

Mosey Dawdle wins by a Tail

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Speedy Weedy the hare was boasting again. He couldn't help himself. On and on he prattled, telling everyone how smart he was, how brilliant, how savvy, how very sharp, slick, wise and cute he was. But above all, he told everyone how fast he could run. "I am a racing car," he declared, "a motorbike fine and sleek, a comet comely, a rocket ship! I am the Supersonic Hare and King of Speedinesses!" Finally the animals had enough. They were tired of hearing him boast.

"You are nothing but a yacker," said Foxy-Woxy. "You couldn't beat Mosey Dawdle at a race if you tried."

"Oh yes, I could," said Speedy Weedy.

"No, you couldn't!" cried all the animals.

"Just try me," said Speedy Weedy.

So the animals got Mosey Dawdle to race Speedy Weedy. They agreed to race to yonder tree.

"But since you say you are so much faster than a slow old tortoise," said Foxy-Woxy, "we will give Mosey Dawdle a head start."

"How much of a head start?" asked Speedy Weedy.

"You close your eyes and we will count to ten," said Foxy-Woxy. "Then you can run like a rocket and show us how fast you are."

"Oh, no," said Speedy Weedy. "I remember how you all counted at a race to give Mosey Dawdle a head start. It took so long for you to count to twenty that Mosey Dawdle won. I won't do that again."

"But we know how to count to ten," said Foxy-Woxy.

"Yes, yes," agreed the other animals, "we know how to count to ten and we will do it quickly. We'll do it just like this, promise," and they counted steadily to ten: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten."

"Okay," said Speedy Weedy. "If you count like that I will easily win the race."

So Speedy Weedy and Mosey Dawdle stood behind a line drawn in the sand and got ready to race.

"Close your eyes," said Foxy-Woxy, and Speedy Weedy closed his eyes.

"Ready?" cried the animals, and Foxy-Woxy tiptoed in front of Mosey Dawdle while Speedy Weedy nodded that he was ready.

"Set?" cried the animals as Foxy-Woxy stuck out his tail and let Mosey Dawdle get a good bite of fur in his mouth.

Speedy Weedy nodded that he was set.

"Go!" shouted all the animals as Foxy-Woxy ran away with Mosey Dawdle hanging onto his tail. "One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!" the animals shouted, counting just as they said they would.

By the time they got to eight, Mosey Dawdle was by the tree.

By the time they got to nine, Foxy-Woxy was hiding behind the tree.

"Ten!" cried the animals loudly, and Speedy Weedy opened his eyes.