

The long and short Race of Speedy Weedy and Mosey Dawdle

Reg Down
© Copyright 2014

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.

Speedy Weedy Hare was zipping here and zapping there and leaving dust trails behind him.

"Look at me," he shouted. "See how fast I am! I come! I go! Swifter than the wind doth blow! No one zips and zaps faster than me! I am the zippiest and zappiest animal in all the wide world."

"Oh, be quiet," said the other animals, tired of his boasting. "Mosey Dawdle Tortoise is faster than you. He wins the race every time."

"He does not!" said Speedy Weedy, racing from one mountain to another. "How can that be? I am faster than a blink of an eye, faster than a plunging asteroid, faster than a bullet train."

"You have a bad memory," said the animals. "Go ask Mosey Dawdle. He'll tell you."

So off Speedy Weedy went and found Mosey Dawdle.

"Mosey Dawdle, everyone says that you always win the race," said Speedy Weedy.

"That's true," said Mosey Dawdle.

"But that's impossible," said Speedy Weedy. "I am faster than a streaking spaceship, swifter than a flying motorbike, quicker than a hot potato. How come everyone says that you always win the race?"

"Because I do," said Mosey Dawdle.

"Then we'll have to race again," said Speedy Weedy. "This time I will prove that I am the bestest, the swiftest, the most fastest."

"If you insist," said Mosey Dawdle. "Let's race to yonder tree."

"Fine by me," said Speedy Weedy. "Here is the starting line," and he scraped a line in the dirt, and got ready to run.

Mosey Dawdle went to the other side of the line and faced away from the tree. "Ready, set, go!" he cried, and crawled slowly across the line.

"What are you doing?" asked Speedy Weedy in astonishment.

"I am running the long way to the tree to give you a chance," said Mosey Dawdle. "I will run all the way round the earth and let you take the short way."

"Oh no," said Speedy Weedy. "You can't do that. That's not fair. All the animals will laugh at me for winning that way. I am the fastest—definitely and without a doubt. I will run the long way and you can run the short way and I will still beat you hands down."

"If you insist," said Mosey Dawdle. "Let's start the race again."

So Speedy Weedy faced away from the tree and Mosey Dawdle faced towards the tree.

"You say 'ready, set, go,'" said Mosey Dawdle. "That will give you a head start."

"No, no," said Speedy Weedy. "You must say it."

"If you insist," said Mosey Dawdle. "Ready? Set? Go!"

Off Speedy Weedy raced faster than a streaking spaceship while Mosey Dawdle plodded slowly to the tree.

"I win!" cried Mosey Dawdle, touching the tree—but Speedy Weedy didn't hear him; he was half way round the world and much too far away.