

# *Speedy Weedy, Mosey Dawdle and Hungry Coyote*

*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 the tortoise, Mosey Dawdle, lumbered past a huge big tree. It was a hot day and Hungry Coyote was snoozing in the shade. So Mosey Dawdle tiptoed past and left Hungry Coyote to his sleeping. He hadn't gone far when along came Speedy Weedy the hare.

"There you are," said Speedy Weedy. "I've been looking for you everywhere. Let's run a race. Everyone says that you always win, but that can't be true."

"I suppose and maybe," said Mosey Dawdle, "but let's try again. We'll race to yonder huge big tree and whoever touches it first will be the winner."

To this Speedy Weedy agreed.

"Ready? Set? Go!" cried Mosey Dawdle, and off he plodded as slowly as only a tortoise can go. Speedy Weedy didn't race ahead. He hopped along with Mosey Dawdle, boasting about how fast he was and how he would run ahead at the last second and win the race.

"It must be tiresome having to wait for such a slowpoke like me," said Mosey Dawdle after a while. "Why don't you sit on my back? That would be easier for you."

"Oh, no," said Speedy Weedy, "I did that before and fell asleep. Then you touched the tree first—at least, that is what the animals told me because I did not see it. I won't do that again."

"Then hop on board and don't fall asleep," said Mosey Dawdle. "For such a marvelous fellow as yourself that should be easy enough."

So Speedy Weedy hopped onto Mosey Dawdle's shell and made sure he kept his eyes wide open. He felt grand sitting on Mosey Dawdle's back. He was like a king sitting on his throne and being carried along.

"Oh, look how magnificent I am," he declared. "I am a king—King Speedy Weedy the Swift! See how tall I sit. No other animal is carried around like me!"

"Just you and fleas," said Mosey Dawdle.

"What?" said Speedy Weedy. "I didn't hear you."

"Nothing," said Mosey Dawdle, and kept on plodding.

On they went with Speedy Weedy sitting tall and boasting to his heart's content until they were close to the tree.

"Now I will hop off and win the race," declared Speedy Weedy. "Then you will see that I am the King of Speed and Winner of Races."

"What did you say?" asked Mosey Dawdle. "I can't hear you."

"I declared that I am the King of Speed and Winner of Races," said Speedy Weedy.

"Why are you whispering so softly?" said Mosey Dawdle. "I can't hear you at all. Speak up!"

"I AM THE KING OF SPEED!!!" shouted Speedy Weedy at the top of his lungs. "I WILL WIN THIS RACE FOR SURE."

"Is that so?" said Hungry Coyote, waking up and sticking his head around the tree.

"Yikes!" cried Speedy Weedy, taking off like a rocket with Hungry Coyote hot on his fluffy white tail.

"I won!" said Mosey Dawdle, touching the tree—but Speedy Weedy hardly heard him, he was too busy running away from Hungry Coyote. And lucky it was that he ran so quickly, otherwise he would have been toast.