



## Dugs and Dee



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.

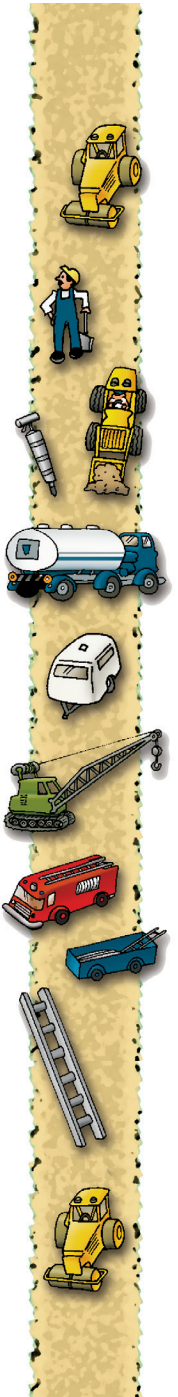
*Oh dear, he thought. That sounds like Tristan. I'd better find out what's happening.*

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. The two boys were so busy arguing they didn't hear Grandpa and kept on with their disagreement.

"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 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 to cry 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 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 dirt and leaving a trail of dirt piles along the way.

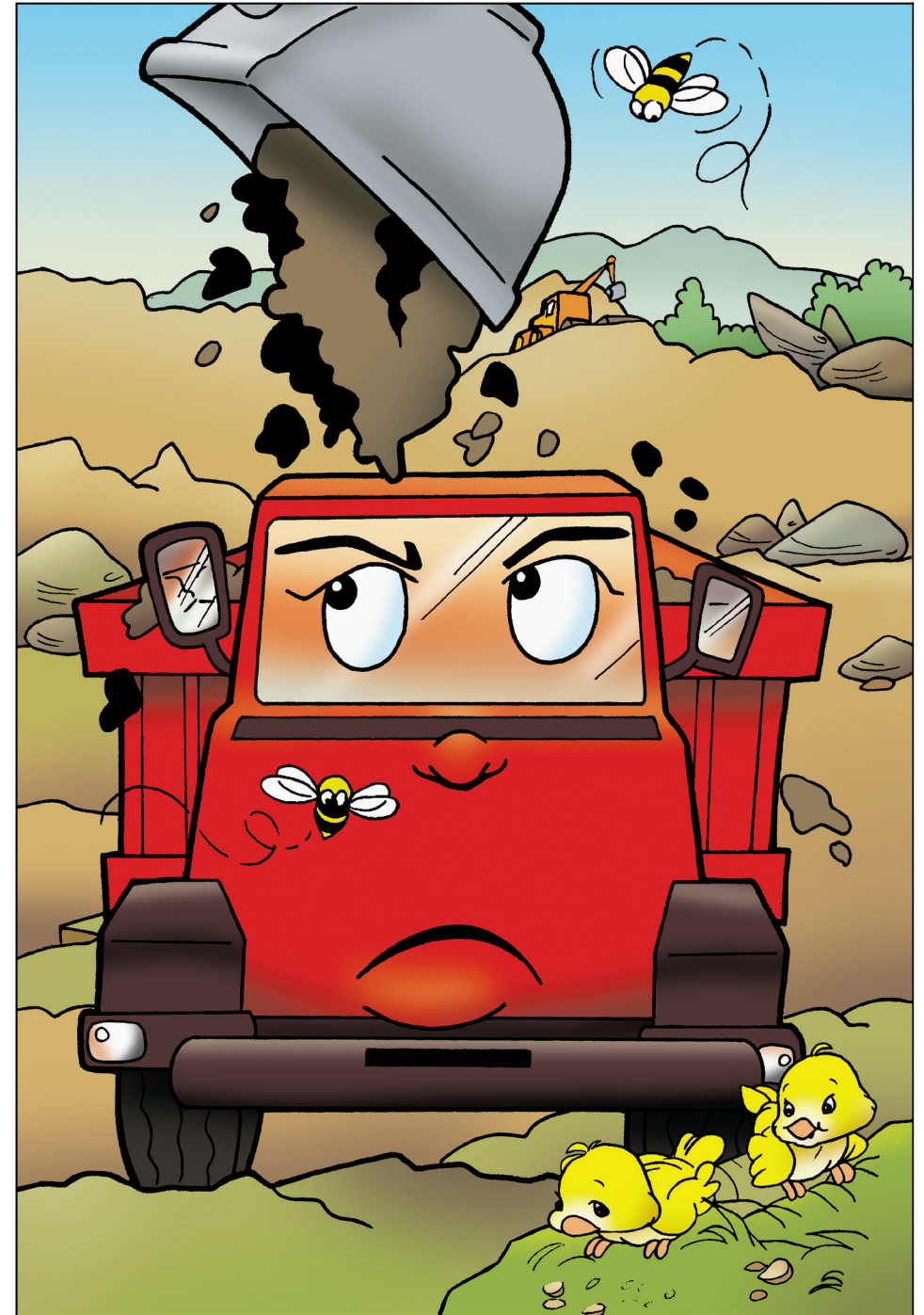
When Dee made his way back, Dugs wasn't happy. "You're going to make me work twice as hard, Dee," Dugs said. "Now I'm going to have to go back and pick up all the dirt ... again!"

