

SLOTH

by Funnie Vital

Once upon a time, there was a Sloth. He was before and is now, and will be whenever he is, so lazy, slow, and slothful, that his friends kept calling him Lie-aBed. He would be fond of lying in bed if he had one. But when you are a Sloth and awfully tired you just hang around - not like you, guys, hanging out together, but hanging on the tree with his head down.

Besides, they called him Stammerer, because he stammered indeed, when he was confused or excited. But he was happy on his tree.

One day Sloth couldn't sleep because of an early bird's singing. He turned from one side to another and suddenly fell down to earth. He was so frightened that he said to himself, "Oh, I am down-to-earth now! I have to change something in my life. I won't be slothful anymore, though I'm still a sloth". And he agreed with himself. "I could write a story about my fall!"

So, he picked up some blackberries, squeezed them with his big paws and made some ink. He put his tail into this violet ink and wrote with it on a piece of wood "My Great Fall". Then he was staring at the words for a minute. He was so excited. "That c-c-could be an idea for a f-f-film!" - he exclaimed stammering.

Slowly but faster than he used to, Sloth crept to Python The Boss. He was so petrified to come up to him! But he had to tell him the story. Today! Now! With lots of vivid details and made-up characters. So he did. Python was immovable but seemed pleased. "I might take your story to make a film".

Sloth couldn't believe his ears! He asked Python timidly what made him so interested in Sloth's story?" Python made a pause and answered, "Every character in your story stammers-s-s. It's genius-s-s!" And Sloth became a screenwriter.