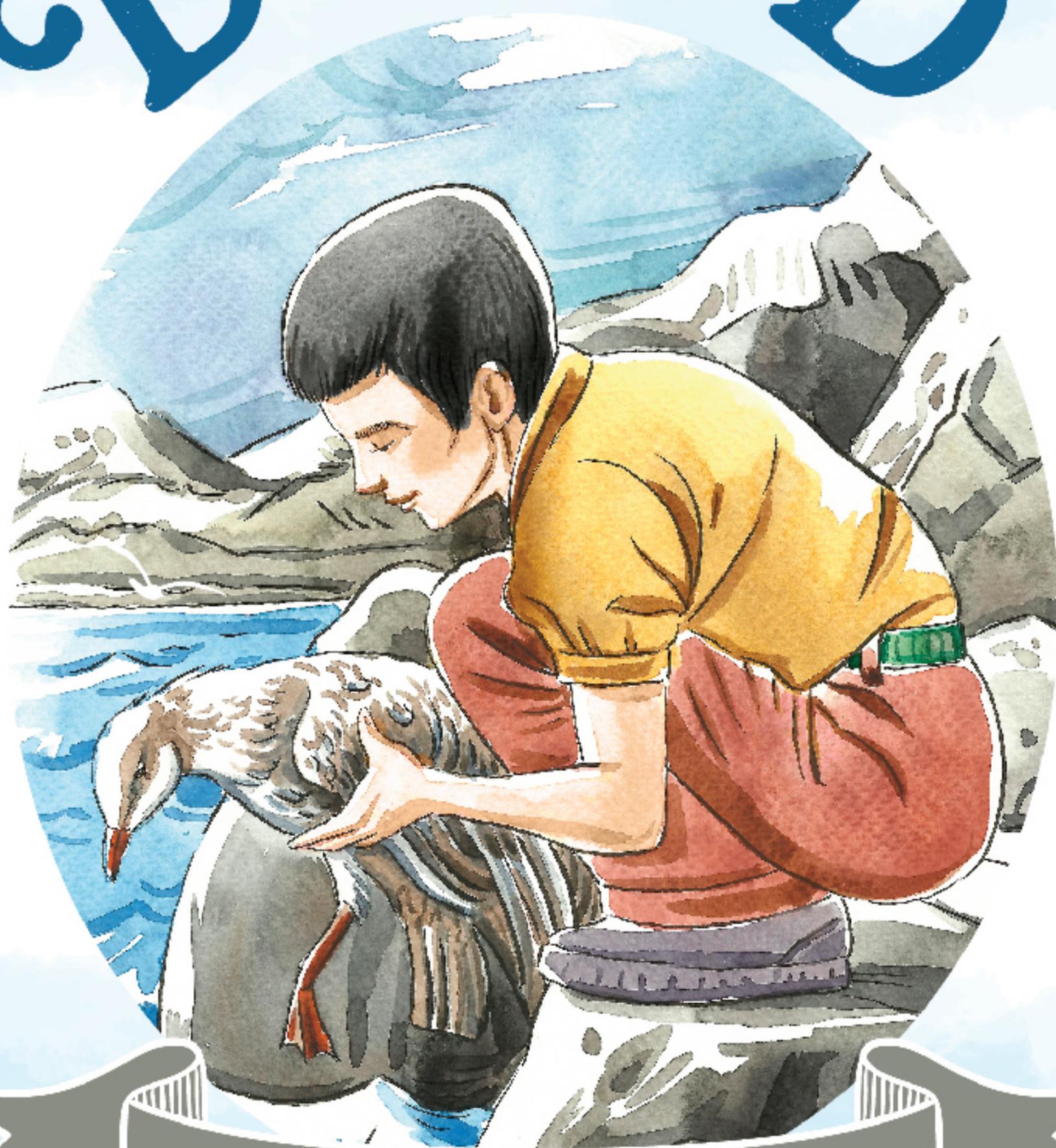


DAVID



and the Seagulls



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

BY MARION DOWNER



DAVID

and the Seagulls

There, in a crevice of the rock, a seagull had let itself slump down.

It looked forlorn and weak. David couldn't leave it there to die. Slowly and carefully, he picked up the limp body.

