Henry and the Magic Crayon: Under the Sea



by David Parsons

For every little explorer who wonders what swims beneath the waves.

Henry and the Magic Crayon: Under the Sea
Henry's Crayon Adventures · Book 2
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The moon through the window
was shining bright,
as Mummy bent down
to kiss Henry goodnight.



“Sleep well, little man,”
said Dad from the door,
as Cecil the pug
curled up on the floor.

But Cecil’s ear twitched.
He sat up on the mat.
Far off, something hummed.
“Cecil… what’s THAT?”



“It’s down in the sea!”
whispered Henry. “It’s true!”
He grabbed his three crayons,
yellow, green and blue,

and drew a fine submarine
with a periscope too,
to go down and listen
the whole ocean through.



It shimmered and sparkled,
then started to grow,
filling his room
with a watery glow.

Bigger and bigger
and BIGGER it grew,
till the whole room was glowing
a watery blue.



Its hull gleamed like treasure.
Its hatch opened wide.
And out of it, softly,
came the hum from inside.

They climbed up inside
and buckled in tight.
The seats felt like sponges,
all squishy and light.

The engine went GLUG!
The sonar went PING!
And down dived the submarine,
down, listening.





Their very first stop
was a bright coral reef,
a garden that wiggled
with each weedy leaf.

It swayed and it waved
with great ribbons of weed,
where seahorses drifted
at seahorse-y speed.

Henry listened hard.
"Not here," he said. "Hmm."
But Cecil's ear twitched.
"It's deeper, that hum!"


Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.
Something silver
is swishing past!



A shimmering shoal
went swishing on by,
a thousand small fish
like stars in the sky.

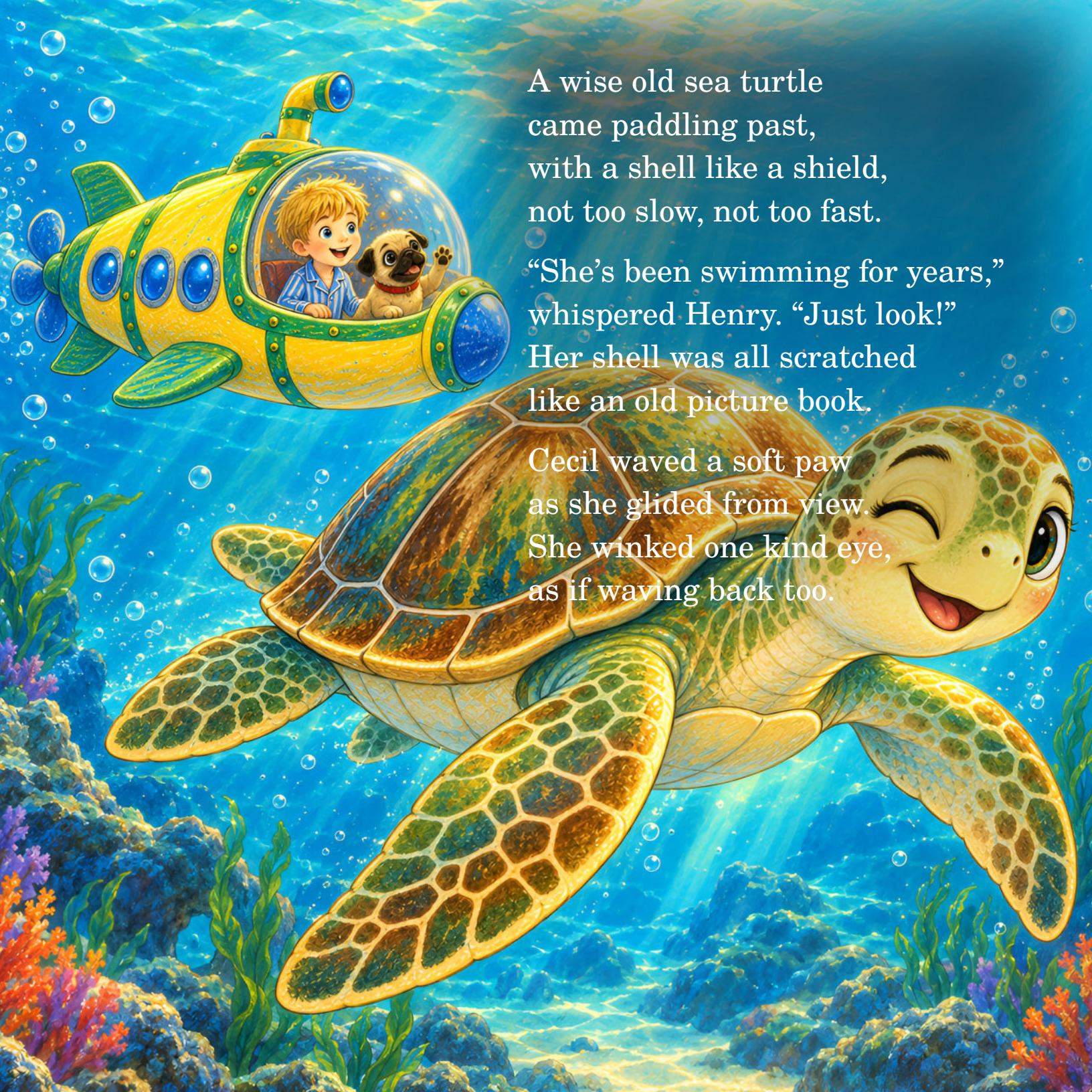
"They turn all together!"
said Henry with glee.
"Left, right, up and down,
through the sparkling sea!"

