

SMALL WALLET

Story by
Elizabeth
Verdick

Pictures by
Marc
Rosenthal

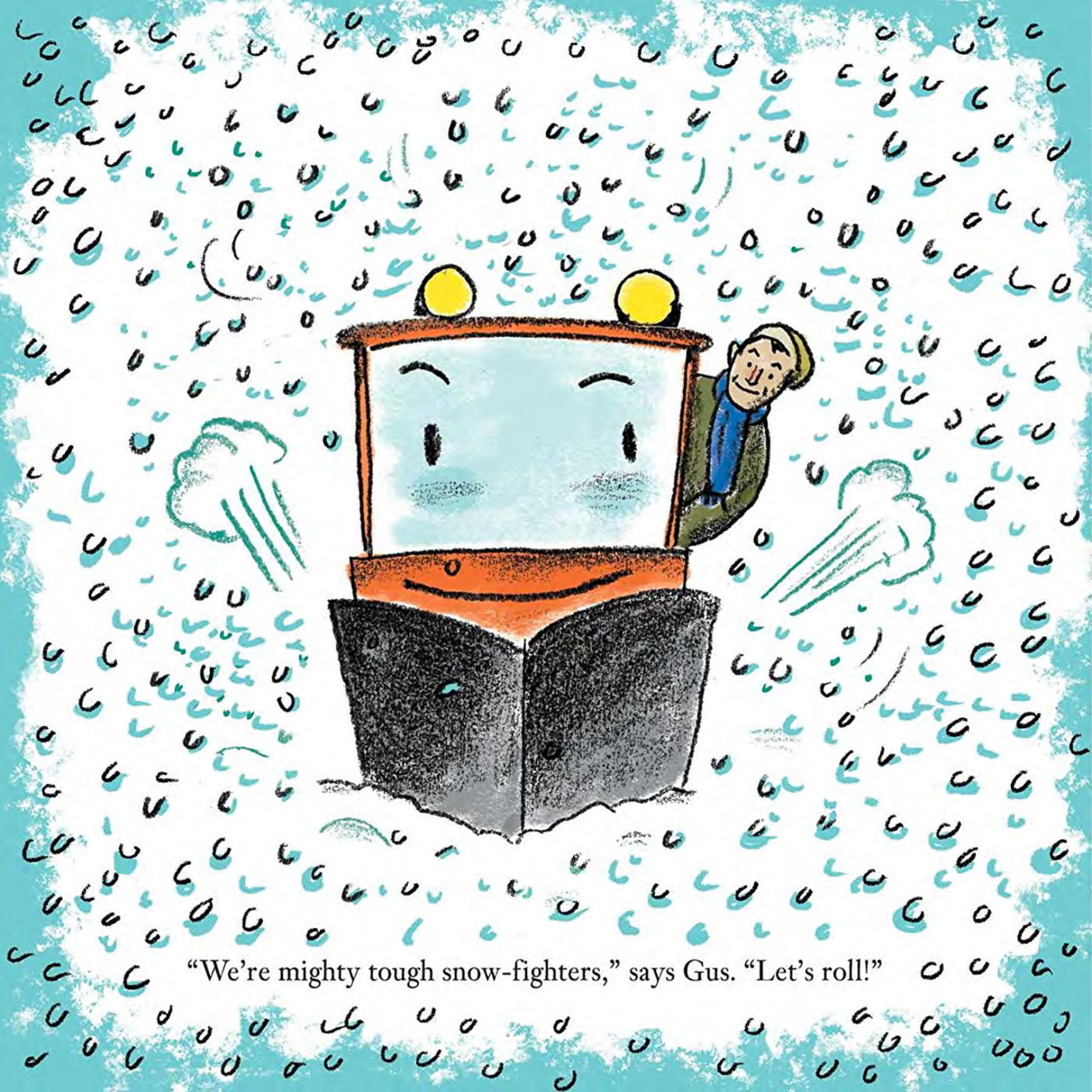


AND MO THE TOW



One by one, engines rumble awake.
Two by two, headlights wink on.

There's Small Walt with a big load of
ice-melting salt, his driver Gus at the wheel.



"We're mighty tough snow-fighters," says Gus. "Let's roll!"



Walt's engine surges:
*We're Gus and Walt.
We plow and we salt.
We clear the snow
so the cars can go!*



Plow, push the drifts!



