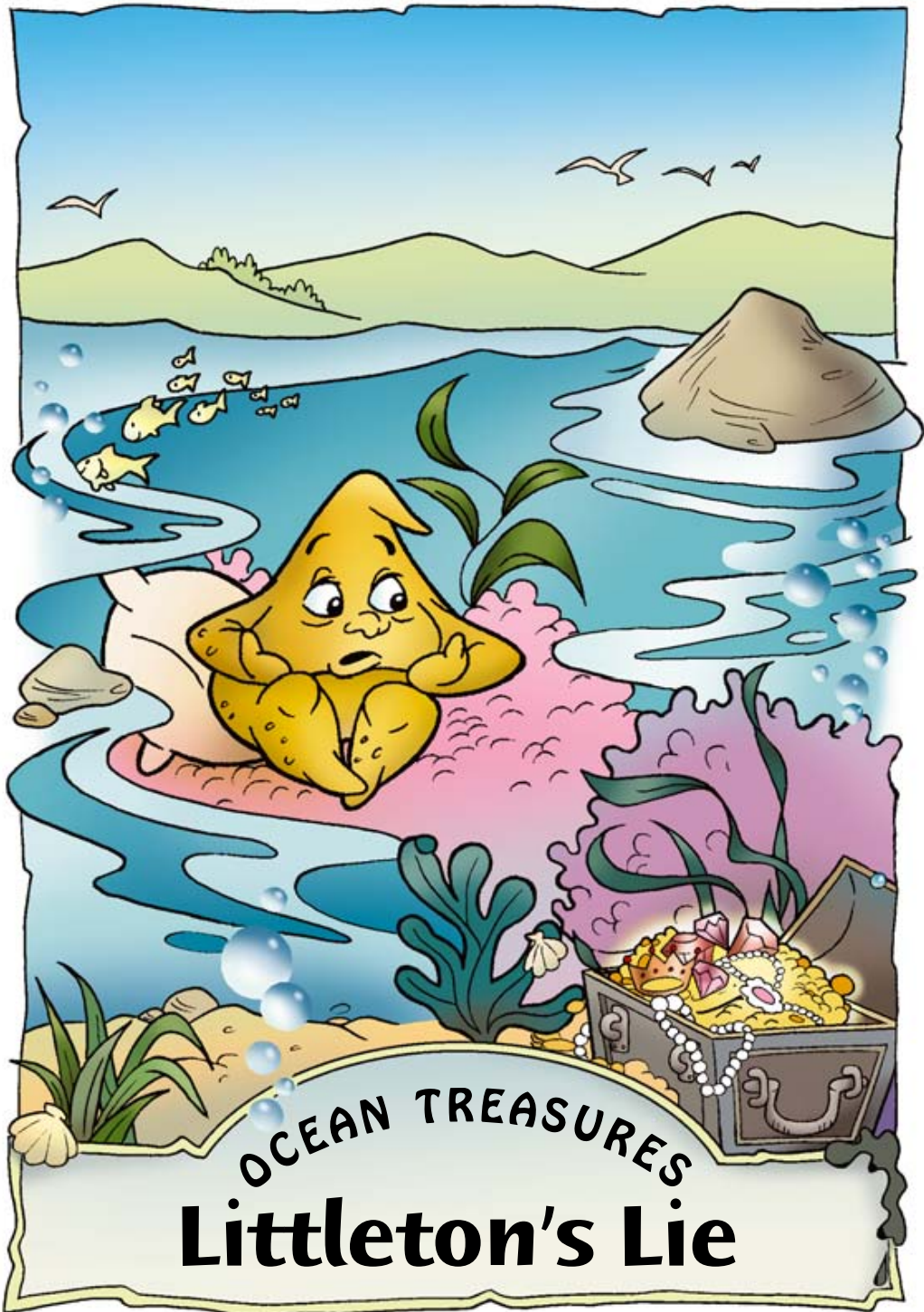
"Yes!" the two replied.

"I'm sorry for being grumpy
earlier," Tristan apologized.
"I'm glad for a chance to be
friends with you, Chantal. And
I'm glad you're my friend
already, Derek."



Moral

Look on
the bright side
of things! Cheer
up and remember all
that you have, and all
the people who love
you, and you'll feel
happier.



OCEAN TREASURES
Littleton's Lie

It was Sunday, and Tristan had invited his friends—Derek, Troy, and Chantal—over to his house for the afternoon.

“So how’s it going?” Grandpa Jake asked, as he passed by the room where they all sat playing.

“Fine,” the four kids chorused, busy with their toys.

“Grandpa Jake,” asked Chantal, “is it true that Tristan is the smartest boy you know?”

“What would make you think that?” asked Grandpa Jake curiously.

“It’s what Tristan told us you said,” she answered.



“Remember, Grandpa,” interrupted Tristan, “that time when I had that schoolwork to do. It was super hard, but I did it, and you said that I was super smart ... like the smartest boy you knew!”



“Yes, I do recall saying you were smart,” said Grandpa Jake, tugging gently on his beard. “But about being the *smartest* boy I knew ... hmmm. I don’t quite remember that.”

“Sometimes we want to feel better about ourselves,” Grandpa Jake explained, “because we think it will make others like us more. But you know, our friends like us just as we are.”

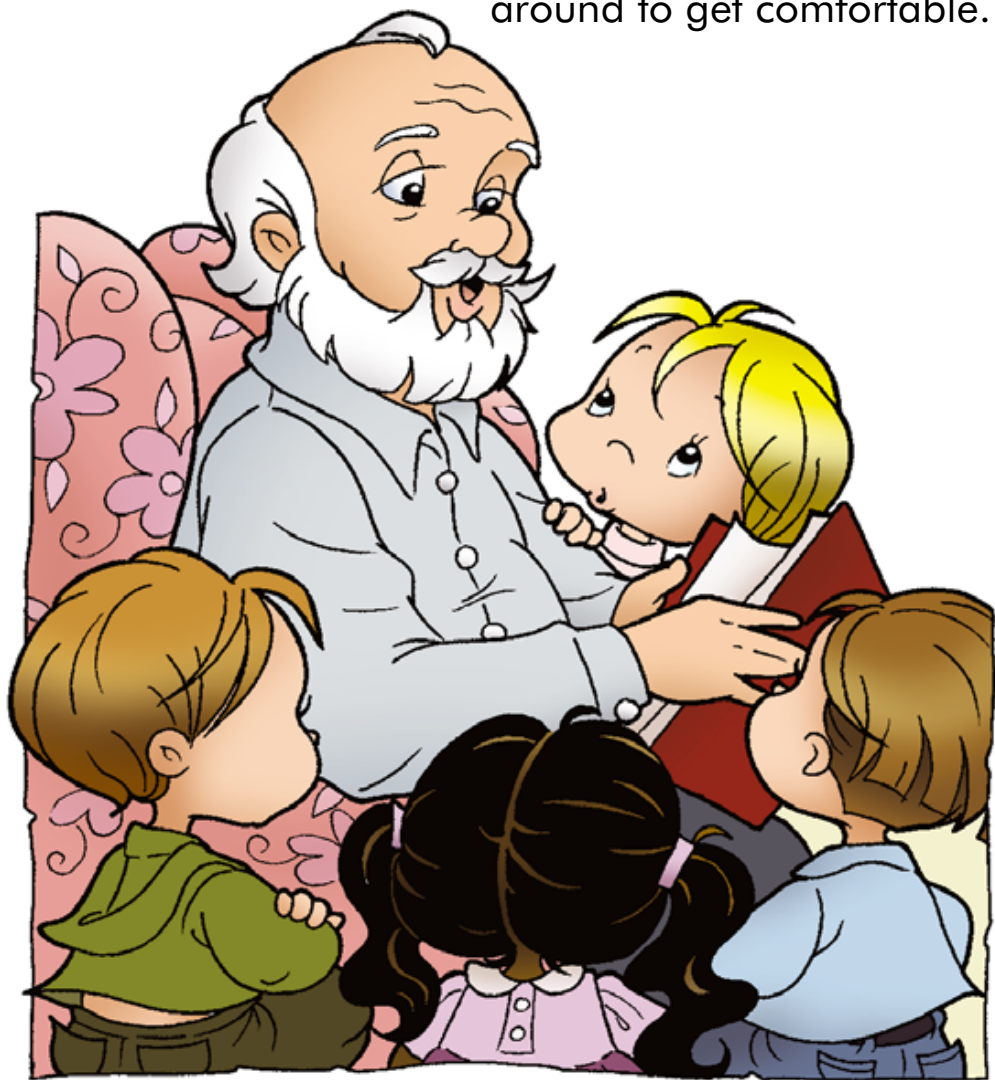
“There once was a starfish who thought he had to be something special in order for his friends to like him.”

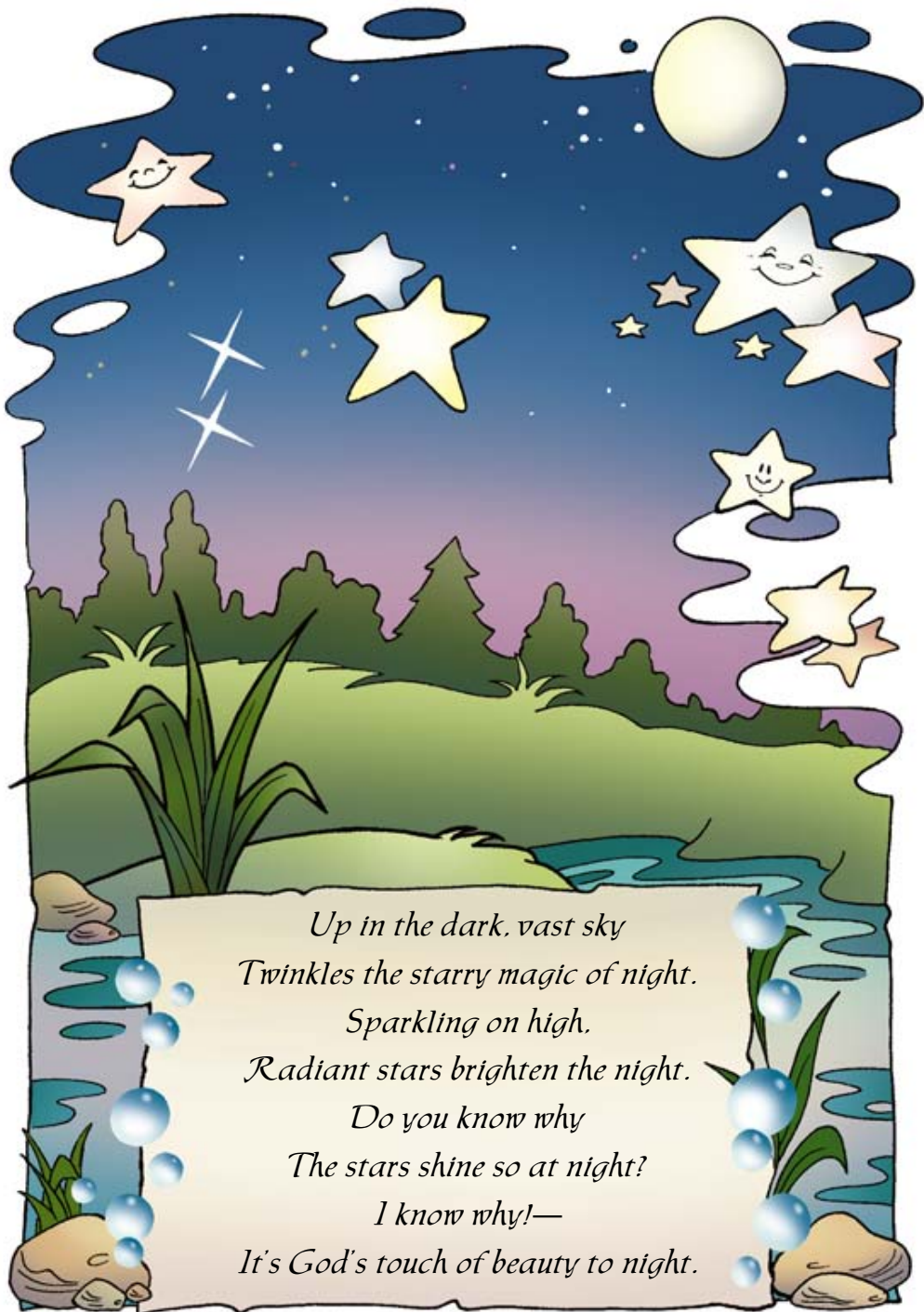
“Tell us, please, Grandpa!” chorused the children enthusiastically.

Tristan, Derek, Troy, and Chantal packed up their toys and tidied up the living room while Grandpa Jake went to get his storybook.

“Have you all found your spot?” asked Grandpa Jake.

“Almost,” said the four children, as they wiggled around to get comfortable.





*Up in the dark, vast sky
Twinkles the starry magic of night.
Sparkling on high,
Radiant stars brighten the night.
Do you know why
The stars shine so at night?
I know why!—
It's God's touch of beauty to night.*

“My mother taught me that poem,” Shallo said. “I used to ask her to recite it for me as I went to sleep.”

“It’s very nice,” said Littleton, Shallo’s starfish friend.

The two friends sat on a rock, listening to the waves crash against the cliff, and watching the twinkling stars.