Cecil spun on the spot.
"Swish! Swish! Look at me!"
"You'd make a fine fish,"
laughed Henry. "Agree!"

Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.

Something slow
is paddling past.





A wise old sea turtle
came paddling past,
with a shell like a shield,
not too slow, not too fast.

"She's been swimming for years,"
whispered Henry. "Just look!"
Her shell was all scratched
like an old picture book.

Cecil waved a soft paw
as she glided from view.
She winked one kind eye,
as if waving back too.


Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.
Something's leaping
and clicking past!


Then dolphins came leaping
in silvery streaks,
with clicks and with whistles
and chattering squeaks.
“Is THAT it?” said Cecil,
one ear to the glass.
“Too squeaky,” said Henry.
“Let’s let them swim past.”
Cecil tried an “Awoo!”
The dolphins clicked back,
then raced off like silver
down a bubbly track.


Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.
Something curly
is wriggling past!

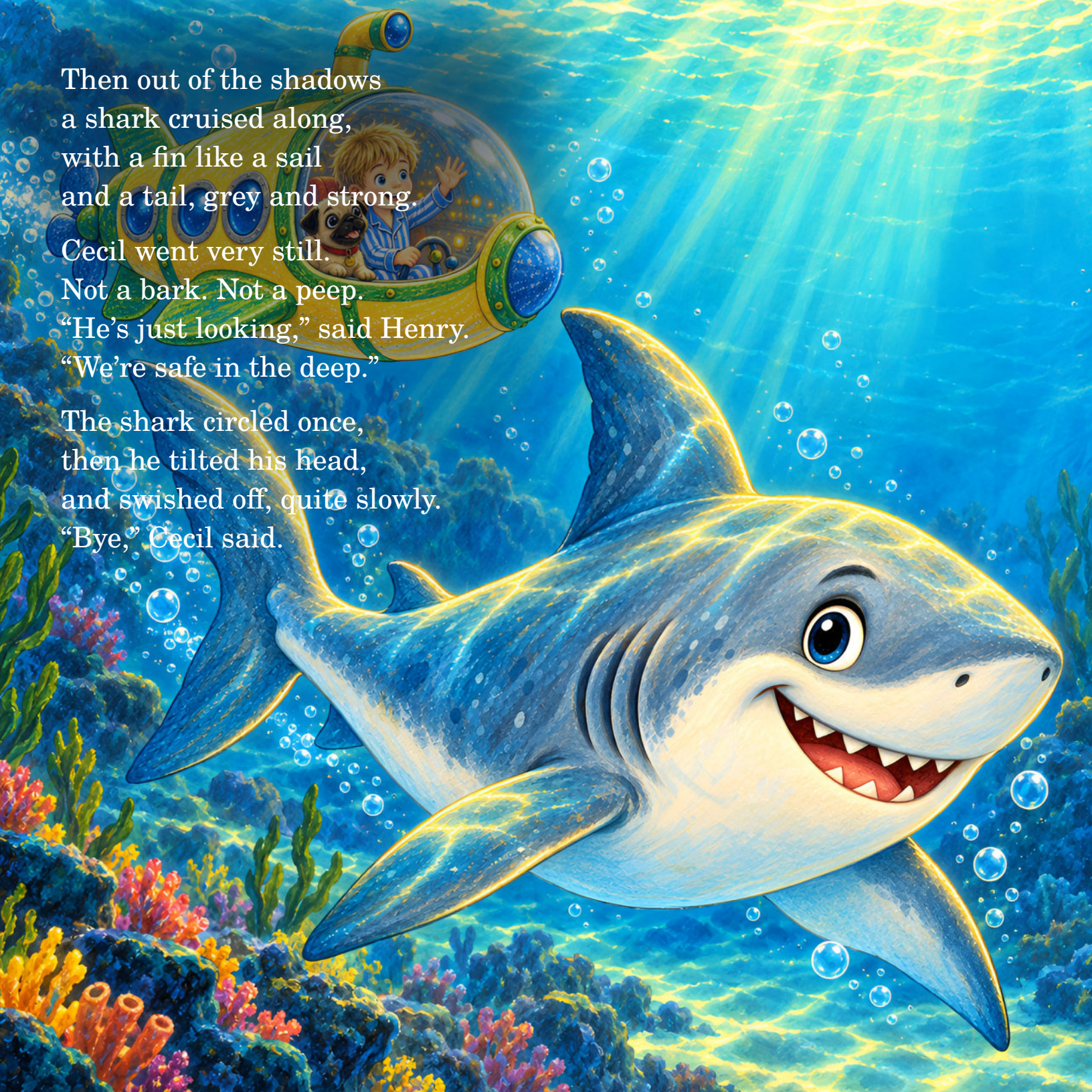


An octopus wiggled
her eight curly arms.
Cecil gulped. “EIGHT?” he said.
“Stay calm,” said Henry. “Calm.”

Then, FLASH! She turned pink,
then purple, then blue!
“She’s changing her colours!
A trick! Peek-a-boo!”

Cecil scrunched up his face
and held his breath tight.
He stayed just the same.
“Still a pug,” Henry said. “Right?”


Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.
Something big
is gliding past.



Then out of the shadows
a shark cruised along,
with a fin like a sail
and a tail, grey and strong.

Cecil went very still.
Not a bark. Not a peep.
"He's just looking," said Henry.
"We're safe in the deep."

The shark circled once,
then he tilted his head,
and swished off, quite slowly.
"Bye," Cecil said.

