



There's Walt, the smallest snowplow in the fleet.
Maybe this time he won't get picked last.



"I'm not taking the little guy!" says Big Buck.
"Neither am I," says Hank. "He's too small for a big snow like this."



Walt waits and waits . . .

and waits.



"I'll drive him," says Gus.



Gus starts Walt up.



He checks Walt's load
of ice-melting salt.



He tests the plow—
up, down—

He inspects the salt spreader—
switch, twist.



and the lights—
off, on.



“Good to go,” says Gus.



The other drivers head out first,
plow after plow after plow.
Fat snowflakes hit the windshield—
splat-splat—while Walt waits his turn.
Big Buck *HONK HONKs*.
“Try to keep up, Small Stuff!” he shouts.
Grrrr, Walt’s engine growls.

Each plow has a route to follow.
Walt knows where to go.



First the bridges—icy!

Then the ramps—dicey!



Walt's tires grip the road—*rumble-grumble*.
His lights flash—*wink, blink*.
His plow pushes the snow—*scraaaatch, scraaaape*—
and his spreader scatters salt—*swoosh-whoosh*.