“Did you know that I was once a star?” Littleton boasted.

“You mean you would have *liked* to be a star, right?” Shallo asked.

“No, I once was a star!” exclaimed Littleton.

“What happened? You have to tell me!”

"Um ... w-w-well ...," stuttered Littleton. He had only hoped to impress Shallo, but now he wondered what to do next. Should he make up a story, or tell Shallo the truth?



If I tell Shallo the truth now, thought Littleton, he won't like me anymore. He'll look at me and think that I'm just a plain, ugly starfish without anything special. Then maybe he won't want to be my friend anymore.

"So are you going to tell me?" Shallo asked eagerly.

"Before I met you," Littleton began, "I used to be a star, far, far away in the sky. I wasn't a normal star, either. I was colorful. Sometimes I would shine white, but I could also change colors to blue, red, yellow, and green."

"Wow! That's so cool!" exclaimed Shallo. "So what happened?"





“Well, some of the other stars were jealous of me, because they couldn’t change colors like I could. So they got together to think of what they could do to get rid of me.”

“Oh no, that’s terrible,” Shallo said, looking concerned.

“One day I was shining brightly as usual, when those stars finally decided that they were going to hit me out of the sky. Suddenly, *bang*, they smashed into me! I lost my balance, and I started to fall. I went tumbling out of the sky. It was so scary! Finally, after falling for a long long time, with a splash I hit the water and I sank to the bottom of the ocean.

“When I realized what had happened and I looked at myself, I was no longer a star, bright and shiny and colorful, like I had been. Instead I was a dull, plain starfish. And that’s what I’ve been ever since.”

“That’s so sad,” said Shallo. “But even though you’re not a star like you were, I didn’t ever think you were dull or ugly. I’ve always liked you just how you are. I’m so sorry for what happened, though.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Littleton said. “I’m getting used to being a starfish.”

That night as Littleton lay on his coral bed, something inside didn’t feel right.



I shouldn't have told Shallo that made-up story, he told himself. It wasn't true, but now he thinks that it is. What if he tells someone else? Oh no, what am I going to do?

"...And the naughty stars banged into poor Littleton, and he started to fall and fall," Shallo repeated to Old Budder and Goby.

"And when he hit the water he wasn't a star anymore! He was a starfish," Shallo said, ending the story.

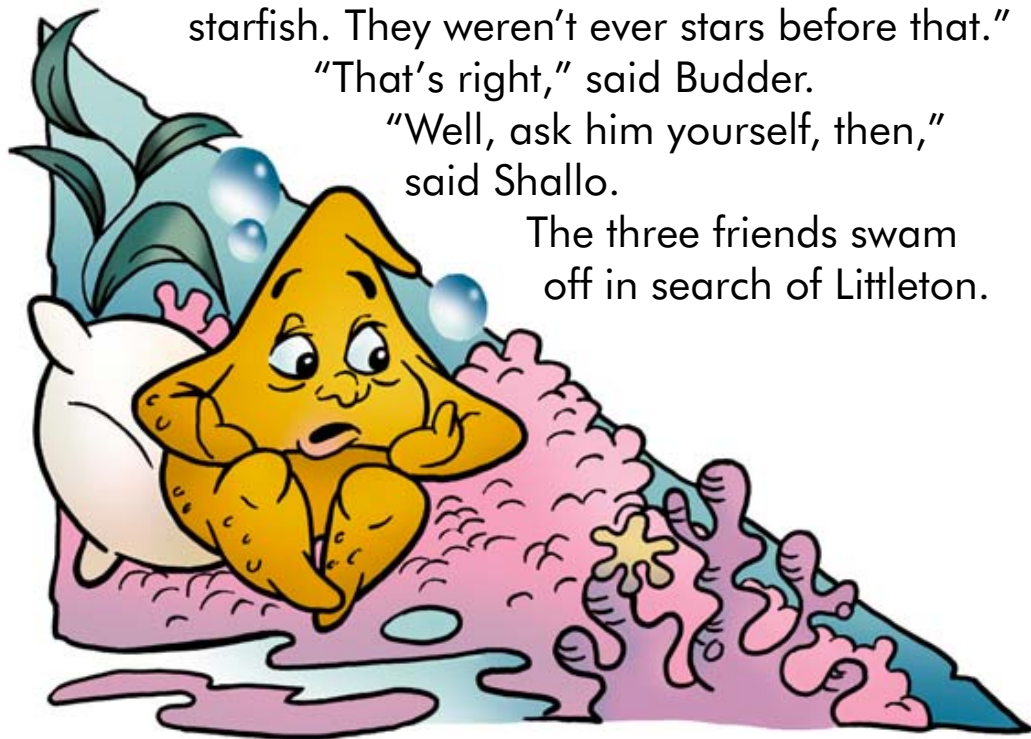
Goby looked at Old Budder and shook his head.

"From what my mother told me, starfish are just starfish. They weren't ever stars before that."

"That's right," said Budder.

"Well, ask him yourself, then," said Shallo.

The three friends swam off in search of Littleton.



"There you are," Shallo said, when they had found Littleton.

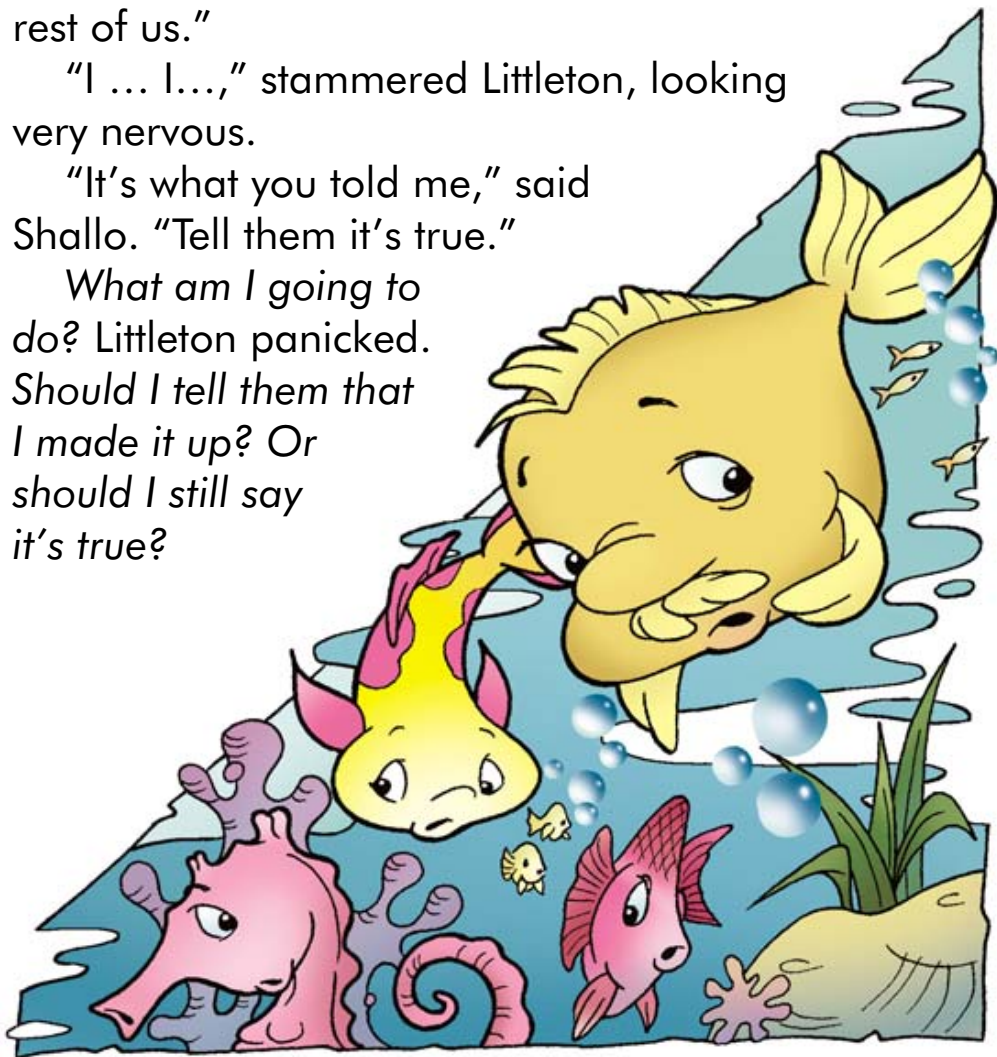
"Uh, hi," said Littleton shyly.

"Shallo told us your story," Old Budder explained, "and we were wondering if it was actually true or not. Because we were always taught that starfish are a type of sea creature, like the rest of us."

"I ... I...," stammered Littleton, looking very nervous.

"It's what you told me," said Shallo. "Tell them it's true."

What am I going to do? Littleton panicked. Should I tell them that I made it up? Or should I still say it's true?



I really shouldn't have told that lie. Now they might never believe anything I say.

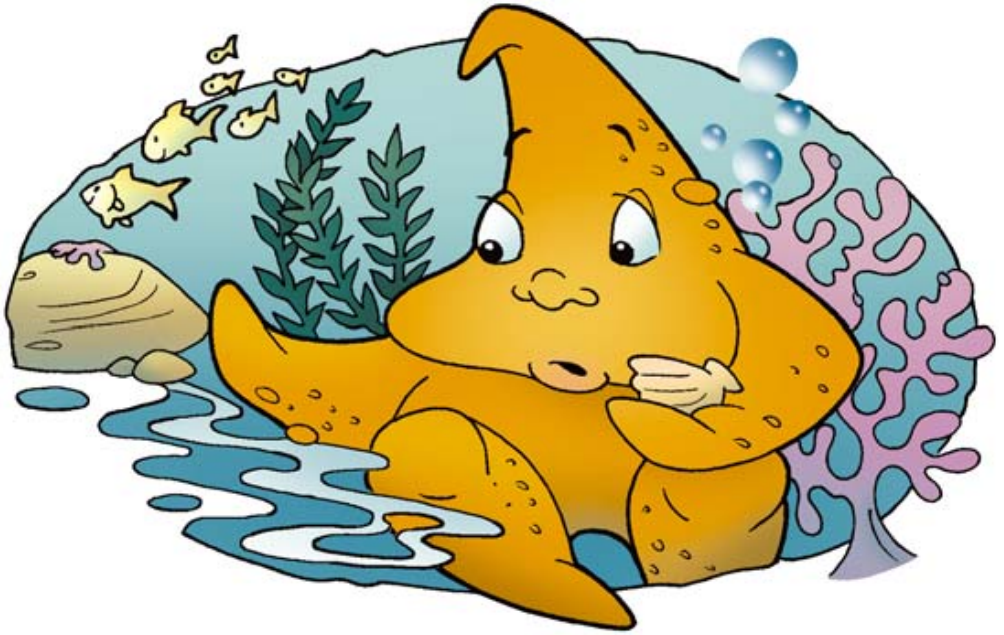
After thinking about it for a moment, Littleton knew what he had to do.

"Shallo, I'm sorry," he began.

"What do you mean?" asked Shallo.

"I never was a star. I've always been a starfish. I never thought I was special. My colors are not that bright, and I don't swim as gracefully as fish do. I wanted you to think that there was something special about me, and maybe that would make you like me more."





"But I already like you!" exclaimed Shallo.

"You're my friend, and that's all that matters."

"Really?" Littleton asked in surprise.

"Of course. Who cares what color you are or how you swim? I like you as you are."

"We do too," added Goby.

"We're all different," explained Old Budder. "We have different things about us that make us who we are, and that makes us special in our own way."

"That's true," said Littleton. "I'm sorry. I promise I won't make up any more stories like that from now on. I'm so happy to have friends like you."

"And we're happy to have you for our friend, too," chorused Goby, Budder, and Shallo.

The four friends swam off together, happy to have one another.



Ding, dong!

"That must be your parents here to pick you up," said Grandpa Jake, as he closed the book.

"Thank you for the story, Grandpa Jake," Derek said.

"I always learn so much from these stories," said Troy.