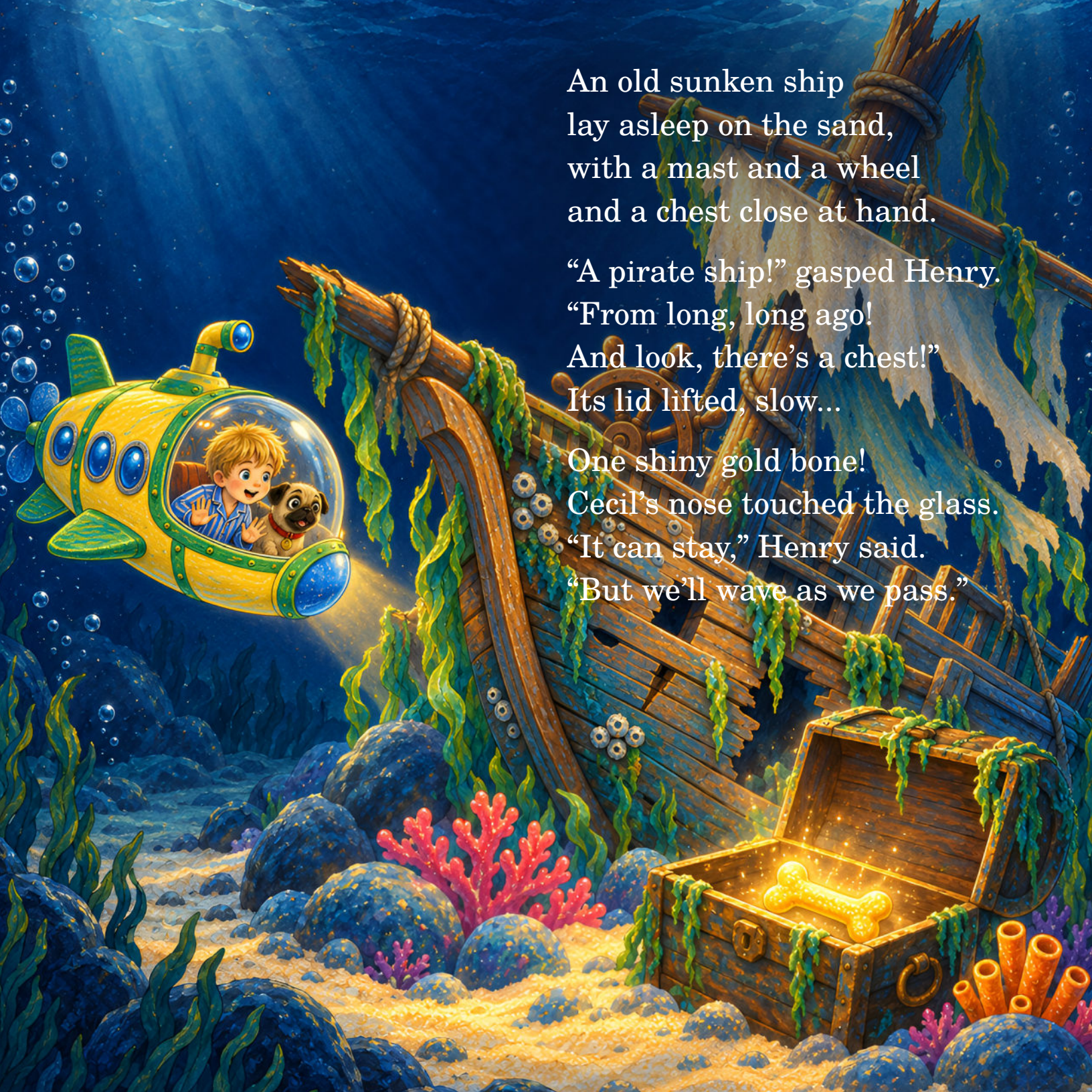
Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.

Something's glowing
as it drifts past.




Then jellyfish drifted
like lamps in the night,
all glowing and pulsing
with soft fairy light.
They rose and they fell
like balloons on a breeze,
trailing their ribbons
with elegant ease.
Cecil sat very still,
and there, through the glow,
came the hum, a bit nearer
“We’re close,” he said. “Go!”


Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass...
"STOP!" said Cecil.
"Something's down there. Not past!"



An old sunken ship
lay asleep on the sand,
with a mast and a wheel
and a chest close at hand.

