

The stories that Grandpa Jake relates to Tristan and his friends are designed to keep children's attention, while instilling a foundation of good behavior and positive interactions with their peers.

In the Crew and Co. collection, meet a team of hard-working construction vehicles including Dee the Dump Truck, Lorry Loader, Crank Crane, the Con Crete Brothers, and cheery Digger. Working together under wise Mr. Oversight, they each play an important part to complete the crew and get the job done.

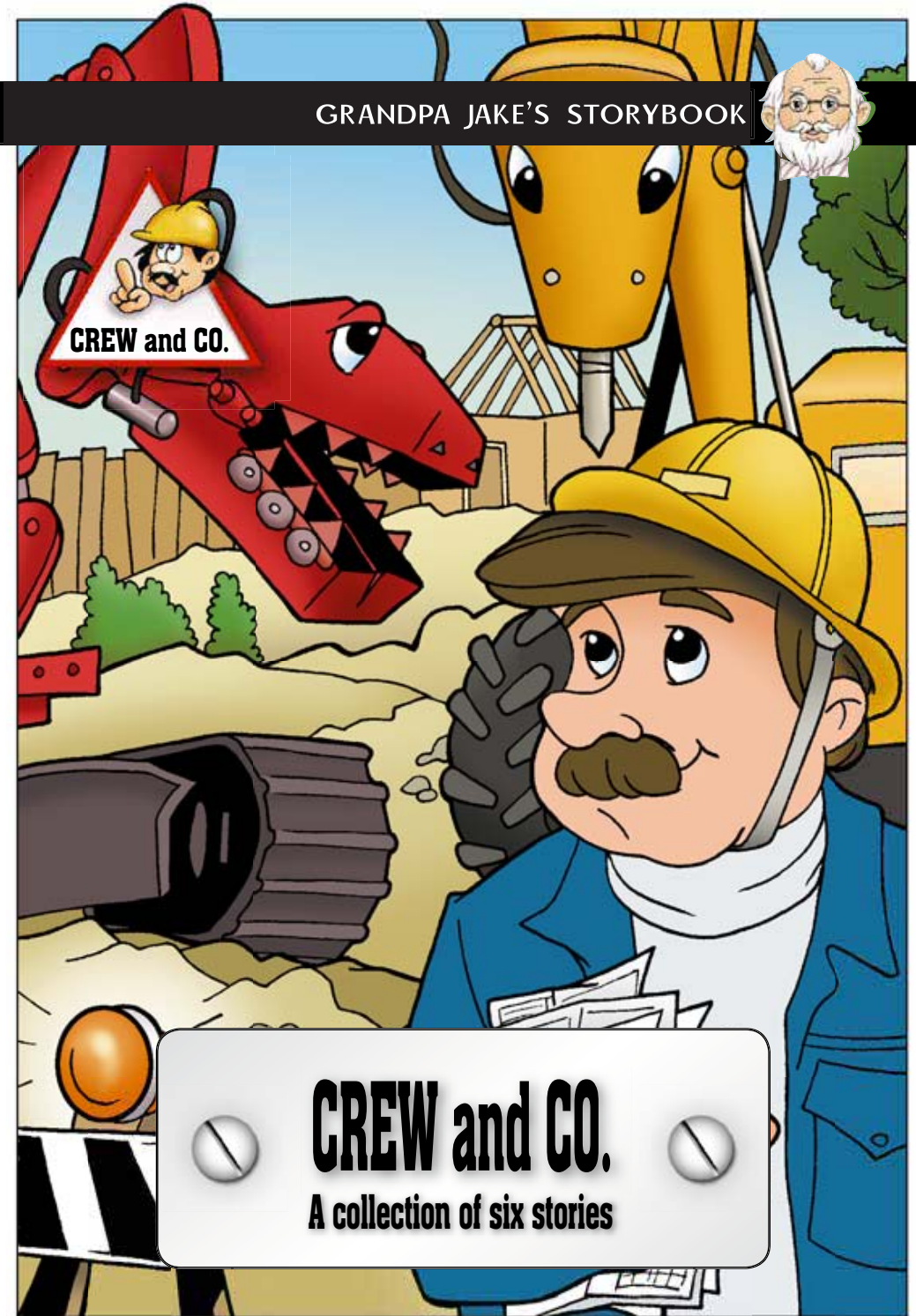
Through these stories, children learn the importance of seeing a job through, doing the right thing at the right time, resolving arguments peacefully, working as a team, and much more!



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CREW and CO.

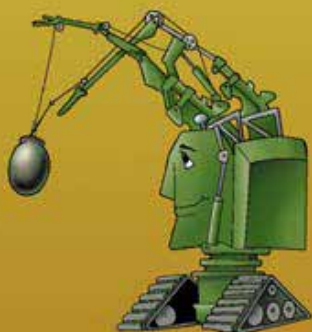
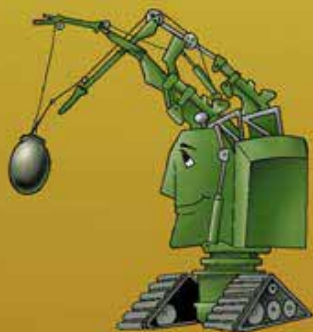
Grandpa Jake's Storybook



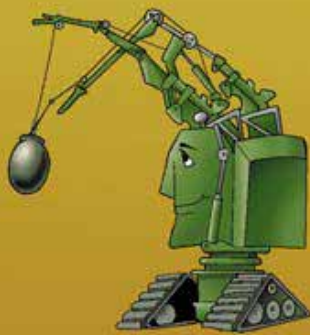
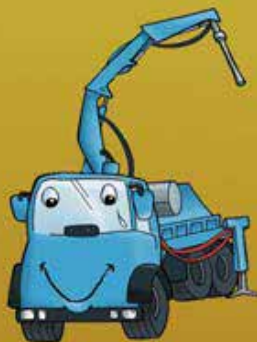
GRANDPA JAKE'S STORYBOOK

CREW and CO.

**CREW and CO.**  
A collection of six stories







# CREW and CO.

A collection of six stories

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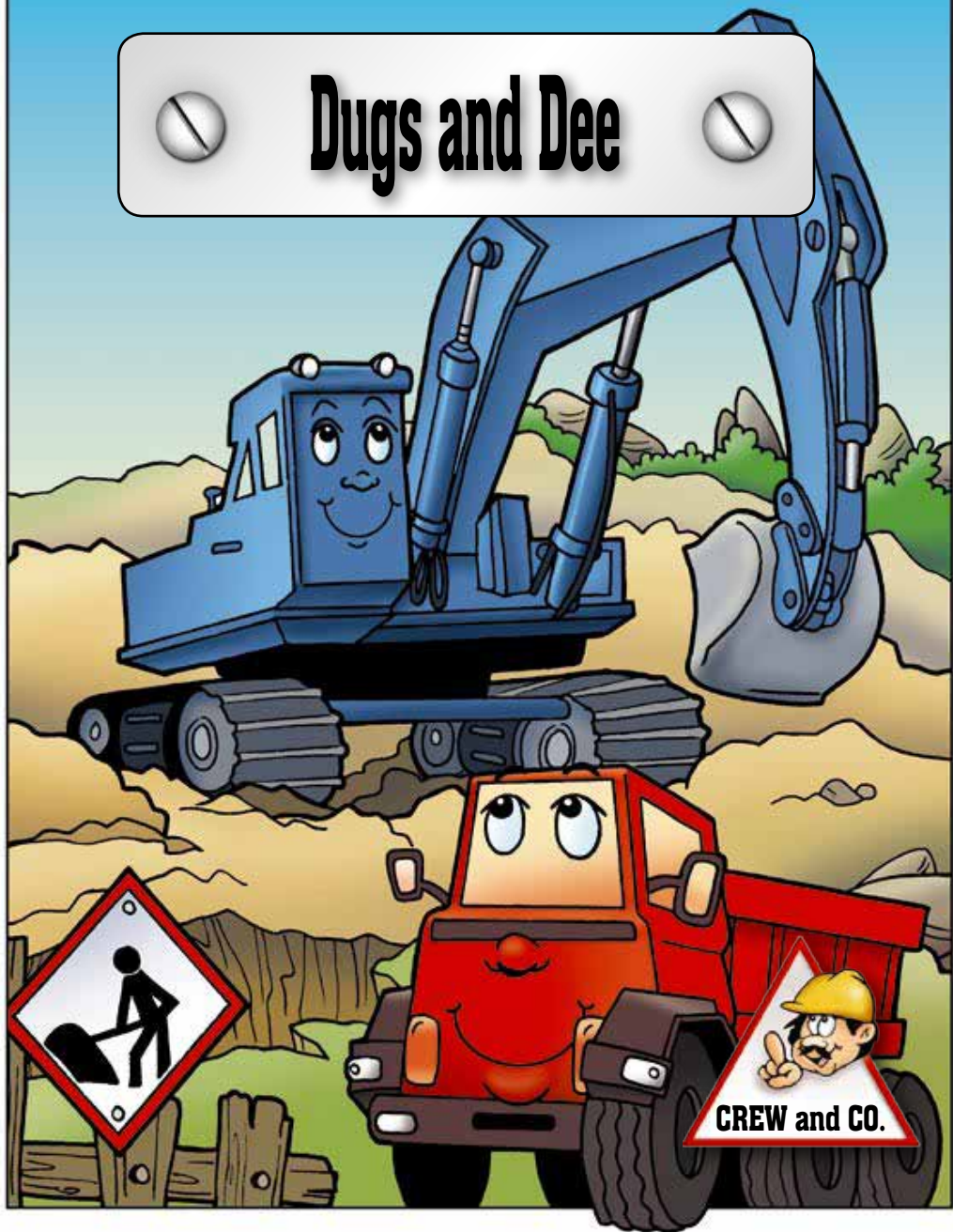
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# Dugs and Dee



**CREW and CO.**

Grandpa Jake whistled as he strolled down the sidewalk on his way to pick up Tristan from school. As he neared the school gate he heard two children shouting and arguing with each other. It was coming from the playground.

*Oh dear, he thought. That sounds like Tristan. I'd better find out what's happening.*

He hurried to the playground where he saw Tristan and Derek in the playground tower having an argument.

"What's going on here?" Grandpa Jake called out, coming up to the tower. However, the two boys were so busy arguing they didn't hear Grandpa, and kept fighting.

"Boys! That's..." But before Grandpa could finish, Derek had shoved Tristan. Tristan had been standing on the edge of the bridge that connected the two playground towers, and he lost his balance.

"Hold the railing!" Grandpa Jake instructed, arriving just in time to steady Tristan and prevent him from falling.

"Oh no!" Derek looked worried. "I didn't want you to fall."

Tristan silently made his way down the tower.

Grandpa Jake led the two boys over to a bench on the edge of the school playground.







"So, which one of you would like to tell me what happened up there?" he asked.

Derek began to cry. "I'm sorry," he said. Tristan started crying as well.

"I know that you're both sorry about what happened," said Grandpa Jake, "but you see, arguing and fighting doesn't solve anything. Tristan nearly had an accident, and that would've been a nasty fall."

"Thank you for saving me, Grandpa," Tristan said.

"I'm glad I was there in time. Well, maybe I can help you boys remember this lesson."

"Are you going to tell us a story?" Derek asked eagerly.

"Yes. And it's about something similar to what happened to you two today."



A large digger and a dump truck rumbled their way down to a bumpy plot of land. They'd been assigned to level the earth so that a playground could be built.

Dump Truck, or Dee, as his friends called him, sighed as he made his way over the mounds of dirt. He wasn't looking forward to a long day in the hot sun, carrying one load of dirt after the other. Dugs, on the other



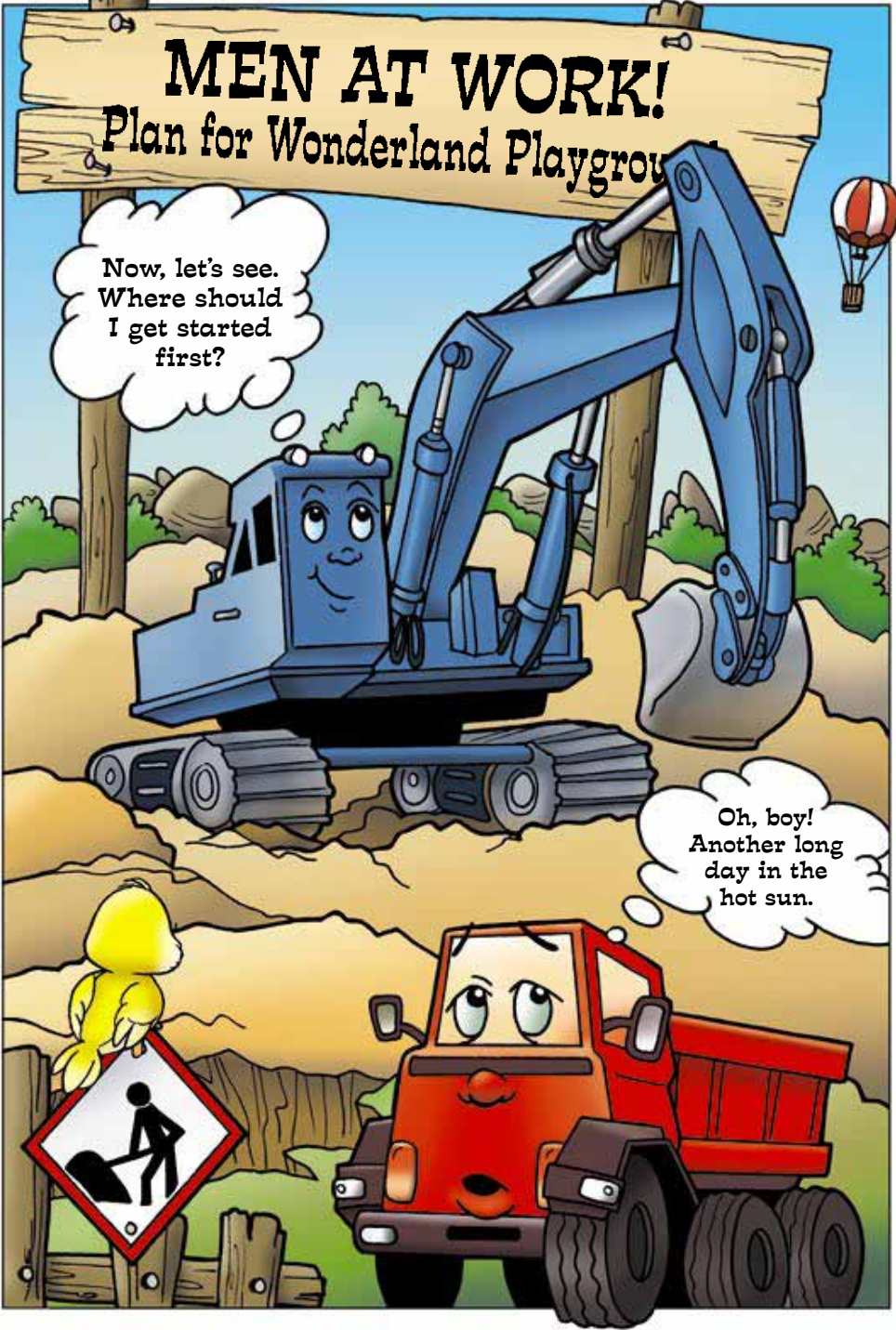


# MEN AT WORK!

Plan for Wonderland Playgrou

Now, let's see.  
Where should  
I get started  
first?

Oh, boy!  
Another long  
day in the  
hot sun.



hand, enjoyed working on playgrounds. He could already imagine what it would look like when they were done!

"Let's get started," Dugs said cheerfully. "We can start on the left, and work our way through."

"Fine," grumbled Dee as he backed up in position for Dugs to load him up with earth.

"Here comes a big load," Dugs said, lifting his full blade of earth and dumping it out on Dee's truck bed.

Dee let out a grunt. "I think that's all I can take for now. I'm off to dump this dirt."

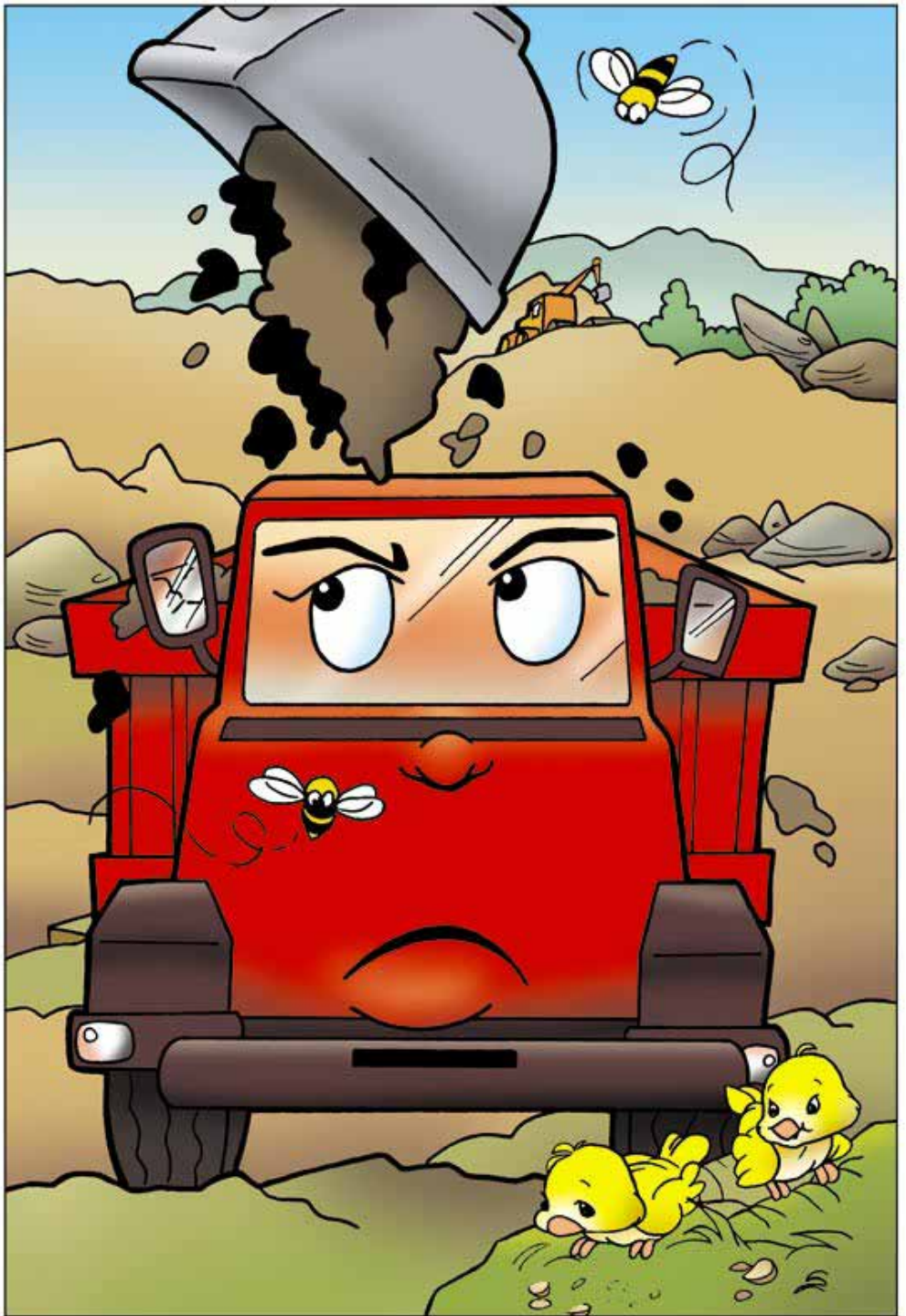
"But your bed is only half full," Dugs said.

"Well, it's full enough for me." With that Dee rumbled off to unload the dirt on the outskirts of the soon-to-be playground area. But he hadn't properly latched the back of his truck bed. As he drove along, every time he went over a bump, his truck bed would bounce, spilling some dirt and leaving a trail of dirt piles along the way.

When Dee made his way back, Dugs wasn't happy. "You're going to make me work twice as hard, Dee," Dugs said. "Now I'm going to have to go back and pick up all the dirt ... again!"

