

Wukong's Slippy-Slide Skates



Wukong watched them glide.
“Look! Flying feet!”
“I want to try!”



He put on his skates.
Clomp. Clomp.
“My feet have tiny sleds!”



Helmet on. Mittens on.
Coach Otter checked
his skates.
“Ready for little steps?”



Wukong stepped onto the ice.
His feet slid apart.
“Wait for me, feet!”



Whoops! Down he went.
His bottom met the ice.
"Hello, chilly floor."



“Learning takes practice,”
said Coach Otter.
“Let’s get up together.”



Little steps. Bent knees.
“Like a penguin!” said Rabbit.
Wukong waddled and giggled.



Push... glide.
Push... glide.
One tiny slide!
Then another.



Then came another tumble.
“I thought I had it.”
He sat beside Pigsy.
“Rest with me,” said Pigsy.



They warmed their paws.
They watched
the swirling snow.
“I’ll try again,” said Wukong.



He came back to practice.
A little step. A little glide.
Wobbles and all.



Then his feet found a rhythm.
Push... glide.
Push... glide.
“Look! I’m doing it!”



They made a gentle circle.
Rabbit led. Pigsy followed.
Wukong glided along.
Six happy skates!



The rink lights twinkled.
“See you soon, ice!”
His feet were tired.
His smile was not.



Wukong curled under his quilt.
In his dreams,
he glided past the stars.
Slowly. Softly.
All the way to sleep.

