

Pokey and the Hurry-Hurry Day

An Oodleloo story

3-5

Made with Oodleloo



It was a hurry-hurry day. Everyone in the rock garden was rushing somewhere important.



Feet pattered. Wings flapped. "Quick, quick!" said the whole morning.



Pokey did not rush. Pokey never rushed. Pokey moved like honey pouring off a spoon.



A good friend came zooming past, tripped over a root, and sat down with a bump.



"Everything is too fast," said a good friend, out of breath and a little bit cross.



"Try this," said Pokey. "Breathe in while I count to three. One... two... three."



They breathed in slowly, and out slowly, three whole times. The hurry began to melt.



Then they walked, not ran, and noticed a snail, two acorns, and a cloud shaped like a spoon.



"Slow sees more," said Pokey. And the rest of the day was not hurried at all.