"Maybe you didn't load it on me properly. So maybe it's *your* fault."







"Is not!" Dugs said, getting angry.

"Look, Dugs," said Dee, "so far I've been doing everything you've been saying, and I'm getting tired of listening to you. Maybe I have some ideas of how we should work."

"You do?" Dugs asked. "Why didn't you say something?"

"Ummm...", stuttered Dee. "I didn't feel like it."

"Well after all, I'm the one who's worked on playgrounds before, so I know better," Dugs shouted.

"No, you don't. You just think you're better than me."

"Well, maybe I am."

"No way!" replied Dee crossly.

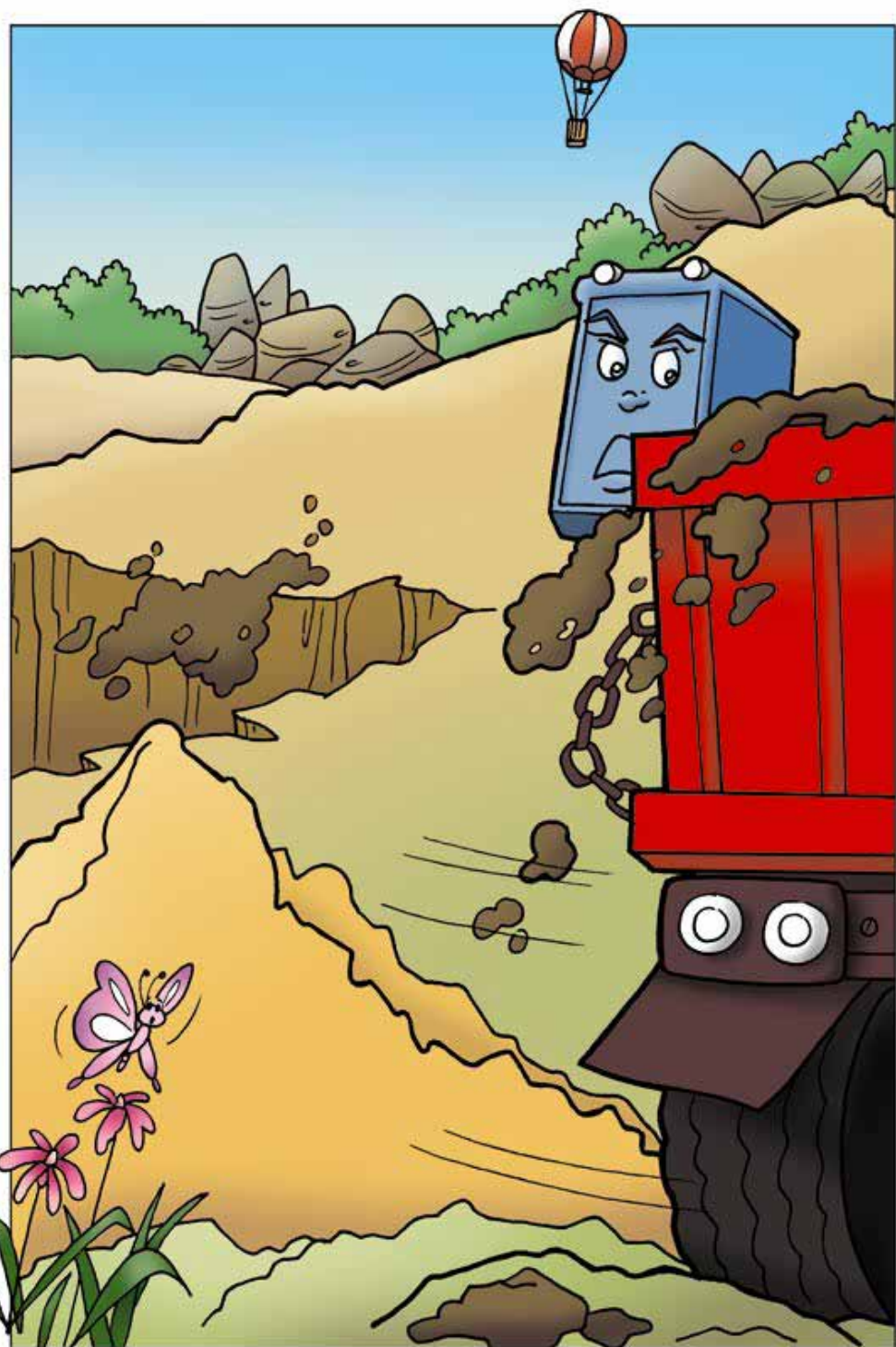
While they'd been arguing, Dugs had still been loading Dee's truck bed with dirt. Dugs lifted his backhoe full of dirt to load on Dee; but Dee, being upset, roared away just as Dugs let go of the dirt. The large scoop of dirt landed on the ground.

Dee laughed aloud.

"I can't believe you did that," Dugs said.

"Well, I thought we should have the dirt there ... instead of on my truck bed. And you know what else? I think the rest of this dirt on my truck bed should go over here." Dee backed up right over where Dugs had





carefully removed the dirt from the ground and tipped his truck bed, causing all the dirt to pour on the ground.

"That's it! I've had it with you!" Dugs lowered his backhoe and roared towards Dee, who was still laughing while he dumped the dirt out.

Dugs charged toward Dee and tried to scoop the dirt back up onto the truck bed, but because Dee had it slanted at an angle, there was nothing Dugs could do.

By this time Dugs was very angry. He backed up and then charged at Dee again, only this time he secured his backhoe under the tipped truck bed and started to lift his scoop.

Dee stopped laughing as he started to tip forward.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he shouted. "You're going to tip me over."

"That's enough, you two," called Mr. Oversight. "Dugs, put Dee down now!"

"Didn't I assign you two to level and remove the dirt from here?" asked Mr. Oversight.

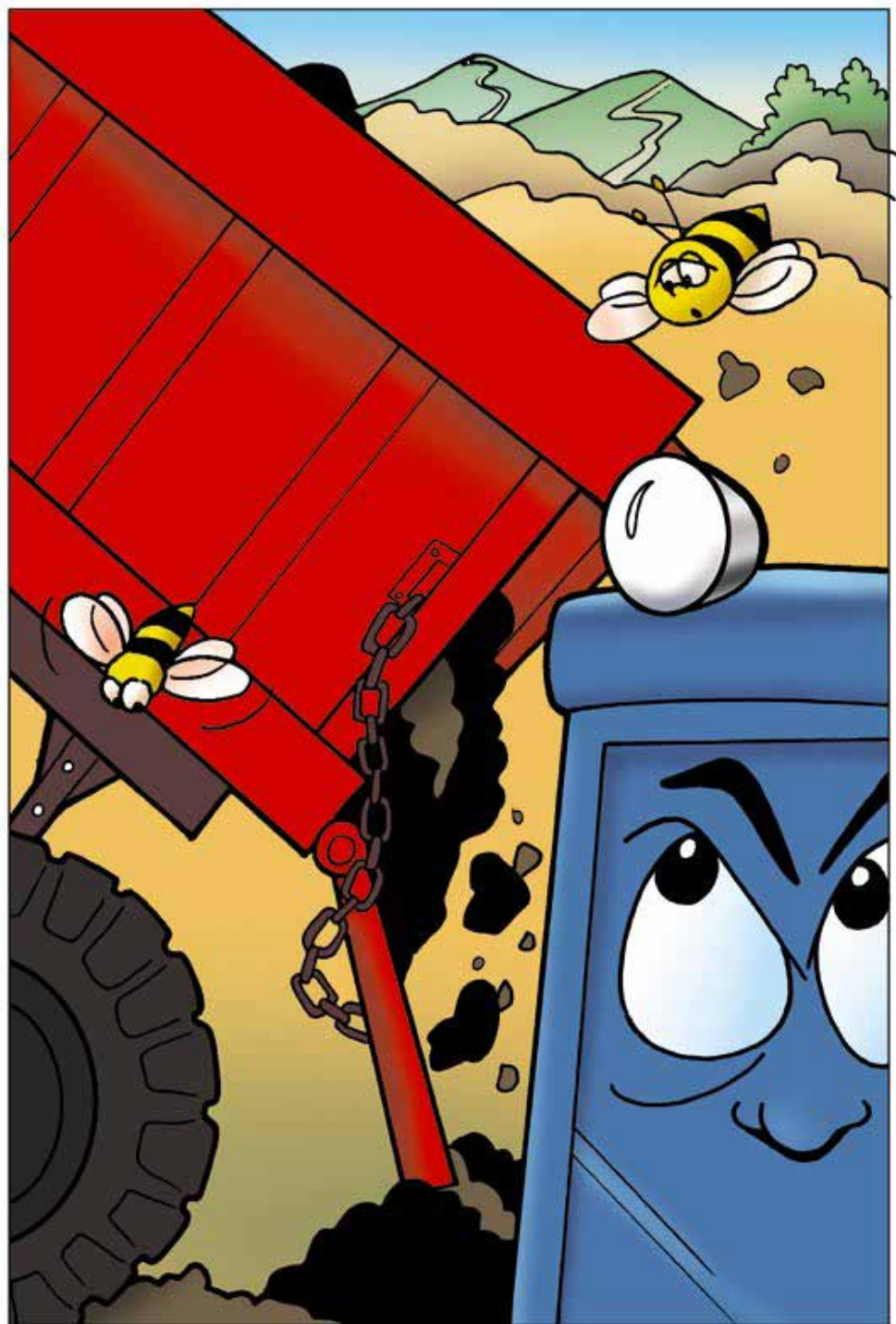
"Yes," they both answered in a whisper.

"So why aren't you doing it?"

"We couldn't agree on how to do it," Dee explained.







"Well, if you two don't work together on this job, then it's not going to get done, and you're going to have to spend more time on it. Is that what you want?"

"No," answered Dee and Dugs.

"I want you both to talk about it, and work out how you're going to get this job done. Okay?"

"Yes, sir."

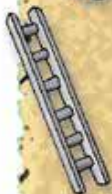
Dugs and Dee spent a few minutes talking. Once they'd decided on a plan, they got to work and happily worked together until the job was done.

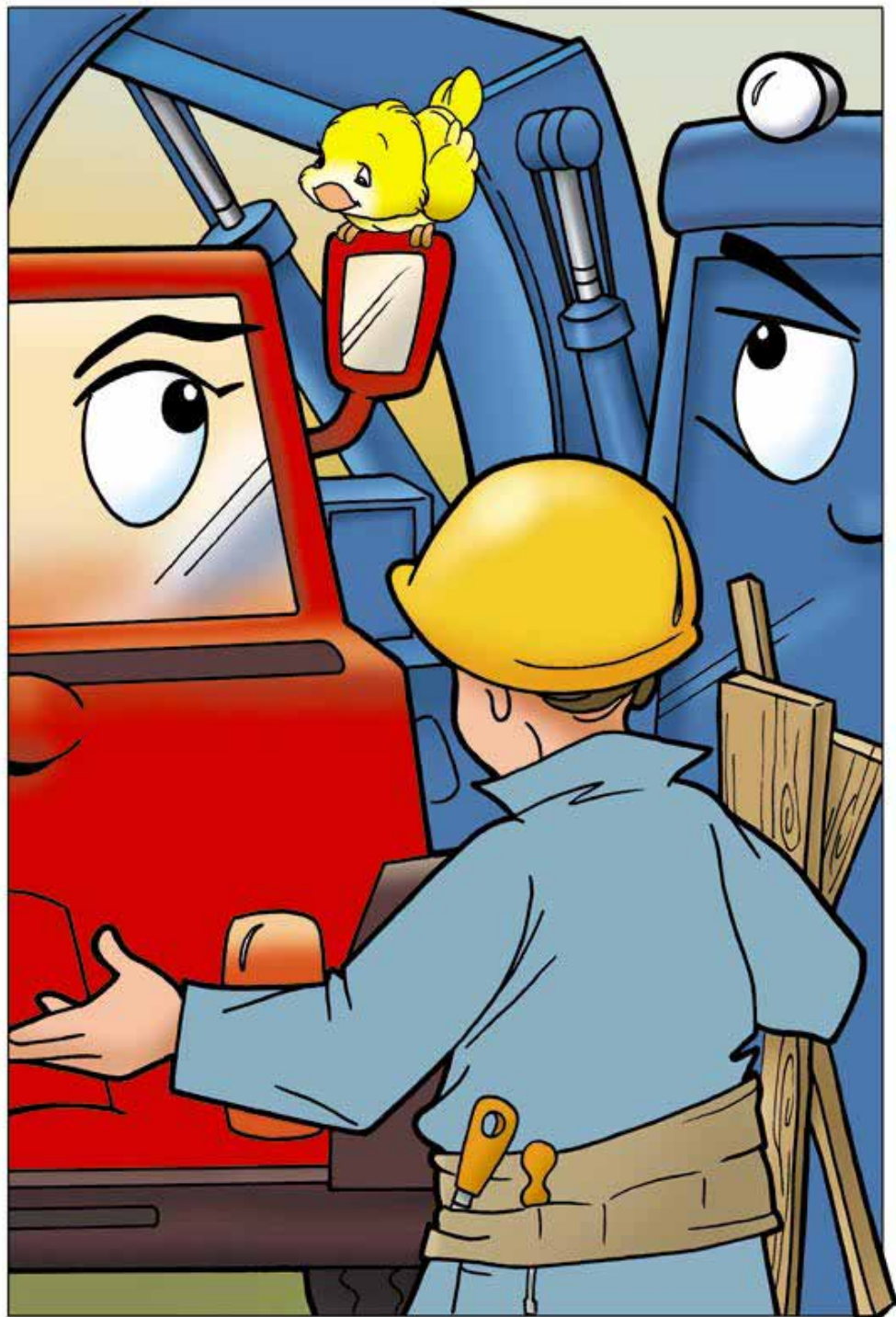
As the sun was setting, Mr. Oversight came to check out how things were going. "I'm so impressed!" he exclaimed. "You got the job done quicker than I'd expected. And it's the best job I've seen done in a while. I'm glad you two worked things out."

"We are, too," said Dugs.

"I'll see both of you tomorrow morning," said Mr. Oversight. "There's still more work to be done, and I can use a good team that works together."

"We'll be here," Dee and Dugs said.







"That was a good story, Grandpa," Tristan said. "Derek and I should've worked things out rather than fighting."

"That's true," said Grandpa Jake. "Fighting and arguing doesn't solve anything. And when you talk things over you'll find out that it's not so hard to work things out."

"Oh, there you are, Derek. I was looking for you." It was Derek's mom.

"Grandpa Jake was telling us a story," Derek said.

"I'm so glad," Derek's mom said. "Thank you, Grandpa Jake. How about on the way home you tell me all about it, Derek?"

"Okay. Bye, Tristan and Grandpa Jake," said Derek with a wave. "I'll see you tomorrow at school."

"I'll play whatever game you want to play then," Tristan said as Derek left.

"That was nice of you, Tristan," Grandpa Jake said when Derek had gone. "Should we head on home?"

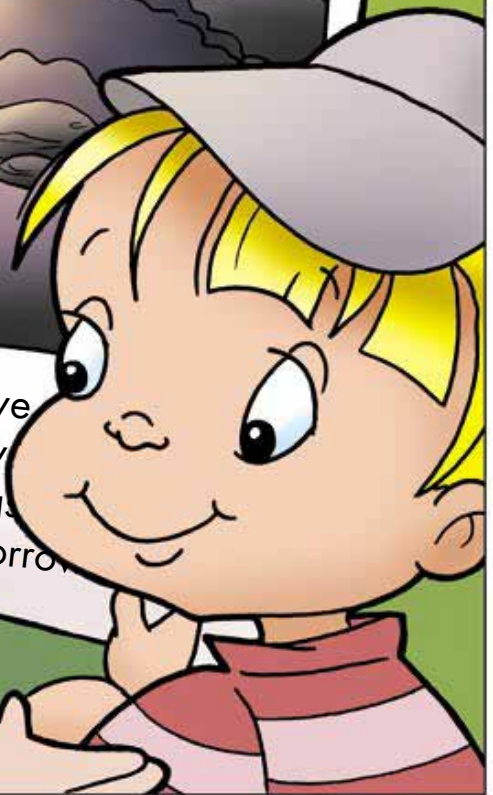
"Sure."



together on  
alone, and  
the time on

and work  
one.

king.  
o



I've  
you two w  
id Dug  
you tomor

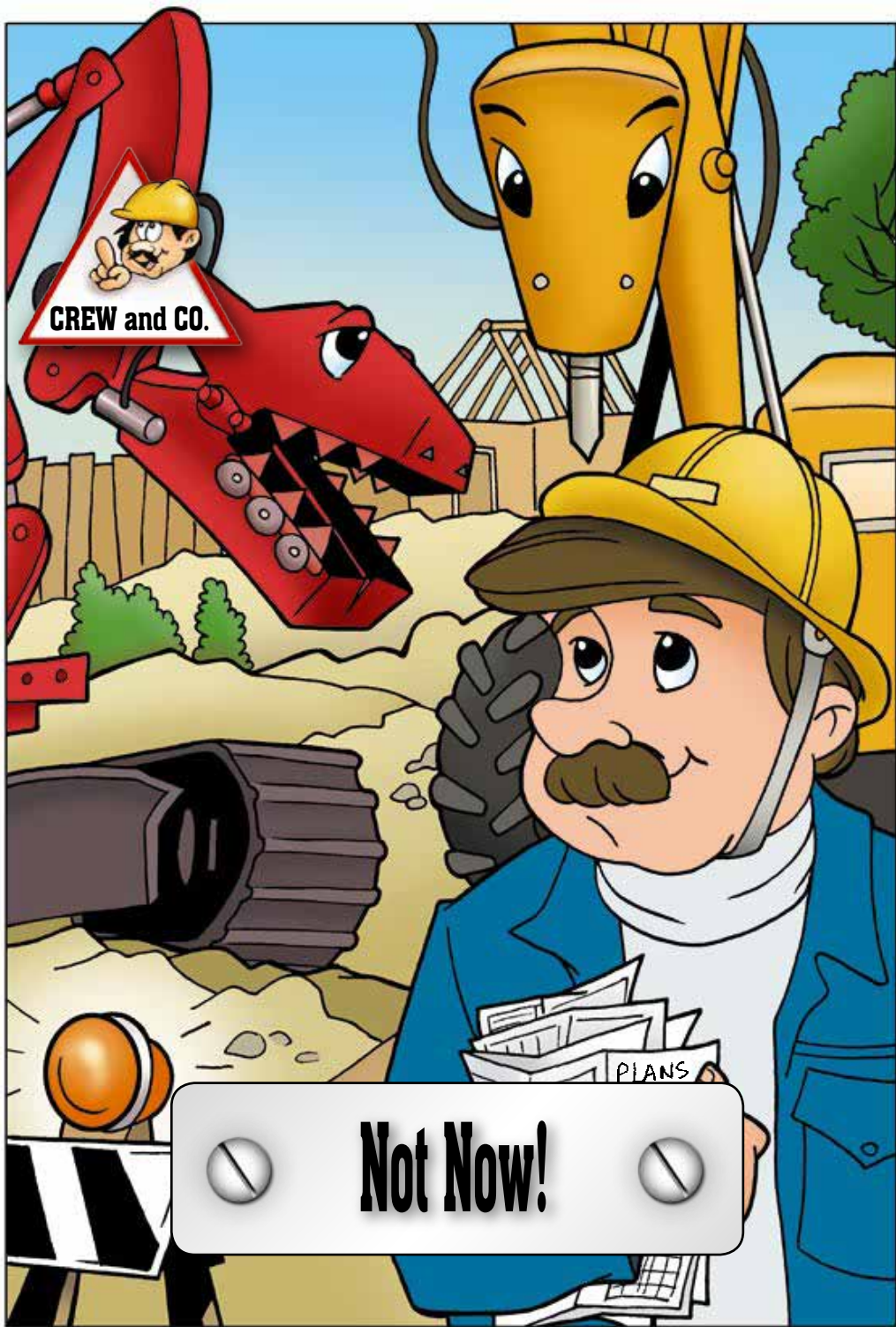
**MORAL:** Take the time to work out disagreements in love. If you talk things out, you can resolve your differences and find solutions.

