

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."



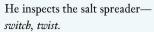




He checks Walt's load of ice-melting salt.



He tests the plow—
up, down—





and the lights—
off, on.



"Good to go," says Gus.



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



First the bridges—icy!

