

Speedy Weedy, Mosey Dawdle and the Ghost of Hungry Coyote

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Mosey Dawdle the tortoise was moseying along when Speedy Weedy the hare rushed past. He screeched to a stop and came back.

"We must have a race," said Speedy Weedy. "All the animals are laughing at me. They say that you are the fastest animal in the world, but that's not so—I am."

"Okay," said Mosey Dawdle. "We could race to yonder huge big tree."

"Suits me," said Speedy Weedy.

"But the winner has to touch the far side of the tree trunk," said Mosey Dawdle.

"That's fine too," said Speedy Weedy.

"Ready? Set? Go!" shouted Mosey Dawdle. "Off you go, Speedy Weedy. Quick! Quick! Run away!" and off Speedy Weedy ran as fast as his hairy hare legs could carry him.

But he was only half way to the tree when he stopped and came back.

"Why did you tell me to run so quickly?" asked Speedy Weedy. "You know I can win the race before you have time to sneeze and say achoo!"

"Oh, I just felt like it," said Mosey Dawdle, lumbering on towards the tree.

"And why did you say we have to touch the tree trunk on the far side?" asked Speedy Weedy.

"Oh, I just felt like it," said Mosey Dawdle, shrugging his shoulders.

Speedy Weedy gave Mosey Dawdle a suspicious look. "You can't fool me," said Speedy Weedy. "Last time we raced, Hungry Coyote was behind the tree. He almost had me for lunch."

Mosey Dawdle shrugged again and kept on going. Speedy Weedy hopped along beside him. He was looking nervous. Soon the tree was getting close.

"Go on, Speedy Weedy," said Mosey Dawdle. "You'd better hurry up and touch the far side of the tree."

"That's not fair," said Speedy Weedy. "You're not afraid of Hungry Coyote. You just hide inside your shell when he comes to bother you."

Mosey Dawdle kept racing slowly towards the tree. "Better hurry up," he said. "We're almost there. Quick-quick, Speedy Weedy! Run around the tree and win!"

Speedy Weedy didn't wait any longer. Away he ran from the tree. He ran so quickly that he left a trail of dust hanging in the air. Mosey Dawdle stopped and watched him go. Then he lumbered around to the far side of the tree and touched the trunk.

"I won!" he cried, but Speedy Weedy didn't hear, he was too far away.