

The background of the cover is a vibrant, stylized illustration. It depicts a tropical scene with several palm trees in shades of blue and green. In the foreground, a large, dark grey rock sits on a patch of green grass. A yellow turtle with a pink shell featuring a geometric pattern and a small blue hat is positioned in the lower left, looking towards the right. The title text is overlaid on the upper part of the illustration.

Mrs. Witty and the Coconut Tree

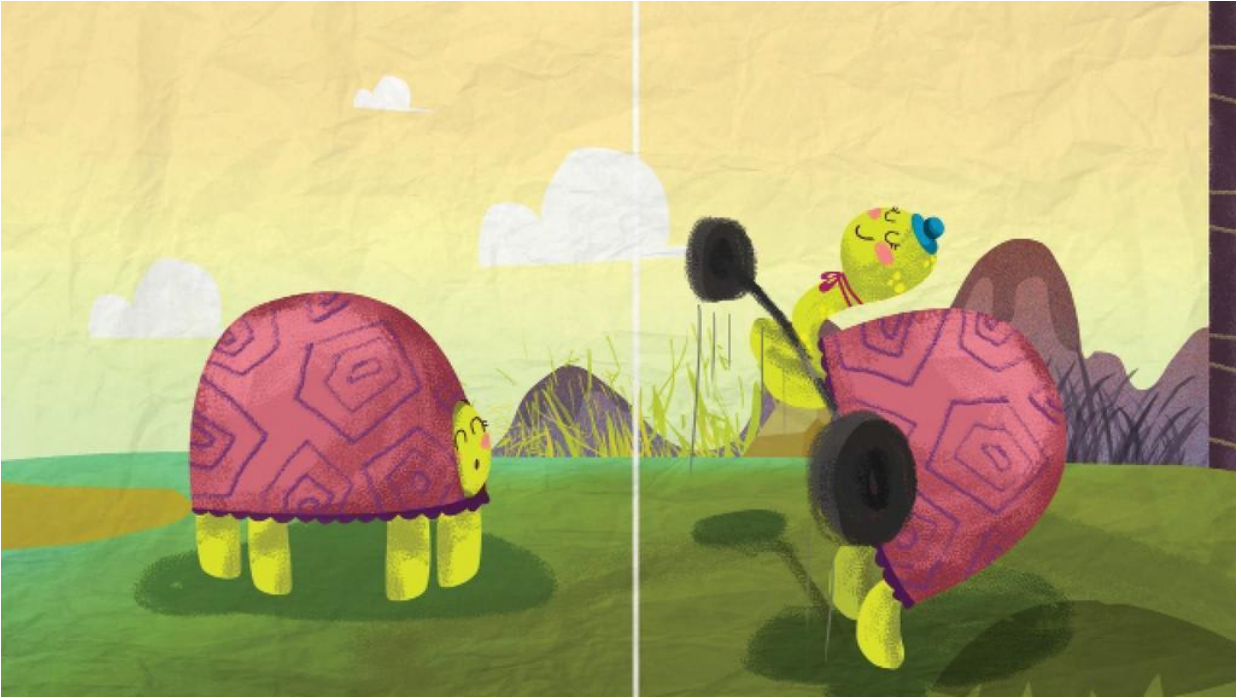
Translation: Weaam Ahmed
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One lovely morning near the spiral river bank, Mrs. Witty woke up under the coconut tree. Mrs. Witty was doing her workouts as usual. In, out, in, out, in, out... but where was she going in and out of?



From her carapace, her warm and cosy house. After she finished, Mrs. Witty sat under the coconut tree and suddenly...

A coconut fruit fell and landed on Mrs. Witty's head. She felt dizzy. Her head felt as it was spinning. She looked around and said, "Where am I? Who am I? Where are the coconut trees? What are these bananas doing here? She looked at her reflection in the water, then she rubbed her eyes and looked again. Where is my warm and cosy house...? Where is my dear carapace?"



Without her shell, Mrs. Witty will be cold. She'll be weak and fragile. Mrs. Witty's home is her shell and she has to find it. She'll look for it everywhere. She looked under the trees...