That's my ball!

But I had it first.

Why don't we work this out another way?





**CREW and CO.**

PLANS

**Not Now!**



Chantal, Derek, and Troy had come over for a couple of hours to play with Tristan. Today they'd decided to build things out of Duplo.

"I want to make a Duplo tower," Chantal said. "My daddy showed me how."

"I'll make it with you," offered Troy.

Soon Chantal and Troy had a tall Duplo tower of red and yellow blocks that stood as tall as they were.

"Look at our tower," Chantal announced. "Isn't it amazing?"

"Wow!" chorused Tristan and Derek.

"And look at the fire station we're making," said Tristan.

Chantal bent down to take a closer look at the fire station. "I like it a lot."

"Are you ready? One ... two ... three," Troy called out.

"Ready for what?" Chantal asked.

Suddenly with a crash, the tower she'd built with Troy fell to the ground.

"Troy!" she shouted. "You broke the tower!" Chantal burst into tears.

Derek ran out of the room and soon came back with Grandpa Jake. There were Duplo pieces scattered around the room, and Chantal sat in a sobbing heap on the floor.







Troy stood with a puzzled look on his face. Around his waist he wore Tristan's play handyman pouch, with a saw, screwdriver, and other tools. In his hand he held a plastic hammer, which he'd used to knock over the tower.

Grandpa Jake stepped between the pieces of Duplo and sat on Tristan's bed. "Troy, do you want to tell me what happened?"

Troy began: "It had to break sometime, Grandpa Jake."

"But I'd just finished building it," Chantal sobbed.

"The tower wouldn't have fit in the Duplo bucket, so it would've had to be broken when we put the toys away," explained Troy. "So I made it come down right away. That's all."

"So I see," said Grandpa Jake. I agree with you, Troy, the tower needed to be put away eventually. But you know, there's something important to remember when you take things apart."

"What?" asked Troy.

"That there's a time for it. You see, you and Chantal had just finished building the tower. Maybe Chantal wanted to play with it before you put it away. Did you think about that?"





Troy shook his head and looked at the ground. "I didn't mean to break it in a bad way," he said.



"I know, and I'm not upset at you. You can learn from this, though, like Crusher and Breaker did."



Crew and Co. had been assigned to tear down an old house that was no longer safe for anyone to live in, and then build a new one in its place. Old Demolition Ball had been at work for several hours. Skillfully he swung his large iron ball at the walls and brought them to the ground, sometimes in large pieces, other times in small pieces. Now that his part of the work was done, Demolition Ball trundled away to take a break.



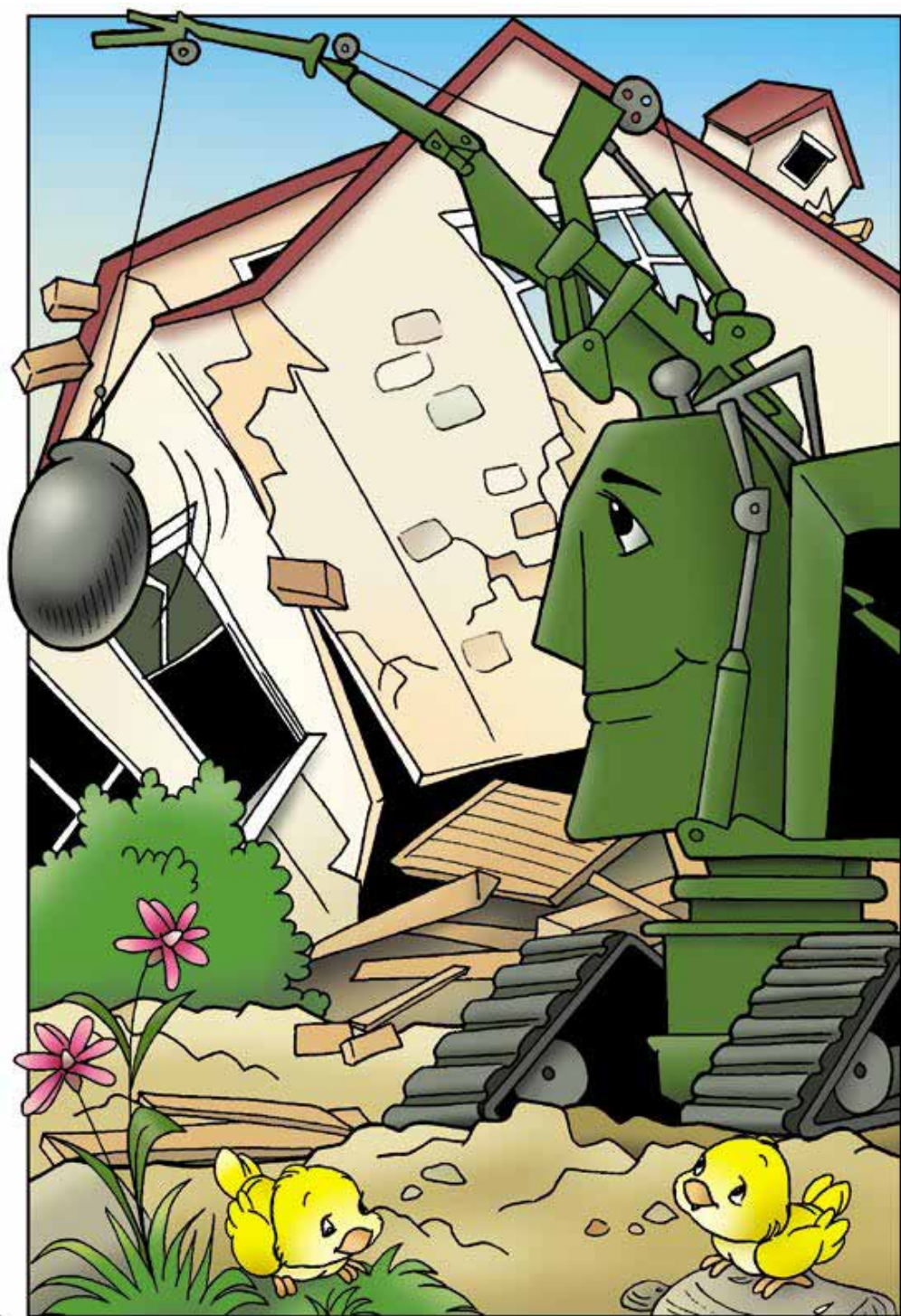
As Demolition Ball left, Crusher and Breaker made their way to the site. Mr. Oversight, the foreman for Crew and Co, explained to them what they needed to do. "Some of these pieces of wall and stone are too large to load onto the trucks, so I need you two to make them smaller. Dozer and Dee will be here soon and they'll want to get working. Thanks, boys."



"No problem," said Crusher and Breaker, as Mr. Oversight walked away.









To do his job, Crusher would use his large teeth to break the pieces of concrete, while Breaker would drill into the pieces until they broke.

"Why do we always get such small jobs, Crusher?" asked Breaker. "I wish they'd give us some *real* work, not just leftovers."

"I know," grumbled Crusher. "Everyone else gets to work all the time, and we sit around getting bored."

"Maybe when we finish this job we can look around and see what else we can do."

"Good idea. We'd better start working, though. I see Dozer and Dee coming already."

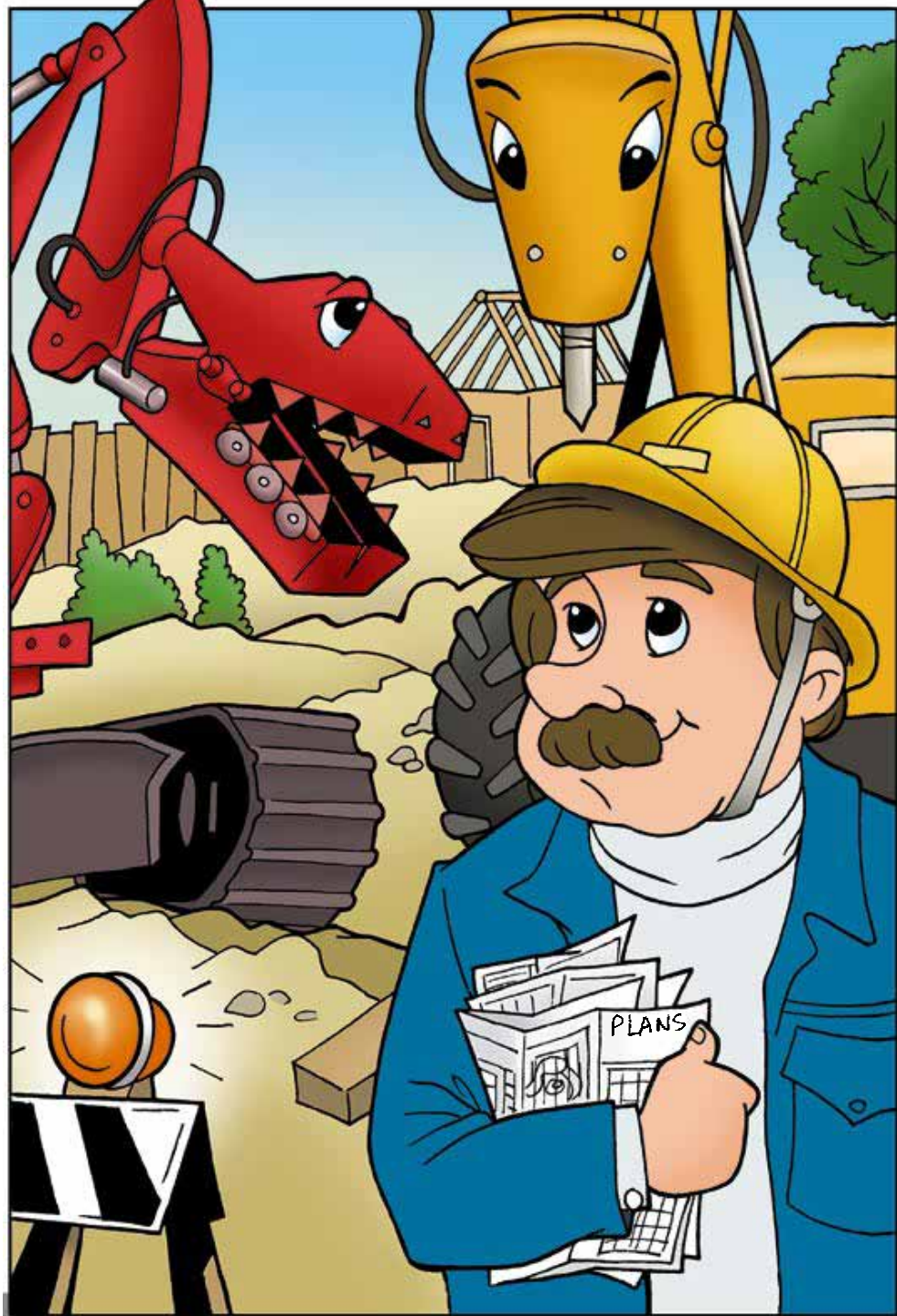
The sound of Breaker's loud drill could be heard all over the work site, along with the crunching of Crusher's teeth. Before long their job was done.

"We'll take it from here," Dee told the two brothers. "Thanks for your help."

"We'll take it from here," repeated Crusher in a mocking whisper. "I don't like it when they tell us that. All the building vehicles think they're better than us."

"Let's show the rest of Crew and Co. that we're useful," Crusher suggested.

"Yes. We're a good crusher and breaker team. So what if we can't build?"







The two brothers trundled around the rest of the site, looking for something that they could tear down.

"What about this wall?" Breaker asked Crusher, pointing to a low-standing wall that ran around the back of the house.

"Good idea," agreed Crusher. "We'll show the rest of them that we're just as good as they are."

With a few drills and a few crunches, a portion of the wall fell down. Crusher and Breaker stood proudly admiring their work.

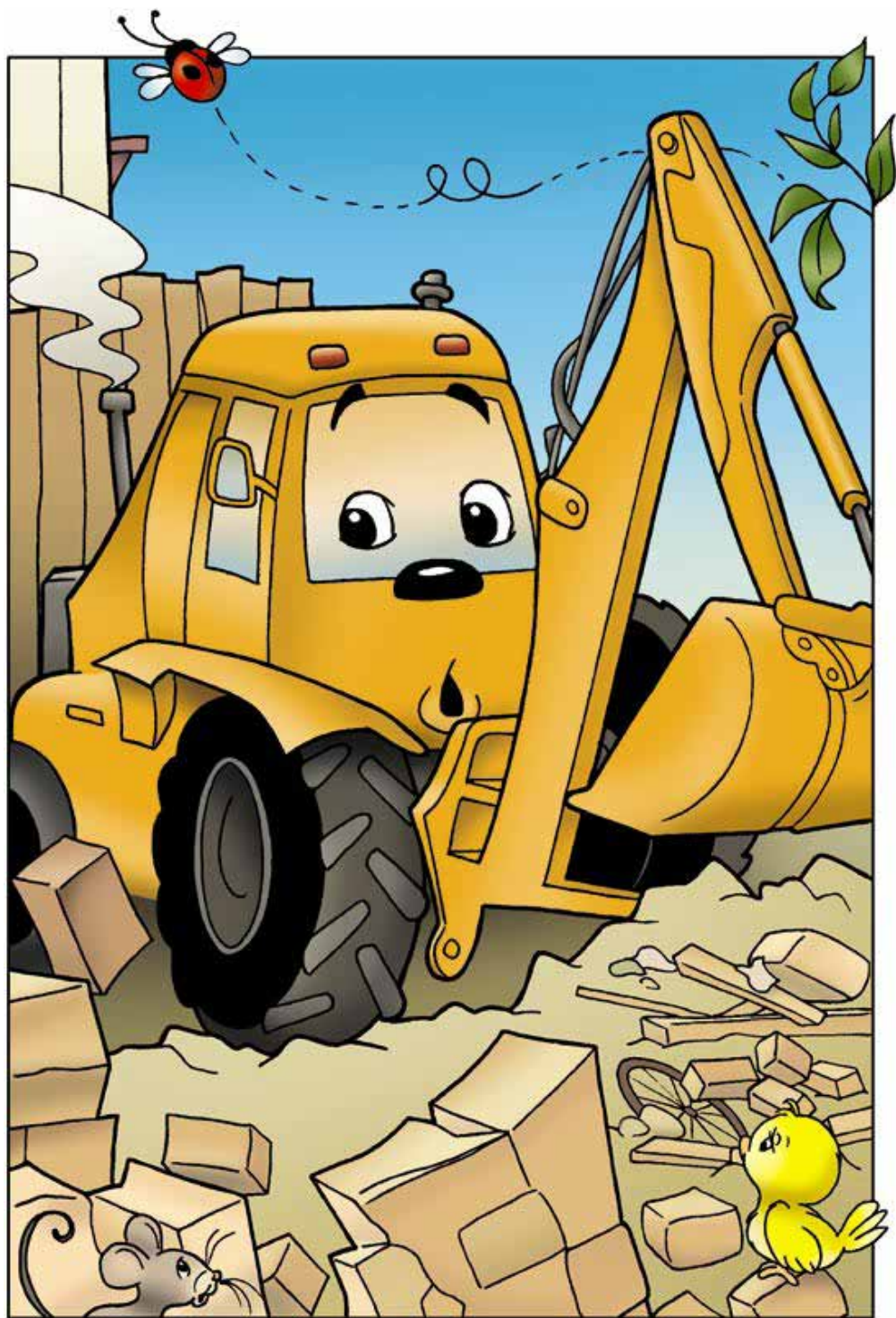
"Oh no!" cried Little Digger. "I just finished clearing the rubble ... Oh dear, the wall is broken!"

"We were working on the wall," said Crusher.

"But it wasn't supposed to be broken!" Digger exclaimed. "Mr. Oversight asked me to make sure that all the rubble was cleared from around it, as he didn't want it to be broken. Now we're going to have to build it up again."

Crusher and Breaker looked sadly at the ground.

"Is there a problem?" Demolition Ball asked. Seeing the broken wall, he understood what had happened.





"We thought we were helping," Breaker explained.

"I see," Demolition Ball said. "But sometimes it's better not to work, rather than doing the wrong thing. You have a specific job—tearing things down—like I do, but we can't tear down everything; otherwise we end up destroying the work that others have spent a long time building."

"We're sorry," Crusher said.

"Well, it's a good lesson," said Demolition Ball. "I did the same thing when I was younger, only I made a much bigger mess, and it took a lot longer to fix.

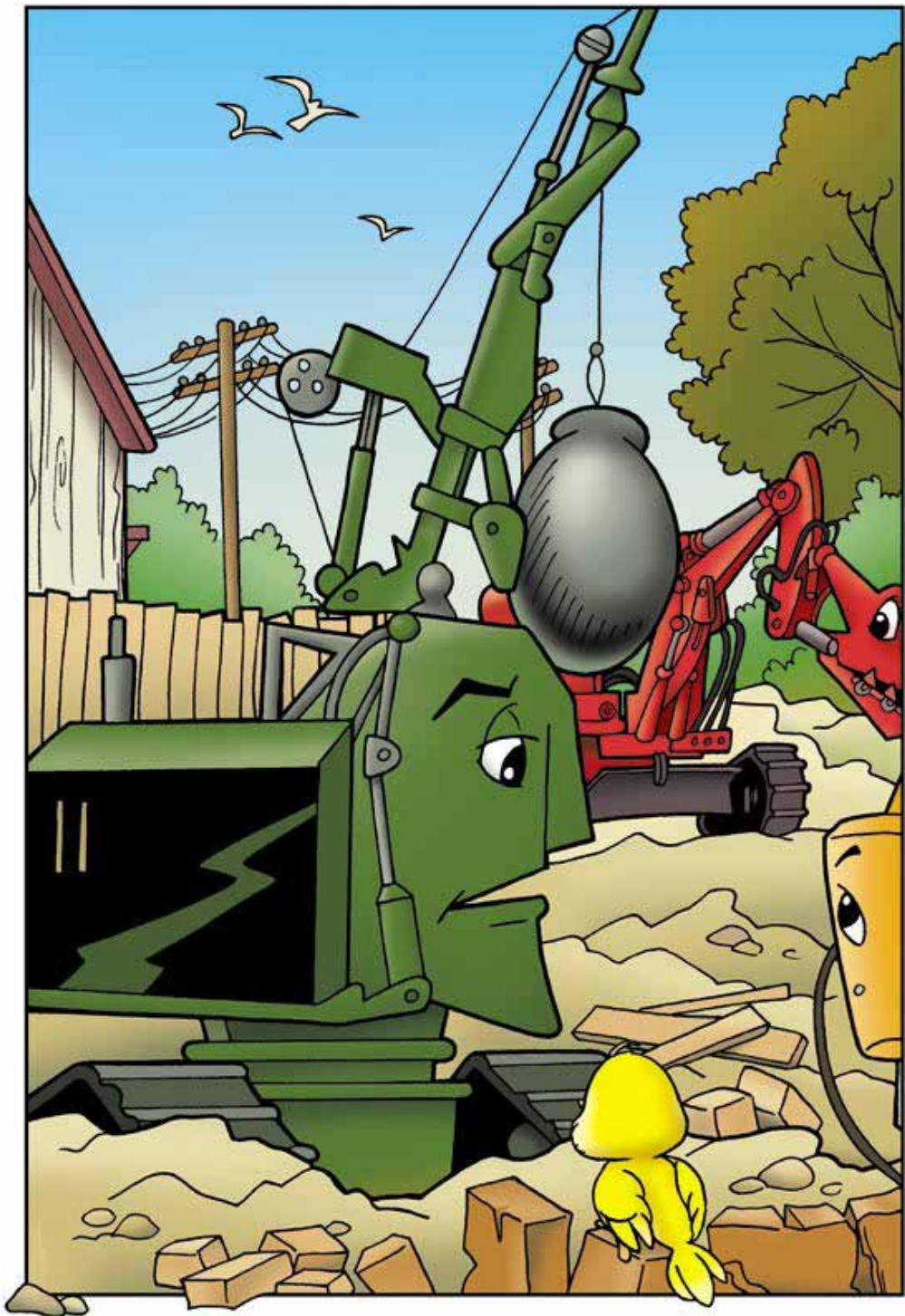
"You're both needed, and even though you think maybe you're not used as much as some of the other construction vehicles, you're still part of the team. Everyone has a part to play, and you play a very important part, too."

