

# *Mosey Dawdle went for a Wander*

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**M**osey Dawdle the Tortoise went for a wander. He moseyed along bit by bit till he came to a thorn tree. The thorn tree was scraggly and spiky. No one ever sat in it except for the tiny birds. Its leaves were few and not very green. Only for a moment in springtime was it covered with whitest blossoms edged with rose.

"O tree," said Mosey Dawdle. "Why?"

"I once had a love," said the tree. "Those were my flowers. She left and these are my thorns."

"Oh," said Mosey Dawdle.

"Then she returned," said the thorn tree, "but my thorns kept her away. Now my flowers are just a memory."

Mosey Dawdle waited but that's all the tree said. He wandered on. Bit by bit Mosey Dawdle wandered on. He came to a cactus covered with a forest of needles. Only in springtime did it have a large and luscious flower of orange, yellow and deepest red.

"O cactus," said Mosey Dawdle. "Why? Why?"

"I once had an enemy," said the cactus. "These thorns were my thoughts. He left but they stayed. Now I'm alone and my flower is calling and calling."

"Oh," said Mosey Dawdle.

He waited, but the cactus was silent.

Mosey Dawdle moseyed along on his wandering way till he came to a wild rose in fullest rosing.

"O rose! Wild rose!" cried Mosey Dawdle. "Why? Why? Why?"

"Because," said the wild rose rosing. "Because and because and just because!"