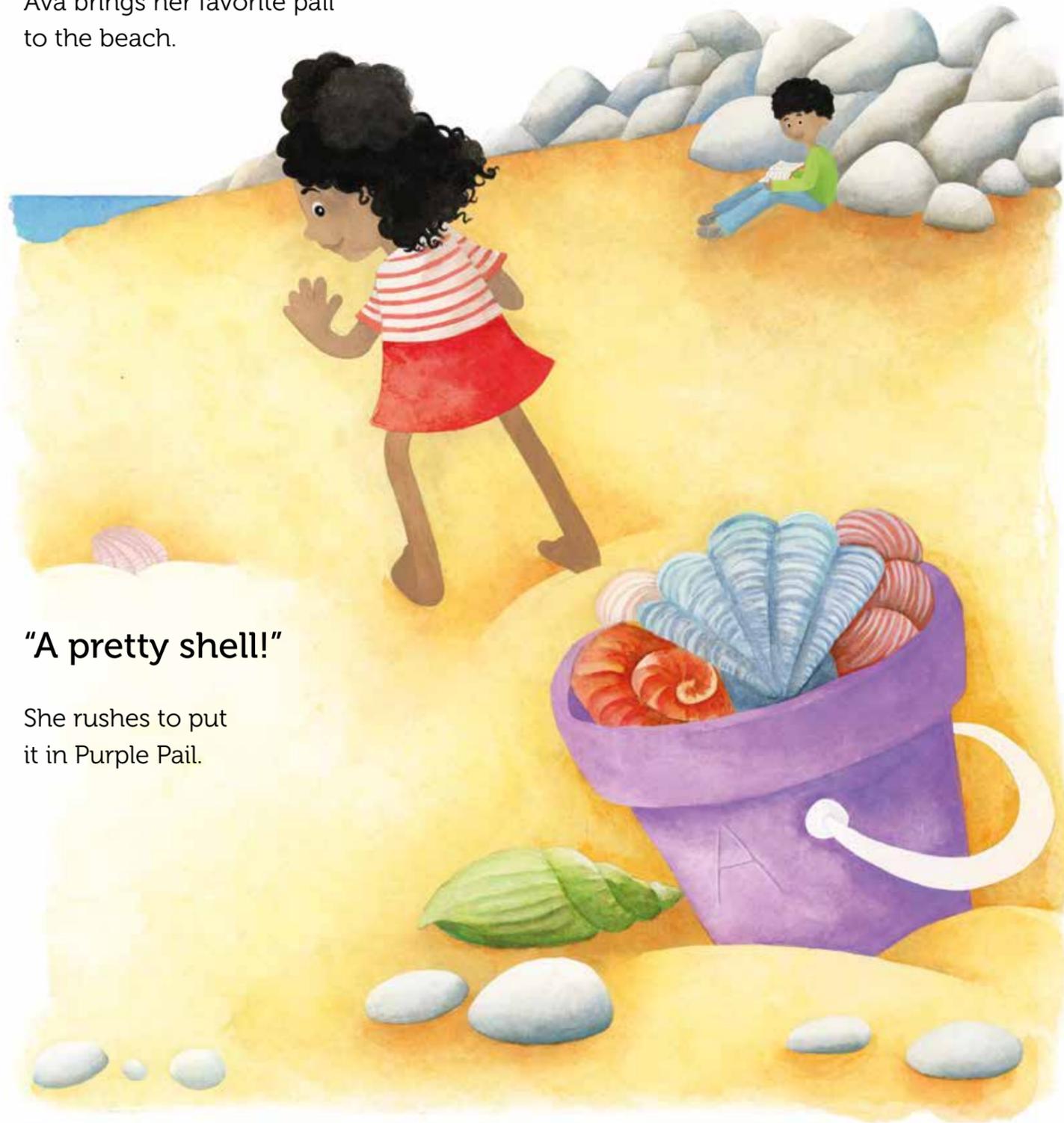


Ava brings her favorite pail to the beach.