"We'll remember this lesson," Breaker said. "And we're sorry about the wall, Digger."

"That's okay," said Digger. "It can be fixed."

"We should tell Mr. Oversight what happened," Crusher said. "Then he can help us fix it."







"I'm sure he'll understand," said Demolition Ball.



The two brothers went to see Mr. Oversight and explained all that'd happened. He was very understanding, and was glad that they'd learned a good lesson.



"Maybe I can find some more work for you two boys to do, so you can feel more useful," Mr. Oversight suggested. "I'm sorry I haven't had so much for you to do."



"That's okay," Crusher said. "And we'd be happy to help out wherever we can."



"Chantal, I'll build the tower for you again, if you want," Troy offered. "I'm sorry I made you sad earlier."



"I forgive you," she said. "And I'll build it with you again. I like to build towers!"

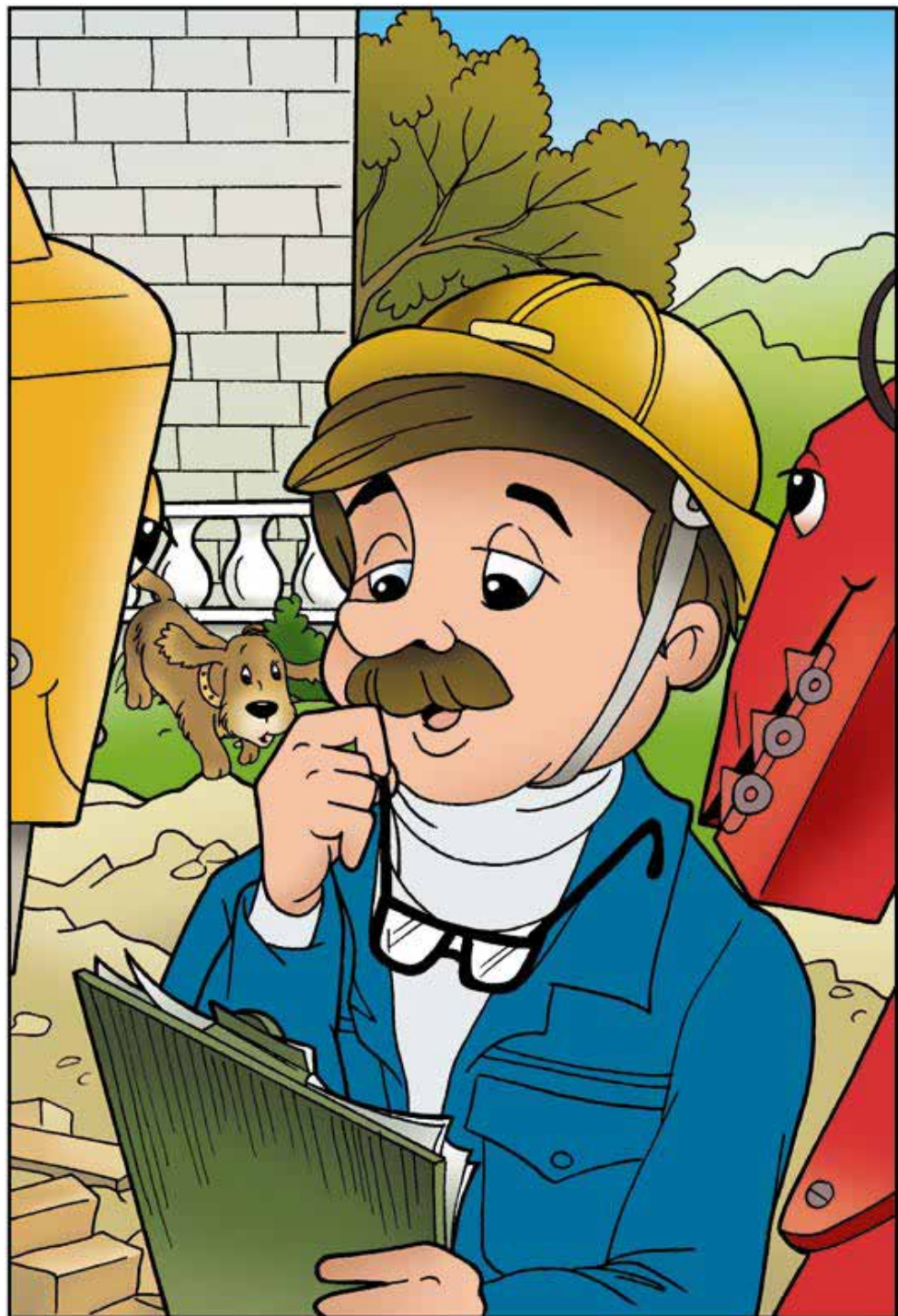


"You worked that out so nicely," Grandpa Jake said. "I'm proud of you both."




Troy and Chantal gathered the scattered Duplo pieces and rebuilt the tower, only this time it was bigger and better. And best of all, they'd learned an important lesson.







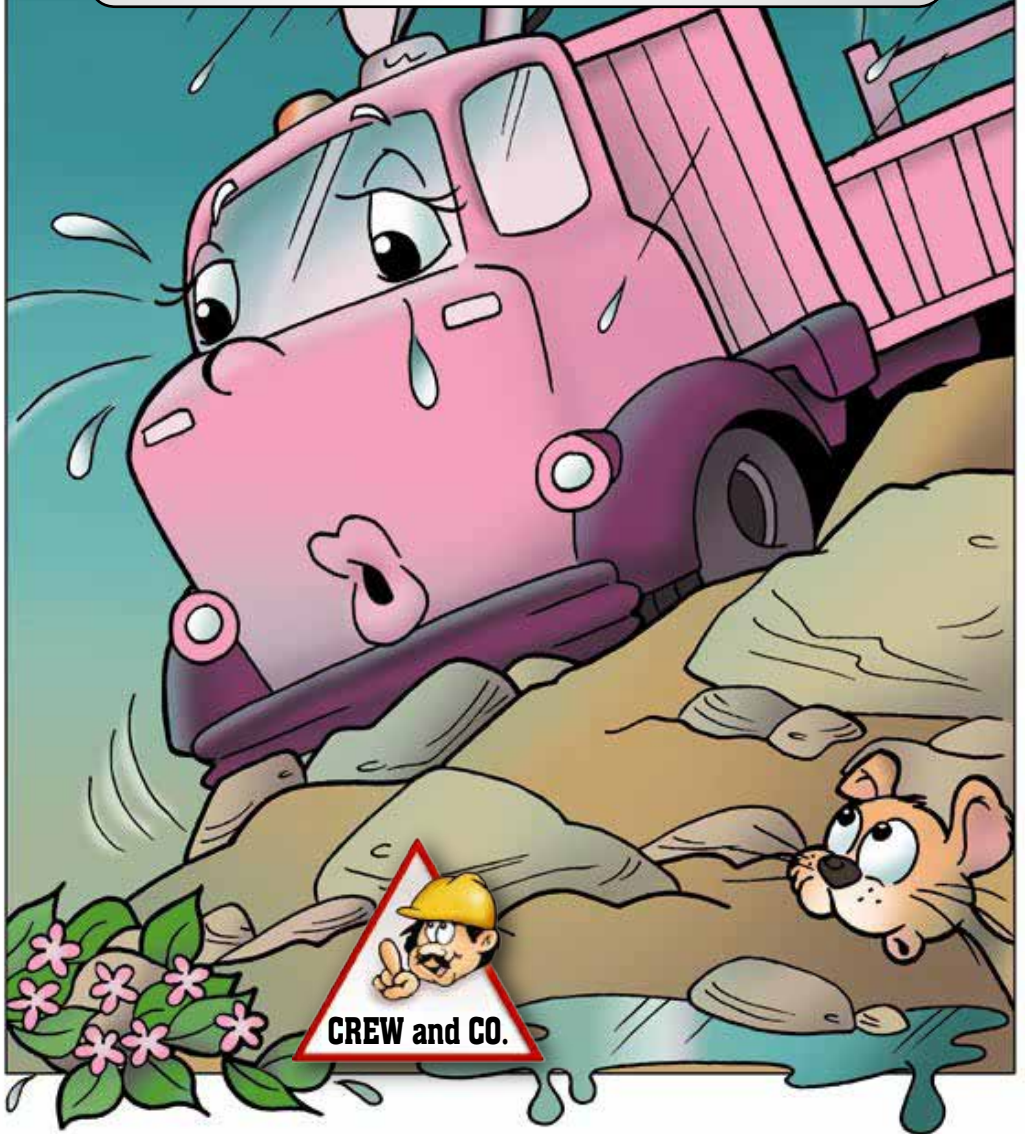



That was a fun puzzle! Now that it's done, we can put it away.

Oh, but wait, I wanted to show it to my mommy first.

**MORAL:** There's a time to build and there's a time to break down. If you're not sure what's the right thing to do at the time, ask your parents or teachers.

# Rain and Rumble





“Why did it have to rain today?” asked Tristan in frustration. He stood by the window watching the storm. “I wanted to play outside with Derek, and now I can’t.”

“How about we do something together?” Grandpa Jake suggested.

“Like what?”

“Well, if you’d like, I could...”

“Tell me a story?” Tristan asked enthusiastically.

“Yes. I have a ‘storm story’ in mind. What if I make some hot chocolate, and then I’ll tell you the story?”

“Fun!” exclaimed Tristan.



The weather had been grim and stormy for almost a week, and Crew and Co. were finding it increasingly difficult to get their work done. The ground was a mess of deep mud. The construction vehicles had to work extra hard to keep their wheels and tracks from sinking in the mud.

Friday, the fifth day of bad weather, was the most miserable day they’d seen yet.

Crank’s crane arm had been blown from side to side, until some of the construction





vehicles had to help secure it so the wind wouldn't blow it right off!

Hardly any work had been accomplished, as they were all working to make sure nothing got damaged by the storm.

Mr. Oversight didn't want to risk any accidents, so he told the construction vehicles to take the day off.

"We should wait this storm out!" Mr. Oversight shouted above the noise of the storm. "Why don't you all pack up and make your way home. We'll see what the weather's like tomorrow."

Everyone worked furiously to put things away, so they could leave before the storm worsened.

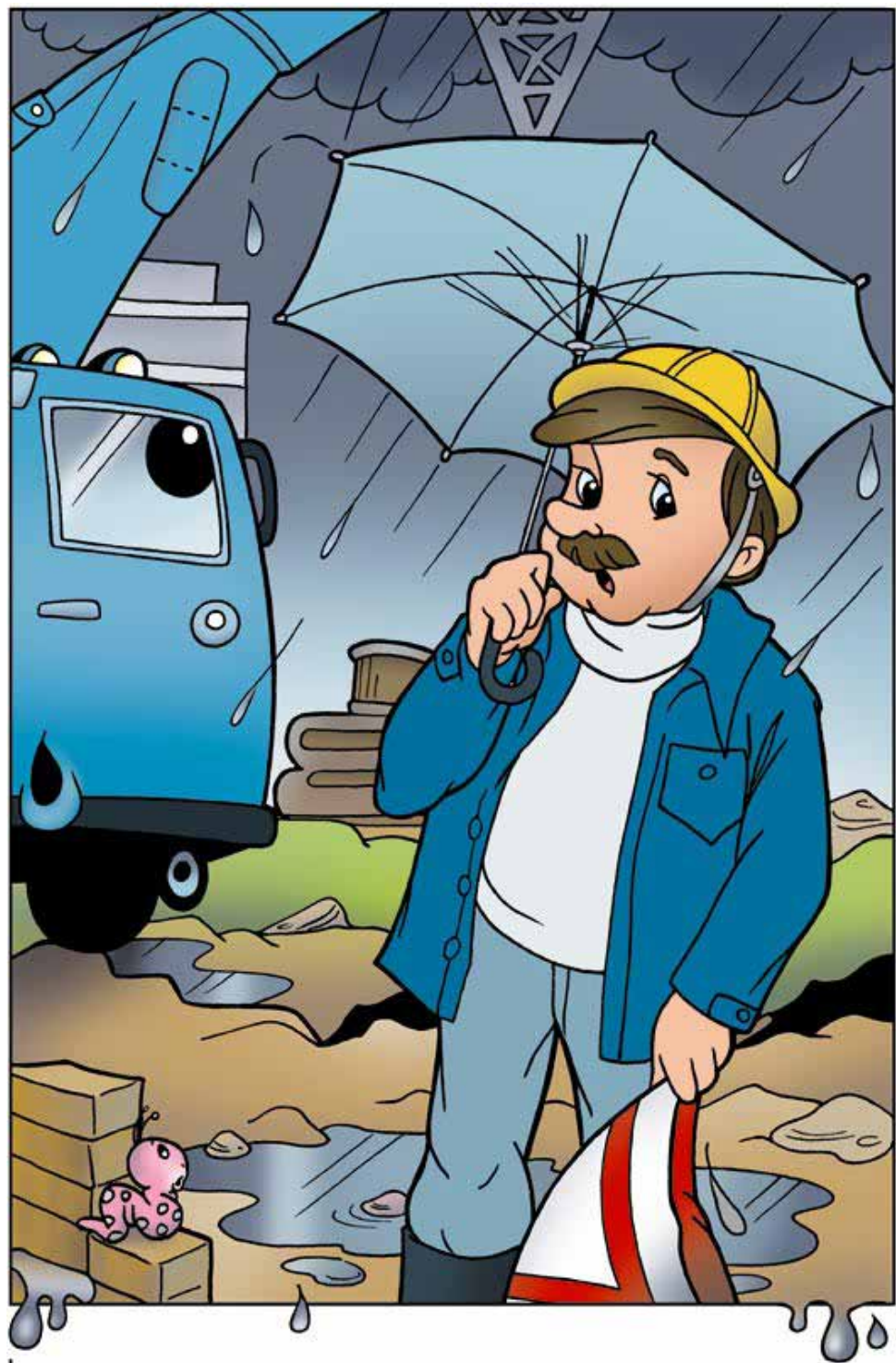
"Help me! Help me!"

The cry could hardly be heard over the noisy storm.

"Come on," said Digger to the others. "Let's go see what happened. It sounds like Lorry."

At the edge of the work site sat Lorry Loader, calling for help. She had been leaving the site when she'd skidded off the dirt road and down the embankment, and now found herself stuck in a ditch of deep mud. No matter how hard she tried to get herself out, she couldn't move. Instead,







her wheels would skid, sending mud flying everywhere.

A number of the construction vehicles had now gathered around the embankment to see what had happened.

"Oh please, someone give me a hand!" cried Lorry. "I just want to go home and get all cleaned up."

"Try getting yourself out again," Crusher suggested.

"It's not going to work."

"Just try. Maybe it will this time."

Lorry spun her wheels as fast as she could, but instead of getting her out of the ditch, the effort sent a fresh batch of mud flying everywhere.

"Ick!" cried Roadmarker. "Now I'm covered in mud. As if I wasn't dirty enough already!"

"I'm sorry," Lorry said sadly.


"I don't think we can help you, Lorry," Crusher said. "You might have to wait till the storm passes and the mud hardens a bit."

"Are you ready to go home, Miss Roadmarker?" asked Mr. Roadroller, as he trundled over.

"Just about. I'm dreadfully dirty," she whined. "Lorry splashed me with mud."







"How inconsiderate," Roadroller said with a frown.

"But Lorry's stuck," Little Digger said. "She didn't do it on purpose."

"Well, I don't like mud and dirt, and if Miss Roadmarker is ready, I'm out of here," huffed Roadroller.

However, as he turned to leave, one of his rollers slipped on the edge of the embankment, and he slid right into the ditch, landing next to Lorry.

"Oh dear!" shrieked Roadmarker, as she tried to help him, but instead she also skidded into the ditch. There sat Lorry, Roadroller, and Roadmarker in very deep mud, unable to get themselves out.

Roadroller was *not* happy with this turn of events.

"Miss Lorry Loader!" he shouted. "If you hadn't been so careless as to get yourself into this fix, none of this would've happened."

"It wasn't her fault," Crusher said.

"I think I'm going to leave before I end up in this ditch with the rest of them," Con Crete Mixer said.

"You can't leave us!" Roadroller shouted.

"Well, what am I supposed to do?" Mixer asked.





"Give us a hand, of course!"

"And skid into the ditch with the three of you? I think not!"

"Maybe Mr. Oversight will know what to do," Lorry said.

"He probably would, but he left the site fifteen minutes ago," said Digger.

"What are we going to do?" cried Roadmarker.

"We should all work together to help the three of you," answered Crank Crane, who'd been silently watching.

"I don't think it's worth it," said Mixer.

"These are our friends," Crank said.

"Friends are supposed to help each other. If you were in a difficult spot, wouldn't you want someone to help you?"

"Crank has a point," Crusher said. "I'll give a hand, if there's something I can do."

"Me too," added Digger.

"Count me in," Mixer agreed. "What do we do?"


"I have a plan," Crank told them. "First, Digger, will you go get Dozer? We could use his help."

In spite of the pouring rain, the team of construction vehicles worked together to help their three unfortunate friends out of the mud. Little Digger helped to clear away









some of the mud with his long arm. Crusher found some boards that could be put in front of Lorry's wheels. Con Crete Mixer had a rope attached from him to Lorry, so that he could help to pull her out, while Crank helped to organize Lorry's rescue. Meanwhile Dozer helped with a shove to get her moving, as his treads prevented him from sinking in the mud.

After a few pulls, a few shoves, and a whole lot of determination, Lorry was free from the mud. The rest of the team then helped Roadmarker and Roadroller to get out of the mud as well.

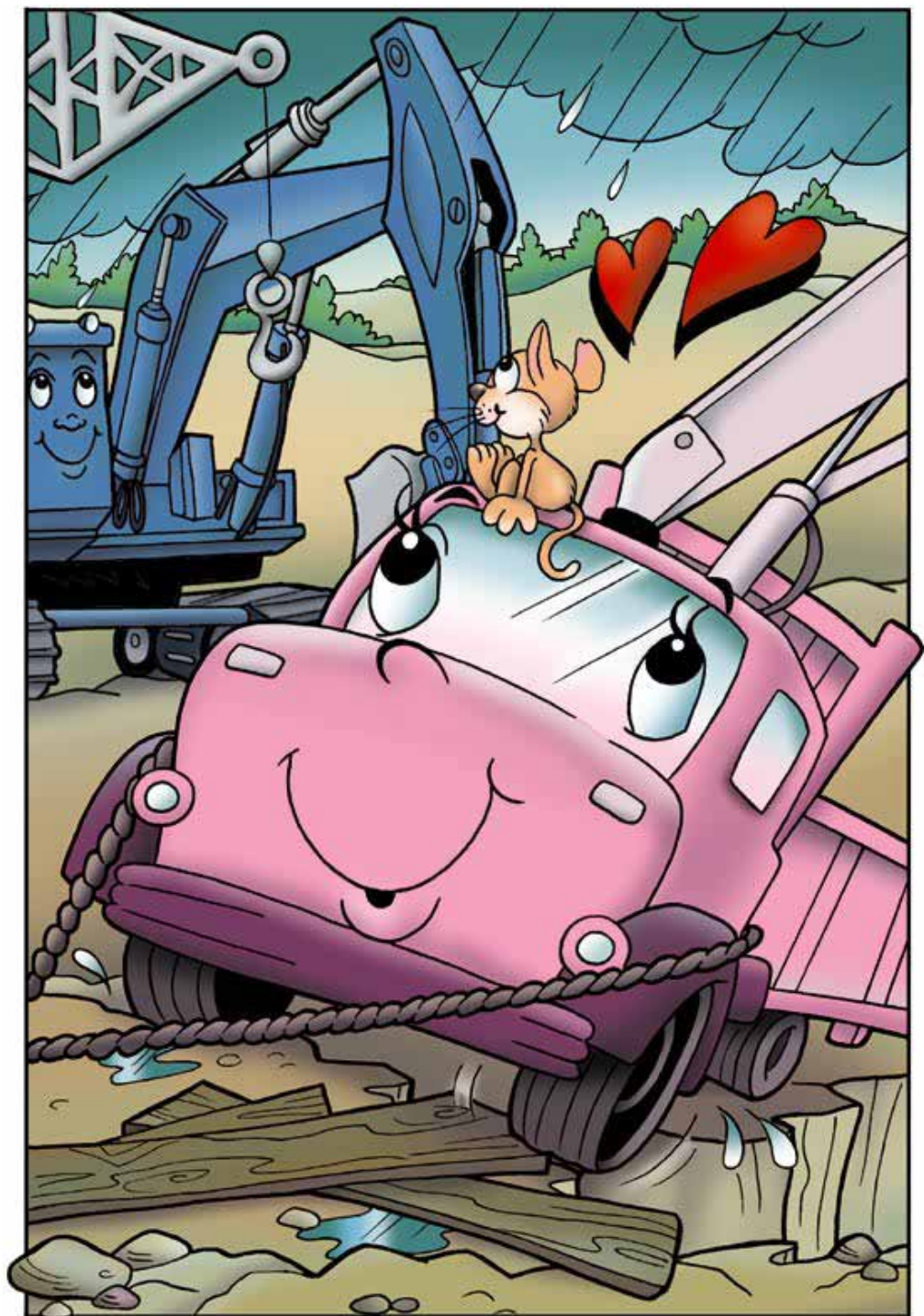
"Thank you so much," Lorry said. "I'm so glad that I have friends like you."


