Marlie Blue and the Little Idea



Pop!

A little need

Warm sunlight wiggled through the sea.
Marlie Blue and Coco the Crab played bubble tag.
Her pink bow bobbed.
Pop!

Near the coral arch, a family swam in circles.
“Which way to Moon Meadow?” they asked.

“We want to see the evening sparkles!”

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Follow me!

So many trips

“Follow me!” said Marlie.
Past the waving kelp.
Around the big round rock.
There it was—the meadow, soft and green.

On her way back, another family asked.
Then another!
Marlie liked helping.

But when she returned, Coco had packed up their game.

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A map!

A little idea

“I wish I could help everyone and still play,”
Marlie sighed.
Coco tapped his chin.
“Could you make something that helps?”

Marlie’s eyes grew bright.
“A map!”
She drew a winding path in the sand.

A little idea can grow.

Marlie Blue and the Little Idea



Swish!

The idea is still there

Then—swish!
A current smudged the path.
“My idea washed away,” said Marlie.
“The drawing did,” said Coco. “Your idea didn’t.”

Marlie asked a passing family,
“What would make a good map?”
“Big pictures,” they said.

“And something we can take along.”

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Tap. Whirr. Plip!

Tap. Whirr. Plip!

Tilly had a bubble-screen.
With her help, Marlie drew the arch, the kelp, and the rock.
Coco added big arrows.

Tap. Whirr. Plip!
The little printer made a leaf-card map.
Then another.
One drawing could become many maps!

Marlie’s bow gave a happy wiggle.

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That helped!

A tiny first try

A family tried one.
They followed the pictures, found the meadow, and waved.
“That helped!”
Marlie beamed.
Her little idea was working.

“Could I open a little map shop?” asked Marlie.
“Let’s try,” said Tilly.

“Start small. Listen. Make it better.”

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One shell token.

A shop of her own

With Tilly nearby, Marlie opened her map shop.
One take-along map cost one shell token.
She had a little business of her own!

Beside the shop, she put a big, free map.
Everyone could look.
Families could buy a small one to carry.

Coco clicked his claws.

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Clink. Clink. Clink.

Three little tokens

One family bought a map.
Then two more.
Clink. Clink. Clink.
Three shell tokens!
A little idea can grow.

Marlie counted:
One token to share with Coco.
One for more map supplies.
One to save.

They tucked it in a little shell.

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A little care.

A new way to help

Each morning, Marlie checked the path and listened to visitors.
If something changed, she made her maps better.
Good ideas needed care.

Then—tap, whirr, plip!
Her drawing helped another family.
Marlie didn’t have to swim every trip.

She had made a new way to help.

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Time to play.

Room to play

That evening, Coco called,
“Bubble tag?”
“Yes!” Marlie laughed.
There was time to play.
And time to watch the meadow sparkle.

Beside Tilly, Marlie whispered,
“Can little fish really make big things?”
“Little fish can begin,” she said.

“You have time to try, learn, and grow.”

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Try, learn, and grow.

Yours to grow

“Will every idea work?” asked Marlie.
“No,” said Tilly gently.
“But every try can teach you something.
And you can ask for help.”

“This is something you made,” Tilly said.

“You can care for it, change it, and choose what comes next.”

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Good night, Marlie.

Time to dream

The meadow shimmered like a sky of tiny stars.
Coco settled on a smooth stone.
Marlie’s next idea could wait.
Now it was time to rest.

Home in her cozy cove, Marlie closed her eyes.
Her pink bow rested softly.
Little fish, big dream.

A little idea can grow.

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