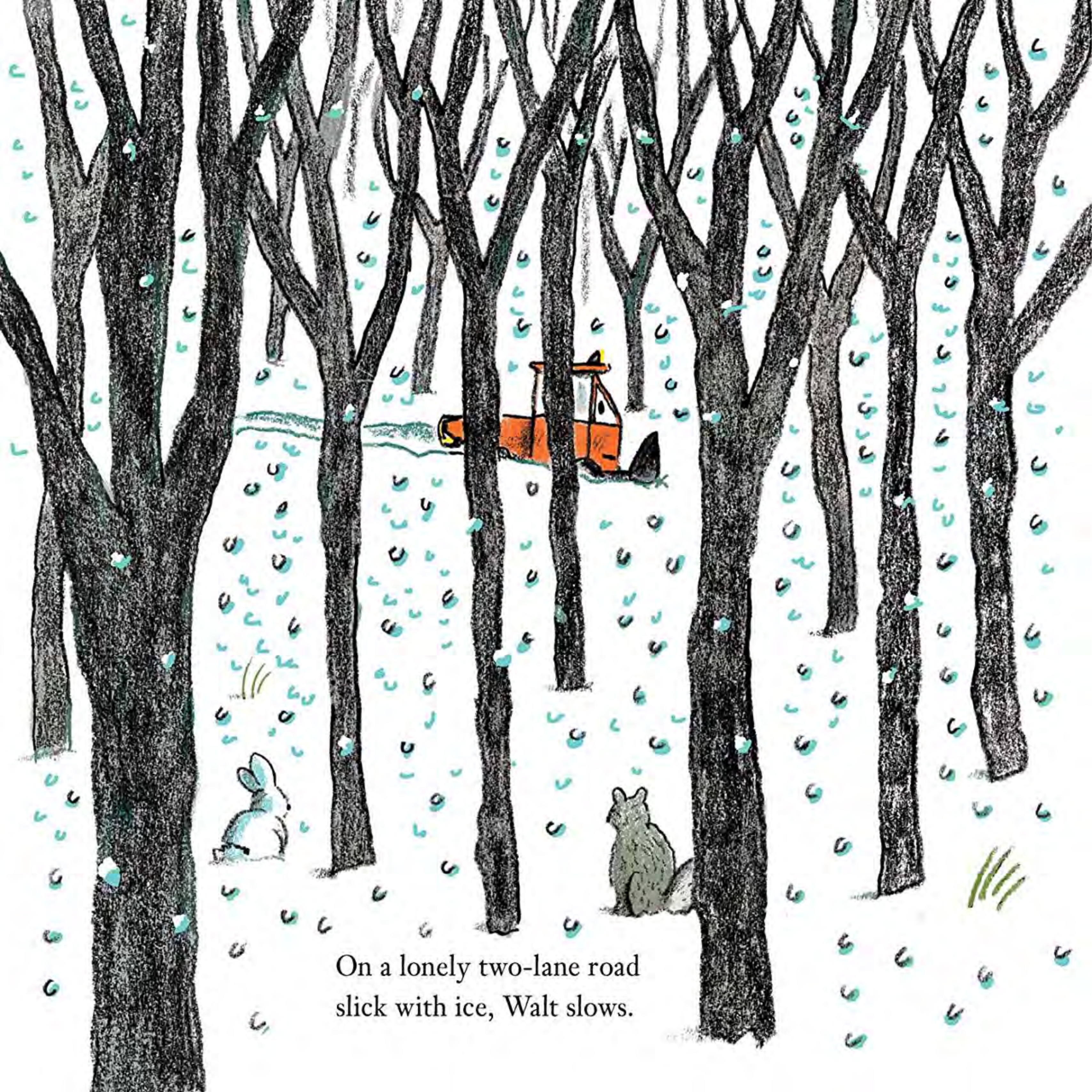
Wipers, swish the slush!

Spreader, scatter salt!



*Tires, turn that snow to mush!
Varrooom—vroom—vroooooom!*





On a lonely two-lane road
slick with ice, Walt slows.



A little car slips and slides.
Walt's lights shine: *Danger, danger!*
Gus grips the wheel tightly. "That driver needs to get home."



Whoa, the car pitches into the ditch.

Walt stops. *Errrrr-errrrrnt.*

Gus says, "The ditch is deep. So is the snow."

Oh no, Walt's engine groans; Gus gets his gloves.

GRRRRRR, goes Walt. *Stay here, Gus, stay here.*



Walt's plow swings up; his plow drops down.

We've traveled far.

Let's scoop that car!

"Now, now," says Gus. "Plows only scoop snow."



He hops out and disappears into the ditch.