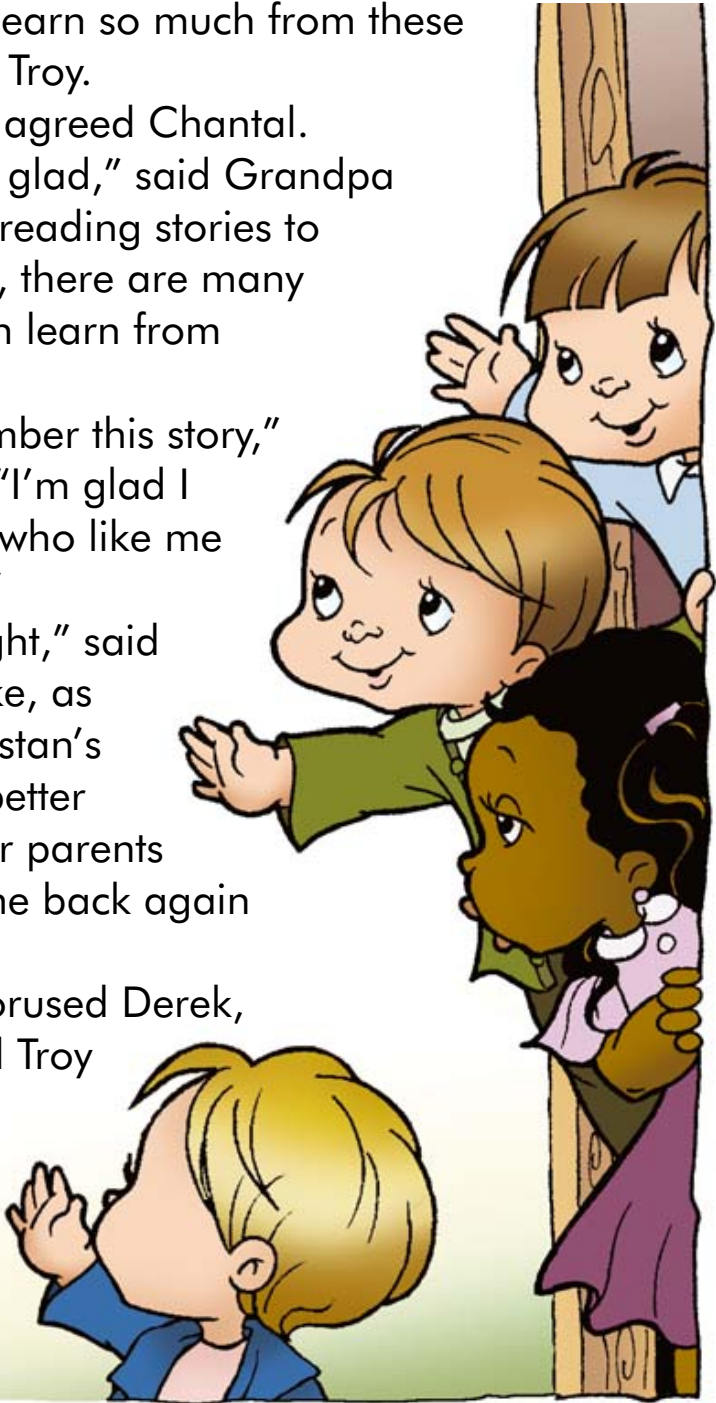
"Me too," agreed Chantal.

"Well, I'm glad," said Grandpa Jake. "I love reading stories to you. And yes, there are many things we can learn from them."

"I'll remember this story," said Tristan. "I'm glad I have friends who like me just as I am."

"That's right," said Grandpa Jake, as he tussled Tristan's hair. "We'd better not keep your parents waiting. Come back again soon!"

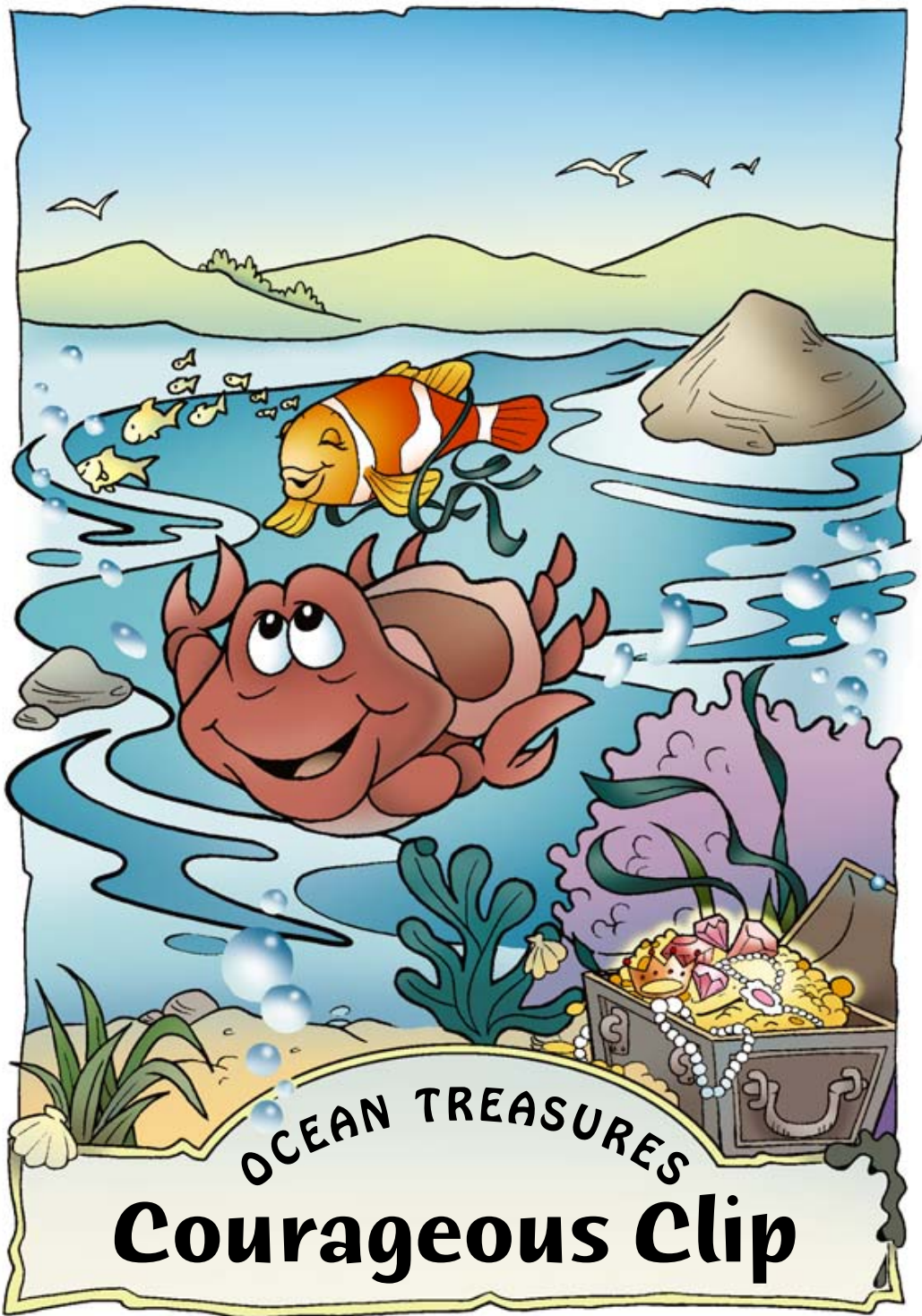
"Bye!" chorused Derek, Chantal, and Troy as they left.





Moral

Though
each person
is different,
God has made
each one of us
special in some
way.



OCEAN TREASURES

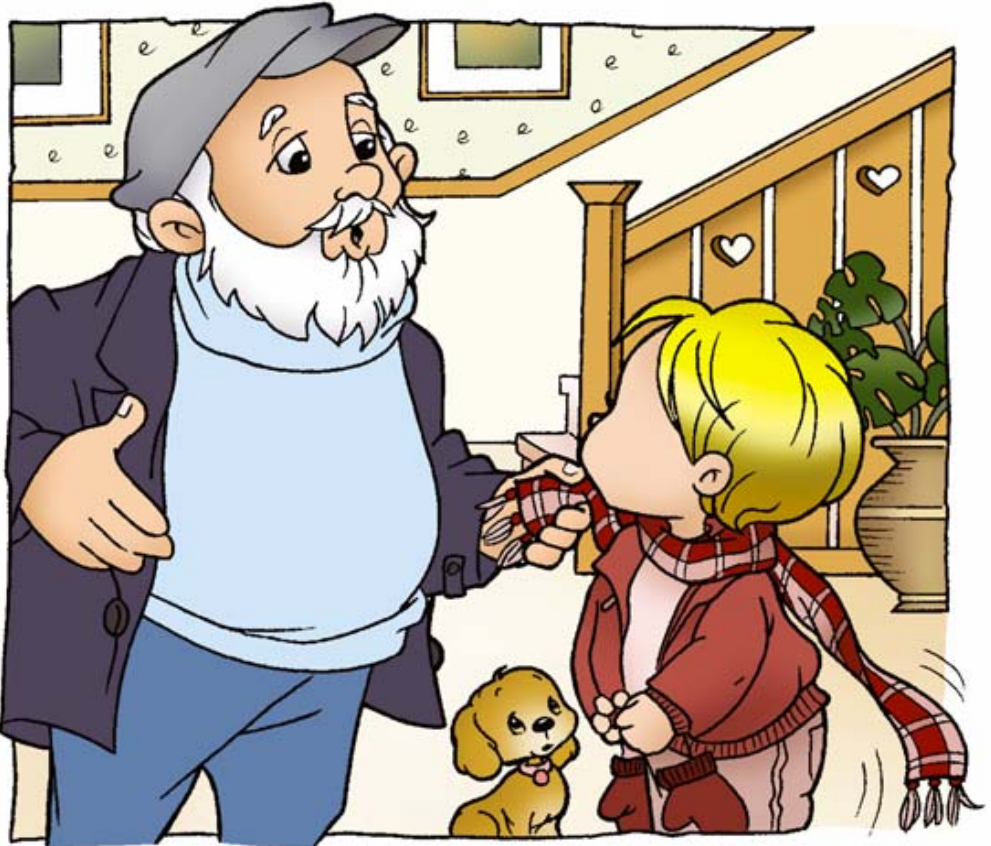
Courageous Clip

Are you ready, Tristan?" Grandpa Jake called, as he put on his hat and coat.

"Coming!" Tristan said, bounding down the stairs.

"Oh, good. It's important that we aren't late. Here, let me help you with your scarf and jacket."

"Thank you, Grandpa."



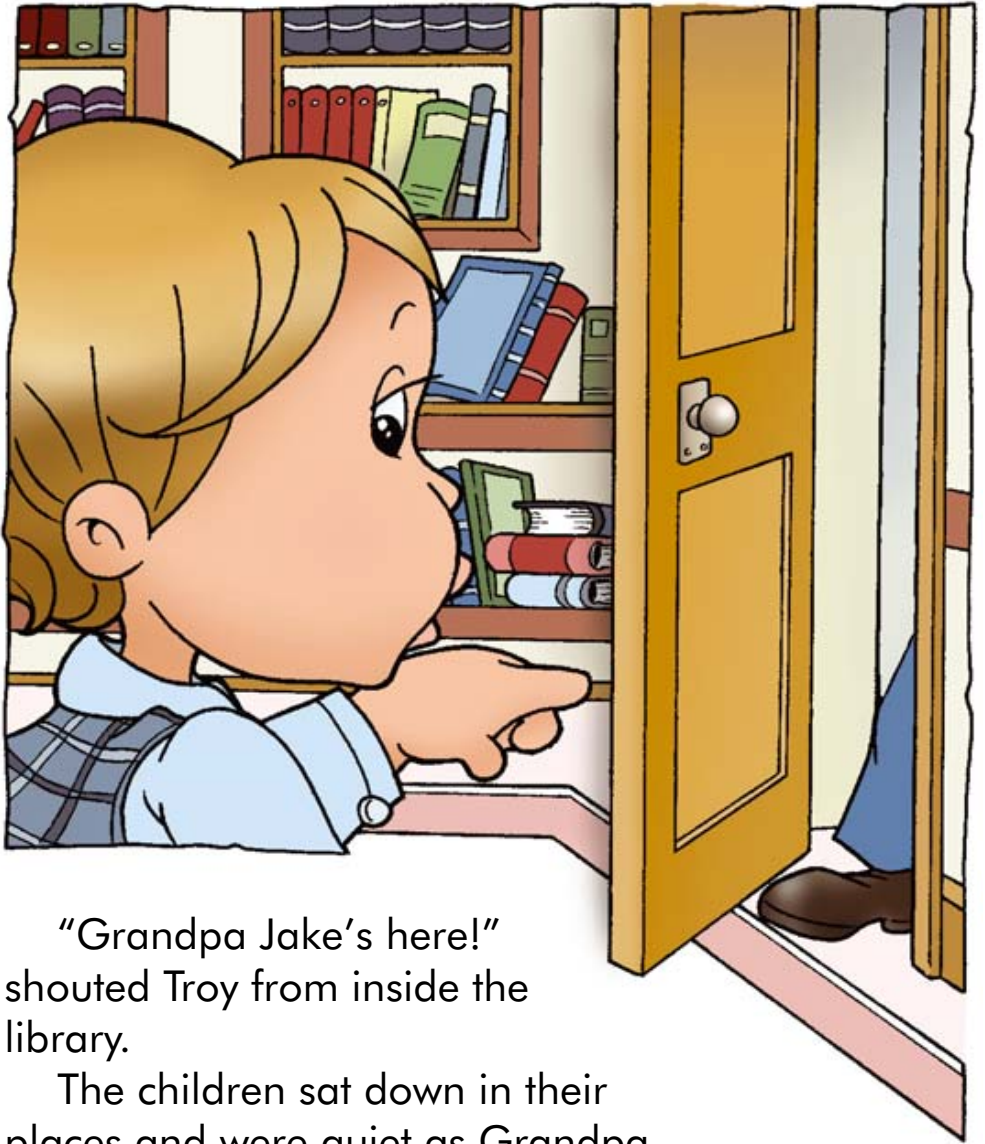
Once a week, Grandpa Jake would take Tristan with him to the local library where he would read

stories to a children's book club. Grandpa enjoyed reading stories to the children, and as they'd walk to the library, he would whistle happily. Under his arm he tucked his special storybook.

"What story are you going to read today?" Tristan asked.



"Aha, that's *my* secret," answered Grandpa Jake with a chuckle.



"Grandpa Jake's here!" shouted Troy from inside the library.

