“Look over there,” Debbie says, after about thirty minutes of flying over the sea. “That is Sable Island.” She points, but at first you can’t see anything. Then you see it!”

Sable Island is home to hundreds of wild horses, and thousands of seals and birds. Yet fewer than ten people live there. Because it is far from the mainland, people rarely have a chance even to visit this amazing Canadian island made of sand. Imagine you are one of those rare visitors!
Zoe smiles. Her eyes are very kind. You wish you were just starting your walk across the island, not ending it.

“I don’t want to go,” you tell her.

“I know how you feel,” Zoe says. “I felt the same way when I came to Sable Island for the first time. I came back. Maybe you will, too.”

Together you start walking towards the Station. Your time on Sable Island is almost at an end. The sun is lower in the blue sky and the wind is getting colder. Soon you will be flying up above the seagulls, in the little Britten-Norman Islander, heading home.

Zoe reaches into her pocket. She takes something out, and offers it to you. “This is the shell of a moon snail,” she tells you. “I found it on the beach today. Perhaps you would like to take it home as a reminder of your visit to Sable Island.”

The shell is smooth and white and round, as round as a small ball, but with a curl on top. It fills your hand. There is an open place where the moon snail