



# P. Hermit Claims a Castle

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What would you do if you were a hermit crab, and you were taken out of your tidepool and dropped into a sandpail?

Scary.

And just as you were about to get a new home, a silver turban with a pearl on the top.

I'd try to escape.

Hermit tries to escape. But he tumbles onto a rock and a vision dazzles his senses. He thinks he's in a sea of shells. He thinks he's a prince. One after another, he tries to claim a brightly colored shell for a castle in his kingdom of the sea.

Wow, Prince Hermit.

Not just any shell is good enough for a prince. But the shells aren't empty. They're turtles. The turtles say, "I beg your pardon, this shell is occupied." And P. Hermit says, "Well, one shell is not good enough for me."

Does he get back to his tidepool?

My guess is that Hermit gets a silver turban with a pearl on the top, a castle fit for a prince.

My imagination tells me that P. Hermit claims a castle, just like in the title.

**Time for the story:** Please read the book OR listen and read along on the CD.

Can't you just imagine Hermit telling his story every time a new hermit crab happens onto the tidepool.

I imagine the hermit crabs never forgot how much Hermit loved that turban with a pearl on the top.

(P. Hermit voice) I liked talking to the turtle. But I was REALLY excited about my new shell, (brag) a TURBAN with a PEARL on top.

You were so happy. You snuggled in and drifted off to sleep.  
I could get excited about a home that's a TURBAN with a PEARL on top.  
It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

## ♪ Hermit's Song ♪

I'm Hermit. P. Hermit. Prince Hermit is my name.  
I'm especial-ly tame 'cause I'm a hermit crab.  
I'm the crab you mustn't grab.  
My house is a turban.  
It's not in Zanzibar or anywhere urban.  
Don't be disburbin' me in the sea...where I am free.  
That's the rule of the tidepool.  
Don't even knock when I'm taking a walk  
in my turban with my pearl on the top.  
Please...be my tidepool cop.  
Please...be my tidepool cop.

I'd be a tidepool cop.

Cool. Hermit would like that.

**Readers' Theater:** Script available in *Stories on Stage* booklet of scripts.

## CHOREOGRAPHY

### ♪ **Hermit's Song** ♪

Twist and bounce pincer dance

I'm Hermit, P. Hermit. Prince Hermit  
is *my* name. I'm especially tame...  
(For first four measures, move head  
from side to side, face forward.)



'cause I'm a hermit crab. I'm  
a crab you *musn't* grab.

(Then, keep moving head  
from side to side, add  
entire body wiggling  
[twist and bounce] side  
to side in synch with the

head movements. Curl arms down in front of body, fingers/hands like  
pinchers on a crab, opening and closing)

My house is a turban. It's not in Zanzabar. or anywhere urban.  
Don't be disturbin' me in the sea where I am free...



(Put arms up above head,  
fingers/hands still like  
pinchers opening/  
closing, body still  
wiggling [twist and  
bounce] back and  
forth with head.)

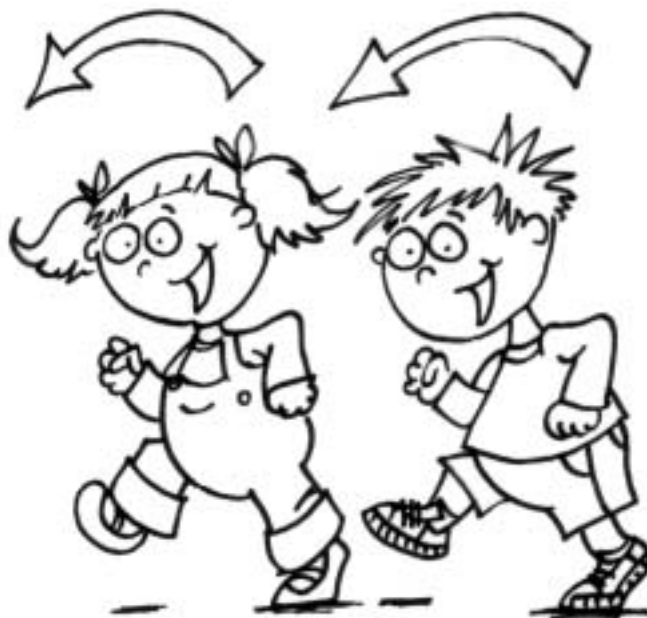
That's the rule of the tidepool.  
(left hand on hip, right hand in  
a finger shake)



Don't even knock (stop  
shaking finger, but keep it up  
and still. Then...shake head as  
if saying "no.")



when I'm taking a walk  
(Walk two steps right.)



in my turban  
(Walk two steps left.)



with my pearl on top (On the word "top", put hands on top of head. Shake head left to right, as in the beginning.)

Please be *my* tidepool cop. (Resume crab movements, as in beginning, down low first.)

Please be *my* tidepool cop. (Make crab movements with arms above head.)



Illustration © Will Pellegrini

Yeeeahhh! (Everyone says...)

