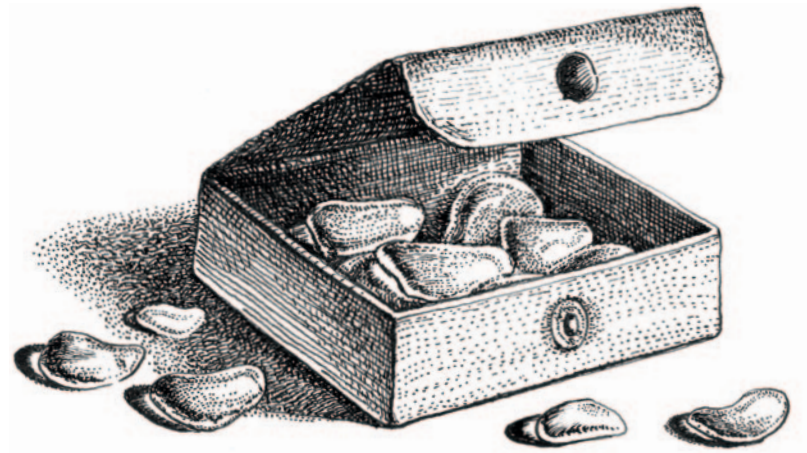


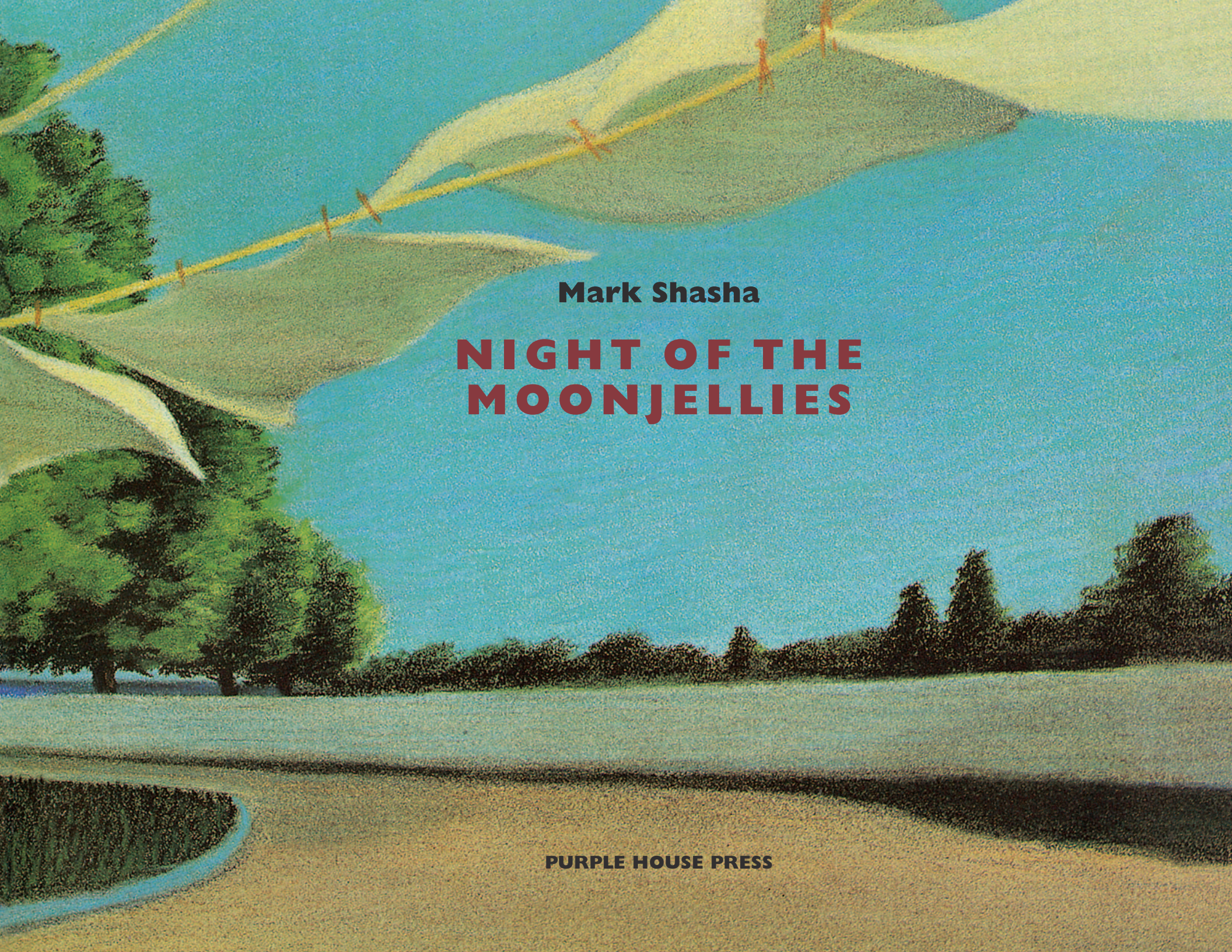
NIGHT OF THE MOONJELLIES

Mark spends a busy, noisy day helping out at Gram's seaside hot dog stand. After the last customer is served and the grill is scrubbed to a silvery shine, Mark sails off with Gram for a promised surprise—and finds a nighttime sea full of shimmering moonjellies.

