

The Industrious Sloth

A story about Victoria,
a high-energy sloth in a low-energy community



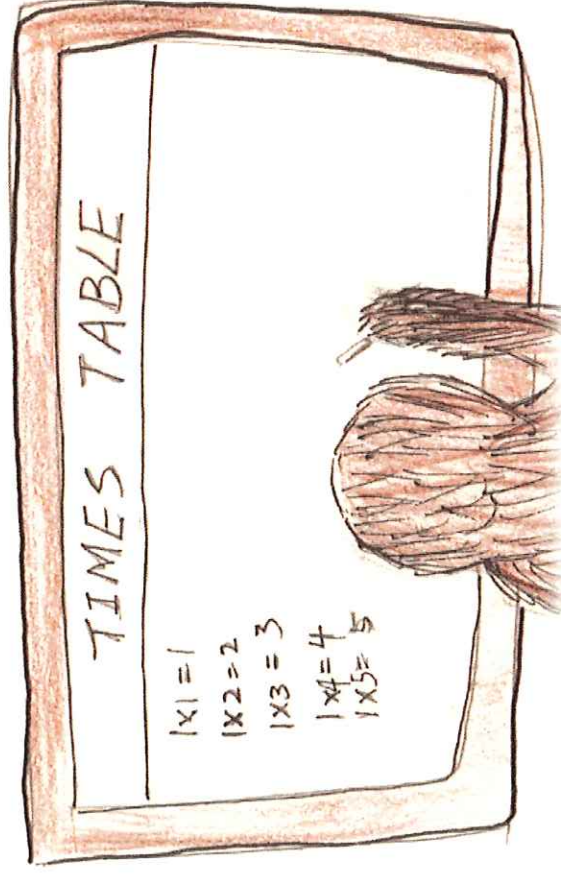
Paul Magnuson
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For everyone who may not have always fit in just so.