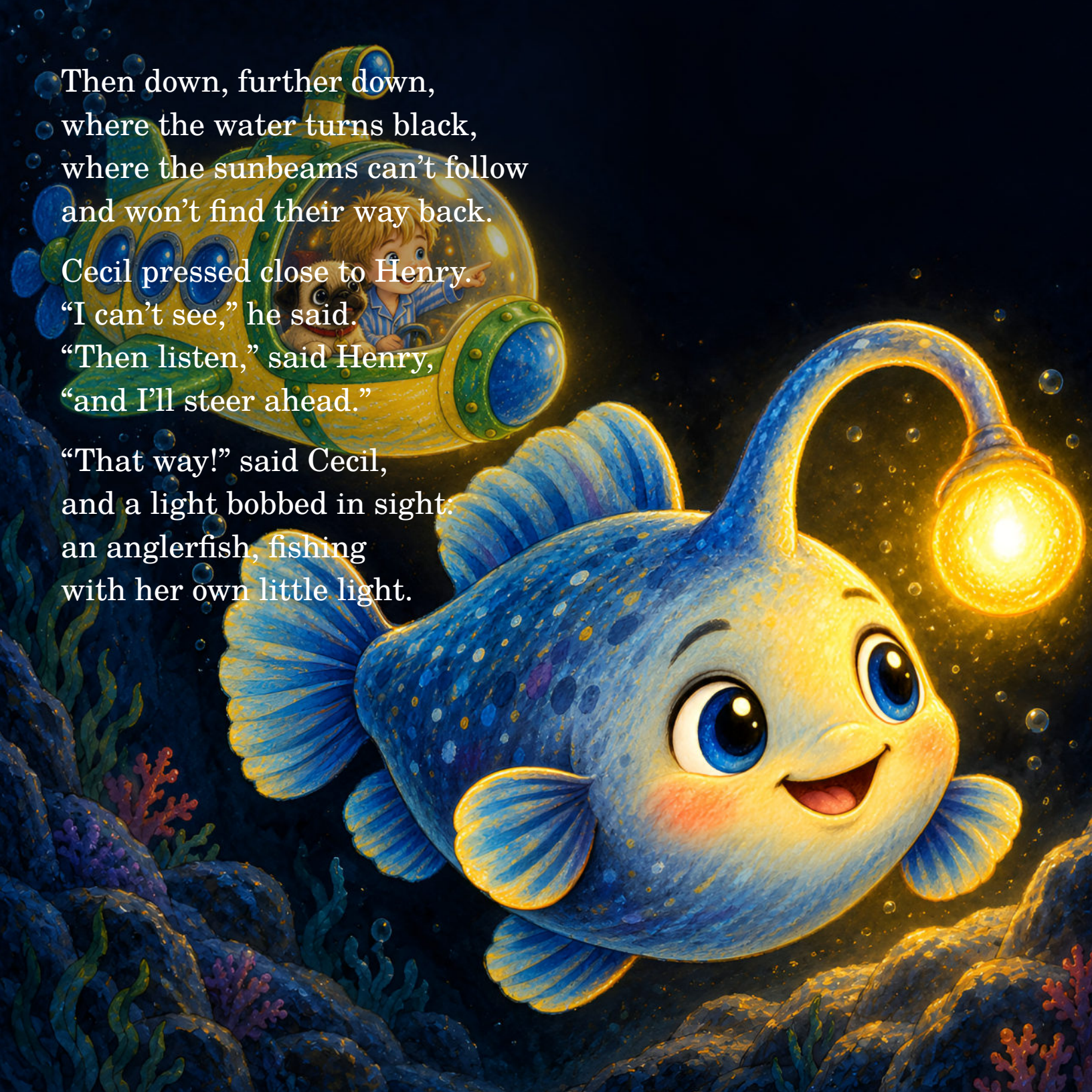
"A pirate ship!" gasped Henry.
"From long, long ago!
And look, there's a chest!"
Its lid lifted, slow...

One shiny gold bone!
Cecil's nose touched the glass.
"It can stay," Henry said.
"But we'll wave as we pass."

Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.

Nothing but black...
and the hum, close at last.



