

Oscar *The Dumper Truck* Saves Mandy Dog

by
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One fine Saturday morning, Oscar *The Dumper Truck* woke up, blinked his headlamps sleepily, and pressed the button to open the garage door. **Whaaaa Whaaaa Whaaaa Kerchunk!** went the garage door. Oscar *The Dumper Truck* rolled slowly down the driveway, stopped, and settled down in the spring sunshine to watch the world go by.

After a little while Mandy Dog came out of the garage and sat down on the grass next to Oscar

The Dumper Truck.

“Hallo, Oscar” said Mandy. “Hallo, Mandy” said Oscar. And the two friends settled down in the warm sunshine to watch the world go by.

Soon a little red pick-up truck drove along the road and stopped opposite the end of Oscar and Mandy’s driveway. The driver climbed out of the cab, shut the door, and walked down the street to ring the doorbell of Oscar ***The Dumper Truck’s*** and Mandy’s neighbour, Sam. In the back of the little red pick-up truck was an old armchair, and Oscar and Mandy watched the armchair for a while, as if they expected it to wink or smile at them. But the old armchair didn’t move, so Mandy Dog slowly stood up, walked across the road, and sniffed her long black nose up at the old armchair. Next thing she stood up on her back legs, jumped into the back of the little red pick-up truck, and curled up in the armchair, which was a much more



comfy place to sit while watching the world go by. So comfy, in fact, that Mandy Dog fell asleep.

Next thing you knew, the man came out of Sam’s house, waved goodbye to Sam, climbed back into the little red pick-up truck, started the engine, and drove away down the street.

“Mandy Dog! Wake Up!” cried Oscar ***The Dumper Truck***, but Mandy Dog was fast asleep, not realising that the little red pick-up truck was moving away. Quickly, Oscar ***The Dumper Truck*** started his engine, looked for cars, and drove carefully down the street,

following the little red-pick-up truck carrying the old armchair and his friend Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

The little red pick-up truck drove round a bend, stopped at the Stop sign, turned left, then right, then right again onto Main Street, carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog still curled up asleep.

Oscar ***The Dumper Truck*** drove round a bend, stopped at the Stop sign, turned left, then right, then right again onto Main Street, following the little red pick-up truck carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

The little red pick-up truck drove down Main Street, past a green light, and another green light, turned left and headed off towards the Big Highway, carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

Oscar ***The Dumper Truck*** drove down Main Street, past a green light, and another green light, turned left and headed off towards the Big Highway, following the little red-pick-up truck carrying the old

armchair, and his friend Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

The little red pick-up truck reached the Big Highway, drove down the ramp and on to the Big Highway, going faster and faster, carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

Oscar ***The Dumper Truck*** reached the Big Highway, drove down the ramp and on to the Big Highway, going faster and faster, following the little red-pick-up truck carrying the old armchair and his friend Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

The little red pick-up truck drove down the Big Highway, past trees and houses, intersections and road signs, under bridges, past cars and buses and trucks, all the while carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

Oscar ***The Dumper Truck*** drove down the Big Highway, past trees and houses, intersections and road signs, under bridges, past cars and buses and trucks, following the little red-pick-up truck carrying the old armchair and his friend Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

Soon the little red pick-up truck slowed down, signalled to turn off the Big Highway, and drove up the next exit ramp to the red traffic light at the top, where it stopped, carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.



Oscar *The Dumper Truck* slowed down, signalled to turn off the Big Highway, and drove up the next exit ramp to the red traffic light at the top, where he stopped behind two cars, one truck and a bus, following the little red-pick-up truck carrying the old armchair and his friend Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

The lights changed and the little red pick-up truck turned right, drove up the road past one turning, then another, past a house with a bright yellow door, then turned left into a road lined with trees and houses, carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

When the two cars, one truck and a bus had moved away, Oscar *The Dumper Truck* turned right, drove up the road past one turning, then another, past a house with a bright yellow door, then turned left into a road lined with trees and houses, following the little red-pick-up truck carrying the old armchair and his friend Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep. Just as he turned into the road he saw the little red pick-up truck drive around another corner and disappear, carrying the old armchair and his friend Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

Oscar *The Dumper Truck* drove round another corner and saw the



back of the little red pick-up truck, carrying the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep, inside a garage just along the street. The driver got out of the little red pick-up truck pressed the button to close the garage door **Whaaaa Whaaaa Whaaaa Kerchunk!** and went into his house.