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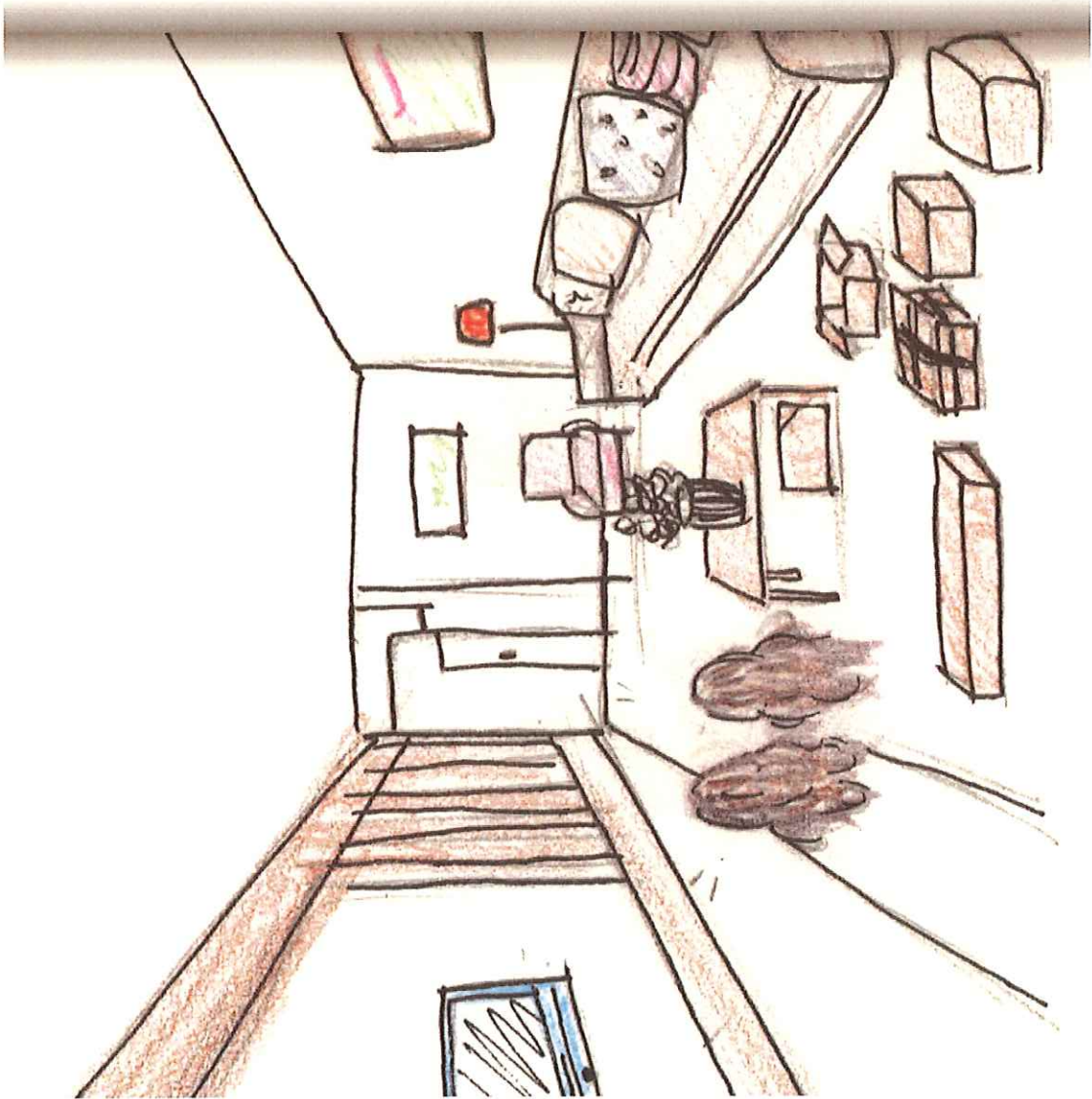
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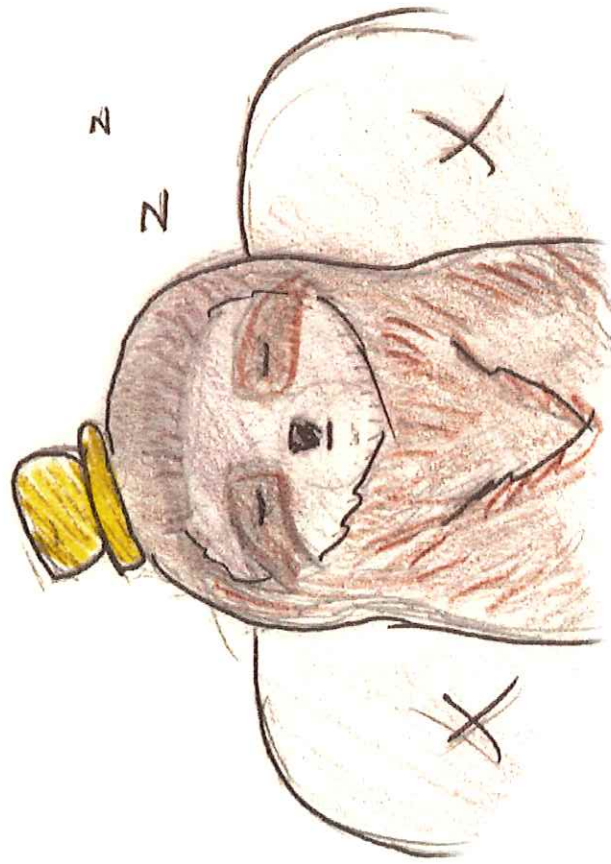
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Moving In





Father Sloth and Mother Sloth were lounging in their new living room. Several boxes were still unpacked.

Father heard clanking and rattling from the kitchen. He asked Mother, in his slow, deep voice, "What in the world is she doing now?"

Mother had been catching a little shut-eye. She repeated sleepily, "Doing now?"

"Victoria, our daughter," answered Father as he stifled a yawn. "Whatever is she doing now?"

But Mother had fallen asleep again.

"I'm unpacking the dishes in the kitchen," said Victoria in her tiny, quick voice, sticking her head into the living room. "Then I'm going to hang new pictures in the hallway," she continued. "Of course, I have to paint them first. I think while they're drying I'll plant a rose garden. OK-bye-gotta-go!"

Father stared into the space where Victoria's happy face had just been. He heard the plates clack together and the glasses rattle some more as Victoria arranged them in the cupboard.

"I've got to talk to that girl," Father Sloth said, yawning. "But first, maybe a little nap."