

After that first evening, Lucy and I had many a happy day upon the Scarborough' sands. We used to pull off our shoes and stockings, and aunt Mary, who sat on a grassy bit of cliff with her books and work, took care of them for us whilst we went and paddled about in the rock-pools. We found star-fishes in them sometimes, yellow, purple, brown and pink; and crimson sea anemones, with a fringe of fingers all round them, like the long petals of a daisy. It was so funny to touch these fingers one after another, and see them shrink up into nothing. I used to wonder whatever the creature did with them, and I am not quite sure now. If we waited and watched long enough, they used to come out again, very slowly, one by one, until they were all spread round as beautifully as ever. Sometimes we saw crabs, but they would never let us catch them. Indeed, I don't think we dare have touched them, though they were very little ones. They seemed to have no end of legs; but for all they had so many they could not walk properly with them, they were always tumbling and picking themselves up again. Puff, who only had three and a half, could walk better than a crab.