"It was our pleasure," replied Crank.

"I'm sorry I was not nice to you, Lorry," Roadmarker said apologetically. "I should've been thinking about how to help you, rather than just thinking about myself and trying to stay clean. That was so silly of me."

"That's okay," Lorry said. "I forgive you."

"Will you forgive me, too?" Roadroller asked. "I feel bad that I got upset at you. Next time I'll think about what I would do if I were in someone's place when they're having a difficult time, and then maybe I can be a help."





“Don’t worry about it, Roadroller,” said Lorry. “I forgive you. It’s been a rough week for us all.”

“Now that everyone’s free, let’s head home,” Dozer suggested. And off they headed to the garage, away from the wind, rain, and storm.



“That was a nice story,” Tristan said. “It was a good thing that Crank, Crusher, Digger, Dozer, and Mixer helped their friends.”

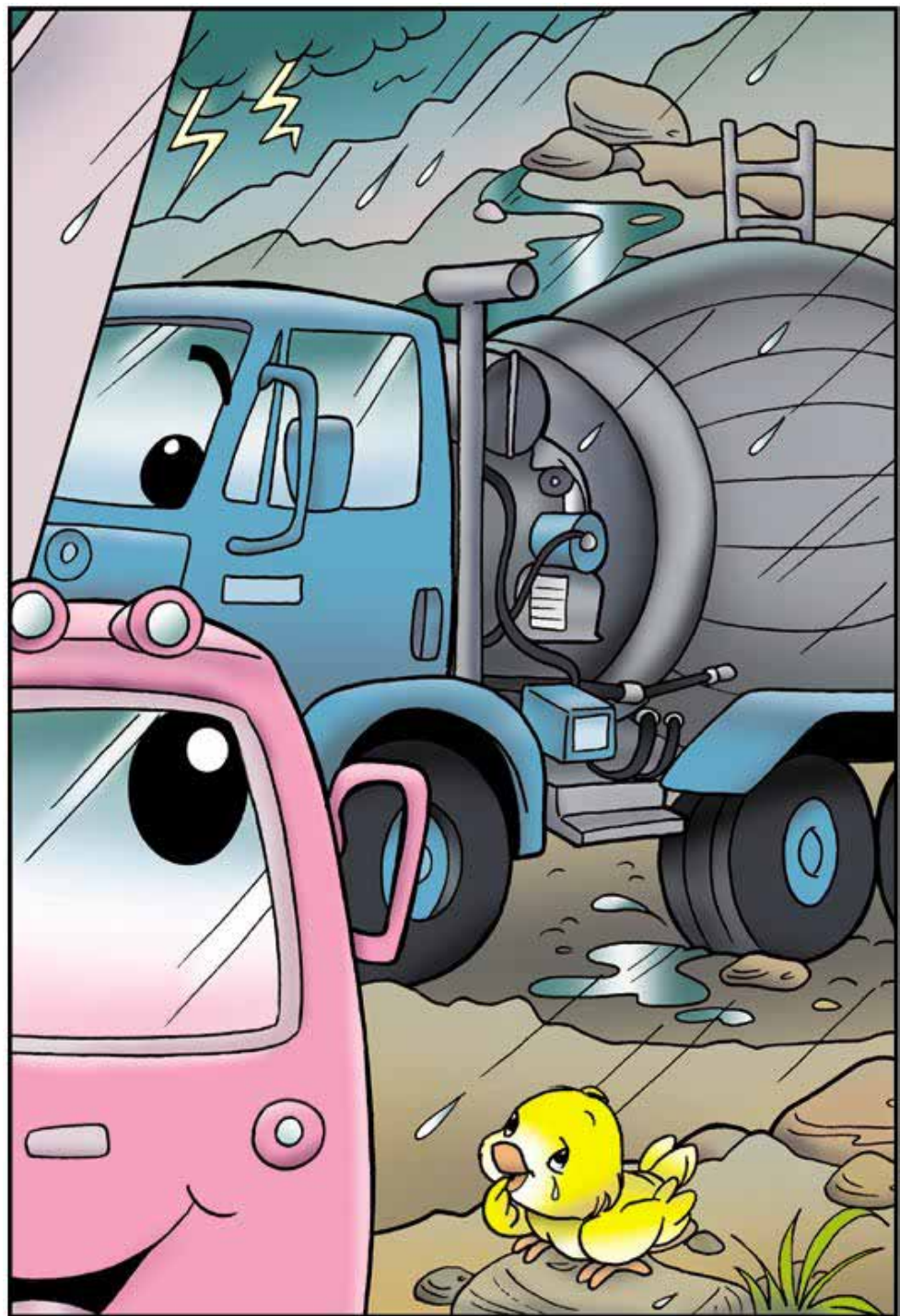
“Yes, it was,” replied Grandpa Jake. “One day, you might be stuck in a difficult situation and in need of help, and if you’ve been thoughtful and helpful to your friends when they need a hand, they’ll be there to help you when you need it.”

“Look, Grandpa, the rain stopped!” Tristan exclaimed. “And there’s a rainbow in the sky. Can I go outside and play now?”


“Sure. But make sure to wear your rubber boots. There are many puddles.”

“Thank you, Grandpa. And thank you for that story.”





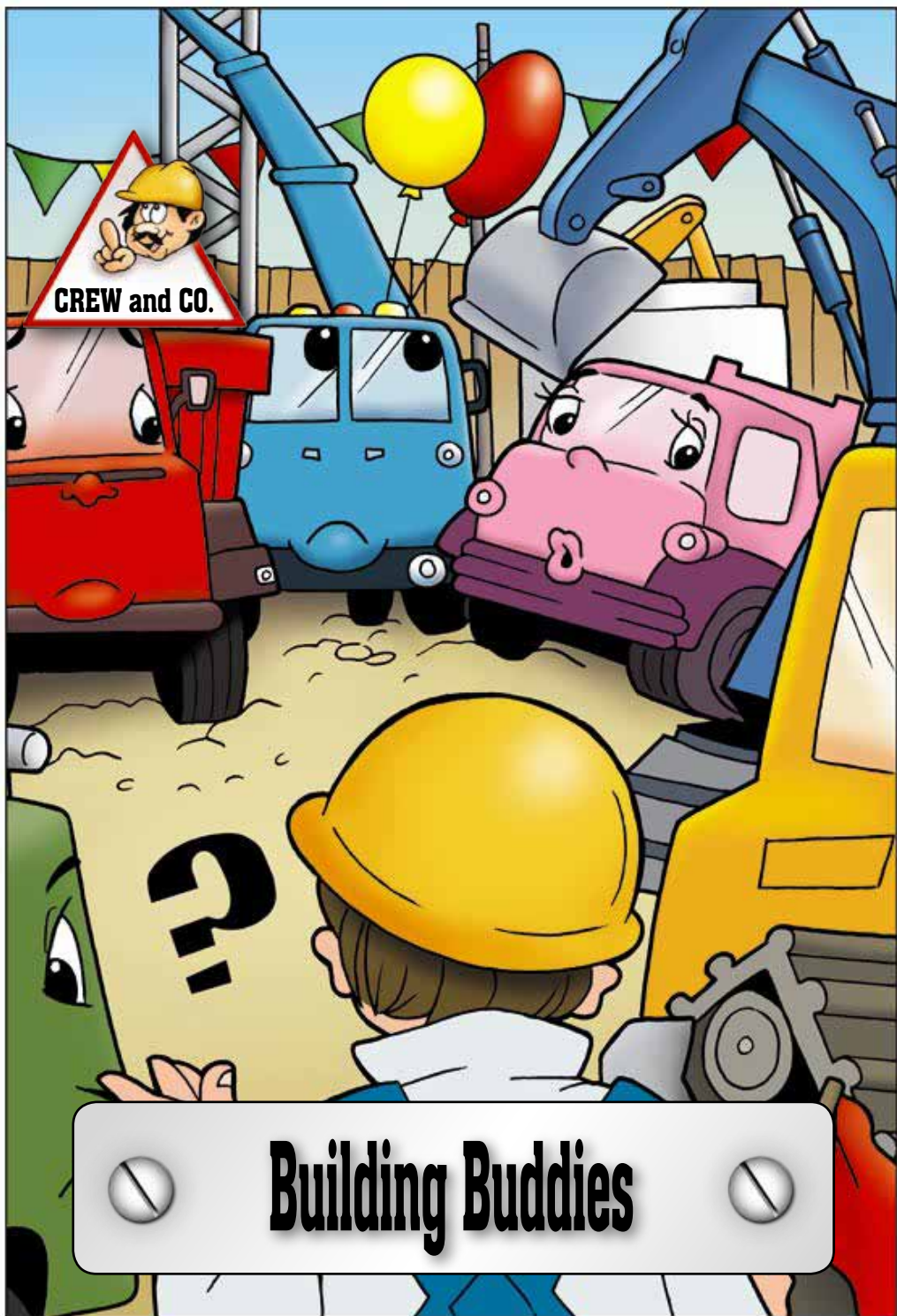
**MORAL:** It's important to treat and help others in the way that you would want them to treat and help you. The kindness and friendship you show others will come back to you.



Jenny, I'll help you so that you finish sooner.

That's so sweet, Ray. Thanks!






**CREW and CO.**

# Building Buddies





Breakfast was served. Tristan enjoyed his eggs, toast, and a cup of freshly squeezed orange juice. He had a big day ahead. Today was Ranger Rob Day. Once a month Ranger Rob took the children and teachers from Tristan's school on a hike through the nearby forest. He taught them about the forest, the animals that lived in it, and some survival tips.

"Are you ready for your field trip?" Grandpa Jake asked as he joined Tristan at the breakfast table.

Tristan nodded. "Ranger Rob is going to teach us about the fish in the rivers. Maybe he'll teach us how to fish, too."

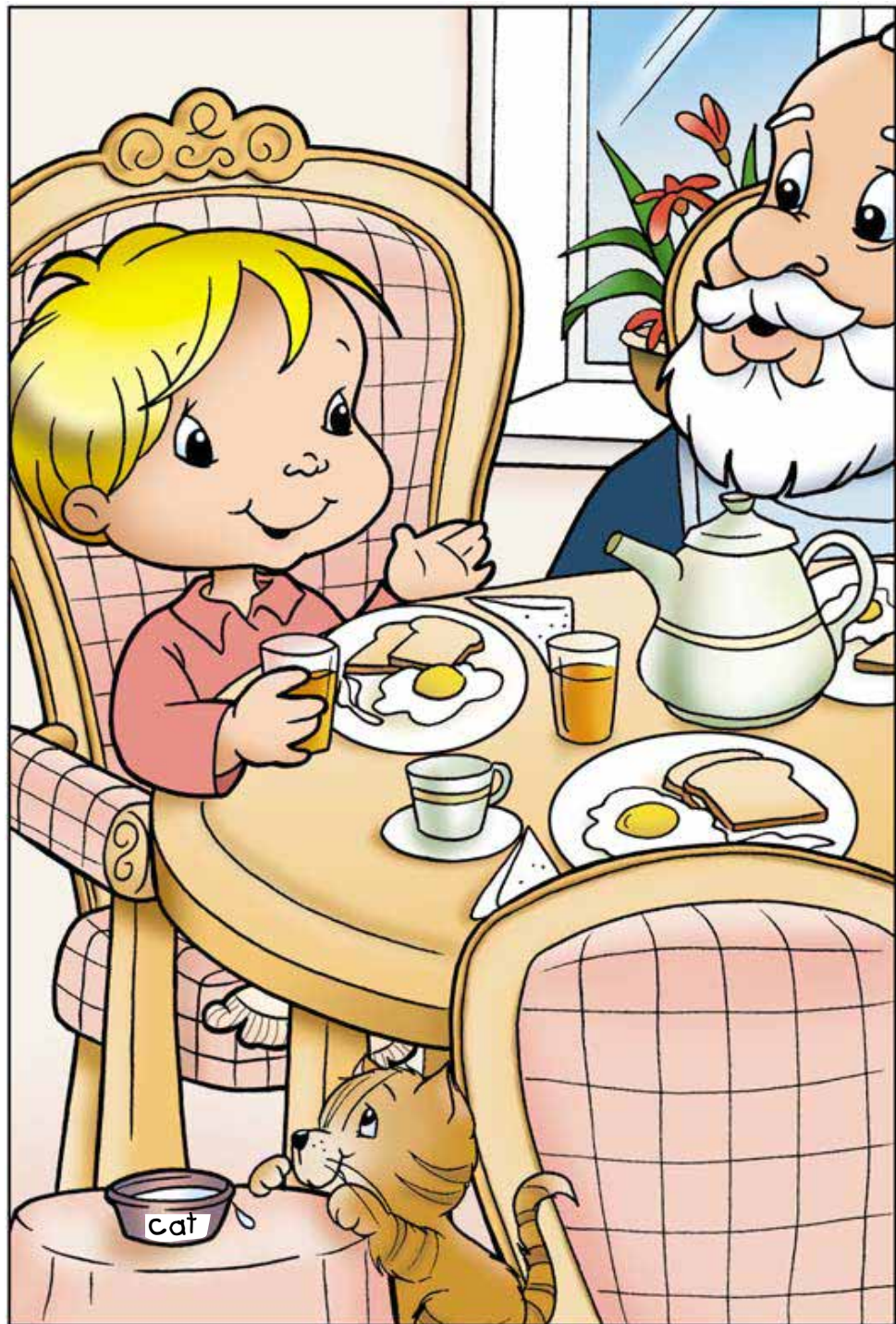
"That would be fun," said Grandpa. "What else does Ranger Rob teach you about?"


"Sometimes he puts us in teams and we play games about things we've learned with him. I don't like playing the games, because I usually get a bad team, and we lose."

"I can understand how that would be frustrating, but sometimes it takes working together as a team and helping each other."

"But how do we do that?" asked Tristan.

"Well, that reminds me of a story. ... I'll tell it to you while we walk to school."





Crew and Co.'s Charity Course was a relay race that took place every year to raise funds for a project that the company had undertaken. All the construction vehicles participated.

Most of the town folk would show up, and Mr. Oversight always took extra time and care to make sure that the event was as full of excitement and as enjoyable for all as it could be. There were shows to watch, and lots to eat and drink. But the highlight was always the relay race.

The construction vehicles would spend the week before the race tuning their engines and fixing anything that wasn't working well. On the day before the race, they would all have a good wash and fill up their gas tanks.

There were four teams, with three construction vehicles on each team.

"Good afternoon, everyone. May I have your attention?" Mr. Oversight said.

The crowd quieted down.

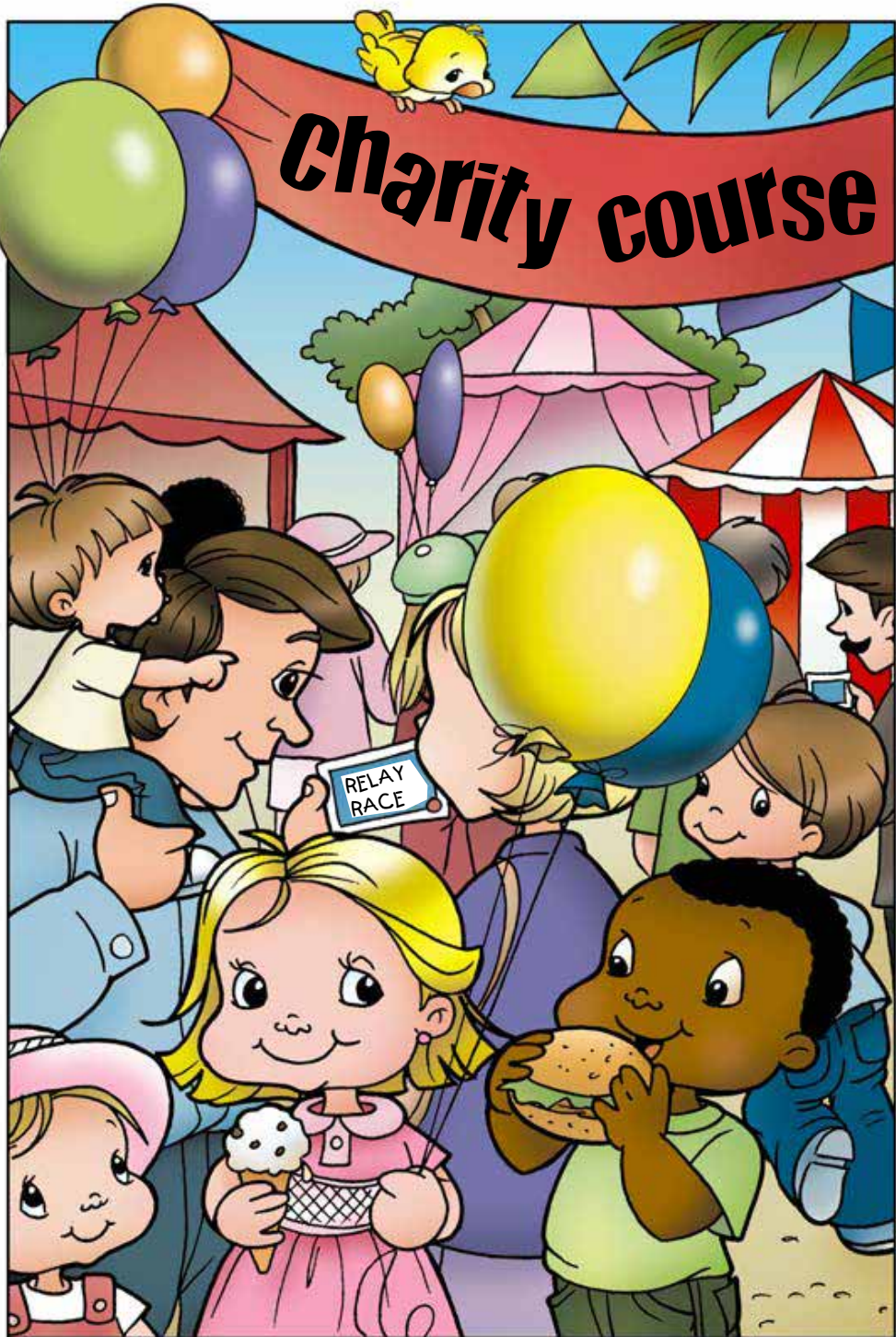
"The Charity Course race will be starting in half an hour," Mr. Oversight continued. "And before it does, I want to present the four teams that will be competing in today's race."

The crowd cheered and applauded.

"Team A," continued Mr. Oversight, "is Con Crete Pump, Con Crete Mixer, and Dee."



# Charity course





The crowd cheered again.

"Team B—Roadmarker, Roadroller, and Crank Crane."

The crowd clapped.

"Team C—Breaker, Crusher, and Lorry Loader."

There was another round of applause.

"And lastly, Team D—Demolition Ball, Little Digger, and Dugs."

