

Speedy Weedy and Painted Shell

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Speedy Weedy was a boaster. "I am the most marvelous hare in the whole wide world," he declared. "I am the best! I run the fastest in all the Wild West!"

On and on Speedy Weedy boasted to anyone who would listen. Soon they were covering their ears, and if they tried to run away Speedy Weedy hopped along beside them and kept on yacking.

"Oh, how high I can jump!" he cried. "What lovely teeth I have! How long and sensitive my ears are! Oh, how brown my coat is!"

On and on he went like this. The only one Speedy Weedy didn't bother was Hissy-Wissy. She rattled the end of her long tail and showed her fangs when he was around. Speedy Weedy decided it was better to boast somewhere else.

One day he was boasting loudly when a turtle crawled out of the local river. His name was Painted Shell, and he joined the other animals listening to Speedy Weedy.

"Oh, how fast I can run!" said Speedy Weedy for the hundredth time.

"Is that so," said Painted Shell.

"I can run a million miles a minute," said Speedy Weedy.

"Is that so," said Painted Shell.

"Yes," said Speedy Weedy. "I can run north, south, east or west faster than anyone else."

The other animals rolled their eyes, but Painted Shell said: "Is that so."

"For sure," said Speedy Weedy, annoyed that he wasn't being taken seriously. "I can outrun the wind if I want."

"Is that so," said Painted Shell. "How about I race you to yonder tree."

The tree was not far away and Speedy Weedy just snorted. "That's not what I'd call a race," he sniffed, sticking up his nose.

"Scaredy hare! Scaredy hare!" cried all the animals. "You're afraid to race him."

"I am not," said Speedy Weedy, miffed. "Just say ready-set and off we'll go."

So the animals cried out: "Ready? Set? Go!" and off Speedy Weedy ran with Painted Shell plodding behind him. It wasn't long before Speedy Weedy came to the river and saw that the tree was on the other side. Speedy Weedy couldn't swim. "Never mind," he thought, "I'll go around. I'll be faster than Painted Shell no matter what," and off he raced again.

A while later Painted Shell came to the river. He climbed into the water and swam to the other side. He lumbered up the bank, came to the tree, and touched it.

"Yea for Painted Shell," cried all the animals. "He won the race!" and Painted Shell waved and grinned.

Then they waited and waited for Speedy Weedy to show up, but he never did. He followed the river until he came to the sea. As far as I know he is still running along the shore, trying to find his way to the other side.