



Tug & Friends · Book Two

A Friend Stands With You

Big hearts stand together.



Two new friends

Lucas & Oakie

Lucas is candy apple red. He is bigger than Tug, but smaller than Rumble and Tank.

Oakie is purple, big, and brave. He is Lucas's older brother.

Every truck deserves kindness.



Lucas's candy apple red paint sparkled in the sunshine.

Beside him rolled his older brother, Oakie-big, purple, and always ready for an adventure.

Lucas had smaller tires and a smaller rumble.

But he had plenty of places he wanted to go.

"Meet you by the trail sign!" Lucas called.



Lucas reached the sign first.

Three big trucks rolled over.

“Look at those little tires!” one snickered.

“Did you leave the rest of your truck at home?” said another.

Lucas’s smile faded.

“Please stop,” he said. “I’m waiting for my brother.”



Lucas tried to roll away.

One truck blocked the path.
Another bumped his side.

“We’re only playing!” they laughed.

“I’m not having fun,” said Lucas. “Let me through.”

His voice trembled.

He had said stop.
They weren’t listening.



“Give him room.”

Oakie had arrived.

“That’s my little brother. He asked you to stop.”

Oakie kept his voice steady.

“There’s a wide trail over there. You can go your way, and we’ll go ours.”

He turned toward Lucas.

“Come on. Let’s go together.”



But the three trucks crowded closer.

Bump. Jostle. Scrape.

Oakie wobbled. His fender rattled.

Lucas's little lamp tilted sideways.

Oakie stayed beside his brother and helped him reach the grassy verge.

Then the three trucks rolled off, still laughing.

For a moment, the trail was quiet.



Putta-putta-putt.

Tug came around the bend and stopped.

“Are you two all right?”

“They pushed us,” Lucas said softly.

“I tried to make them stop,” said Oakie.

Tug listened.

“You didn’t deserve that. Either of you.”



“May I help with those rattles?” Tug asked.

The brothers nodded.

Tug opened his toolbox.

Click-click went his wrench.

Swish-swish went his soft cloth.

He secured Oakie’s fender and straightened Lucas’s lamp.

“There,” he said. “How does that feel?”

“Better,” whispered Lucas.



“I’m sorry I couldn’t stop all three,” Oakie said.

Lucas rolled a little closer.

“You stayed with me.”

Tug set down his cloth.

“You helped Lucas get out of the way. That mattered.”

Oakie’s engine gave a quiet purr.

Lucas’s did, too.



Before Tug could close his toolbox, three engines growled nearby.

The trucks were back.

“Now there’s an even smaller one!”

One nudged Tug’s bumper.

Tug’s tools jingled.

He took a slow breath.

“Stop. We don’t want any pushing.”



“We’re fixing a few things,” Tug said. “Then we’re leaving.”

He nodded toward the road.

“There’s room for everyone if you move back.”

But one truck rolled forward again.

Tug edged closer to the brothers.

Then a familiar voice called from the bend.

“Give our friends some space.”



Rumble and Tank rolled up beside Tug.

They didn't shove.

They didn't shout.

"The pushing stops here," said Tank.

"Everyone needs room to leave," said Rumble.

The three trucks stopped moving.

The trail grew quiet again.



“That little truck is your friend?” one asked.

“A very good friend,” said Rumble.

“We once got stuck in mud,” Tank told them. “Our huge tires couldn’t get us out.”

“Tug stopped and thought,” said Rumble. “He brought his mats and winch. We worked together.”

“He’s helped us through plenty of trouble,” Tank said. “You can’t tell what a truck can do just by looking at his size.”



Tug glanced at Lucas and Oakie.

“I like helping my friends,” he said. “But nobody has to rescue someone to deserve kindness.”

Lucas lifted his newly straightened lamp.

“I just wanted to use the trail.”

One of the three trucks looked down at his tires.

“We wanted everyone to think we were tough.”

“You hurt us,” Oakie said quietly.



“We did,” the truck answered. “I’m sorry I bumped you.”

“I’m sorry I blocked your way,” said the second.

“And I’m sorry I laughed,” said the third.

“We won’t do it again.”

“Start by giving us space,” said Oakie.

This time, all three moved back.



One truck noticed Tug's cloth beside the path.

"May I pass that back?"

"Thank you," said Tug.

Lucas took a breath.

"I'm going with my brother and our new friends."

"Okay," said the three trucks. "Have a good ride."

"You too," said Oakie.

They went their separate ways.



“Would you like some company?” Rumble asked.

Lucas looked at Oakie.

Oakie smiled.

“We’d like that.”

Five friends rolled down the sunny trail.

Big wheels.

Little wheels.

Room for everyone.

And when the road felt a little scary, there was a friend beside them.



For little readers and grown-ups

Let's talk

How did Oakie help Lucas?

How did Tug show he cared?

How did Rumble and Tank speak up without pushing?

What changed after the three trucks said sorry?

Who can you ask for help?



You deserve kindness.

Being picked on is never your fault.

Move to a safe place when you can, and tell a trusted grown-up.
Keep asking until someone helps.

You don't have to fight or fix someone's behavior. You can take
time before accepting an apology.



Tug & Friends

Room for everyone.

Big wheels. Little wheels.
Five friends, together.

The End