

The Tortoise and the Hare

One of Aesop's Fables, adapted by Dixie "Sarah" Feldman and read by Cedric the Entertainer on NOGGIN's Storytime

A bunch of animals are sittin' around, talkin' about this and that. Mostly that. And this hare comes up, looking an awful lot like a rabbit, if you ask me, and he says, "Hey y'all, have I mentioned lately how incredibly QUICK I am? How utterly fast and speedy I move?"

The animals just sat there fuming and seething. After all, no one likes a boastful bunny. The hare says, "C'mon, who wants to race me? Who wants me to lick them in a race, lickety-split? Who's in the mood to lose?"

Well, a little tortoise inched forward, lookin' a lot like a turtle, if you ask me, and he pipes up and says, "Me. I'll race ya rabbit."

So the hare busts out laughing. I mean, if he'd been drinkin' milk it woulda been comin' out of that rabbit nose of his!

You?" said the hare. "You must be crazy! I'll have crossed the finish line before you even break a sweat. But if that's the way you want it, let's DO IT!

The animals gathered and at the count of three – one, two, THREE – the two racers took off. Well, the hare took off, fast as lightning, down the road so all you could see was a cloud of dust. And that poor little tortoise, he just plodded along, one short, stubby tortoise leg after the other.

The hare was soooo far ahead, he said, "Man, that guy'll NEVER catch up. I'll just take a little snooze before I watch shell boy LOSE." And the hare lay down under a tree for a brief nap.

Meanwhile the tortoise kept going, doing his best, sloooowly putting one foot in front of the other. And, when that hare woke up, imagine his surprise to see the tortoise crossing the finish line! The tortoise had won!

And do you know WHY (insert your child's name here)?

Because, everybody knows, slow and steady wins the race.



My Toes Are Out To Get Me!

By Sarah "Dixie" Feldman

My toes are out to get me!
They really have it in,
I don't know why they hate me so
Those rogues beneath my shins!

They look innocent enough
Angelic, and petite
But those little wily wigglers
Are scheming down there at my feet!

They're up to no good, I tell you
Take Monday, for example:
They made me tie my laces wrong,
And that's only just one sample.

On Tuesday, it was raining
And once again they got the better,
Though my toes stayed dry in galoshes
I just got wetter and wetter!

And what trouble I got in Wednesday!
(I kicked my sister and called her a name.)
Though those footy foes made me do it,
Just guess who got ALL the blame?

On Thursday I broke Mommy's lamp
And boyohboy did she ever scold!
Wonder how Mommy knew I did it?
Those stinkers on my feet tattle-told!

And how Daddy hollered Friday
When I turned back all the clocks.
But I was just acting on instructions
From those little saboteurs in socks!

On Saturday, my archenemies
Had another plot up their sleeve,
Those teeny meanies had me catch cold.
AND they don't "Gesundheit!" when I sneeze!

Now you'd think they'd be good on Sunday,
And just for one day leave me alone.
But my toes made sure I ate beets at dinner;
I tell you, they're bad to the bone!

Yes, all week long they torture me,
Getting me into this jam, or that scrape.
They follow me every place I go —
From one's toes there's NO escape!

So, if it seems like I've done wrong
Sometime when we may meet,
Remember that it's not my fault...
It's those fiends at the end of my feet!



City Symphony

By Sarah "Dixie" Feldman

Tell me, have you heard the city symphony?

It's a wonderful orchestra that's never off-key

Listen: people talking, and children walking

Stereos go bodda-bodda-boom-boom-boom.

Trucks rattle and clang, and go vroom, vroom, vroom.

You can hear fire engines blaring, and feisty dogs barking

Kids yelling, and a man bellowing, "Hey! There's NO parking!"

There's salsa music blasting from the window of that car

While that man on the corner strum, strum, strums a guitar

Babies scream, trucks selling ice cream: they go doot-diddley-doot

And when traffic jams you're sure to hear an awfully loud toot, toot, toot,

TOOOOOOT!

Next time you walk down the sidewalk of any city street

Feel the city's rhythm, the movement, the soul, **the beat**

I love the symphony: the sounds and songs of the city

It may be just noisy to some...but to me it's sure pretty.



Can't Stop Rhymin' Blues

By Moose A. Moose and Zee (Lyrics by Sarah "Dixie" Feldman)

I've got a bad, bad habit
And you know it's hard to break
I got this terrible habit
And it's mighty difficult to break

You see every time I hear a word
A rhyme I just can't help but make
Bat, hat, fat, cat
I just can't keep away from rhyme

Blue, shoe, do, two, clue
I can't stop myself, I gotta rhyme
So if you say to me "poodle"
I'll say "noodle" every time

It's grating and irritating
Folks find it cloying too
But try as I might,
I just can't stop myself annoying you

It's a lot like eating peanuts
It's so hard to stop at one
There's no end in sight
But it's a happy plight
Cuz rhyming's just so fun!

I guess I blew a fuse
I've got the "Can't stop rhyming
Do it all the timin' blues."

Be careful when you rhyme, folks
You might end up like me
Be careful when you rhyme, folks
You might end up like just me

With a bad, bad case of the
"Can't stop rhymin',
do it all the time-in',
you might as well just chime in," blues!