Once more the crowd cheered.

"The crowd cheered louder for Team A than they did for us," whined Lorry. "We're going to lose."

"Don't say that," Breaker said, a little annoyed. "You just have to try harder and pull your weight on the team."

"Well, maybe I'm just not as fast as you are," Lorry said.

"Stop whining, Lorry, and go warm up your engine," Crusher said harshly.

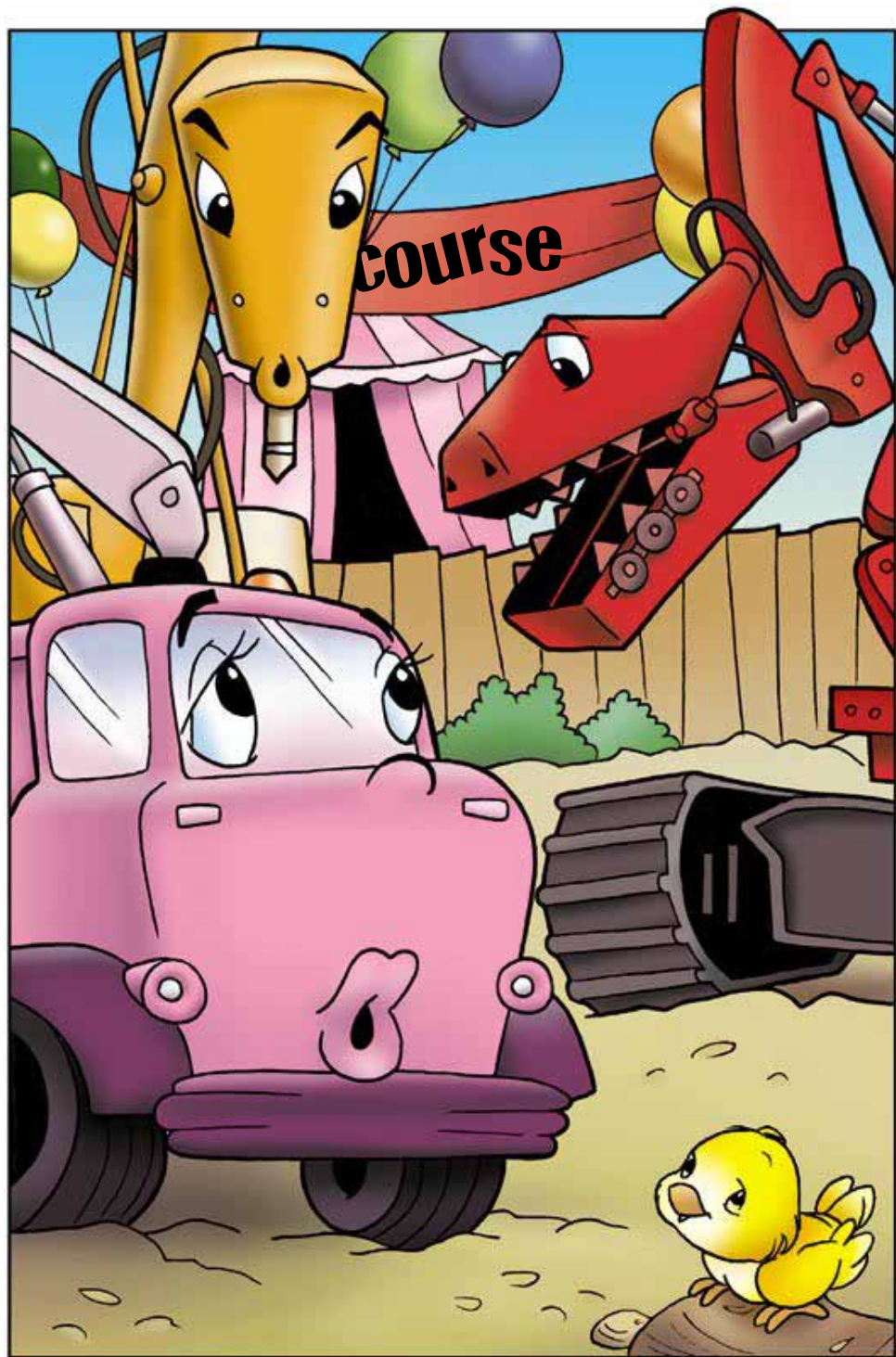
Lorry rumbled off, muttering to herself.

Meanwhile Con Crete Pump, Mixer, and Dee stood off to the side whispering about their plan to win.

"If anyone gets in your way, just give them a shove," Mixer said. "We're tough. We can win!"

"Yeah!" Dee and Pump chorused. And then they started to chant, "We're gonna win!" again and again.









“How do I look?” Roadmarker asked, as she pranced around Crank and Roadroller.

“Does it really matter?” replied Crank. “We’re in a race. It doesn’t matter what you look like, you just have to go as fast as you can and try to win.”

“Well, it matters to me!” exclaimed Roadmarker crossly. And off she roared in an angry huff.

Demolition Ball, Little Digger, and Dugs were also preparing for the race.

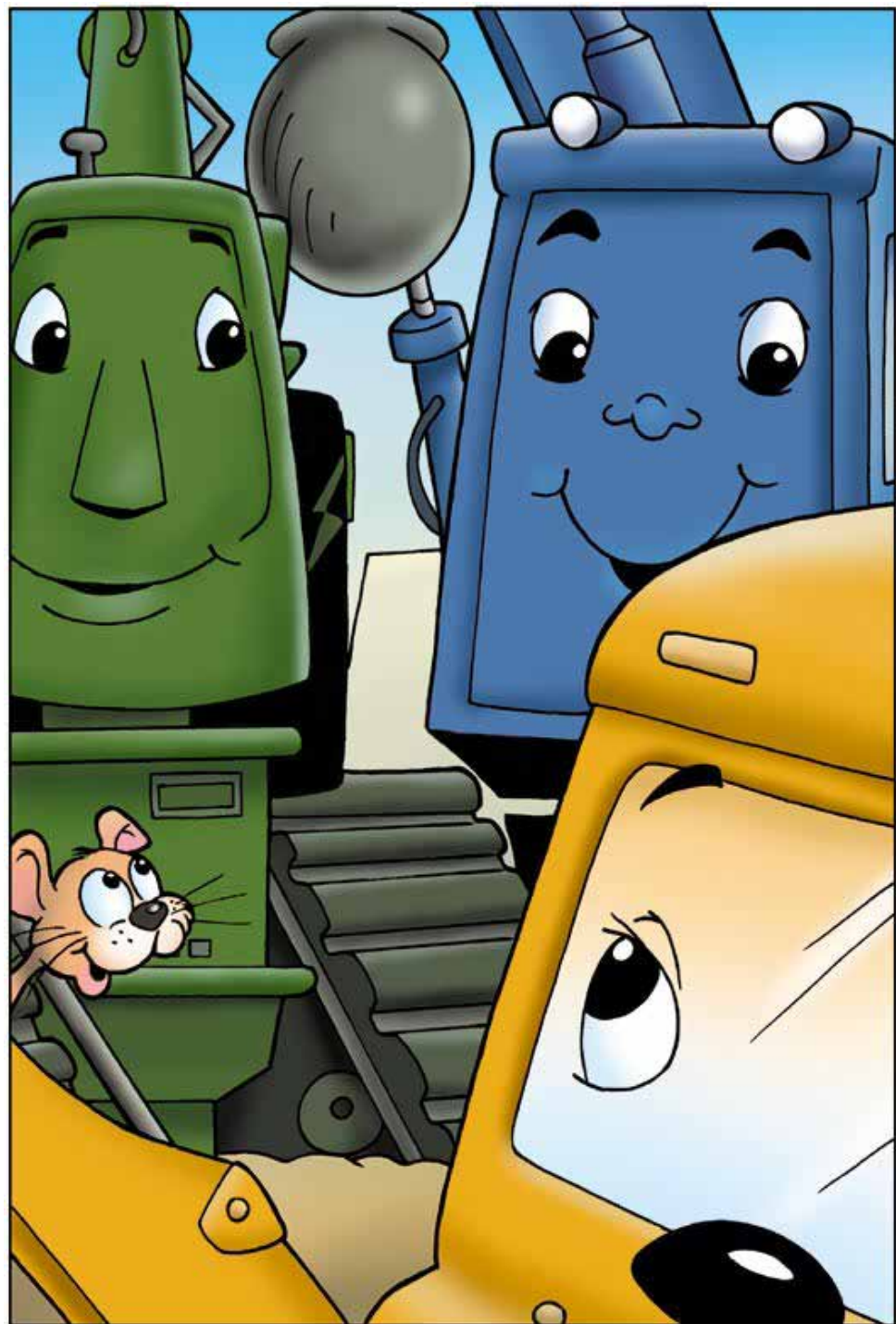
“Just give it your best shot,” Demolition told Dugs and Digger. “It doesn’t matter who wins, so long as we have fun, right?”


“Right,” answered Dugs and Digger.

“I might not be able to go so fast,” said Digger.

“Don’t worry about it,” Dugs said. “I’ve seen how you can speed up sometimes. You’ve got quick, young wheels. Just remember to have fun. That’s really what matters.”

Team D was ready and eager to start the race, but the other teams were having trouble. Lorry was crying, Mixer and Breaker were arguing about who was going to win, and Roadroller was angry at Crank for upsetting Roadmarker.





“What’s happening here?” cried Mr. Oversight. “The race is going to begin in ten minutes and you’re all fighting. Demolition Ball, can you help sort out the problems?”

“Absolutely, sir.”

“Thank you. I knew I could count on you.” And off Mr. Oversight hurried to make sure everything was ready for the race.

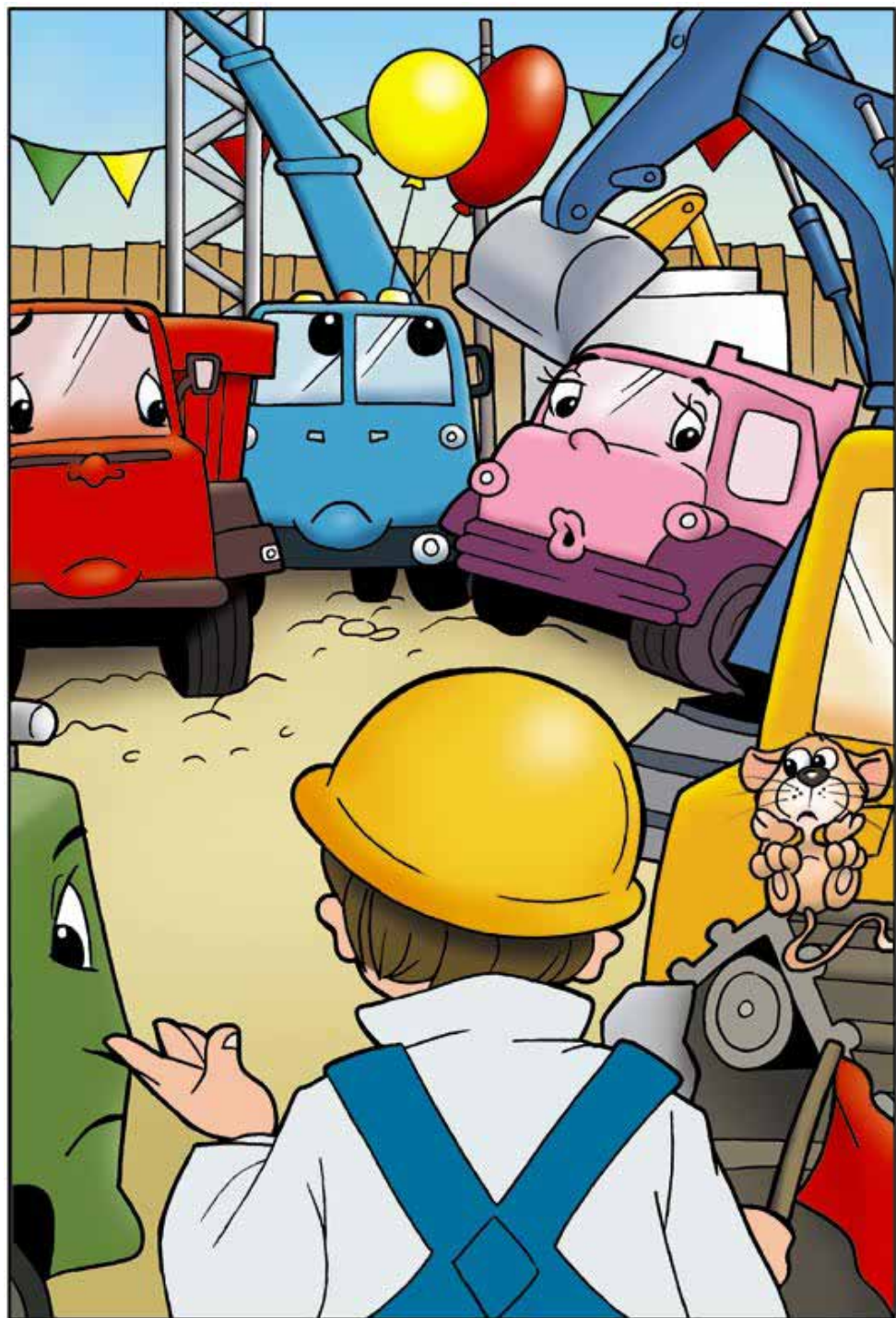
“I’m not sure I want to race today,” Crank said. “And especially not on the same team as Roadmarker!”


Soon they were all in an uproar, arguing about different issues and problems.

“Quiet down, everyone!” Demolition Ball called out. “The race begins in five minutes, and people have been looking forward to it all afternoon. You should remember that we’re all working towards the same goal. The money we’re raising this year will help us build a new playground for the school. We shouldn’t be fighting and squabbling. We’re a team. We need to work together. It doesn’t matter who wins—just have a good time.”

“You’re right,” Crusher said. “I want to participate in this race, and I’m happy with the team I’m on. Even if we don’t win, we can still have fun.”







The rest of the vehicles agreed, and apologized to each other.

“Crew and Co., take your places,” announced Mr. Oversight on the loudspeaker. “The race is about to begin.”

The different teams lined up, ready for the start signal from Mr. Oversight.

“On your marks ... get set ... GO!” Off they went.

The crowd cheered. Each team member cheered the ones on their team. Mr. Oversight cheered.

On the final lap, the last representative from each team—Digger, Roadroller, Crusher, and Con Crete Pump—all made their way as fast as they could go around the course.

“Hooray! Hooray!” the crowd cheered.

The finish line was in sight. The crowd shouted louder.

“You can do it!” Demolition Ball called out to Little Digger.

Little Digger picked up speed and crossed the finish line first, with the other three close behind.

“Well done, Crew and Co.!” Mr. Oversight exclaimed.


Everyone in the crowd applauded.

“I had so much fun,” Crank said. “I’m glad I didn’t miss out on that race, even









though our team didn't win. I still had a good time."

The others agreed.

"This calls for a celebration," announced Mr. Oversight. "That was the best race ever. Thank you for your help and participation."

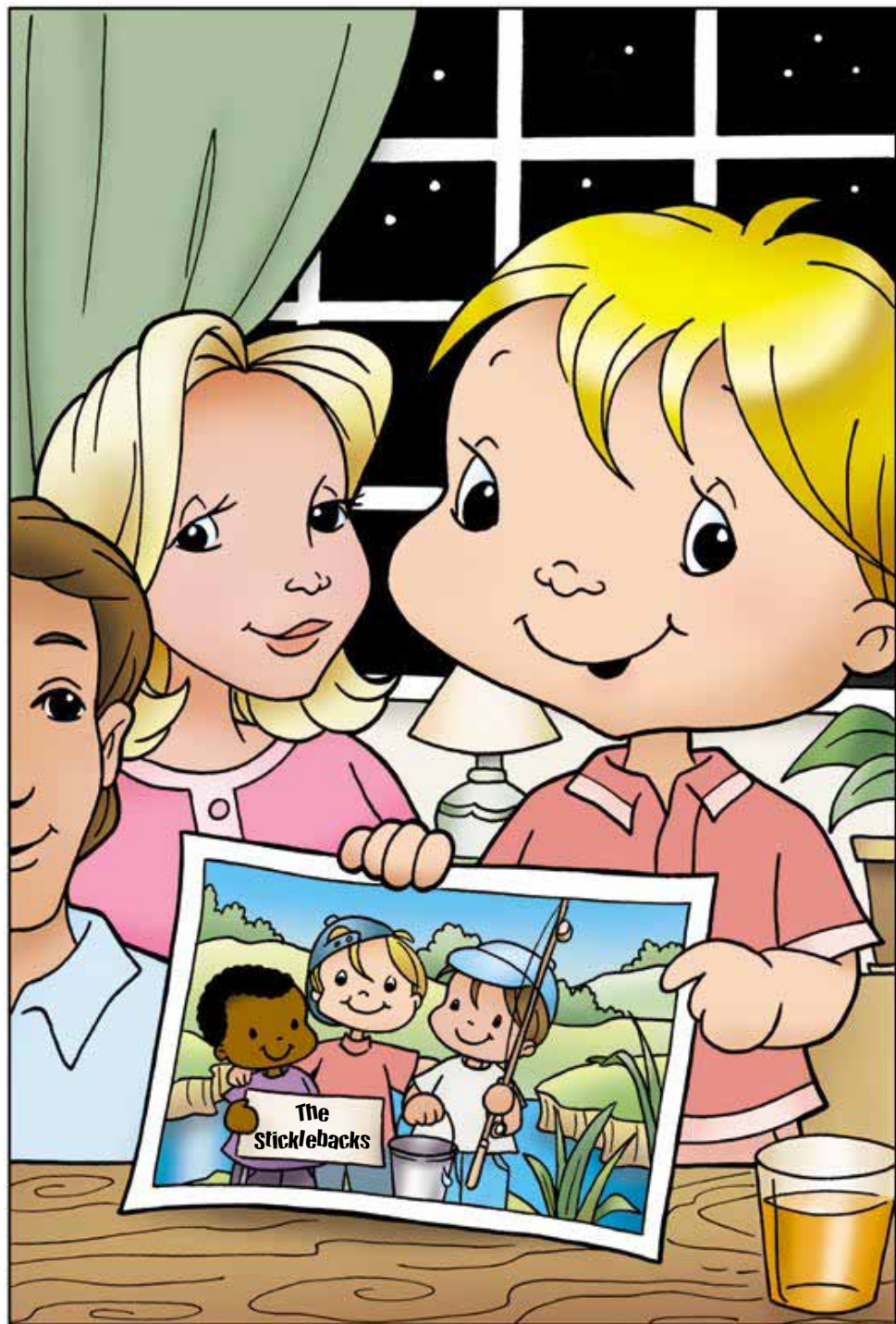


That evening around the dinner table, Tristan happily explained all about the day's adventures to his parents and Grandpa Jake.

"There were three teams—the Trout Trekkers, the Mountain Mulletts, and the Sticklebacks. Funny Ranger Rob named our teams after fish. My team was the Sticklebacks."

"It sounds like you had a lot of fun," said Grandpa Jake.

"I did. I told some of my friends the story you told me this morning," Tristan said. "They liked it a lot. Our team was able to work together, and we learned so much about fish and rivers. We played some games, too. Our team didn't win every game, but we won some, and I had fun."



**MORAL:** Learn to work together as a team, and you'll find that you can have a lot of fun!

Thank you for your help, Shelly.

You're welcome, Sam.

It's fun doing it together.





A cartoon illustration of a blue truck with a party hat on its roof. The truck has large, expressive eyes and a single tear on its front. It is surrounded by many colorful bubbles. In the background, there is a blue and yellow striped tent. A sign with the text "Start ... Stop!" is positioned above the truck. In the bottom left corner, there is a triangular logo for "CREW and CO." featuring a man in a yellow hard hat. In the bottom right corner, there is a small cartoon cat.

**Start ... Stop!**

**CREW and CO.**

It was a beautiful spring day. Grandpa Jake and Tristan were out in the garden, clearing weeds and planting flowers.

Saturday was Grandpa Jake's day in the garden, and because Tristan didn't have school on Saturday, they'd decided to plant their bulbs and seeds that day.

