

TUG & FRIENDS

Little Truck, Big Help!



BOOK ONE

A little truck with a very big heart.



Meet the friends

Tug is a little red tow truck with a very big heart.

Rumble is a blue monster truck.

Tank is a green monster truck.



Tug was a little red tow truck.

He had a little engine, a little cab, and a very big heart.

Every morning, he polished his mirrors and wondered,
“Who will I help today?”



His friends Rumble and Tank were monster trucks.

Rumble was blue. Tank was green. Their tires were almost as tall as Tug!

RUMBLE-RUMBLE! VROOM-VROOM!

“Come on, Tug!” they called. “Let’s go exploring!”



Last night's rain had left a muddy puddle across the trail.

A wide puddle. A brown puddle. A wonderfully splashy-looking puddle.

"Our big tires can get through that!" said Rumble.

"Watch this!" said Tank.



SPLISH went Rumble. SPLOSH went Tank.

Then—SQUELCH!

Their tires sank into the sticky mud.

Rumble wiggled. Tank wobbled.

Neither truck moved forward.



“Maybe we need more VROOM!” said Tank.

Their engines roared. Their tires spun.

Mud flew up—and the trucks sank down.

“Oh,” said Rumble in a much smaller voice. “That didn’t help.”



Tug rolled up beside the puddle.

“Need a little help?”

Tank looked at Tug. Then he looked at his enormous tires.

“But you’re so little.”

Tug smiled. “Let’s see what little can do!”



Tug didn't rush into the mud.

He stopped. He looked. He thought.

Beside the puddle was a patch of firm, dry ground. On his truck were traction mats and a winch.

"I have an idea!" he said.



Tug brought out his traction mats.

“These will help your tires grip.”

Then he got his winch ready from the firm ground.

“I’ll pull,” said Tug. “You roll slowly. We’ll do it together.”

This time, everyone listened.



“Ready, Rumble?”

“Ready!”

The winch hummed. Rumble’s tires turned.

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then... a wiggle. A wobble. A little roll!

“Slow and steady, friends!” called Tug.



SQUISH... SQUELCH... POP!

Rumble rolled onto solid ground.

“You did it!” he cheered.

“We did it,” said Tug. “Now it’s Tank’s turn.”

They set up again. A steady pull. A gentle roll.

And soon Tank was free, too!



“I thought big tires could do everything,” said Tank.

“And I thought more power would help,” said Rumble.

“Thank you, Tug.”

Tug’s little engine purred.

“There’s more than one way to be strong!”



At the next puddle, Rumble stopped. Tank stopped, too.
“What do you think, Tug?” they asked.
Tug spotted a dry path around the edge.
Three friends rolled on together.
Big wheels. Little wheels. Room for everyone.



Let's talk!

Why didn't spinning the tires help Rumble and Tank?

What did Tug do before trying his idea?

What is something kind or helpful you can do, even when you feel little?

Your turn: Draw or tell a story about a time you helped someone.

For grown-ups: Real vehicle recovery is a job for trained adults with the right equipment.

Room for everyone.



Big wheels. Little wheels.
Three friends, together.

The End