The children sat down in their places and were quiet as Grandpa walked in.

"Hello, children!" exclaimed Grandpa. "It's so quiet in here. What a pleasant surprise."

The children giggled.



"Good afternoon, Grandpa Jake!" they all chorused.

"And a good afternoon to you as well," Grandpa Jake said, as he hung up his hat and coat.

"Today's story is about a friendly crab named Clip," explained Grandpa. "Shall we begin?"

“Wait for me,” Clip called out to his friends.

I’m so slow compared to the rest of them, Clip thought to himself. I never manage to keep up.



“I’m sorry,” Camille said, swimming back to Clip. “Let me give you a hand.” She took one of Clip’s pincers in her hand and helped him catch up to the others.

“Thanks,” Clip said, but he felt a little sad. *My friends have to help me go faster so I can keep up. I must bother them. What good am I as a friend anyway?*





Today was the Clown Fish Parade. Every year a school of clown fish would parade near the Kingdom of Shadda. Camille and her friends were headed for the best spot to watch the parade from: Orange Eye Reef.

In the front of the parade were clown fish doing stunts. Next was a clown fish band.

Following them was a troupe of water dancers.

And finally in the back were clown fish pulling seaweed streamers, twisting them through the water into flowing designs.

"Oh, it's wonderful!"
Camille exclaimed happily.
"I wish I could join the
parade."

"I'd want to join the
band," said Old Budder.

"We could do stunts,"
said Littleton.

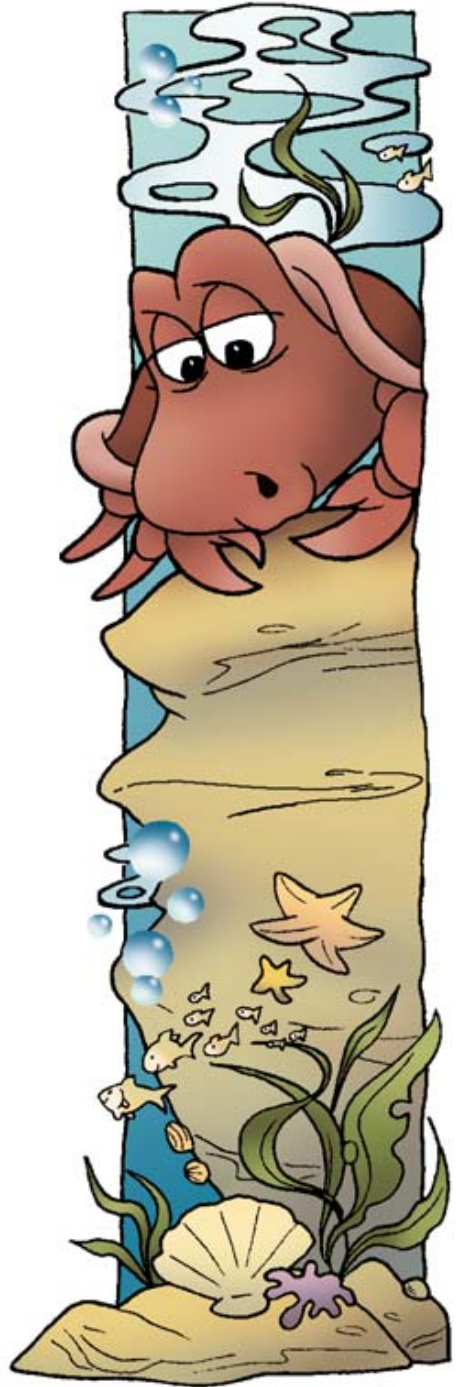
Shallo tossed Littleton
up over his shoulder; he
did a flip, came down, and
caught himself on Shallo's
tail.

"And I could learn
to make designs with
streamers," Goby said, as
he swirled around a piece
of seaweed.

"We could make our
own parade," Camille said.
"We could perform for our
families."

"Let's go practice!" said
Littleton excitedly.

As everyone swam off
to work on their parade
act, Clip sat on the coral



reef watching the last of the parade go by. *There's nothing I could do in a parade*, he thought sadly.

Then he spotted a little clown fish with a seaweed streamer in her fin, trailing far behind the rest of the parade. She was all tangled up in her seaweed streamer. The streamer was even covering her eyes, so she couldn't see where she was going.

Just then the tangled clown fish collided with the coral and her streamer caught on a piece of the reef. She pulled and pulled, trying to get free, but couldn't.

"Help me!" she cried. "Please, somebody help me. I'm stuck!"





Clip heard her call and wanted to go help her, but then he thought, *I probably couldn't help her anyway, so I shouldn't even try.*

But once again he heard the little clown fish call out for help.

I'd better see what I can do, he thought.

The little clown fish heard Clip coming.

"Can you help me?"

"I could try," Clip said. "But I probably won't be able to do much. Maybe I should get someone else to help you."

"Please, at least give it a try," the little fish said, as she started to cry.

"Oh, please don't cry," said Clip. "I'll try to help you, but I'm not sure I'm strong enough."

"What's your name?" Clip asked.

"Tinsel," replied the clown fish.

"Tinsel, I'm going to give this coral a good tug and see if I can get you out of here."

"Okay," Tinsel said. "Tell me when to pull."

Clip braced his clips around the coral. "I think I've got it. Okay, one, two, three ... pull!"

Clip and Tinsel pulled, and after a few tries the piece of coral came loose.

"I'm free! Thank you!" said Tinsel gratefully.

"Here, let me untangle you from that streamer," Clip offered. He held one piece of the seaweed streamer, while Tinsel wiggled out of it.





When she was free, Tinsel gave Clip a big hug. "You're my hero! You rescued me! What's your name?"

Clip looked down shyly. "I ... I ... I'm Clip," he stuttered. "I'm glad I could help."

"And what were you doing way out here?"

"I was watching the parade with some friends," Clip explained. "But they swam off and I was still here."

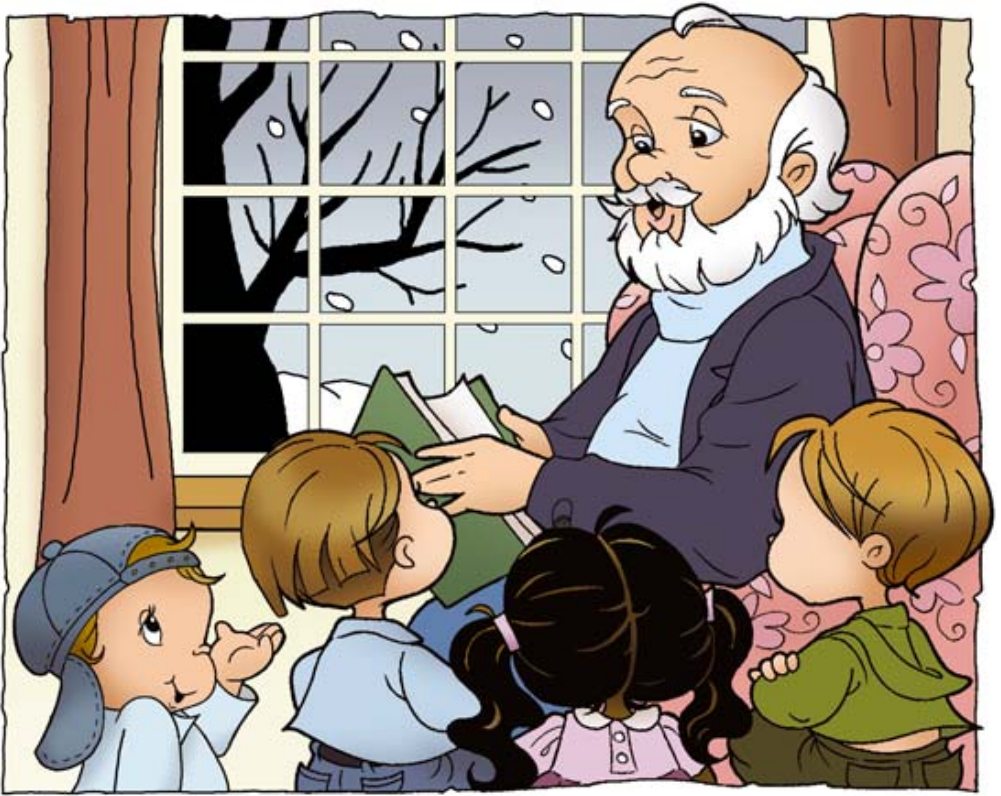
"Well, I'm happy you were," said Tinsel, "because you were able to save me. Thank you so much."



"You're welcome."

"I'd better go, I need to get home," Tinsel said. "Thank you so much, Clip! Bye."

As Clip swam off to find his friends, he felt happier. Now he knew that even though he was small, and perhaps couldn't do everything that his friends could do, he could still do some good.



“Do you sometimes feel small and helpless like Clip did?” Grandpa Jake asked.

“Yes,” chorused the children.

“Sometimes I wish I could be like my big brother,” Derek explained. “He knows how to do so many things, but I feel little and like I can’t help.”

“Well, it takes time to learn things,” explained Grandpa. “But there are many ways in which you can help your mommy and daddy. Can you think of a few?”

"I help my mom garden," said Tristan.

"Sometimes I wash the car with my daddy," said Derek.

"My mommy lets me help her cook," said Chantal.

"I can help by tidying up the house," added Troy.

"It doesn't matter if you're little or not so good at something, you can still be a help," said Grandpa Jake.

"Goodbye," called the children as Grandpa Jake and Tristan headed back home.

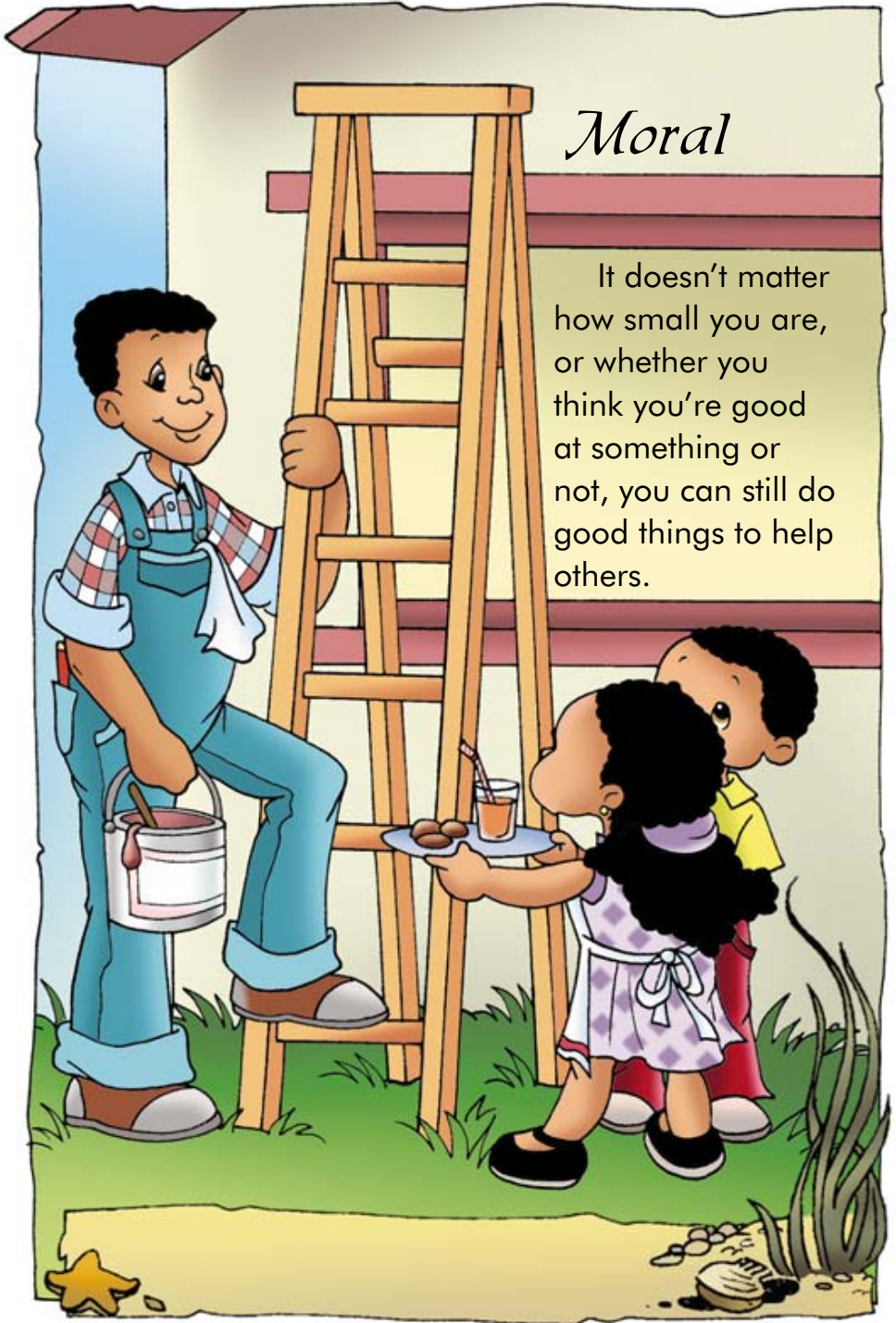
"I think you're the greatest grandpa anyone could have," Tristan said. "Thank you for all the stories you tell us that we can learn from."

