

# *The last time Shady Slim rode on Mosey Dawdle's back*

*Reg Down*  
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Mosey Dawdle Tortoise was lumbering along. By and by he met Shady Slim Coyote.  
“Howdy doodle, Shady Slim,” said Mosey Dawdle. “How’s the hunting?”

“Not good,” said Shady Slim, suddenly limping. “I have a thorn in my paw. If only I had a ride to yonder river.”

“Climb on board,” said Mosey Dawdle. “I’ll take you there.”

So Shady Slim sat on Mosey Dawdle’s shell and off he lumbered.

Later and later they came to a lettuce patch and Mosey Dawdle stopped to nibble.

“Why are you stopping?” asked Shady Slim. “My hunting grounds are down by the river.”

“What’s the rush?” asked Mosey Dawdle. “You can’t hunt with a thorn in your paw.”

“That’s right. I forgot,” said Shady Slim. “But hurry up to the river in any case.”

So Mosey Dawdle stopped nibbling lettuce and carried Shady Slim to the river.

“Thanks for the ride,” said Shady Slim, hopping off Mosey Dawdle’s shell and trotting away.

“I thought you had a thorn in your paw,” said Mosey Dawdle.

“That’s true,” said Shady Slim. “But it must have fallen out.”

“Let me check, just in case,” said Mosey Dawdle. “Thorns have a funny way of appearing out of nowhere.”

“I hadn’t thought of that,” said Shady Slim, suddenly worried, and he came back to Mosey Dawdle.

Mosey Dawdle looked at Shady Slim’s paw. He grabbed it with his mouth and pulled his head inside his shell.

“What are you doing?” howled Shady Slim. “Give my paw back!”

“I can’t,” mumbled Mosey Dawdle. “I’m dying for fresh lettuce. My head always stays inside when I’m dying for fresh lettuce.”

So Shady Slim had to drag Mosey Dawdle back to the lettuce patch—and that was the last time Shady Slim rode on Mosey Dawdle’s back.