



Katarína Macurová

HENRY THE SNAIL



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The last rain was still dripping from the leaves ...

... when Henry the snail first saw the light of day.



There's nothing to it.
You just stick to the stalk
with your slime ...

... and push yourself up.

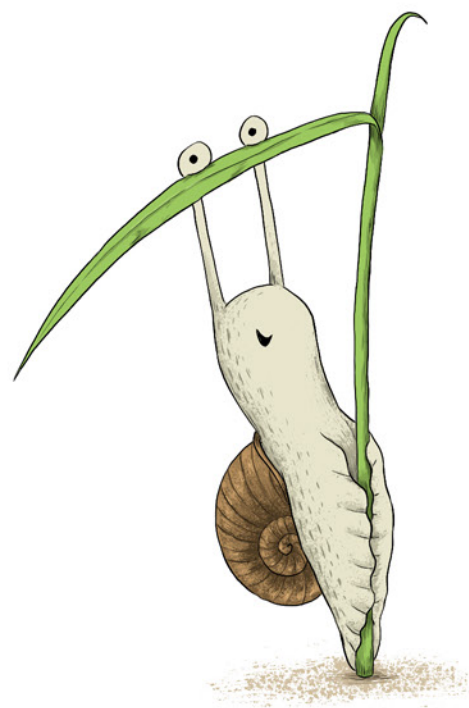
He came straight out of his shell,
eager to climb, like the other snails.



So he gripped hard ...



... using first one tentacle ...



... then the other ...



... and ...



... he came crashing to the ground.



Because Henry the snail
had no slime.



Whatever he
tried to hold on to
the stalk ...

... he always came
sliding down.





He could move only along the ground.



"How I wish I could climb upwards!" he sighed.
"I would climb all the way to the top."

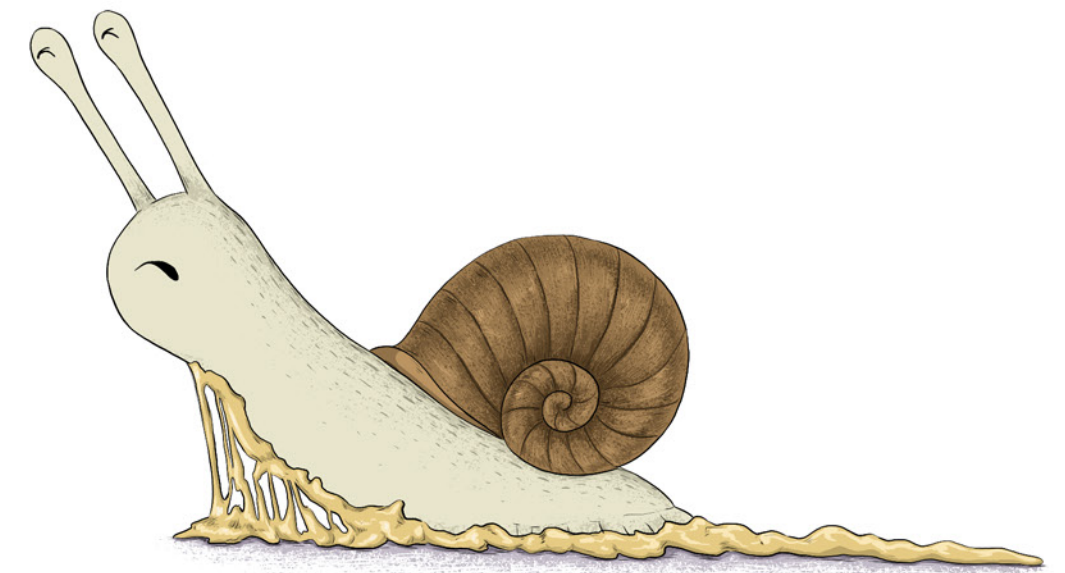
Early next morning, he bathed in honey,
to make his belly sticky.



This turned out not to be
the best idea.



Then he found a drop of fresh resin ...



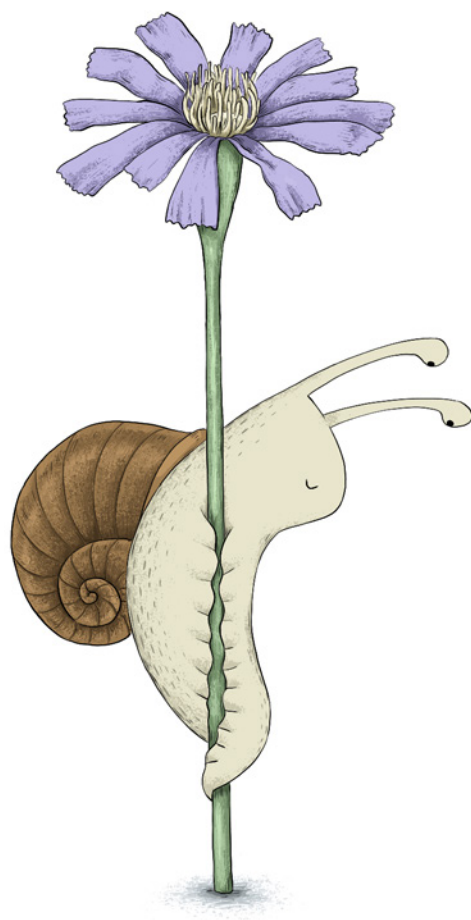
... which was much too sticky.



"Nothing works like slime," he said, disappointed.



"But maybe, if I were strong enough,
I could make it to the top without it."



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More than anything, Henry the little snail wants to be like everyone else. But he's not, and he never will be. But why should he feel bad about it? This determined little snail decides to act.

Enjoy this gentle story about handicaps, getting over them, yearning, willpower, and solidarity. Learn that far from being an obstacle, difference may prove to be the key that opens new horizons.



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