But she didn't find her shell. She walked to the right and she walked to the left. She looked in the mud and among the sand. Finally, she found a ball as hard as rock. So, she tapped knock, knock and asked, "Are you my carapace?"



The armed armadillo said, “No! This is my shell. It’s my home and it protects me from the cold. Go away.” Mrs. Witty dangled her head downwards with a sad face and said “yes, that’s not my carapace. Mine is hard with scales. When you count them you’ll know my age.”



She looked up and she looked down.
She looked in the lake and looked in
the spring. Finally, she found
something as hard as a rock. So, she
tapped knock, knock. Then she asked,
“Are you my carapace?”



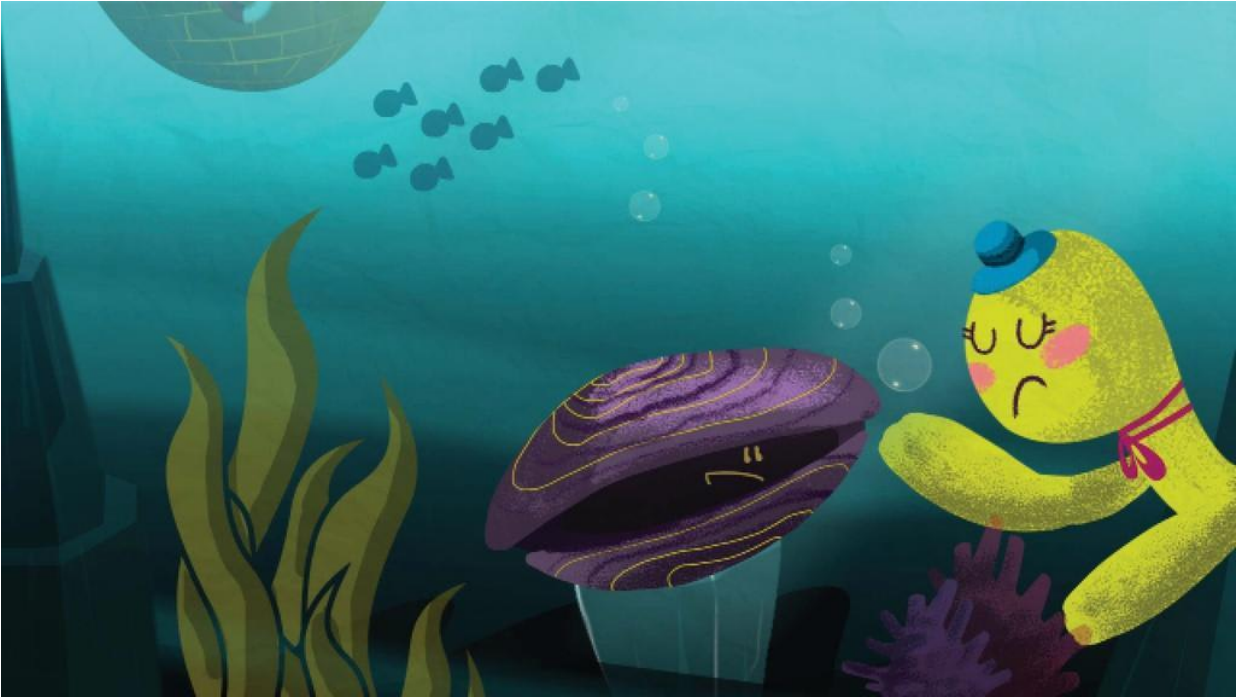
A weak voice whispered, “No, I’m a snail. Its my shell, it’s where I rest, it’s my favorite place, best of the best. Please stop disturbing me, go away.”



Mrs. Witty shook her head and raised her face. And said, “Yes, this is not my carapace. Mine is hard with scales. When you count them you’ll know my age.”