But after planting only three bulbs, Tristan plopped down on the lawn. "I'm bored!" he said.

Grandpa Jake stood up from a nearby flowerbed. "I'm sorry to hear that. But you haven't finished planting all of your tulip bulbs."

"I know, but I want to do something else now."

"Well, I have a story to tell you. Let's put our gardening tools in the basket and then I'll tell you all about it."

"Yes, sir."




Near Crew and Co.'s latest building site a circus was being set up. The large yellow and blue circus tent stood in the middle, and around it were other smaller tents, as well as trucks, trailers, and animal cages. Everyone on the circus team was busy with the preparations.









The following afternoon, Con Crete Mixer told his brother Con Crete Pump, "I'm getting bored of just turning my mixer round and round. I'd like to try something different ... something more interesting."

"I know what you mean," Pump agreed. "All I do is shoot the wet cement out wherever it's supposed to go. And that's *all* I do, *every day!*"

"Let's do something different then," suggested Mixer. "Why don't we check out the circus?"

"Do you think we can?" asked Pump.

"I can keep mixing while we're over there, and you have to wait before you can do your next job."

"True, and we won't be gone for long. Let's go."

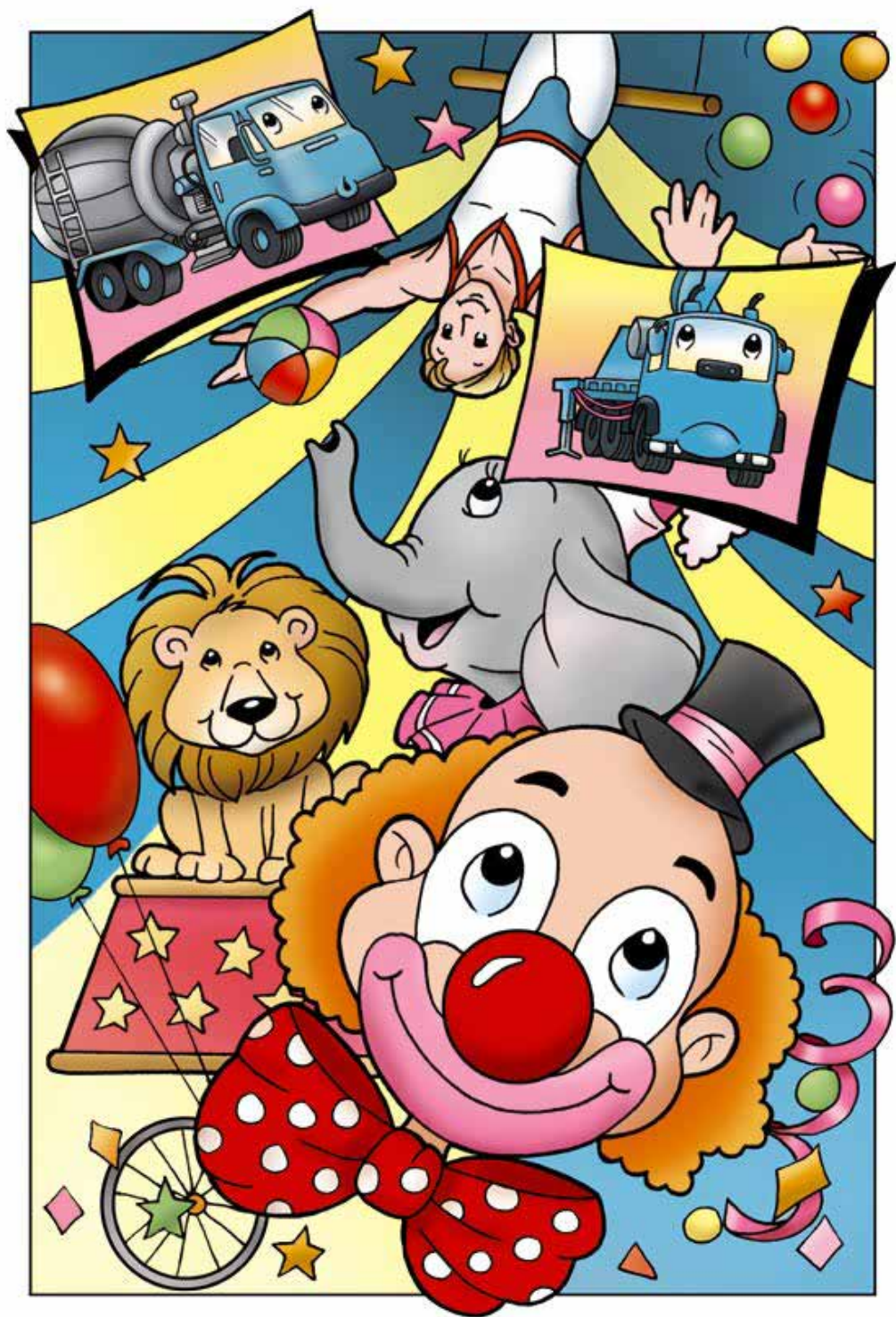
At the circus grounds they came across the ringmaster, walking around in his tall hat and tailcoat.

"Howdy, boys!" Ringmaster Sheffield greeted them. "Checking out the circus?"

"Yes, sir," they replied.

"Today's first show has just ended, but you're welcome to look around."

Soon Mixer and Pump realized that they'd been away from the construction site for over an hour.



"Oops!" said Pump. "We'd better get back to work. Maybe we can come again tomorrow to see what we didn't get to see today."

"Count me in," Mixer said.

Over the following days, the two brothers made short visits to the circus grounds.

"I'd love to work at a circus," Pump said. "It'd be much more exciting than the work I do now."

"Hello there," said Ringmaster Sheffield, as he came out of his trailer. "I've seen you two around here a lot these last few days. Are you thinking of taking up a circus act?" he added with a chuckle.

"Wish we could," Mixer said with a sigh.

"I had an idea," said Sheffield, "of something you'd probably be good at, Pump.—And Mixer could give you a hand."

"What is it?" Pump asked excitedly.

"Instead of shooting concrete mix out of your long spout, we could put a bubble mixture in your tank, and you could blow bubbles. Kids would absolutely love it! I've even thought of a name for your act—'Tumbling Bubbles.'"

"I like it, don't you, Mixer?" Pump said enthusiastically.

"Yes, a lot," replied Mixer. "And how would I help?"







"You can help attract the crowds," Sheffield said. "You'll make an excellent team. What do you think?"

"Count us in!" the two brothers exclaimed.

"You can start tomorrow, if you like," replied Sheffield. "I'll let the staff know that you'll be here."

The following morning, Pump and Mixer headed straight for the circus grounds to practice. They were so excited about their new job that they didn't bother to let Mr. Oversite know that they'd be gone. Sheffield poured the bubble solution into Pump's tank, and said he'd see them later.

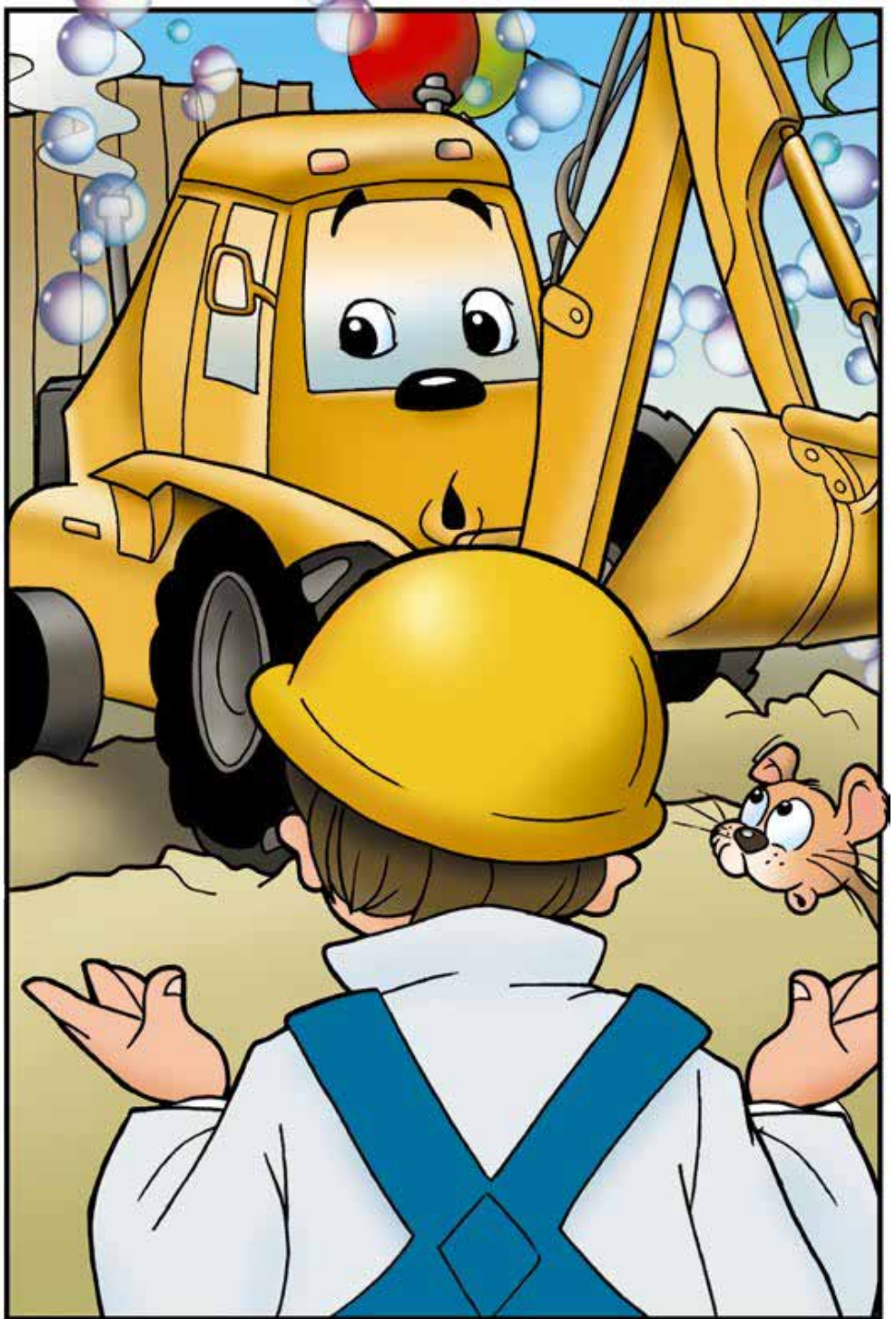
"What's the biggest bubble you can make?" Mixer asked Pump.

Pump blew hard, trying to make a big bubble. But because he was used to working with thick concrete mixture instead of a very thin bubble mixture, thousands of bubbles shot out of his spout, covering the surrounding area in a blanket of bubbles.

"I guess that didn't work so well," Pump said with a chuckle. "I'll try again."

Meanwhile, at the construction site, Mr. Oversite was asking everyone if they'd seen the Con Crete brothers.







"Neither of them came this morning, sir," Dozer replied. "And over the last few days they've often been gone."

"I wonder what they're up to," Mr. Oversite thought aloud. "We need them now so we can start laying the foundation for this building. Everyone's waiting on them. This is not good! Dozer, let me know immediately if you see them."

"Sure, boss."

*I hope they haven't gotten themselves into any trouble,* Mr. Oversite thought, as he headed for his foreman trailer.

"Dugs, what's going on over there?" Little Digger asked.

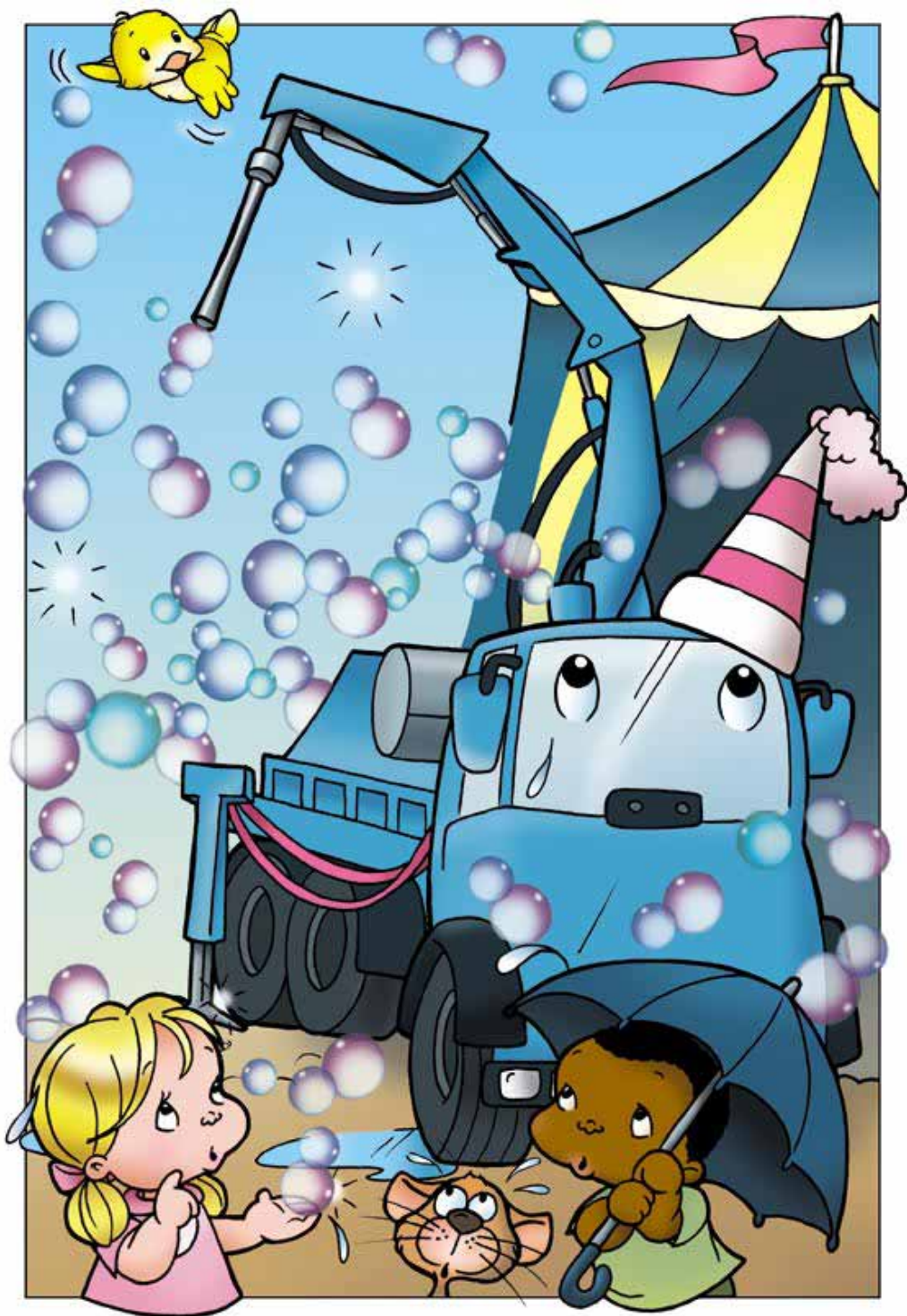
"Where?"

"At the circus grounds. Look at all those bubbles."

"I wouldn't know, but there sure are a lot of them. Look, some of the tents and trailers are completely covered in bubbles!"

Things hadn't been going well for Pump. No matter how hard he tried he couldn't get it right, and thousands of bubbles were coming out of his spout, covering everything with bubbles. At first Pump and Mixer had thought it was funny, but before long Mixer began getting annoyed with Pump. "Stop





messing around, and do it properly," he said in frustration.

"I'm trying my best, but it's just not working."

"What's going on over here?" said Ringmaster Sheffield. "Pump! Mixer! This isn't what I told you to do!"

"We're sorry, Mr. Sheffield," Mixer said apologetically. "Pump is having a hard time making the bubbles."

"So I see." Sheffield did not think it was funny. "I'm sorry, Pump, but I'm going to have to switch your pump off. It's raining and pouring bubbles, and people aren't happy. Maybe I was wrong about you guys being able to help out. You're probably better at your *real* jobs. I'm sorry about that."

Pump and Mixer were disappointed as they headed back to the construction site, with a trail of bubbles following them.

"What's with all the bubbles?" Dozer asked as they reached the site.

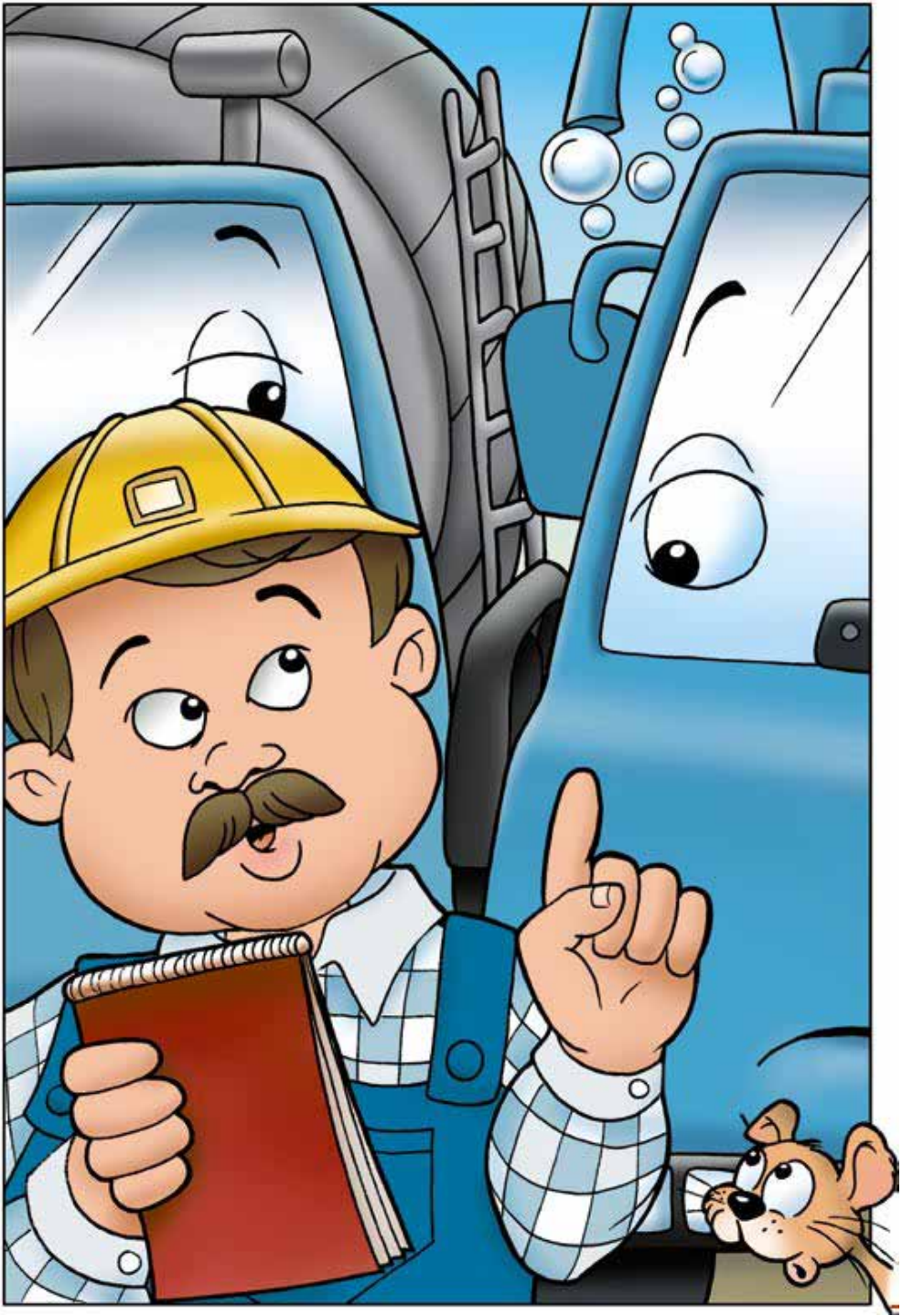
"Never mind," Pump said sadly. "I'd rather not talk about it."