The little red-pick-up truck sat alone in the darkness, except for the old armchair and Mandy Dog, still curled up asleep.

“Uh oh” thought Oscar **The Dumper Truck**, what am I going to do now?

Then he had an idea.

Oscar **The Dumper Truck** drove onto the man’s driveway and stopped in front of the garage door. He let out a great **whooshing** noise, then began to sound his horn.

Now Oscar **The Dumper Truck** is a pretty big dumper truck, and pretty big dumper trucks have pretty big, dumper truck-sized, horns, not the sort of thing you expect to

hear in a quiet street on a quiet Saturday morning. Not the sort of thing you expect to hear any time, come to think of it.

BAAAAARP BAAAAARP went Oscar **The Dumper Truck**, sending cats scurrying under bushes, birds flapping into the air, and all the

local dogs barking, except for Mandy Dog, who woke up in the old armchair and looked around, wondering why it had got dark so early.

The little red pick-up truck's driver came out of his house, wondering why there was a herd of mad elephants on his driveway. He pressed the button to open the garage door **Whaaaa Whaaaa Whaaaa Kerchunk!** And looked in amazement at the large yellow dumper truck on his driveway,

making a noise like two railway trains arguing over who's turn it was to go over a narrow bridge. Mandy Dog, recognised her friend Oscar **The Dumper Truck**, quickly jumped out of the little red pick-up truck and climbed through Oscar **The Dumper Truck's** cab window, where she sat down to watch the world go by, peering over the steering wheel.

Oscar **The Dumper Truck** stopped behaving like an ocean liner coming into port, looked for cars,



and backed carefully down the driveway and into the road **Beep Beep Beep Beep**. He drove down the road, round a corner, and another corner, turned right onto a road with a house on the corner with a bright yellow door, past another turning, past a green traffic light, down the ramp onto the Big Highway, and went faster and faster in the direction of home, still carrying his friend Mandy Dog, peering over the steering wheel, watching the world go by.

Oscar **The Dumper Truck** drove past trucks and buses and cars, under bridges, past road signs and intersections, houses and trees until he came to the turning for his home town, still carrying his friend Mandy Dog, peering over the steering wheel at the world going by. Oscar **The Dumper Truck** slowed down, signalled to leave the Big Highway, and drove up the exit ramp to the junction at the top, still carrying his friend Mandy Dog, peering over the steering wheel, watching the world go by.

At the top of the ramp Oscar The Dumper Truck signalled to turn

left, looked for cars, then drove off down the road towards home, still carrying his friend Mandy Dog, peering over the steering wheel at the world go by.

A boy, sitting on his bicycle waiting for the red light to change, watched as a large yellow dumper truck turned at the light. He thought "that's what I want to do when I get bigger, drive a big dumper truck, just like that black and white dog".

Oscar **The Dumper Truck** drove down the road, turned right onto Main Street, drove past a green traffic light then another green traffic light, still carrying his friend Mandy Dog, peering over the steering wheel, watching the world go by.

Oscar **The Dumper Truck** turned left off Main Street, drove round a corner, then another corner, then drove onto his driveway, still carrying his friend Mandy Dog, peering over the steering wheel, watching the world going by.

When he had stopped his engine, Mandy Dog jumped out of the cab,

sat down at Oscar *The Dumper Truck's* side, and once more settled down to watch the world go by.

After a while Oscar *The Dumper Truck's* driver came out of the house. "Now then, you two, having a nice quiet day are we? Hope the excitement's not too much for you", he said, and went off to the store to buy a newspaper. Mandy Dog winked at Oscar *the Dumper Truck*, and Oscar *The Dumper Truck* winked at Mandy Dog.

Then they both settled down to watch the world go by.

And they stayed there all day.

Night night Oscar *The Dumper Truck*

Night night everybody

Night night, sleep tight, mind the bugs don't bite

Happy dumping everybody.

