

The Adventures of Toby, The Little Blue Tractor

“Ricky!” #2

Copyright © 1999 By Michael G. Giles All rights reserved.

Once upon a time there was a Little Blue Tractor, and his name was Toby. Now Toby was out in his freshly plowed field one day looking for rocks to put in his little blue trailer. When he would find a rock he would scoop it up and toss it up and in with the other rocks. As he neared the edge of the dirt field he noticed a Little Red Tractor tilling the soil toward him. Excited, Toby waited for the Little Red tractor to pass by him. Just when the Little Red Tractor was about to pass by Toby he noticed the Little Blue Tractor and stopped.

“Hello”, said Toby happily.

“Hiya hiya!” Said the Little Red Tractor with a lot of energy. Toby smiled and introduced himself, hoping that the Little Red Tractor would be his friend.

“What’s your name?”

Ricky -- my name’s Ricky!” Then Ricky laughed loudly and drove around in circles, showing off for Toby. After a minute he stopped and watched the dust settle. Once it settled, Ricky laughed even louder.

“Hahaha! What’s yer’ name!?”

“Toby.” And Toby smiled.

“I live at that there farm house over there yonder.” Ricky pointed across the field he had freshly plowed that day to a house quite a ways a way.

“Wow”, said Toby, “You have a big field”.

“Yup”, exclaimed Ricky with glee, “It’s big and has lots of dirt! Lots and lots to dig dig dig!” Well, Toby was impressed, but he suddenly felt very, very small in his field compared to the size of Ricky’s field. But Ricky didn’t care. He spun around in circles three times as fast as he could.

“Vroom! Vroom! Vroom!” His engine roared as he sped around and around and around.

“Well”, said Toby, relieved that Ricky didn’t care whose field was bigger or smaller, “I better get back to my rocks. I only have until sunset to pick them all up.” Ricky skidded to a stop and made a sad face that melted into a smile as quick as it appeared.

“Okay Toby, it was nice to meetcha’! I better be gittin’ back to my dirt. It needs to be nice and soft and deep for when we plant dem’ corn seeds tomorrow. Hope to see you soon . . . and do take care buddy!” Ricky waved and sped off, digging and turning up the dirt as he sped off.

“By Ricky”, Toby quietly said, a smile spreading across his dirty blue face.

“See you soon, I hope.” Toby turned and began searching for more rocks all over the field. He was going to be tilling and softening the dirt tomorrow, just like Ricky was doing now in his field. Toby stopped for just a second to think, “What fun!”, and then it was back to work.

As the day ended, Toby’s trailer was filled with many rocks, both large and small. he piled them up by the house as he was told to do and then drove over to his little sleeping spot by the back porch of the house. He turned his engine off. As

he settled into sleep his last thought was a happy one. He had a friend now; The Little Red Tractor named Ricky.

THE END