"Pump! Mixer! There you are!" It was Mr. Oversite. "I hope you two have a good reason as to why you weren't here today."

"Um, kind of..." muttered Mixer.







Mixer and Pump explained all about the circus, Sheffield's offer, and the mess they had made.

"We're really sorry that we neglected our jobs today," said Pump. "We thought being part of a circus would be more fun than working at the construction site. But we didn't do so well, and nothing went as we hoped it would."

"That's okay," Mr. Oversite said. "But because you weren't here today, I'll need the two of you to come in early tomorrow so that you can get a head start on your work and we can get back on schedule. I hope you learned a good lesson about sticking with your job until it's done."

"We have, sir," Pump said. "We'll be here early tomorrow morning, we promise."



"I'd like to finish planting my tulip bulbs," Tristan said, once the story was over. "It's important for me to stick with my job until it's done."

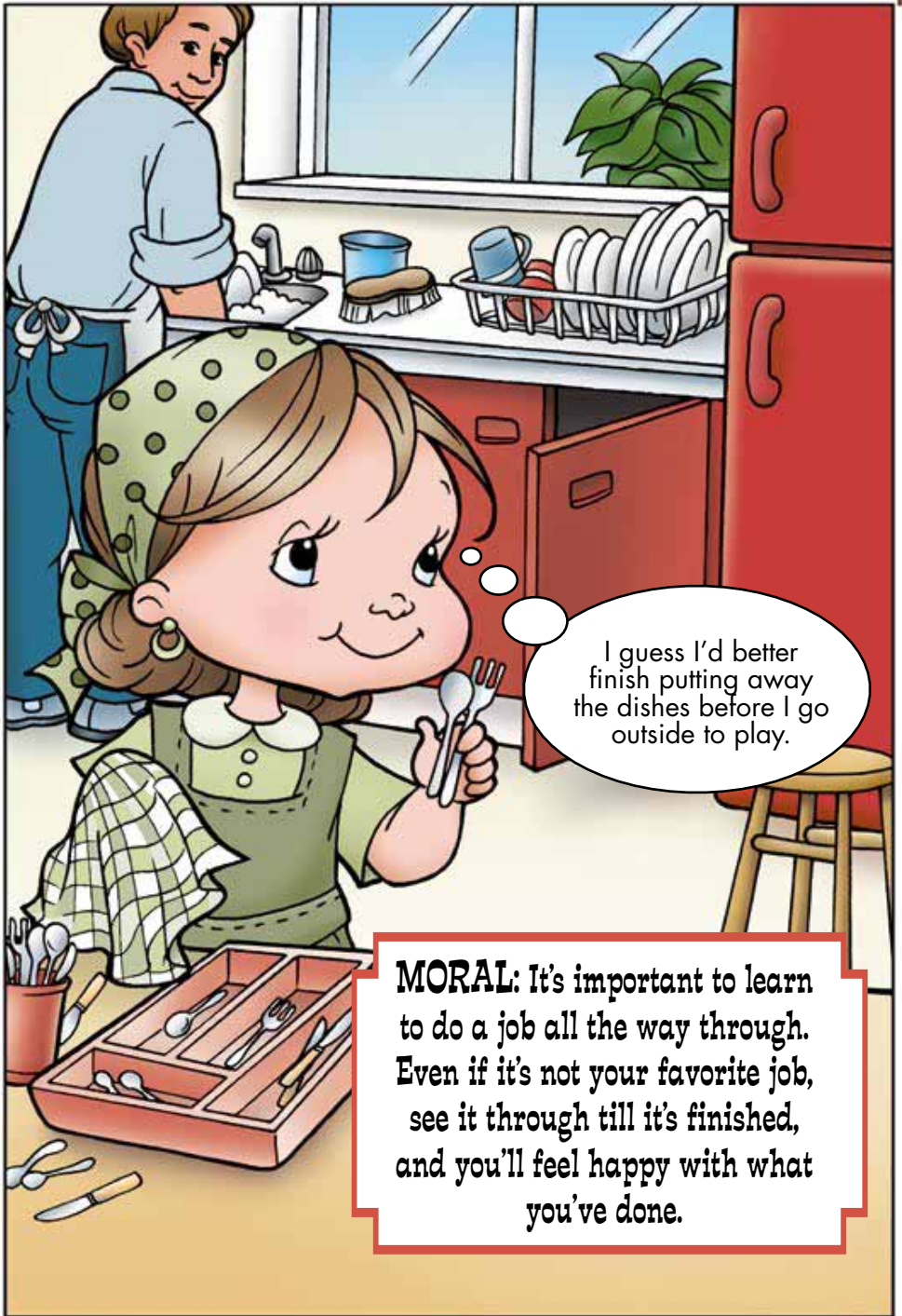
"Once we're done out here we can do something else," said Grandpa Jake. "You can choose."

"Thank you," Tristan said. "I'll think of something fun."










I guess I'd better finish putting away the dishes before I go outside to play.

**MORAL:** It's important to learn to do a job all the way through. Even if it's not your favorite job, see it through till it's finished, and you'll feel happy with what you've done.



# Crew and Co.'s Christmas



"How's the Christmas performance coming along?" Grandpa Jake asked as Tristan entered the house.

"Mrs. White is teaching us a new Christmas song," Tristan said, "and she said that I'll get to sing part of the song by myself."

"That's nice," said Grandpa Jake.

"Well, I do have the *best* voice," Tristan boasted. "None of the other kids can sing as well as I do."

Grandpa Jake raised an eyebrow and looked at Tristan. "Is that so?"

"Of course it is. Listen to me sing."

Tristan started to sing the song Mrs. White was teaching them.

"Very good," said Grandpa Jake. "You do have a wonderful voice. But you should always be careful when you start boasting about the gifts that God has given you. It can hurt others' feelings when you boast, because it makes them think they're not as good as you are."

"But what if I *am* better than the others?"

"You should still be encouraging, because that will encourage the others to do their best. Everyone doesn't have the same gift, but each person does have something special





to offer. It's like the story of Crew and Co.'s Christmas."



Crew and Co. had been assigned to work on building a movie set for the filming of a Christmas movie, and they were all excited about it. Each of the construction vehicles had undergone maintenance and some even had a new paint job, so they'd be in top shape.

"I'm relying on each of you to do the excellent jobs you know how to do," Mr. Oversight told them. "You're the best team I've worked with, and I need the best out of each one of you. Happy building!"

"I never thought I'd be asked to help build a movie set," Little Digger told Dugs. "I've never done anything like this before."

"Neither have I," said Dugs, "but we know how to work together as a team, and we make an excellent building crew, which I guess is why we got this job in the first place. So don't worry about it; just do the job like you've always done it, and you'll do great."


"Thanks, Dugs," Little Digger said. "You're the one who taught me how to do my jobs. I've enjoyed learning from you."

"My pleasure."









The first few days of building went well, and a lot of progress was made. However, before long some of the construction vehicles began to have some problems.

At lunch break one day Crank was feeling rather cranky. "I can't work with Lorry any more," he told Dozer. "She's so bossy, and thinks she knows everything just because she got a new paint job. I can't load anything up without her squealing that I'm going to mess up her paintwork. I think I'd do better working on my own."


"Tell me about it," Dozer said. "You should hear Dugs rattling on and on about how much he knows about building! He thinks he's so much more useful than me. I'm going to find some other work to do on the site so I don't have to be around him."

Elsewhere on the site, Dugs was telling Roadmarker and Roadroller how lazy he thought Dozer was. "And don't even get me started on the Con Crete brothers," he added. "I don't even know why they were included on the construction team."

"I'm waiting for you people," Dee said grumpily. "Do you think we're on holiday or something? I have work to do, so can we get on with it?"

And off he rumbled.





“‘Dumpy’ Dee is back,” Dugs said. “He didn’t get any improvements made on him like the rest of us did. No wonder he’s so grumpy!”

“We should probably get back to work, though,” Roadroller suggested, “unless we want him to get even grumpier.”

“Well, I don’t see why we need him,” Dugs said. “We’re capable on our own. Let him huff and puff all he wants.”

Later that afternoon, Mr. Oversight came to see how things were progressing. *Something’s not right*, he thought to himself.

Many of the vehicles that he’d teamed up were no longer working together. Some of the other vehicles looked very unhappy. There were arguments going on, and the work was not being done properly.

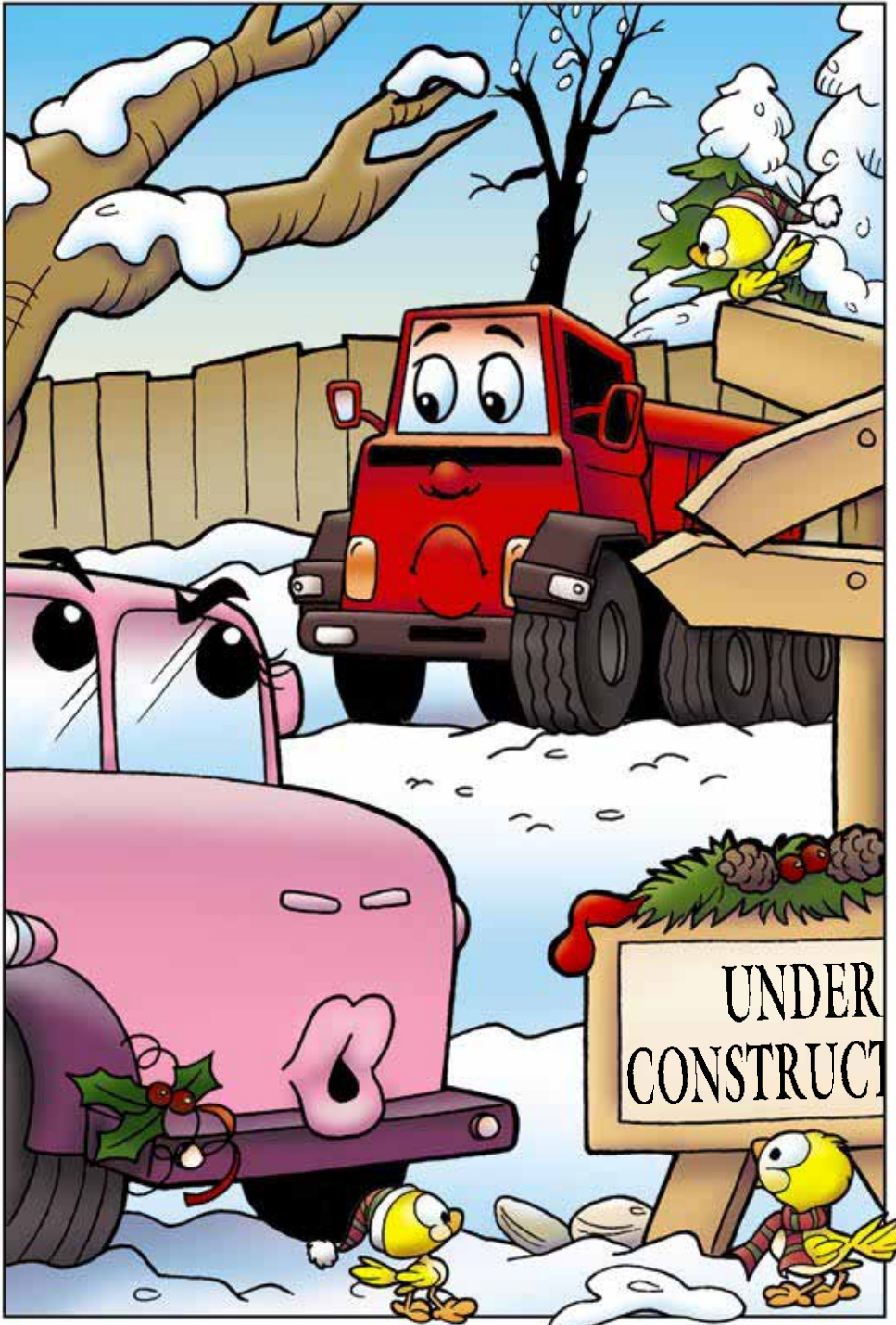
*This is not good*, he thought. *We’ll have to work something out or we’ll never get this job done in time!*

“Hello, Mr. Oversight,” called a cheery voice. It was Little Digger.

“Hi, Digger,” said Mr. Oversight. “I’m glad to see that someone is actually doing what I asked them to do. Do you have any idea what’s going on?”

“Not really. I’ve been busy working.” Suddenly there was a big crash. Mr.







Oversite and Little Digger turned to see what had happened.

"Look what you made me do!" Crank shouted.

One of the large steel poles that Crank had been lifting had fallen out of his grasp and crashed heavily to the ground. Fortunately he wasn't holding it too high, and it had not fallen on anyone.

"Don't blame me for your mistakes," Lorry shouted back. "That pole nearly hit me, and just think what it would've done to my new paint job!"

Mr. Oversite had had enough.

"Quiet, everyone!" he said into the loudspeaker.

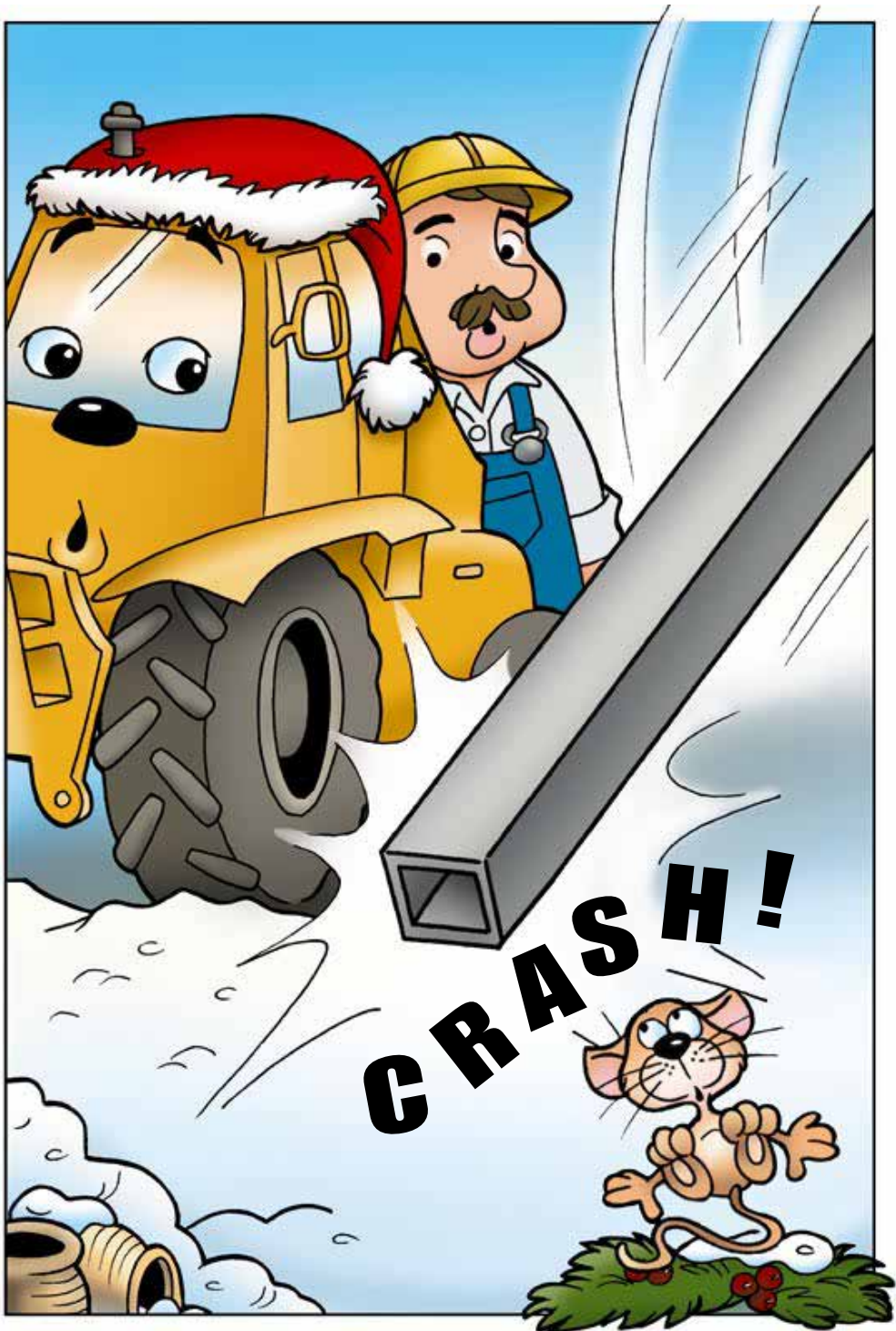
The construction site went silent.

"I am not at all happy with what is happening here today," he continued. "As I walked around the site, all I could hear was arguing, fighting, boasting, and other ugly talk. This is not the way to get a job done, is it?"


No one said anything.

"Could I say something?" Little Digger asked.

"Of course," said Mr. Oversite. "Little Digger is the only one who's been doing his job as he should, while the rest of you squabbled."







“Hi, everyone,” Digger started. “I was thinking this morning about what a great job we have here. I mean, I never thought that I’d be working to help build a movie set. But what I think is more special than that is that we get to build a movie set where they’re going to film a Christmas movie. That’s pretty cool, if you ask me.


“You know, Jesus came to Earth in a pretty simple way. He was the King of the whole universe, but He was born in a little, stinky, dinky stable.

“Even though Jesus was so important and special, He never boasted about who He was, or what He could do, even though He did so many things that no one else could. And I was thinking that if we all tried to be like that more—more humble and meek—then we’d get a lot more done.”

“Very good point,” Mr. Oversight said. “Little Digger’s got the idea. You’ve each been made for a specific purpose, with certain abilities, but you still have to work together. Each of you is needed, which is why you’re on the team. Maybe you should all start by apologizing to each other. And then work together on the jobs that you were assigned.”

After everyone had apologized, the construction vehicles went back to work—this





time in unity, as a team, and the result was that they created a fabulous set.

“Thank you for helping us remember what Christmas is all about,” said Dozer to Little Digger. “It’s about how we can love and help each other, just like Jesus was loving and helped others.”



Two weeks later at the school’s Christmas performance, Tristan got up to sing “Drummer Boy” with Derek and Troy. All three boys sang their parts beautifully. Then other songs were sung and a short play was performed. Everyone enjoyed the show.

“Well done, Tristan!” said Grandpa Jake. “That was a fantastic performance you put on.”

“Thank you. I told the others the story you told me. We did our best to work as a team, and each do our part. And it worked.”

“Yes, it worked indeed!” Grandpa Jake exclaimed. “It was a wonderful Christmas performance. I’m so proud of you.”

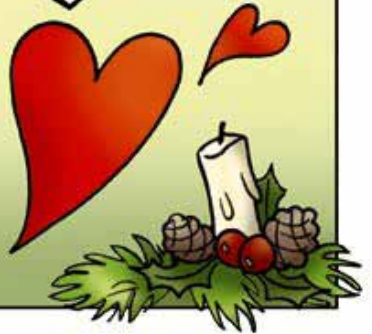
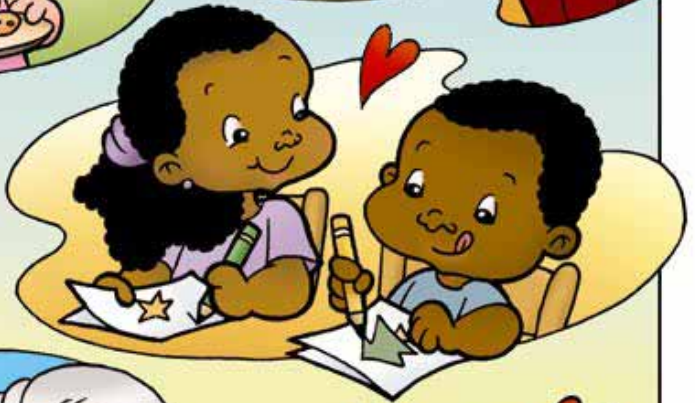
“Merry Christmas, Grandpa,” Tristan said as he gave his grandfather a hug.

“Merry Christmas to you too, Tristan.”





**MORAL:** Christmas is a time of love, caring, and helping others. When you celebrate Christmas, remember to think of others before yourself, and that's how you'll be happiest.



Blank