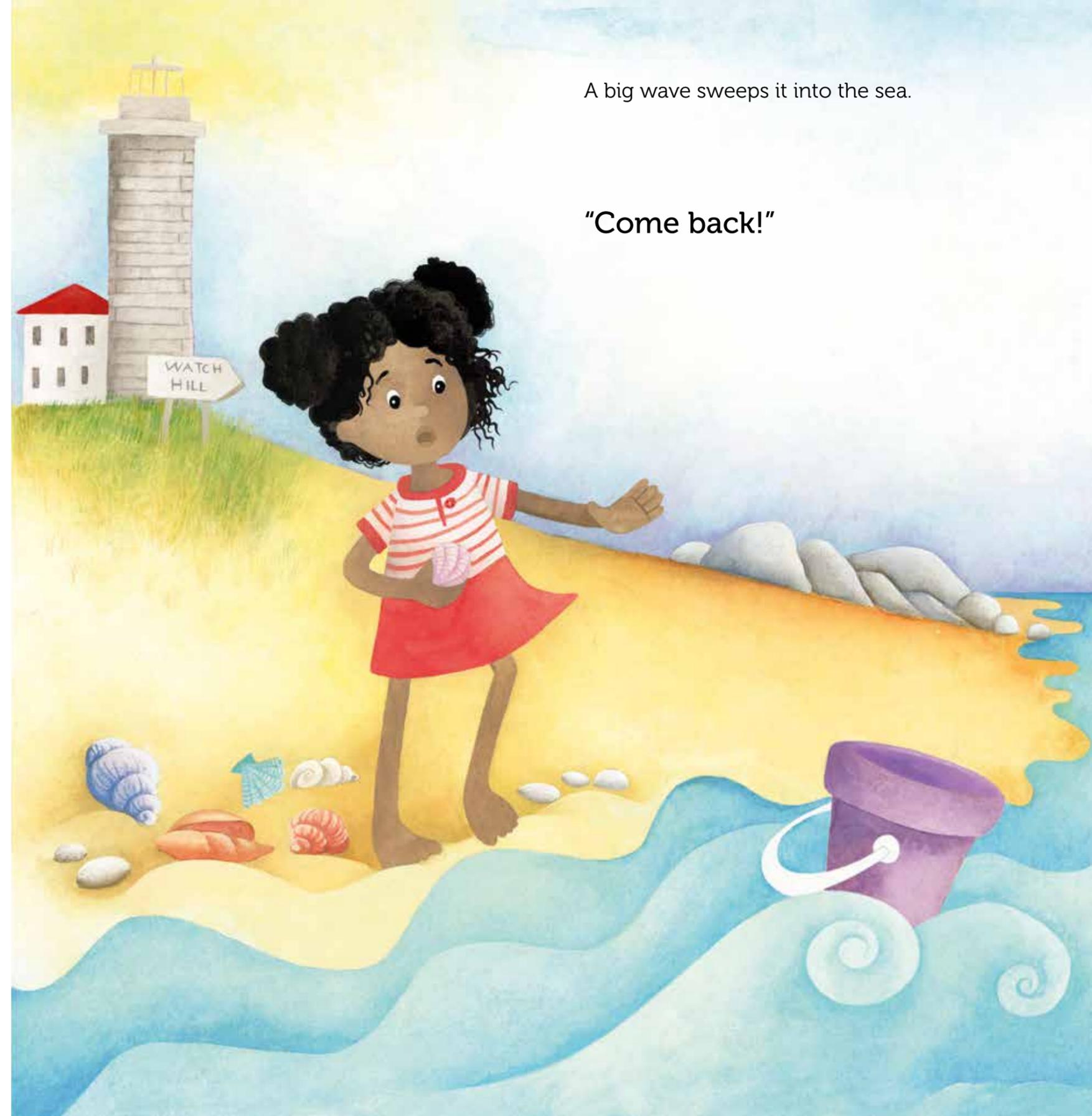


"A pretty shell!"

She rushes to put it in Purple Pail.

A big wave sweeps it into the sea.

"Come back!"



Aoife spies Purple Pail, *buicéad corcra*, caught on the rocks.

“Mama, look!”

Aoife uses it to carry her tools.

A blustery wind blows Purple Pail,
tumbling it over the moors and into the ocean.

“Oh no!”