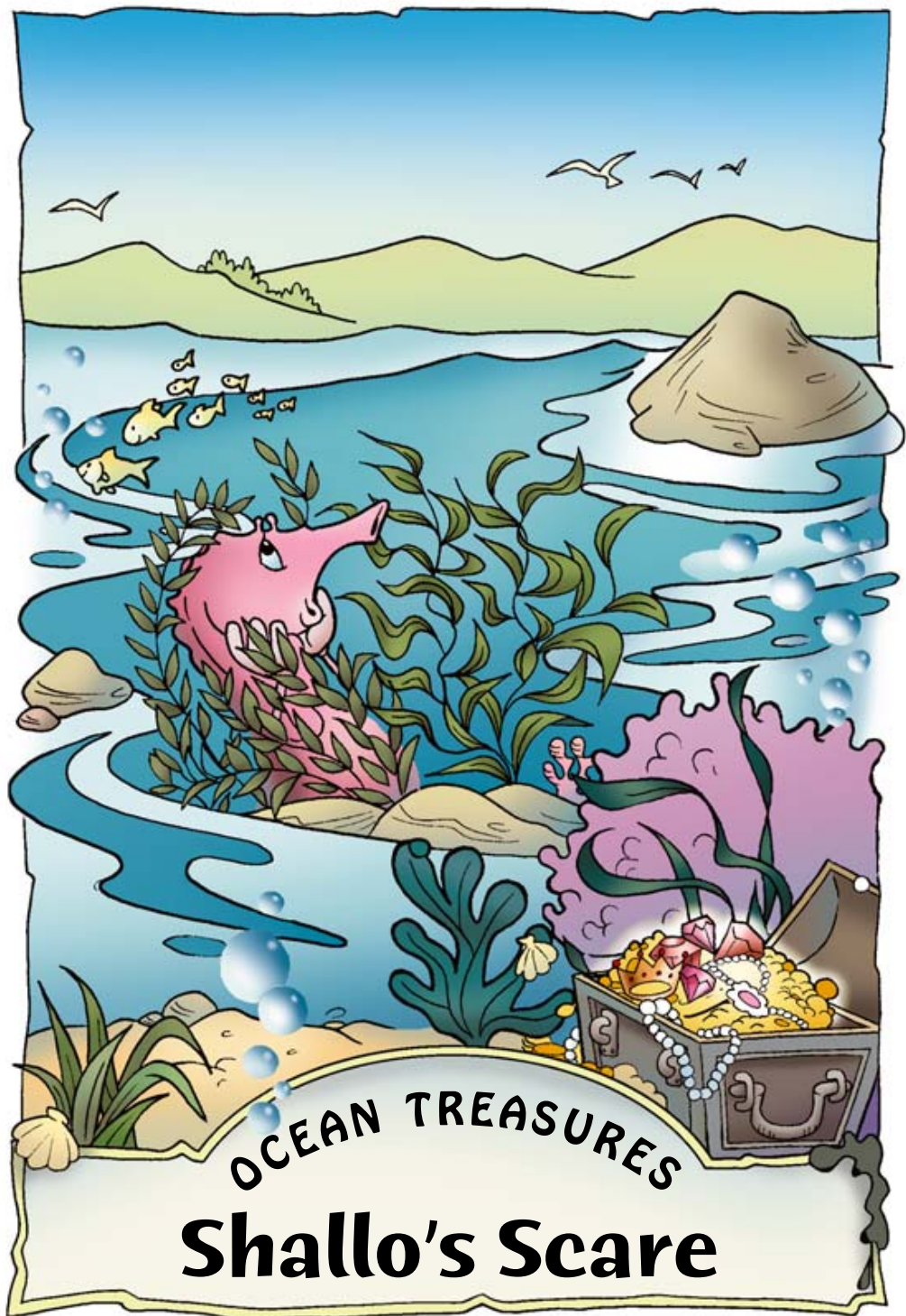
"You're very welcome, Tristan," Grandpa said with a smile. "And you know, I think you're a wonderful grandson."



Moral

It doesn't matter how small you are, or whether you think you're good at something or not, you can still do good things to help others.





OCEAN TREASURES

Shallo's Scare



"Oh dear, Tristan, your room is quite messy," Grandpa Jake said. "I thought I asked you to put away your books before you took out the toys and Lego."

"I wanted to play with my Lego," Tristan answered. "I was bored with reading books."

"I understand that you were bored," said Grandpa Jake, "but you should've obeyed."

"But I wanted to play Lego right away. I was going to clean up the books later."

"Being obedient means that you follow through *right away*," explained Grandpa Jake. "It doesn't mean that you'll obey later, or when you feel like it, does it?"

"No," Tristan said with a shake of his head.

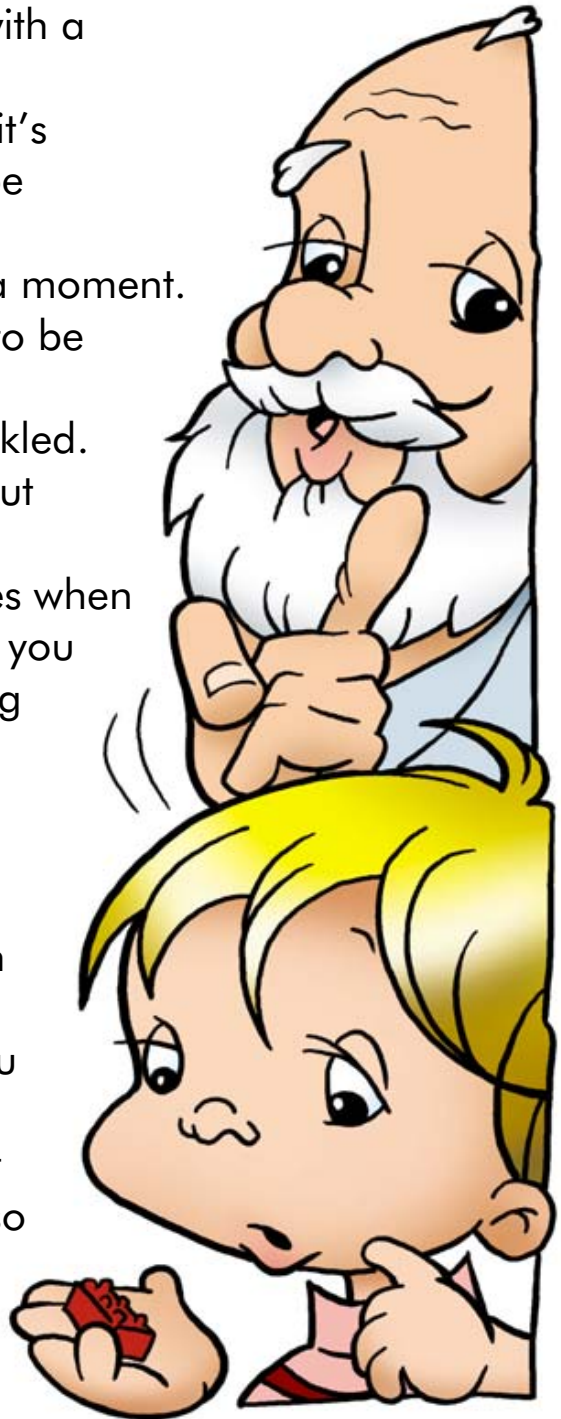
"Do you know why it's important to learn to be obedient?"

Tristan thought for a moment. "Because you like me to be obedient?"

Grandpa Jake chuckled. "That too," he said. "But more importantly, it's because there are times when it's very necessary that you obey, so that something bad doesn't happen."

"Oh!"

"For example, you know you're supposed to wear a helmet when you ride your bicycle. But what if one day you decide that you don't want to, or that it's not really important, and so you don't? Then what would happen if you had an accident?"





"I could really hurt my head," Tristan said.

"Exactly! Which reminds me of a story about Shallo, and how he learned the importance of being obedient."

"Please can you tell me the story, Grandpa?"

"How about you work on cleaning up your room," Grandpa Jake suggested, "and when you're done, I'll tell you Shallo's story, okay?"

"Okay!" Tristan replied excitedly. "I'm going to do it right away."



It was a beautiful day in the ocean. The sunlight was streaming through the water, making it warm and bright. Shallo yawned as he sat on a rock throwing pebbles.

"I'm bored," he said to himself. "My friends are busy and I have no one to play with today. I wish there was something fun I could do."

Shallo thought for a moment. Suddenly he jumped up with an excited smile on his face. "I'll go check out Shadow Point!"



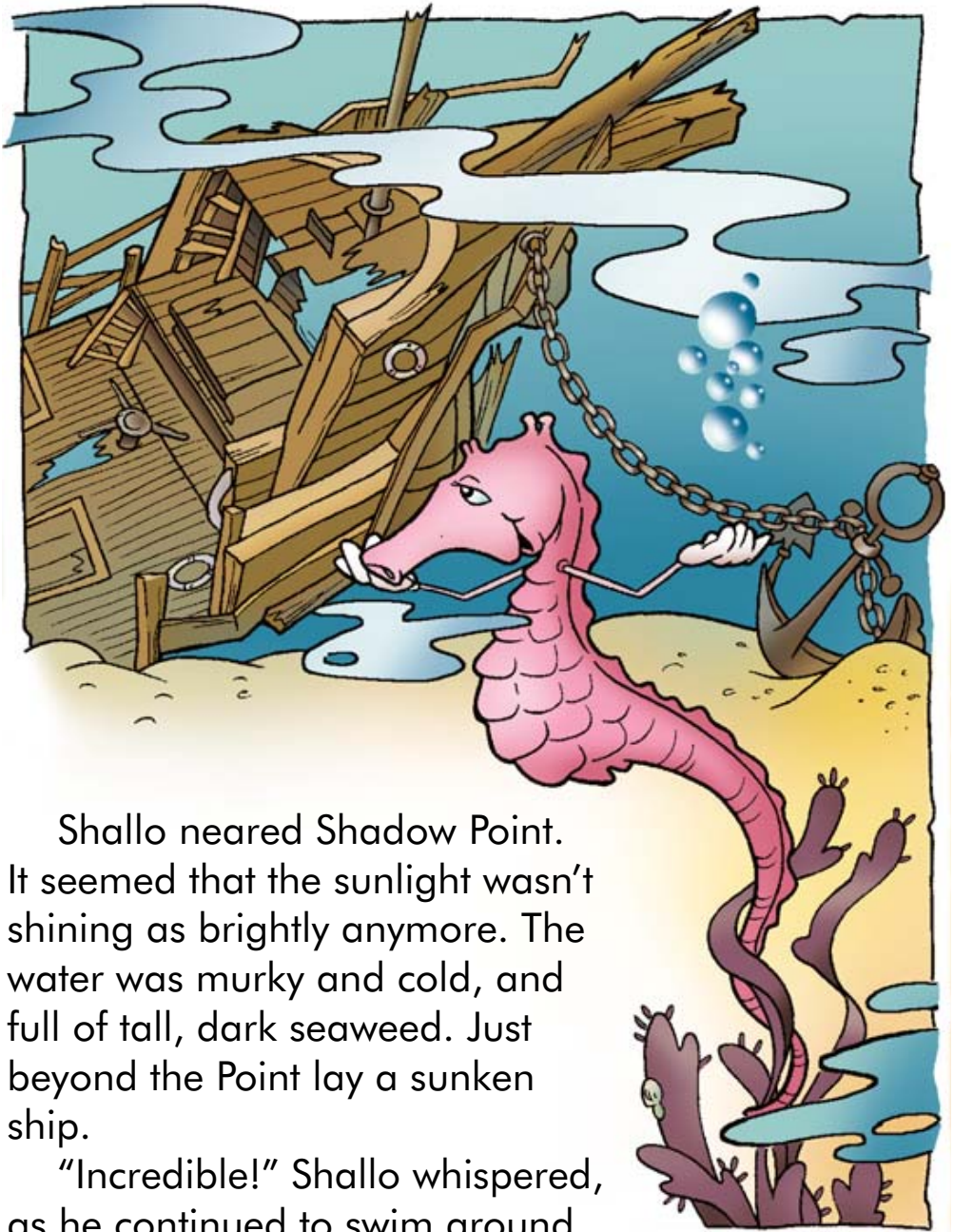
Shadow Point lay on the outskirts of the Kingdom of Shadda. All the mermaids, mermen, and fish stayed away from Shadow Point. Shallo's parents

had told him not to go there. It was a dangerous place.

I'll bet it's not really that dangerous. They're just trying to scare me, thought Shallo. It'll be fun! I can look around and see what it's like there, and then tell my friends. They'll be so impressed!

Shallo looked around to see if anyone was nearby before he started swimming toward Shadow Point. He didn't want anyone to see him.





