

Mosey Dawdle wins by a Nap

Reg Down
© Copyright 2013

All rights reserved. No part of this publication, in part or in whole may be reproduced, transmitted or utilized in any form, without the permission of the author, except for brief quotations in critical articles and reviews.

Once upon a time Mosey Dawdle the tortoise was plodding along. By and by Speedy Weedy the hare came hopping past. He stopped and watched Mosey Dawdle. He raised his nose in the air, twitched his long ears, and said, "You are such a slowpoke."

"Is that so," said Mosey Dawdle.

"Definitely," said Speedy Weedy, scratching his head with his rear foot. "I don't understand why everyone thinks you are faster than me. I am such a whiz bang speeder. I run so fast that I disappear from sight."

"Is that so," said Mosey Dawdle.

"Yes, that is so," said Speedy Weedy, "and to prove it, I will race you to yonder tree."

"I suppose," agreed Mosey Dawdle. "Off you go and let me see how fast you are. I am heading that way in any case."

"That would be too easy," said Speedy Weedy. "I will keep you company and only run ahead at the last second. That will be fairer to such a slow plodder like you. What do you think of that?"

"That's fine by me," said Mosey Dawdle, not bothered one way or the other.

So Speedy Weedy gave a hop now and then and watched Mosey Dawdle plodding along, step by step. After a while Speedy Weedy got bored. "This is boring," he complained. "All I am doing is waiting for you."

"Sit on my back then," said Mosey Dawdle. "That way you don't have to wait for me at all."

So Speedy Weedy hopped onto Mosey Dawdle's shell and sat boasting about all his fine qualities as Mosey Dawdle headed for the tree. "I am the highest jumper," he declared. "I

am the brownest. I am the Rocket of the Countryside.” On and on he went like that. After every boast Mosey Dawdle would say: “Is that so,” or, “I suppose,” or, “Think of that,” and it wasn’t long before Speedy Weedy was tired of Mosey Dawdle.

“You are so tiresome to talk to,” said Speedy Weedy.

“I suppose,” agreed Mosey Dawdle. “Why don’t you have a little nap? There’s lots of time.”

“That’s true,” said Speedy Weedy. “The tree is still far away for a slow moser like you. I will wake up in plenty of time and win the race.”

So Speedy Weedy settled down and closed his eyes. Soon he was sound asleep and snoring as Mosey Dawdle plodded along.

By and by a lizard saw Mosey Dawdle shuffling past with Speedy Weedy on his back. He was about to laugh when Mosey Dawdle whispered: “Shhh—don’t wake Speedy Weedy. We are having a race to yonder tree.”

The lizard didn’t laugh, but he did tell his friends to come and see the sight.

After a while a sparrow spotted Mosey Dawdle with Speedy Weedy asleep on his back. He was about to laugh when Mosey Dawdle whispered: “Shhh—don’t wake Speedy Weedy. We are having a race to yonder tree.”

The sparrow didn’t laugh, but flew away and told all his friends about the funny sight.

Soon the tree was surrounded by animals silently watching the race—lizards and birds, bats and bobcats, goats and sheep. At last Mosey Dawdle reached the tree and as soon as he touched the trunk the animals cried, “Hurray! Mosey Dawdle wins the race! Speedy Weedy is a slowpoke!”

Up Speedy Weedy jumped with surprise. He touched the tree, but much too late.

“Too late! Too late!” shouted all the animals, laughing loudly. “Mosey Dawdle is the winner! Mosey Dawdle is the fastest!” and Speedy Weedy had to hop away with his long ears laid back and a sour look on his sleepy face.