

# *Mosey Dawdle's Seven*

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**M**osey Dawdle crawled out of the abyss, his shell an infinitely dark blue.  
“Man, O man, is it dark in there!” he declared.

Those were Mosey Dawdle’s first words and never would he say more about the abyss. If you look carefully, however, his ancient eyes could tell stories and tales if only the right words could be spoken.

Mosey Dawdle started counting. He counted his parts—just to make sure he was all there.

“I have one head and one tail,” he declared, touching his head and wagging his stubby tail. “And two eyes, four legs, five toes, twelve spinal nerves and two kidneys.”

In the end Mosey Dawdle counted 343 important parts.

“I am all here,” he declared, and the other animals rolled their eyes. They could see that Mosey Dawdle was all there without counting his parts.

“Good for you,” they said encouragingly.

“Are you sure?” asked Hissy Snake. “It seems to me that you are one brick short of a load. Perhaps you should have 344 important parts but are missing one upstairs.” But the other animals shushed Hissy Snake because they knew he as a troublemaker.

Off Mosey Dawdle wandered at his slow, slow pace. He was old and ancient, but still fresh and innocent. Whenever he saw two or more who could work together, he helped them get along. He taught the human being to listen to the honey bird in Africa and follow it to the beehive. He told them always to put aside a portion for the honey bird by way of thanks. He taught the flower to love the butterfly, and the birds to read the stars to guide them on their long migrations.

Mosey Dawdle wandered on. He came upon a leopard giving birth. The cubs quickly grew into leopards fast and fierce. He saw an eagle lay three eggs. The eggs hatched and

the chicks grew and flew into the highest sky. He saw an elephant calf became a bull with mighty tusks.

“Hmm,” said Mosey Dawdle. “So that’s how it is.”

Mosey Dawdle came to a poor man’s house. He trundled in, and since no one paid him any heed, he stayed. Soon the woman of the house gave birth to three children, two boys and a girl.

“What shall they become?” wondered Mosey Dawdle, watching carefully. “Two men and a woman, certainly! But what will they become?”

Mosey Dawdle had to wait a long time to find out. At first, the children crawled like Mosey Dawdle. Then they played with him. They rode on his back and brought him leaves to eat and water to drink. They told him their joys and sorrows, and even took him on their adventures. Years passed, but still the three children had not become. One day the girl picked up an instrument and already knew how to play. She wrote poetry and soon became the voice of her people. The middle boy wheeled and dealt until he was a rich businessman. A great war came and the eldest led the fight against the enemy. He was the quietest and most peaceful, yet was a great general and leader of nations.

“Ah,” said Mosey Dawdle. “They bring it with them, for they didn’t get it at home, and certainly not from me!”

But then, quickly, one after the other, the three children died. Everyone grieved and Mosey Dawdle withdrew into his shell and wept. He gazed at their lifeless bodies.

“Where have they gone?” asked Mosey Dawdle, puzzled. He’d never seen humans die before. “They lie so terribly still.”

At last Mosey Dawdle understood. “They bring it with them; they take it with them.”

Mosey Dawdle left the house. Long he wandered till, oh, he came to a terrible land. Men beat each other and cheated and lied. They struck Mosey Dawdle’s shell with sticks and iron bars; they turned him on his back to roast in the hot sun. But ever and again another set him right. Ever and again one came to make peace. Ever and again one came who was not afraid to live in the darkness but brought his light to shine. Ever and again the one embraced the darkness and from it made light. Mosey Dawdle knew that he’d have to become like that one—or sooner or later he too would fall into evil from sheer bitterness. Bit by bit he helped others. He developed courage. He found out how to transform the evil into the good.

Mosey Dawdle went on, bruised and battered but bigger, and came to a broad land where the sun never set in summer and never rose in winter. There he met a man who

spoke. When he spoke it was as if the planets were set in motion, the sun soared, nature sang, and all hearts were moved to deeds. Here, evil could do little but hide in the corner and be ashamed.

One day the man spoke and created a living house for his soul and spirit. The man moved in. He soon saw that another needed the house more than he did. He gave him his home and created a new one. Soon, others too could speak vessels for the soul and spirit to live in.

Mosey Dawdle practiced speaking in purity. He worked hard. One day he created a house from his word and entered his new home. It was as light as a feather and he could carry it with him easily. Mosey Dawdle was pleased.

He wandered on; for many years he wandered on. His house expanded and Mosey Dawdle became transparent. The stars spoke to him and he spoke to the stars, stretched out among them. Bliss welled up in Mosey Dawdle, but he couldn't keep it to himself; he had to give it away. But the more he gave it away the more he shone with light. Finally, he was brighter than a lightbulb! That's when Mosey Dawdle arrived back at the edge of the abyss.

"Oh, no! Not that place again," he declared, suddenly afraid.

But there was no choice. Down he had to go. He was there a long, long time. At last he reappeared. Mosey Dawdle had grown. He had permanent wings and a breast plate of gold. He had become a tortoise-angel!

"A deep place is that abyss," declared Mosey Dawdle sagely. "But light can shine within it," and that's all Mosey Dawdle would say, even though he had more than enough time to tell a tale or two. Later, the more adventurous children thought him a spoil sport when he wouldn't tell of his adventures down there, but Mosey Dawdle knew better; some words are still not in this world.