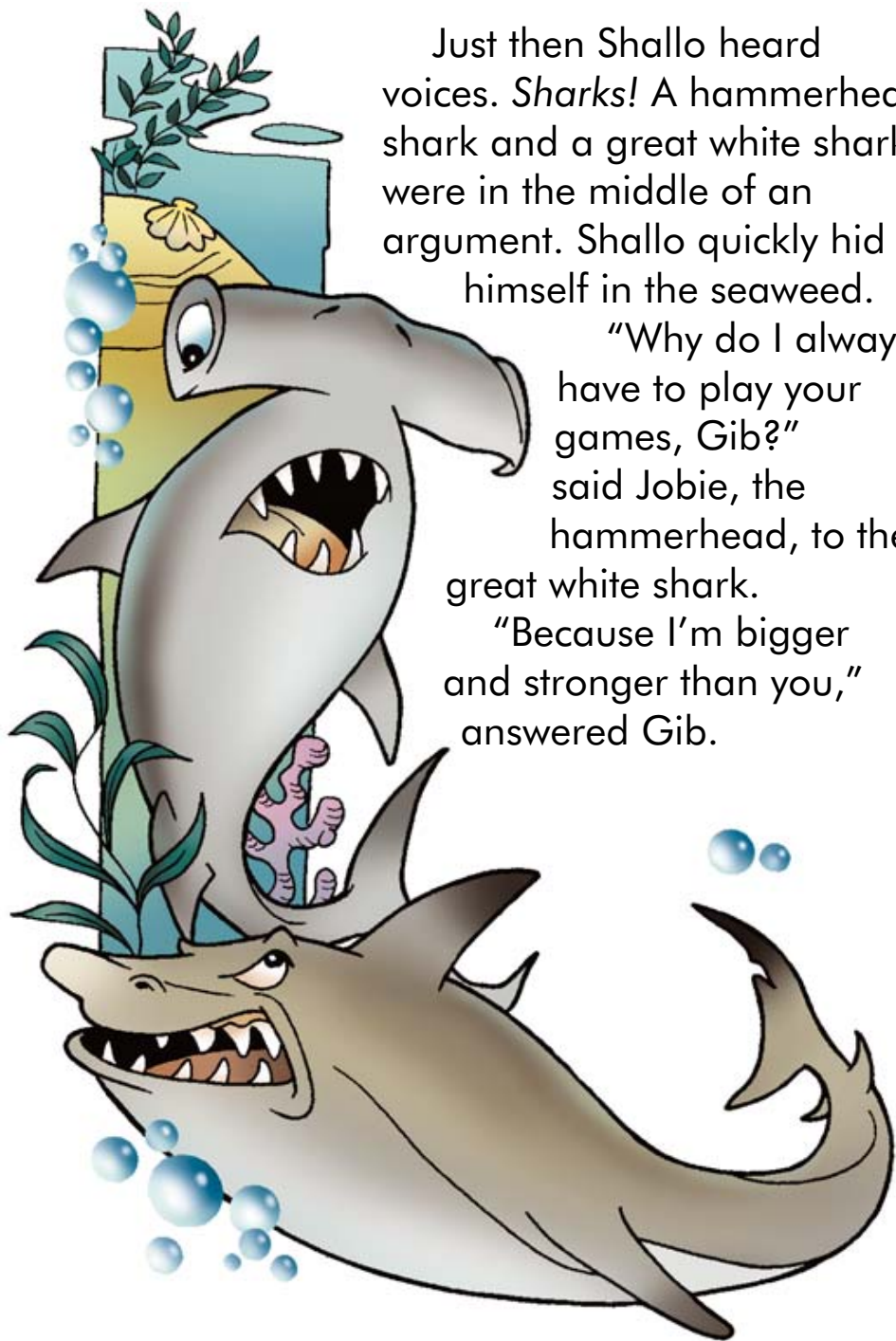
Shallo neared Shadow Point. It seemed that the sunlight wasn't shining as brightly anymore. The water was murky and cold, and full of tall, dark seaweed. Just beyond the Point lay a sunken ship.

"Incredible!" Shallo whispered, as he continued to swim around. "Clip and Goby would love to see this. I'll have a great story to tell them."

Just then Shallo heard voices. *Sharks!* A hammerhead shark and a great white shark were in the middle of an argument. Shallo quickly hid himself in the seaweed.

“Why do I always have to play your games, Gib?” said Jobie, the hammerhead, to the great white shark.

“Because I’m bigger and stronger than you,” answered Gib.



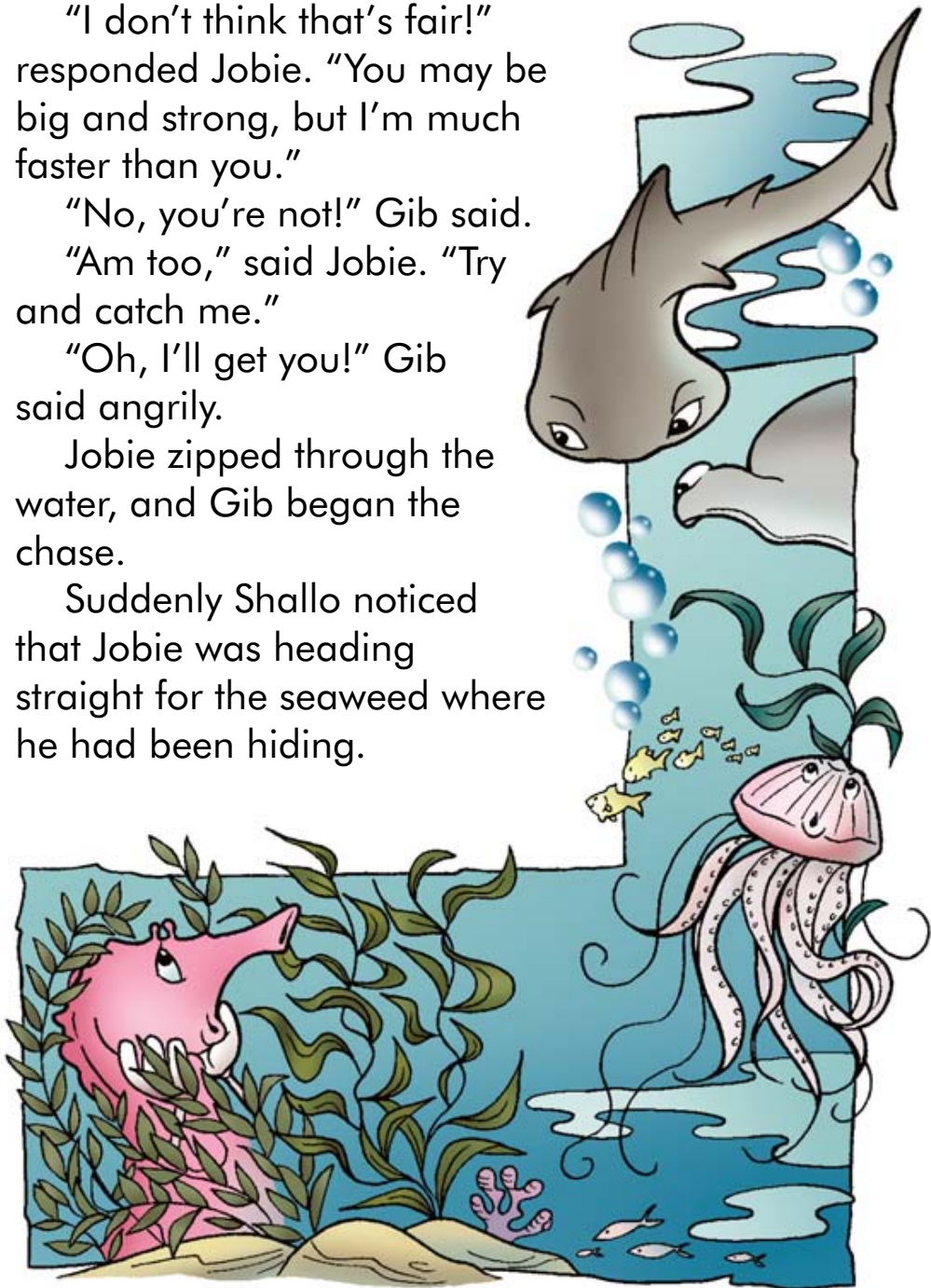
"I don't think that's fair!" responded Jobie. "You may be big and strong, but I'm much faster than you."

"No, you're not!" Gib said. "Am too," said Jobie. "Try and catch me."

"Oh, I'll get you!" Gib said angrily.

Jobie zipped through the water, and Gib began the chase.

Suddenly Shallo noticed that Jobie was heading straight for the seaweed where he had been hiding.



As fast as he could, Shallo climbed up the seaweed.

But as Jobie raced through the seaweed it caused Shallo to lose his balance, and he landed right on Gib's snout.

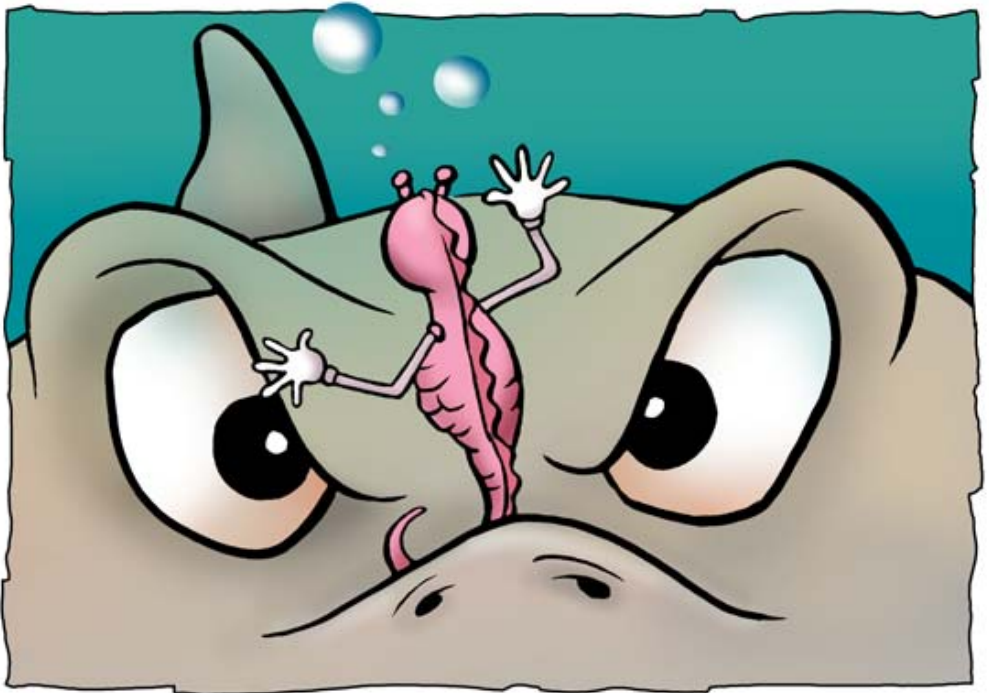
"What have we here?" he snickered.

"A lovely little seahorse! Haven't you gone a little too far from home?"

"Didn't your parents ever tell you not to come to Shadow Point?" asked Jobie.

Jobie and Gib laughed loudly.

Poor Shallo shook in fear.

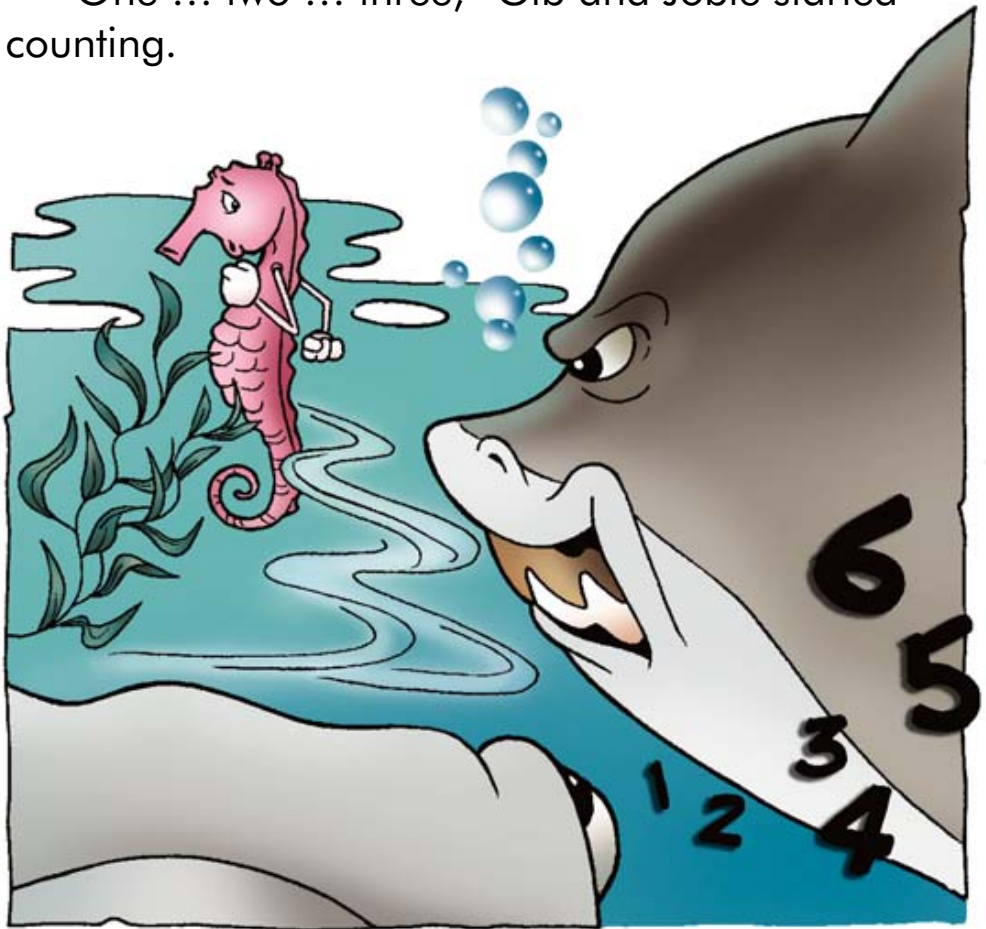


"Please don't eat me," he said in a shaky voice.