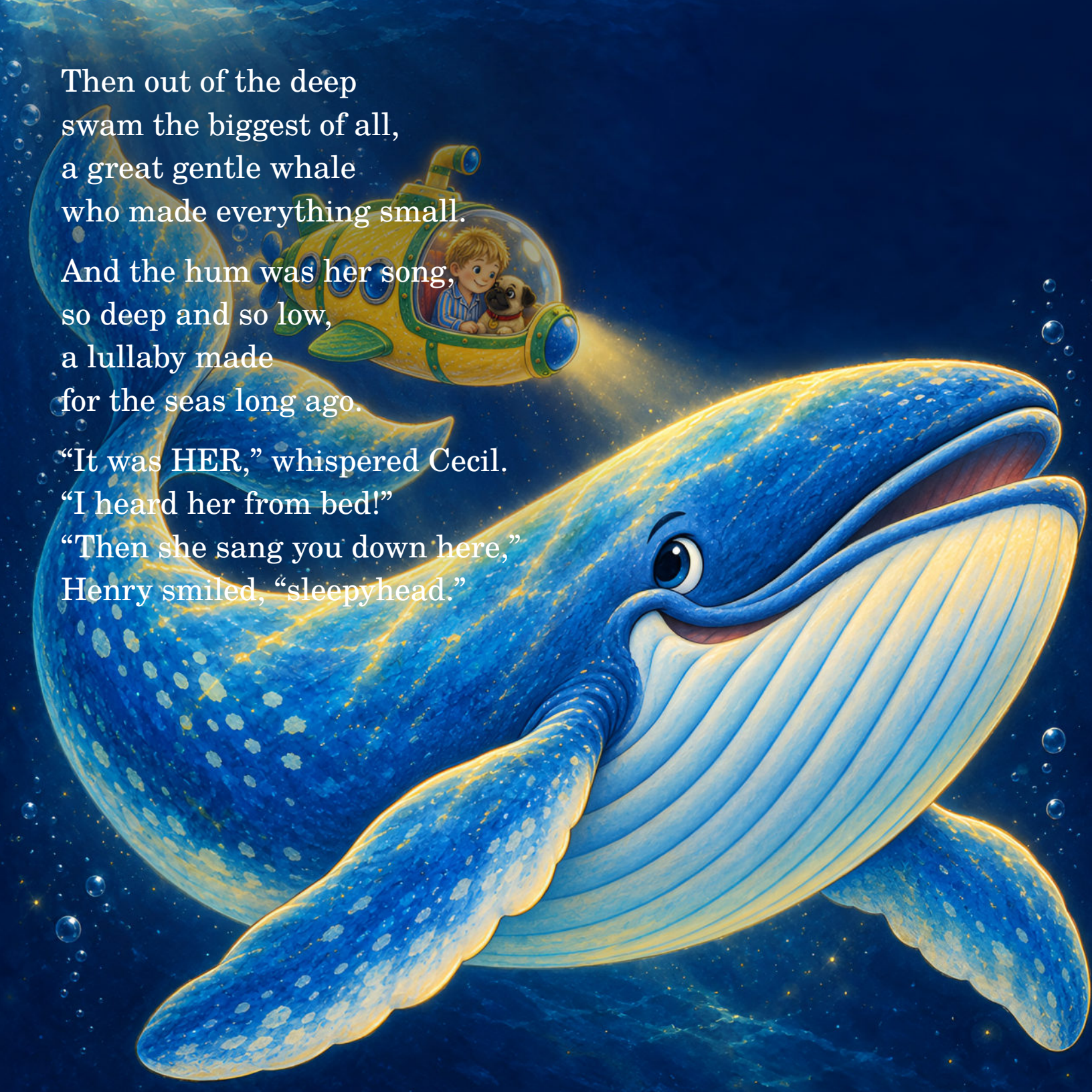


Then down, further down,
where the water turns black,
where the sunbeams can't follow
and won't find their way back.

Cecil pressed close to Henry.
"I can't see," he said.
"Then listen," said Henry,
"and I'll steer ahead."

"That way!" said Cecil,
and a light bobbed in sight:
an anglerfish, fishing
with her own little light.


Come on, Cecil,
peer through the glass.
The hum's all around us...
Something huge drifts past.


Then out of the deep
swam the biggest of all,
a great gentle whale
who made everything small.
And the hum was her song,
so deep and so low,
a lullaby made
for the seas long ago.
“It was HER,” whispered Cecil.
“I heard her from bed!”
“Then she sang you down here,”
Henry smiled, “sleepyhead.”



Then up they both floated
where moonbeams shone through,
a curtain of silver
that danced in the blue.

Henry sat quietly.
Cecil sat too,
and the song went on humming
the whole way up through.



Henry's eyes started closing.
"Home," he said. "Slow."
The sub turned for home,
still humming, soft and low.

It shimmered and sparkled
and shrank, small and neat,
back into the drawing
at Henry's bare feet.



He climbed into bed.
Cecil curled at his feet,
with one ear still listening
to a hum, soft and sweet.

Mummy peeked through the doorway.
Dad whispered goodnight.
And Henry and Cecil
slept, deep as the sea, through the night.