

## The Sad Truck

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Shay was a sad truck. Her horn sounded sad. Her tires were worn down. Her bright paint was dirty. No one needed her. Shay just sat in her garage.



Shay used to have a job. She carried sand around town. She would roll down to the sand pit. It was a big brown hole in the ground. There she would load up with sand. She would take the sand where it was needed.

Shay could not count the number of times she took sand to the playground. She was proud of her work. But now, no one wanted sand.

Shay drove down to the lake. She sighed. She looked at the water.



Three of her friends saw her. Cow walked slowly. Mouse ran fast. Owl glided on his wings.

"You look unhappy," Cow mooed. Mouse and Owl nodded.

"No one wants any sand," Shay said. "I have nothing to do."

Mouse laughed. "Winter is almost here," she squeaked. "Then you will put sand on the roads!"



"Yes," hooted Owl. "You will move a whole mountain of sand. No one will slip on ice as long as you are around!"

This made Shay happy. She wanted to shout with joy. She made her engine race. The loud sound filled the air. She tipped up her back. Her friends climbed inside.

"Come on!" Shay said. "We will go for a ride. Let's have fun today. I will be too busy soon!"