"I know!" Jobie exclaimed. "Let's play a game with the seahorse. We can let him go, and then we'll count to twenty. While we're counting, the seahorse has to swim away and hide, and then we'll have to find him."

"Good idea! Are you ready, little seahorse? Swim your fastest."

"One ... two ... three," Gib and Jobie started counting.





As quickly as he could, Shallo swam off toward a nearby coral reef, hoping to reach it before the sharks caught up with him.

“Nineteen ... twenty! Here we come,” chorused Gib and Jobie as they took off after Shallo.

Shallo had just reached the reef. He managed to squeeze himself into a little gap where he hoped the sharks couldn’t get him.

Shallo prayed, “I’m so sorry, God, for not listening to my parents when they told me not to come here. Please help me now. Help the sharks not to get me.”

Jobie and Gib circled the reef, searching for Shallo. "Oh, seahorse," they called, "where are you?" Shallo sat silently.

After many minutes of searching, neither of the two sharks could find Shallo.

"That's why you don't choose the games," Gib said angrily to Jobie. "You choose silly games that aren't any fun."

"It was a good game," Jobie answered. "You're just angry because the seahorse got away."

"Yes, I am. And don't you make me angrier."

The two sharks swam off, arguing as they went.

Shallo heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank You, God, for protecting me. I promise to be more obedient and to listen when my parents tell me things."

Carefully he made his way back home.

I've got a good story to tell the others, he thought. I've sure learned my lesson about obeying what I'm told.





"Poor Shallo! That was so scary!" said Tristan. "I'm glad that the sharks didn't find him."

"Yes, but if he had obeyed in the first place he wouldn't have found himself in danger," added Grandpa Jake.

"Now I understand why I need to obey more," Tristan said, "even if it's something I don't want to do or don't understand. I'll be happier if I obey."

“And you’ll probably keep yourself out of trouble as well,” said Grandpa Jake. “By the way, your room looks so nice and tidy. Thank you for being obedient and cleaning it up.”

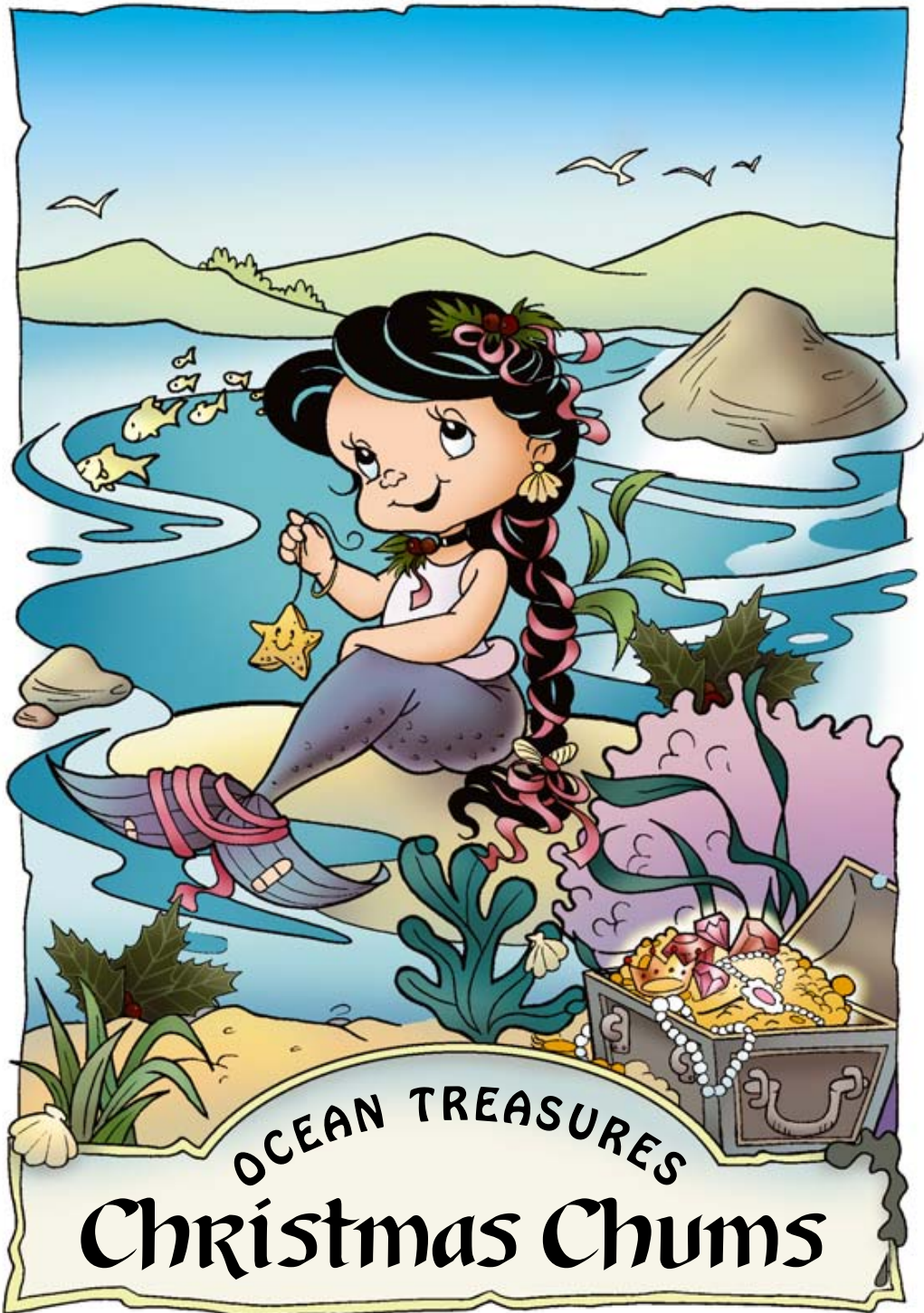
Tristan reached over and gave Grandpa Jake a hug. “I’m glad I made you happy by obeying.”



Learning to be obedient is very important! Sometimes it's hard to obey, but if you'll follow through, you'll be happier.

Moral





OCEAN TREASURES

Christmas Chums

It was the day before Christmas, and Tristan and Chantal had been making Christmas cards for their family and friends.



"I need the blue crayon, Tristan," said Chantal.

"So do I," Tristan answered.

"You're not using it, though."

"I will."

Chantal reached over and grabbed the blue crayon.

"Give it back!" Tristan said angrily.

"I'm using it," Chantal answered. "I'll give it to you when I'm done."

"Give it back now!"

Tristan grabbed the crayon as Chantal was using it, and as he did, he accidentally drew a blue line across Chantal's entire card.

"Look what you've done!" Chantal said, starting to cry.

"What's the matter?" asked Grandpa Jake.

"Tristan ruined my card!" cried Chantal.

"It was her fault," said Tristan. "She shouldn't have taken my crayon."



"I have an idea," said Grandpa Jake. "What if I tell you a story about when Shallo and Clip had a problem? Maybe it will help you to understand each other better."



"Let's hang these Christmas decorations here," said Goby.

Old Budder held one end of the colorful seaweed, and Goby held the other end, as they put it in place.

"How do you think it looks, Camille?" Budder asked.

“Okay,” Camille replied with a glum look on her face.

“You don’t like it, do you?” Goby said with a worried look.

“It’s fine, really,” she answered.

“Is your tail hurting you?” Old Budder asked.

“Not really ... at least it doesn’t if I keep it still,” said Camille.

“Then what’s wrong?”



Camille sighed. "I wish I didn't have to be in bed. I want to help decorate, and I want to have fun. But I can't ... because of my silly tail."

Camille had hurt herself two days earlier while playing by the reef. A large piece of coral had fallen on her tail and injured it.

Christmas was always a special time for Camille, but being in bed with a hurt tail wasn't Camille's idea of fun. Her friends came to cheer her up, but she still seemed a little glum.

Suddenly
from out in
the courtyard
came a

"CRASH!"

followed
by angry
shouts.



"What's happening?" Camille asked.

"It's Shallo and Clip," said Goby.

"Looks like they're having a difficult time with each other," Budder said. "I'll be back in a minute."

Clip and Shallo had been out collecting empty shells, coral pieces, and colorful sea plants that they would use to decorate Camille's room. Excited by what they had found, Shallo was eager to show Camille. Meanwhile, Clip had been getting frustrated with Shallo.



"Look what I found!" Shallo had shouted, as they neared Camille's home.

But as the seahorse took off to show Camille what they had collected, Clip grabbed his tail, which landed Shallo in a big heap. The things that he had been carrying were scattered all over the seabed.

"CLIP!!" Shallo shouted. "Look what you've done!"

"Serves you right!"

"Why would you do that?" Shallo was very upset.

"I'm tired of you taking the credit for everything,"

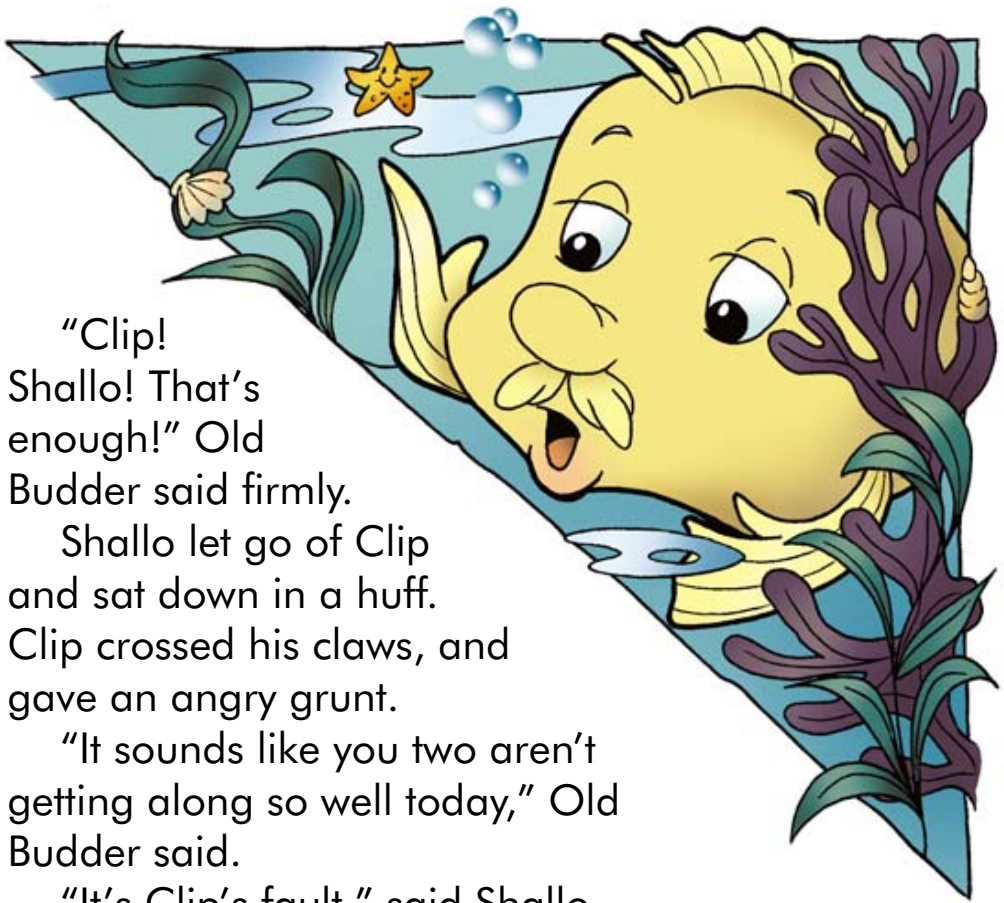
Clip said. "Remember, we collected them, not just you! All morning you've been going on about what you collected for Camille, even if I was the one who found it."

"I have not!" Shallo argued back.

"Have too!" Clip replied.

The crab and seahorse started fighting, shoving and pushing each other.





“Clip!
Shallo! That’s
enough!” Old
Budder said firmly.

Shallo let go of Clip
and sat down in a huff.
Clip crossed his claws, and
gave an angry grunt.

“It sounds like you two aren’t
getting along so well today,” Old
Budder said.

“It’s Clip’s fault,” said Shallo.

“No, it’s not!” Clip snapped back.

