

Dilly Dally goes to School

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It was time to go to school but Dilly Dally was playing with the kitten.

"Dilly Dally! Dilly Dally! It's time to go! What are you doing?"

"Nothing," said Dilly Dally, and he petted his pet some more.

"Come on, Dilly Dally, let's get going."

Dilly Dally followed his mom to the kitchen. He sat down to breakfast but built a meadow for his salt and pepper horses out of knives and forks.

"Dilly Dally! You have to eat! We have to get going!"

Dilly Dally ate a spoonful of cereal. He squished it from cheek to cheek. He squished it through his teeth.

"Stop that, Dilly Dally. No more breakfast for you. Go brush your teeth."

Dilly Dally wandered towards the bathroom but saw his truck in the living room. He drove to the dump. He was tipping his load when he fell backwards and hit his head.

"Waaaa!" wailed Dilly Dally. "Waaaa! Waaaa!"

"Now what? Are you hurt? Here, I'll give it a kiss ... smmmmmmmoooooch! There, it's all better. Did you brush your teeth?"

Dilly Dally shook his head.

"What! You haven't! Go on! Quick! I'm all dressed and ready to go."

Dilly Dally sat in the shower and brushed his teeth. It was nice to feel the warm water running down his face. The toothpaste was sweet.

"Dilly Dally! What are you doing!!! You're soaked! Oh! My! Goodness! Come with me! We have to get changed."

Dilly Dally was changed. Quickly. He had new clothes.

"Brush your hair, Dilly Dally. Be smart—I'll pop your clothes in the washer."

Dilly Dally had lots of new hairstyles. He brushed his hair backwards; then forwards; then sideways; then sideways the other way; then sideways to both sides; then forwards and backwards at the same time.

“Never mind your hair, Dilly Dally. We must get going. We’re late. Very late.”

Dilly Dally tried to tie his shoes but mixed up his shoelaces. He tied the left shoe to his right shoe. He stood up and tried to walk. He could only take tiny steps. It was fun.

“Dilly Dally, what have you done now? I’m going to put you into the car just as you are.”

Dilly Dally was plopped into the car. It took a while to get his seatbelt on because he kept squirming. He stared out the window and lived in all the houses they passed. He swung on all the swings he saw. He climbed the biggest trees easily. Once he flew away on the back of a seagull.

“I’m afraid that Dilly Dally is too late too often,” said Mrs Teacher. “He never listens to me, never sits still at his desk and fails all his tests. He can’t come to school today.”

Dilly Dally grinned from ear to ear. His eyes sparkled like sunshine. In an instant he ran to the car and jumped inside. His seatbelt was on in a flash.