In Hiding

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I'm halfway across the beach before they notice me. I walk sideways, hoping I'm able to blend in with the sand. I see my friend has already made it to our safe place without getting spotted. We are constantly being hunted by these monsters. We're always in hiding.

My name is Gerald. I'm a brightly colored, but somewhat stealthy crab called a ghost crab. My friend, Sheldon, and I had accidentally wandered into the dangerous outside world, and now we're headed back to our homes, but they were on the hunt. It was just our luck, too. Crabs have bad luck.

I hide under a leaf, waiting for Sheldon to give the signal, but he has already disappeared. How does he do it? The cawing above me brings me back to reality, and I see the seagulls circling overhead. Please don't dive, please don't dive, I think. A seagull swoops down.

I wait for the snap of a beak. Nothing happens. I realize the seagull was distracted by a drone flying around. I see another seagull holding a crab in its beak. I look closer at the crab, and it's someone I know very well. The crab is my friend, Sheldon.

My fear is replaced by two things: despair and that feeling you get when you want to avenge someone. I scuttle out from underneath the leaf, going slowly. Hey, you can't be too careful. The seagull who seems to be the leader dives down and crashes into the sandy ground.

I can understand seagulls, which is unfortunate. "Well, well, well," the leader says. "We've found ourselves some dessert, boys." Sheldon opens his eyes and groans, "It's...it's too late. I can't make it." I'm taken aback. Sheldon giving up? That isn't right. He's the bravest crab ever to exist in history.

I think of everything my mom taught me about facing off against birds. I remember the Call of The Crab Army, and I go for that. I snap each claw five times, then I scrape at the sand. Next thing I know, every single crab in Crabville heads to battle.

I say, "Crabs of Crabville! We have found foes who believe they can take what they want from us! Well, they are wrong. We must fight!" The seagull holding Sheldon drops him and flies away. Soon, only the leader is left standing. He says, "Uh..." and takes to the air.

I scuttle over to Sheldon, who says weakly, "Thanks. You saved me." I lift him in the air, and everyone in Crabville raises their claws and picks me up, chanting, "Gerald! Gerald!" Suddenly, I hear beeping. I open my eyes. It was all a dream!
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