

Family Snail on the Travel Trail

Family Snail on the Travel Trail

Joas & Peter-Jan den Boer

Authors: Joas & Peter-Jan den Boer
Illustrations: Google Gemini AI
ISBN: 9789465462035
© Joas and Peter-Jan den Boer 2026
Published by Brave New Books

1 So it begins

The family Snail lives in a quiet neighborhood in a small Dutch town. Papa Snail, Mama Snail, and their three children: Glo, Flo, and the tiniest snail of all, Slo.

Slo was born not too long ago, has just learned to crawl, and is so tiny that he can fit through the tiniest of holes. The little house on his back isn't very sturdy yet and looks as if it's made of glass. Slo is the most mischievous of the snail children and isn't afraid of anything. Danger doesn't exist for him. His sister Flo is a bit more cautious and always keeps a close eye on Slo. Sometimes a little too close. Slo finds that annoying at times. But he does think Flo is very sweet. Glo is Slo's big brother. He's tough, strong, and can do anything. At least, that's what Slo thinks. Secretly, Glo is a bit of a scared and clumsy snail, but he'd rather not show it.

On a warm, sunny Summer day, the Snail family decides to take a slippery stroll around the neighborhood. Slo is really looking forward to it, because he's never been outside the edges of the little garden bed where he was born. He has tried to slip away a few times, on a journey of discovery into the wide world, but Flo always kept an eye on him. Annoying sister.

But today is finally the day—the Big Adventure is about to begin. Admittedly, together with the rest of the family, but still. Upon reaching the last bush, Papa Snail cautiously pokes his neck out a little to see if the coast is clear. He sees no one, and makes a gesture

signaling for everyone to follow and crawls toward the strange green blades of grass. *'Mama Snail said it's grass, so that's probably what it is'*, thinks Slo. Eager as he is to discover something new, he doesn't notice Flo has stopped for a moment to check if it's really safe and bumps into her. "Ouch," squeaks Slo. "Why did you stop?" He's a little mad at Flo. "Shh," says Flo, "Charles the cat might hear us!" Slo thinks it's all nonsense and quickly slinks past Flo. Dad, Mom, and Glo have almost disappeared into the grass, and he doesn't want to fall behind. Flo doesn't know how fast to crawl after Slo, and soon they've caught up with the rest.

2 The Lawn Mower

Actually, Glo should have made sure Flo and Slo stayed with them, but he's sweating bullets from the tension and doesn't dare look back, afraid he'll lose his way and his little brother and sister will realize he's not such a big hero after all.

Slo is thoroughly enjoying finally being able to crawl through those crazy, green blades of grass. They feel weird and smell wonderful. But soon he starts to get bored. No matter where he looks, all he sees are blades of grass, and they all look the same. Boring.

Suddenly, Slo hears a strange sound. At first, it's very far away, but it quickly gets closer. Slo doesn't know what it is, but it can't be good, because Glo has already crawled into his shell, and Papa and Mama Snail have stopped and are trying to stretch their necks

as far as possible to see where the sound is coming from and – more importantly - what it is.

The noise, which sounds like rumbling, grows louder and louder, and soon Slo can no longer hear his own thoughts. Suddenly, he sees bits of grass flying through the air. Papa Snail has seen it too. His eyes widen, and Slo can just make out a few fragments of what Papa is shouting at them above the noise:

“LAAAA....WN...OWERRRR!!!”

Whatever it is, Slo realizes that great danger is approaching and that they can’t stay here. He bangs on Glo’s shell to get him moving and dashes toward Papa and Mama Snail, who are trying to crawl away from the noise, back into the bushes.

Suddenly, the sun disappears. Crawling behind Papa, Mama, Glo, and Flo—who, of course, crawl much faster (less slowly, after all they are snails)—Slo quickly glances back. He doesn’t have the faintest idea of what it is he sees. A large, green machine with rapidly spinning blades is cutting off the top half of the green blades and is quickly getting closer. Slo looks ahead again, hoping to see the bushes, but sees nothing but grass. And the “laaaa.wn...ower” or whatever it is, is moving much faster than he can crawl...

Slo does the only thing he has learned to do when danger threatens and he can’t crawl away: he retreats into his shell. Just like the rest of his family.