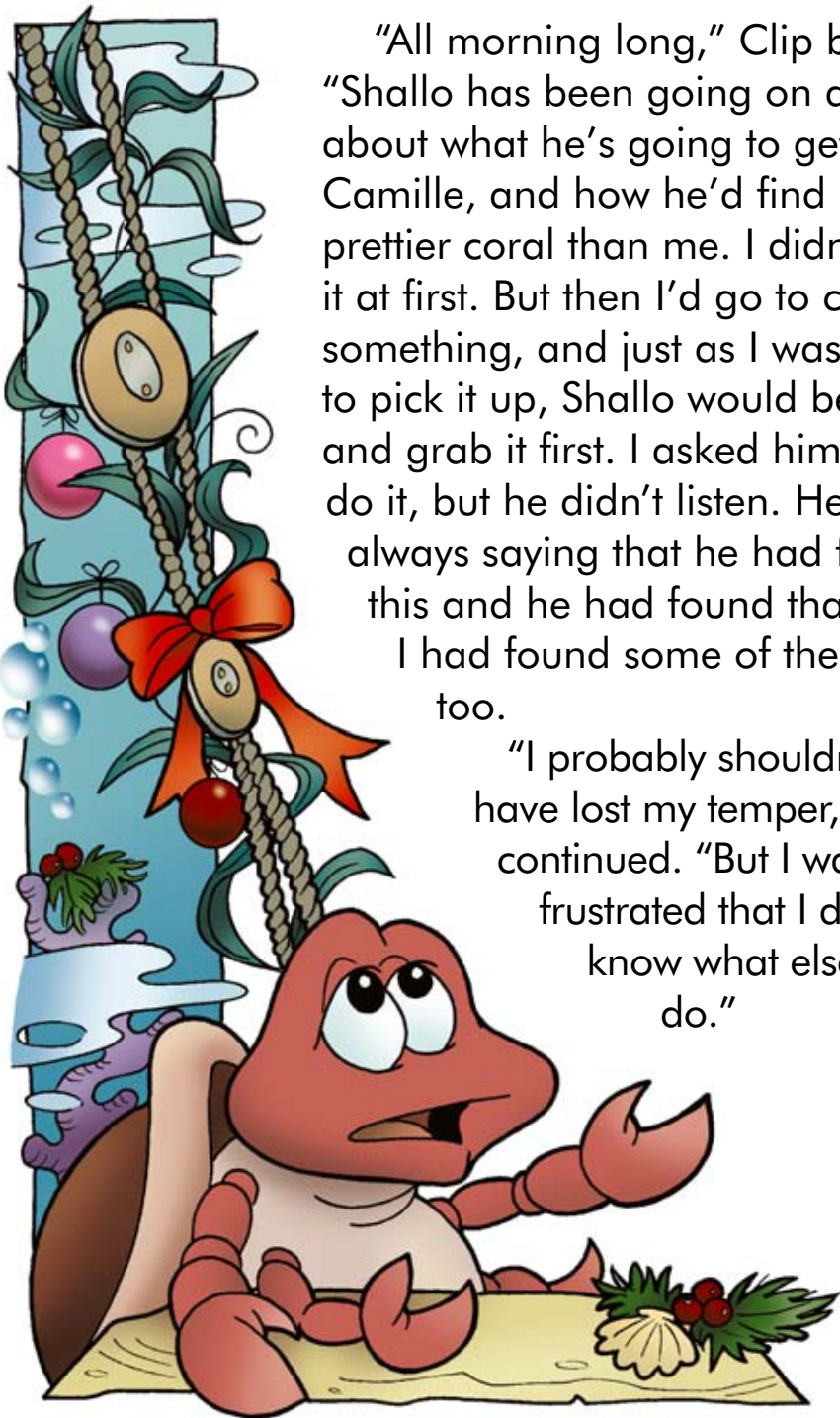
“I didn’t ask you whose fault it was,” said Old
Budder. “Arguing about who did what wrong is not
going to help. We need to find a solution to this
problem, and without fighting or arguing about it.
But to find a solution, you’re both going to have to
take the time to listen to each other. Agreed?”

Shallo and Clip nodded their heads.

“Why don’t you explain your problem first, Clip,”
suggested Old Budder. “What happened?”

“All morning long,” Clip began, “Shallo has been going on and on about what he’s going to get for Camille, and how he’d find much prettier coral than me. I didn’t mind it at first. But then I’d go to collect something, and just as I was going to pick it up, Shallo would be there and grab it first. I asked him to not do it, but he didn’t listen. He was always saying that he had found this and he had found that. But I had found some of the stuff too.”

“I probably shouldn’t have lost my temper,” Clip continued. “But I was so frustrated that I didn’t know what else to do.”



"I see," said Old Budder. Turning to Shallo he added, "Did you realize that you were making Clip feel bad?"

Shallo shook his head. "I just wanted to do something nice for Camille," he explained. "I wasn't trying to make Clip angry ... but I guess I did."

"Well, this is good news!" Budder exclaimed.

Shallo and Clip both gave Old Budder a puzzled look.

"What do you mean?" asked Clip.

"Well," began Old Budder, "now that you know why both of you were angry it's easier to make up."





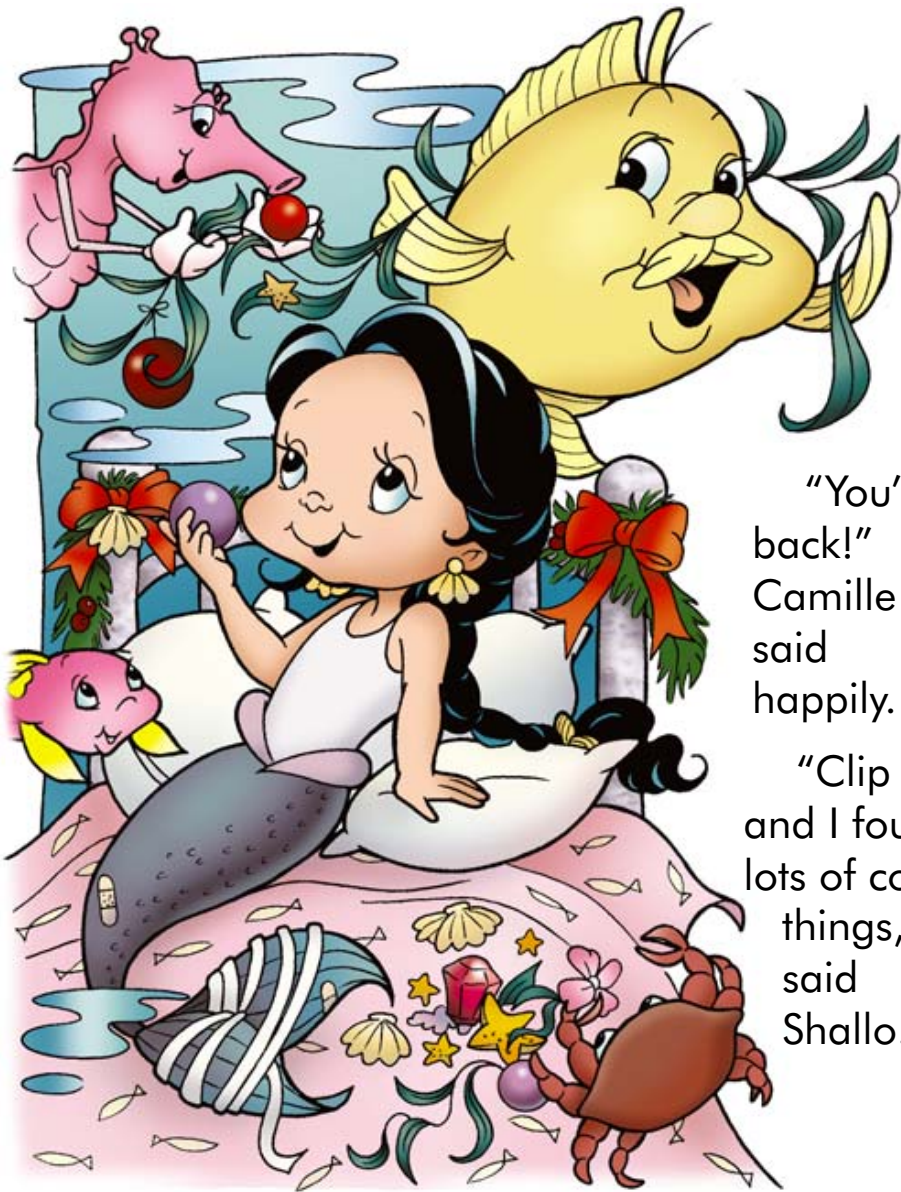
Shallo gave a sigh. "Clip, I'm sorry for the way I was behaving. I didn't realize it was bothering you so much or else I wouldn't have done it."

"I'm sorry too," said Clip. "I shouldn't have gotten angry at you. Please forgive me."

"Sure," answered Shallo.

The two friends thanked Old Budder for his help.

"Well, let's not keep Camille waiting any longer," Old Budder said.



“You’re back!”
Camille
said
happily.

“Clip
and I found
lots of cool
things,”
said
Shallo.

The coral, shells, and colorful sea plants were dumped out on the bed, as the five friends studied each piece and decided where to place them in Camille’s room.

“Thank you so much,” Camille said. “You’re such wonderful friends. I thought that I was going to have a terribly boring Christmas because of my accident, but you’ve made it a lot of fun.”

“You’ve always been there to help us when we’ve had our not-so-good times,” said Shallo.



“Merry Christmas, Camille,” Clip said. “And Merry Christmas to all of you, my special friends.”

"I shouldn't have been so selfish," said Tristan. "I didn't really need the crayon right then. I could've shared it with you."

"It wasn't nice of me to grab it from you," Chantal said. "I could have used a different color until you were done. I'm sorry."

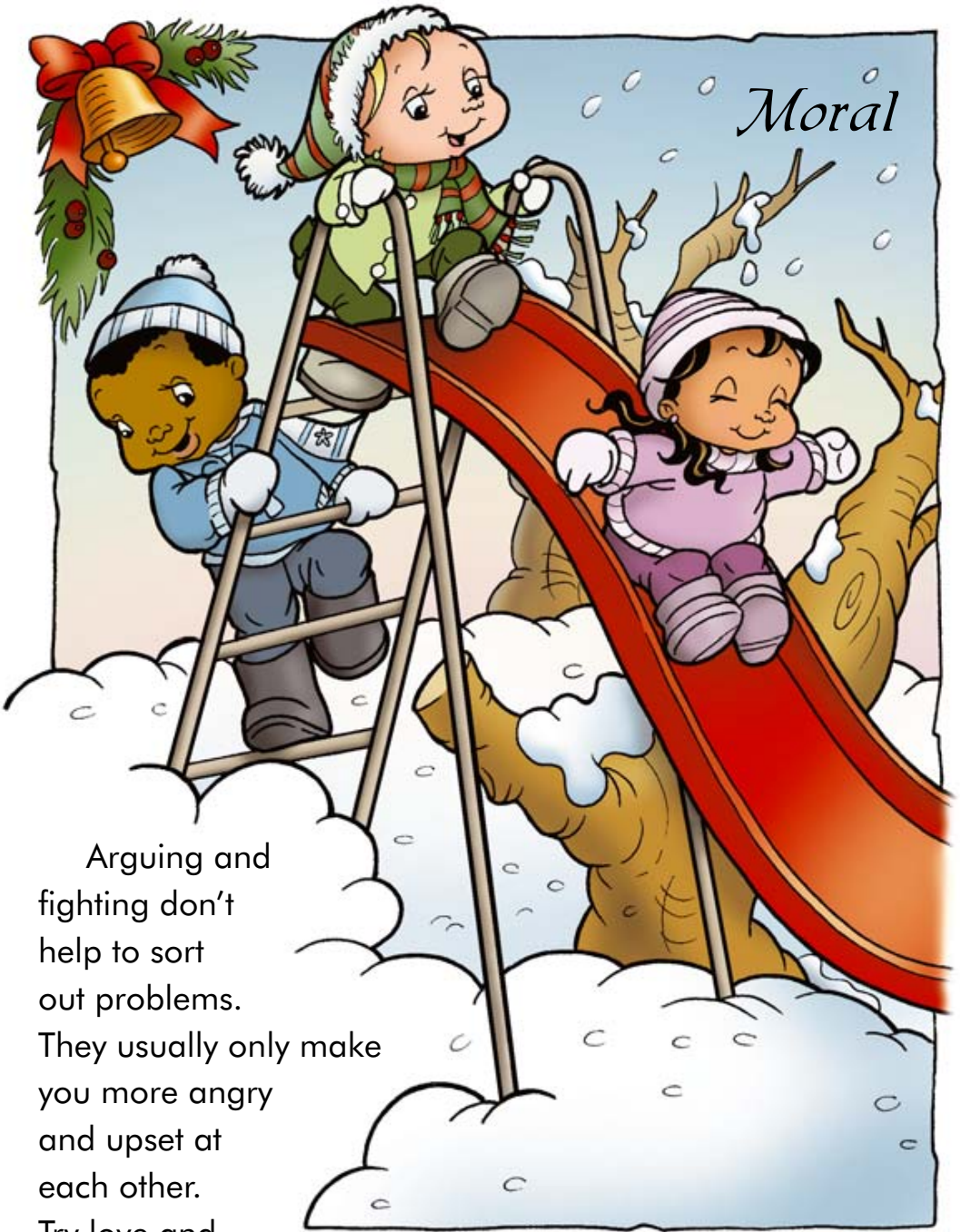
"You see," said Grandpa Jake, "there are ways to work things out without getting upset and fighting."

"Can we go back to finishing our cards?" Tristan asked.

"For sure. And I have to say, your cards are beautiful. I'm sure they'll make your families very happy."



Moral



Arguing and fighting don't help to sort out problems. They usually only make you more angry and upset at each other. Try love and thoughtfulness instead, and you'll see how much better things work.

Blank



