



Oodle and the Wobbly Bridge

An Oodleloo story

2-5

Made with Oodleloo



One bright morning, Oodle found a little wooden bridge across the stream. It looked very, very wobbly.



Oodle put one paw on the first plank. Creeeak, said the bridge. Oodle pulled the paw right back.



"I want to cross," said Oodle, "but my tummy feels flippy."
The stream giggled along below.



Then along came Rue, who sat down beside Oodle and looked at the wobbly bridge too.



"What if we go slowly?" said Rue. "Slow is still going."
Oodle liked that idea very much.



So Oodle took one small step. Then waited. Then one small step more. The bridge wobbled, but it held.



Step, wait. Step, wait. Halfway across, Oodle laughed out loud. The wobble was a little bit fun!



And then, paws on soft grass, Oodle was on the other side.
The whole way over, one slow step at a time.



"Brave isn't fast," said Oodle, waving. "Brave is going anyway." And back they went, slowly, together.