David had always felt at home on Monhegan Island, surrounded by his beloved seagulls. Each summer, he would watch them, care for them, and nurse the injured ones to good health. With hard work and determination, David has been able to tend to the gulls, but this summer his talents will be put to the test as four injured and abandoned seagulls find their way into his heart.

David's story is a reminder that even the smallest creature has value and that even the youngest among us can make a positive impact on the lives of others.



DAVID
and the Seagulls

The title 'DAVID' is written in large, blue, serif capital letters. Below it, the words 'and the Seagulls' are written in a smaller, white, cursive font on a grey ribbon. Several seagulls are illustrated in flight around the text.

by Marion Downer

Illustrations by Victoria Skakandi

based on original photography by Yolla Niclas

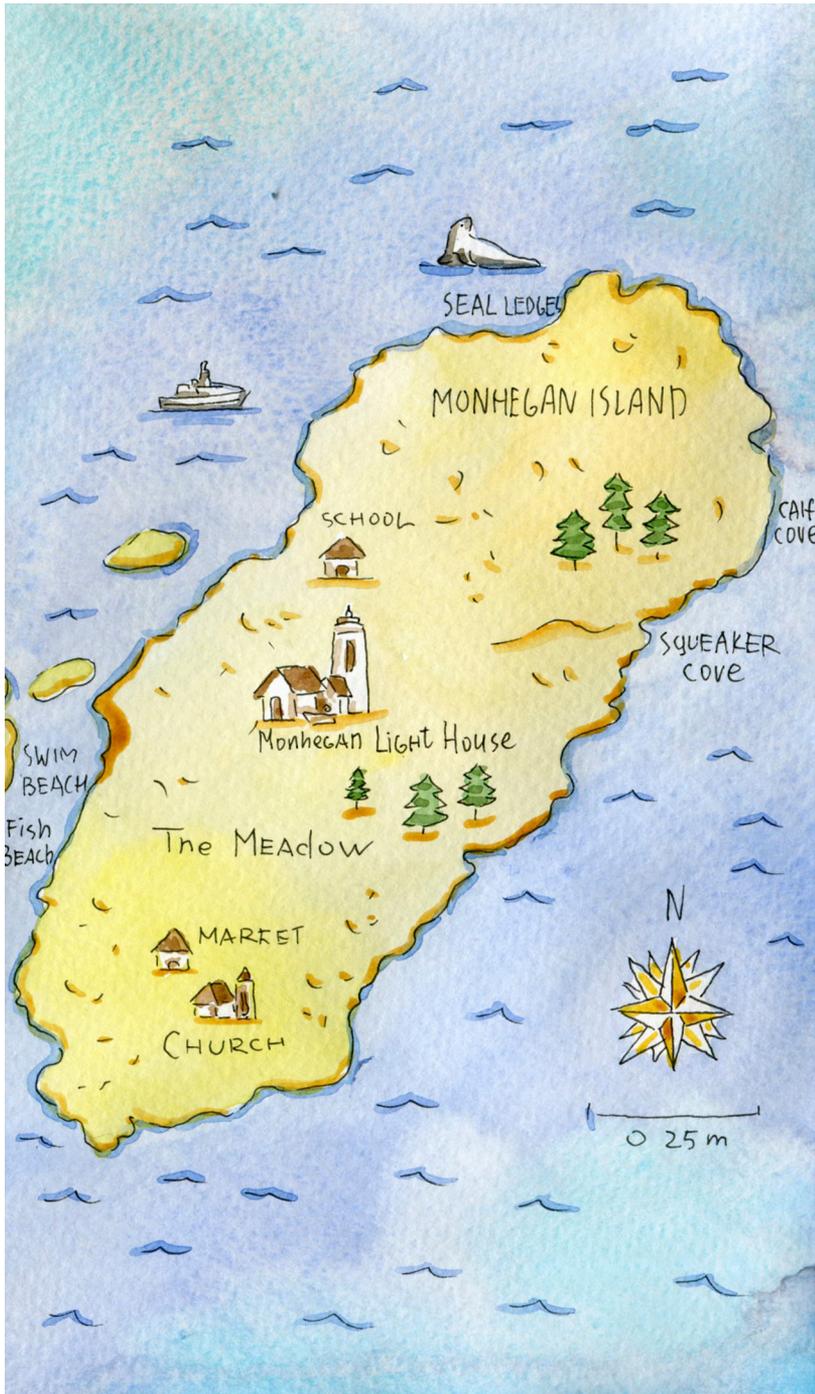
Cover Design by Tina DeKam

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This unabridged version has updated grammar and spelling.