In this story from his own childhood, Mark Shasha's luminous and evocative drawings create a world where the ordinary and the magical meet.







Mark Shasha

**NIGHT OF THE
MOONJELLIES**

PURPLE HOUSE PRESS





The summer I was seven I helped out two days a week at Mar-Gra's, a seaside hot dog stand that made the best lobster rolls in New England. It was named after the owners, my grandmother Mary and her sister Grace.

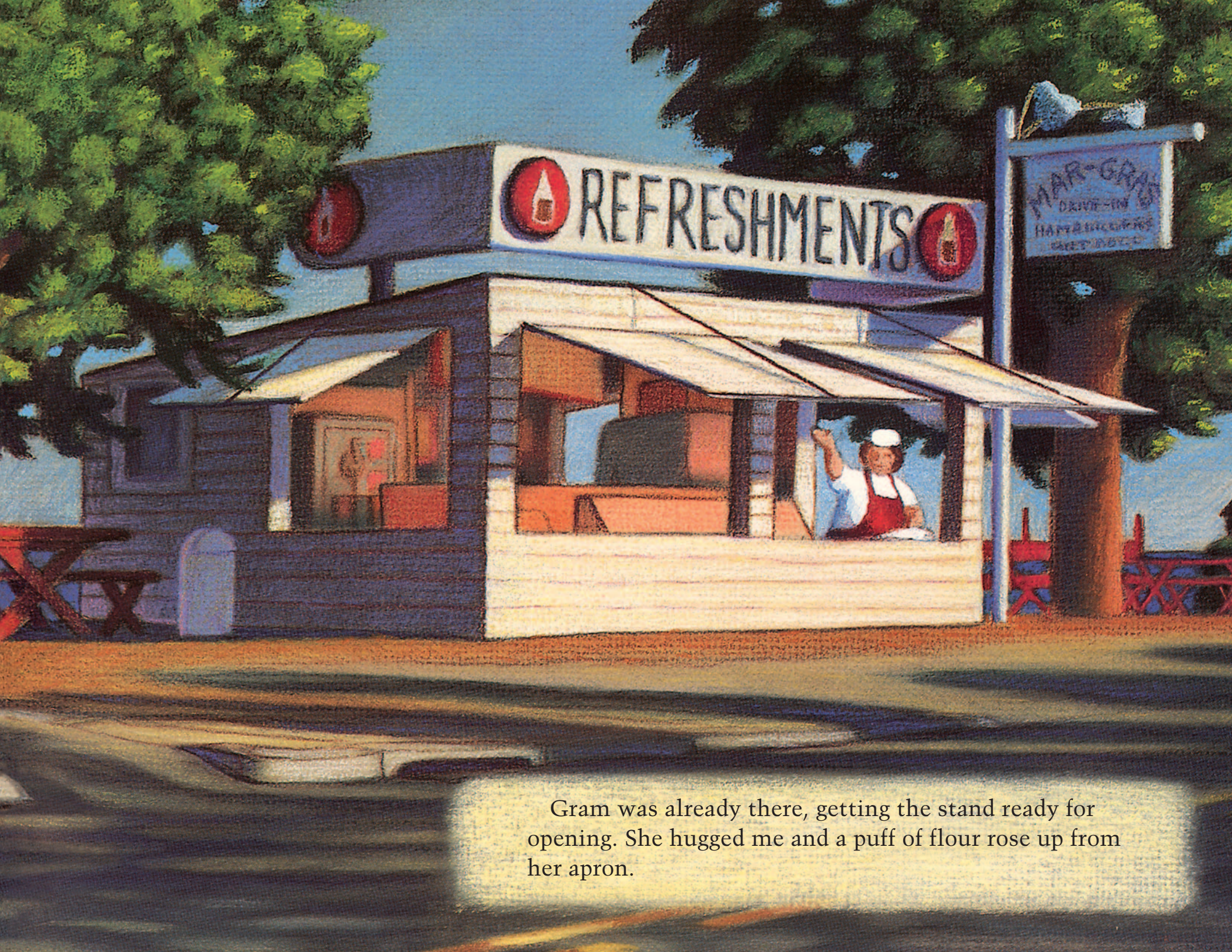
One Friday morning, I woke up at Gram's and grabbed my apron on the way out the door. Along the beach I picked up pieces of sea glass, worn and rounded by the ocean. Then I found something that felt like jelly. I put it in a plastic bag with the sea glass, poured in some seawater, and ran the rest of the way to Mar-Gra's.



ARSTER'S

MARINA SUPPLIES

FISHING
DIVING
CHARTS



Gram was already there, getting the stand ready for opening. She hugged me and a puff of flour rose up from her apron.