

Beep and Dandy

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Beep was an old horse. He limped down the road. Beep had crooked feet. His knees hurt. That made him slow.

"I am so tired," Beep thought to himself. But Beep's long gray coat was thick and warm. And he had remembered to eat a pail of good oats for breakfast. Beep knew he had to take care of himself.



Along came Dandy Deer. He was very young. He trotted down the road. His feet almost danced. Dandy's brown hair was short and sleek. It was shiny in the sun. He thought his bow tie was pretty. Dandy did not have time for silly breakfasts.

Dandy flicked his tail when he spotted Beep. He wanted to show off.

"I feel happy!" he shouted. "I want to paint! I want to sing! I will not work on anything!"

He ran in circles under the tree. He winked at a toad.



Beep just kept walking. He did not smile. He did not sing. He wanted to get home.

"Can you see me?" asked Dandy. "I am pretty. I am fast. This happy fun will last and last!" he sang.

But Beep did not stop. He could feel a chill. Beep was glad for his warm coat. He was glad for his good breakfast.

Soon rain began to fall. Beep went into his hut under the oak tree. He was warm and full and dry.

Dandy ran to the hut.

"I am afraid!" he cried. "Please let me in. I will not make a peep. Please share your pail of oats!"

Beep stared out the window at Dandy. Beep sighed and shook his head. Then he opened the door. He let Dandy in.