

The Adventures of Toby, The Little Blue Tractor

“Bolie #3”

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Once upon a time there was a Little Blue Tractor, and his name was Toby. One day Toby was tilling the dirt in his field. It was early September and the pumpkin seeds needed to be planted if the pumpkin patch was to be ready in time for Halloween. Toby always plowed up rows and rows of dirt three times so the dirt would be nice and soft.

On the third pass to till up the soil he noticed a large stick in front of him. He knew he could plow the stick over and break it into pieces with his strong plow, but for some reason he stopped to take a more careful look at it. And he was soon very glad he did. When he stopped in front of it, it moved! At one end of the stick he saw two eyes staring at him.

“Oh, hello”, said Toby. The snake coiled up, startled at first, and looked at the Little Blue Tractor. When it realized Toby was not going to run him over it smiled, as only a snake can of course, and rose up to look Toby eye to eye.

“Hello”, said the snake. “For a moment, I thought you would run me over. Who are you?”

“My name is Toby. This is the field I take care of for The Man in The House. I plant corn and potatoes, carrots and onions. Now I am about to plant pumpkin seeds so we can grow big orange pumpkins for Halloween. What is your name?” The long thick snake smiled again, knowing that he had travelled a long ways out of the forest to just the right place; a farm. The mice and rats would be plentiful for him here.

“My name isss’ Bolie”, he hissed and bowed to the Little Blue Tractor.

Toby smiled.

“Well Bolie, you are welcome to stay here and chase off the mice and rats if you wish. I’m sure we need a friend like you.

Bolie nodded.

“And I shall be careful to watch out for you when you are tilling the dirt.” With that Bolie slithered under the Little Blue Tractor and off towards the barn where he knew the grain was stored. Since he was a baby snake his mother had taught him to always live in barns of corn feed and grain if at all possible. There would always be the sneaky mice and cunning rats in barns like this. Bolie was very happy to have met Toby.

Toby watched Bolie slither and slide to the barnyard. He was careful not to continue plowing his field again until he was sure Bolie was across the fence and safe. When he saw Bolie enter the Barn, Toby checked his tiller and started his engine back up.

As he finished plowing the dirt his thoughts turned to his new friend Bolie. This made him smile. With Bolie here on the farm the mice and rats would not get to eat his pumpkins so easily indeed! Toby finished plowing as the sun set.

He parked himself in his usual spot just out back under the eave by the back porch. It was a long day's work, and he was tired. He sighed and watched the last of the sun's light fade, all the while thinking about his new friend Bolie.

The End.