

Once again she found herself adrift in the middle of the big blue ocean and began paddling. Where could Nanaland be? Somehow, something was showing her the right direction. She didn't know who or what was showing her the way. Was it the tickle in her nose? Was it her little toe jiggling, or the pounding of her little heart? Where could Nanaland be?

Was it the twinkling stars in the night sky or the soft glow on the water? Sure of her bearings she kept paddling on and neither wind nor waves could sway her from her course.