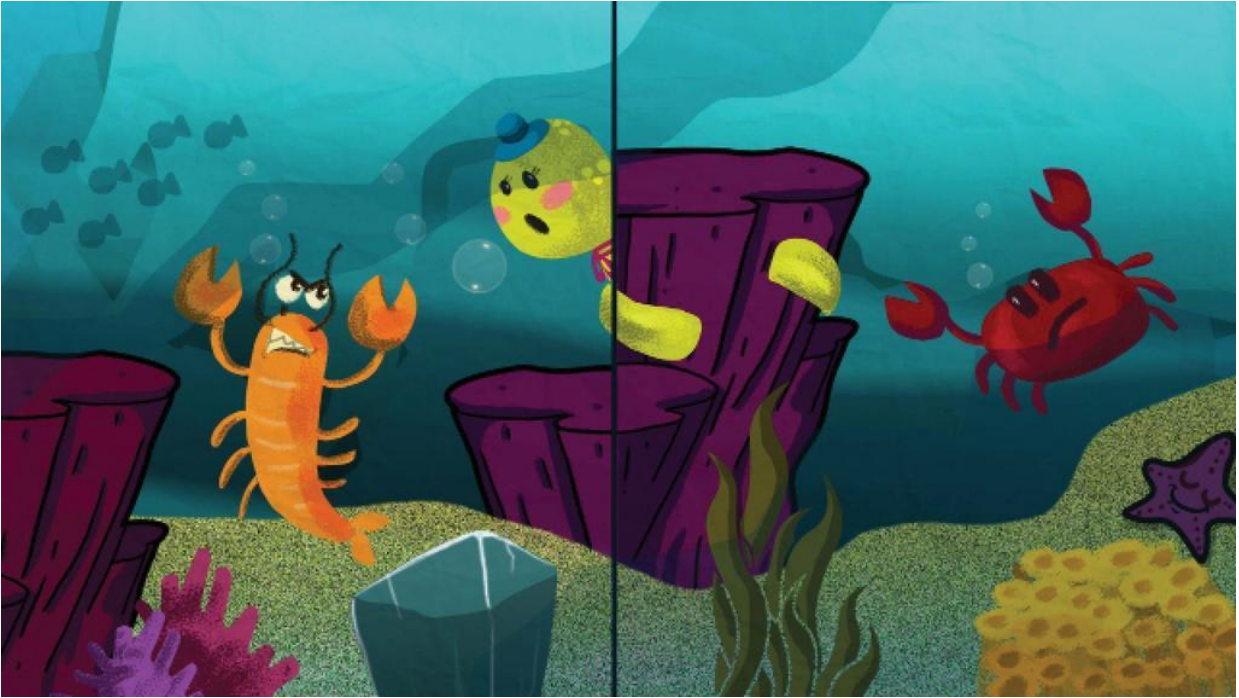
Mrs. Witty searched in the river. She swam next to the lilies and algae just like that, but the waterfall pulled her and made her flip in the water upside down like an acrobat.



Finally, she found something as hard as a rock. So, she tapped knock, knock. Then she asked, “Are you my carapace? A deep voice said, “No, I’m an oyster. My shell protects me from being a prey. Excuse me, but you’ll have to go away.” Mrs. Witty, turned away her head and said...



And said, “Yes, this is not my carapace. Mine is hard with scales. When you count them you’ll know my age.”



Mrs. Witty didn't give up. She searched and searched till she met the lobster and the crab and every time she met someone, she got the same answer, "Go away." Then suddenly...



She saw a huge ghost coming towards her. It was an alligator! She heard him from beyond the rock say, “Yummy, yummy what a delicious crunchy tortoise. It’ll be my appetizer today, then I’ll eat my yummy fish.”



Mrs. Witty swam away as quickly as she could until she reached the river bank, but unfortunately, she didn't find her carapace.



Without her carapace, she'll be cold and fragile, she won't feel safe. Her carapace is her warm, cosy home. Is it gone forever? Mrs. Witty arrived at the coconut tree and leaned her head against it, and burst into tears, but...



BOOOOOM!!! A coconut fruit fell and landed on her head. Can't the coconut tree find anyone else to throw her fruits on?



Oh! But what's this? Mrs. Witty felt a heaviness on her back. She missed this feeling. It was wonderful. Mrs. Witty's eyes opened wide and a smile shone on her face as she said, "It's my carapace, it's my carapace. I've found it, I've found it."



One lovely evening near the spiral river bank, Mrs. Witty went to sleep under a pineapple tree.



THE END