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CHAPTER 1

Morning on Monhegan Island

Morning on Monhegan Island is no time to sleep. A wide-awake seagull waited on David Boynton's roof.



“Get up, boy,” he seemed to say, but David was not asleep. He was up and away.

It was the first day of his summer vacation. Oh, he was glad to be back on the island! And he was glad he was old enough this year to have his father's old boat for his own.

David rowed a short distance out into the ocean for a good look at old Monhegan



Island and to see the white gulls flutter their wings and drift over the water.

A flock of seagulls soared above the boat. They were all alike—but not quite, to David. There was one he thought he had seen before. Could it be that seagull friend of his, the one he had kept in his yard last year?



He called to it, and the gull turned. It left the flock and flew straight down by David.

That was its way of saying, “Ho, David! Friendships are not forgotten.”



Then David came ashore to look up old island friends. At Lobster Cove, he saw a painter he knew. The man took a moment to say, “Hello there, boy! Back again?”

After a while, David wandered down the shore of a cove. Here he found things to look at closely. Flat on a stretch of sand lay a starfish. Its points looked like arms and legs covered with kernels of popcorn. At the waistline, the bumps formed a round belt buckle.

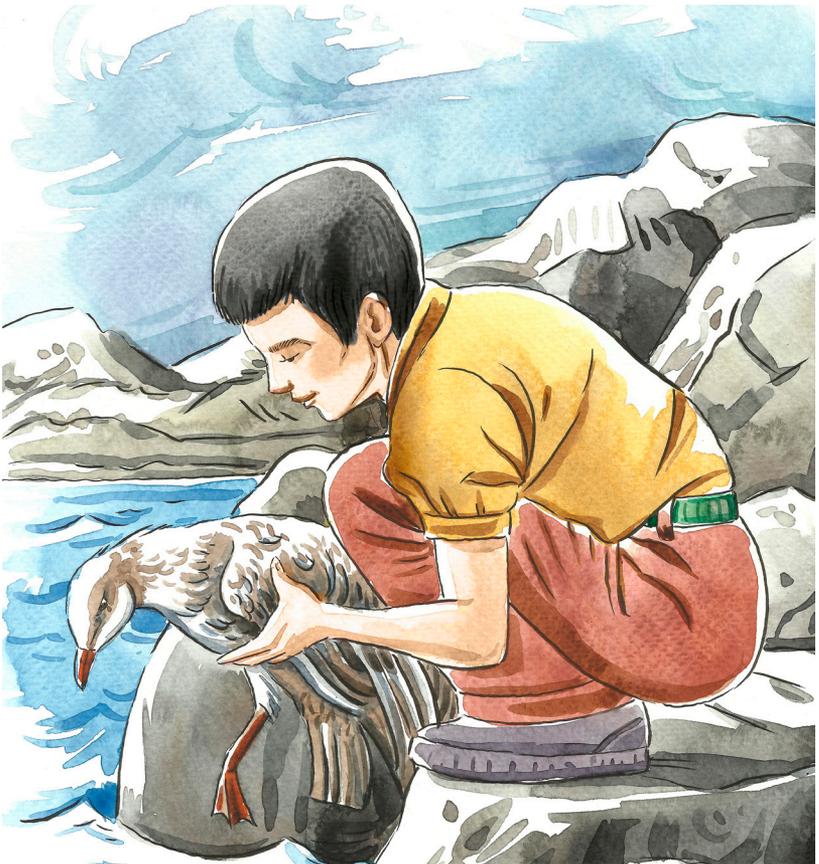


In the sand near the starfish were tracks leading to the water's edge.

David followed them.

There, in a crevice of the rock, a seagull had let itself slump down.

It looked forlorn and weak. David couldn't leave it there to die. Slowly and carefully, he picked up the limp body. He noticed that the feathers had the tawny colors always seen on gulls in their first year.



Although the gull was young and wild, it did not stir even when David held it close. He carried it through the forest and down a path to the other edge of the island—home.