"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, I’m the one who’s worked on playgrounds before, so I do 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.

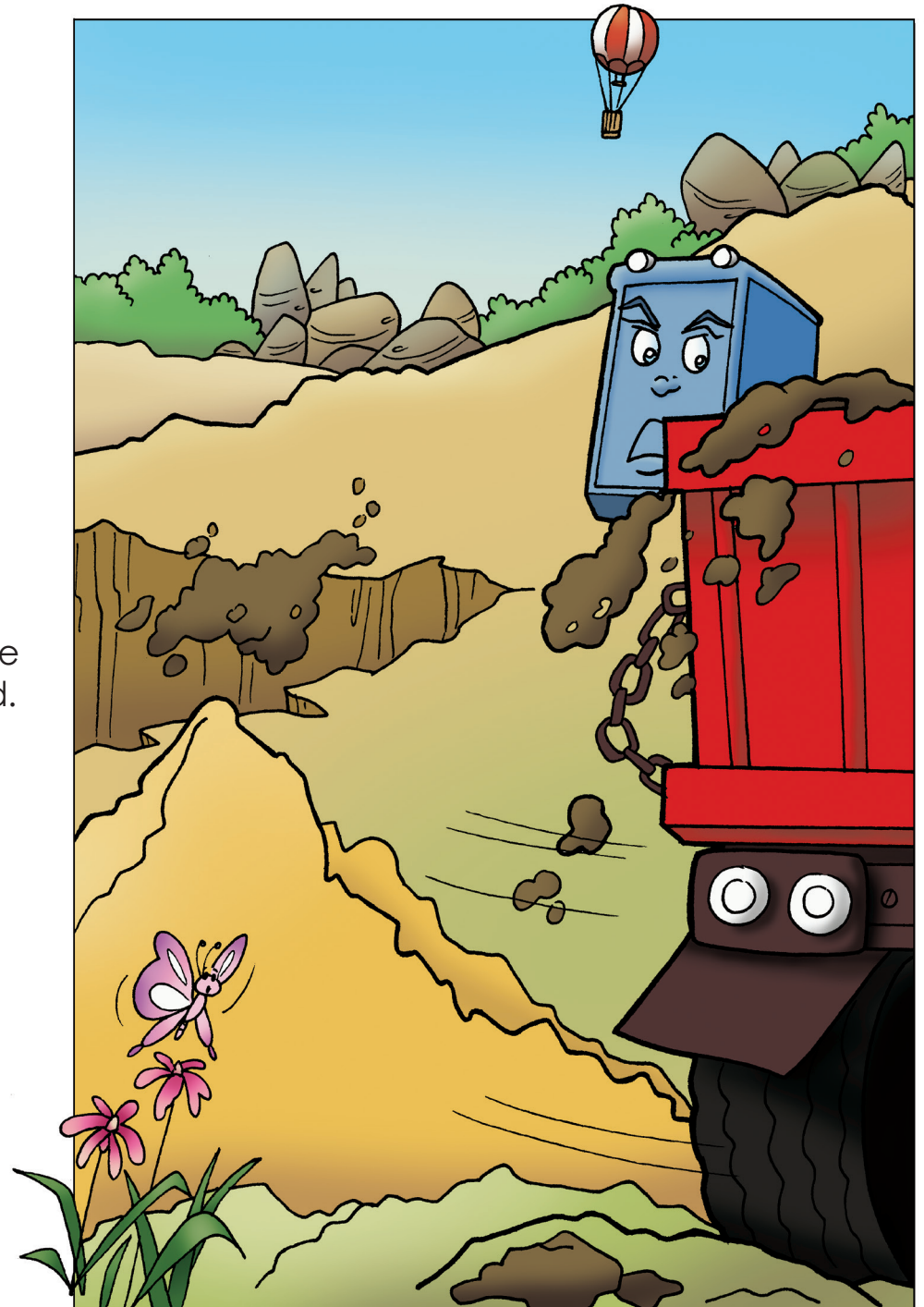
While they’d been arguing, Dugs had still been loading Dee’s truck bed with dirt. Dugs lifted his backhoe full of dirt to load on Dee, but Dee, being upset, roared away just as Dugs let go of the dirt. The large scoop of dirt landed on the ground.

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 to 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. 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."

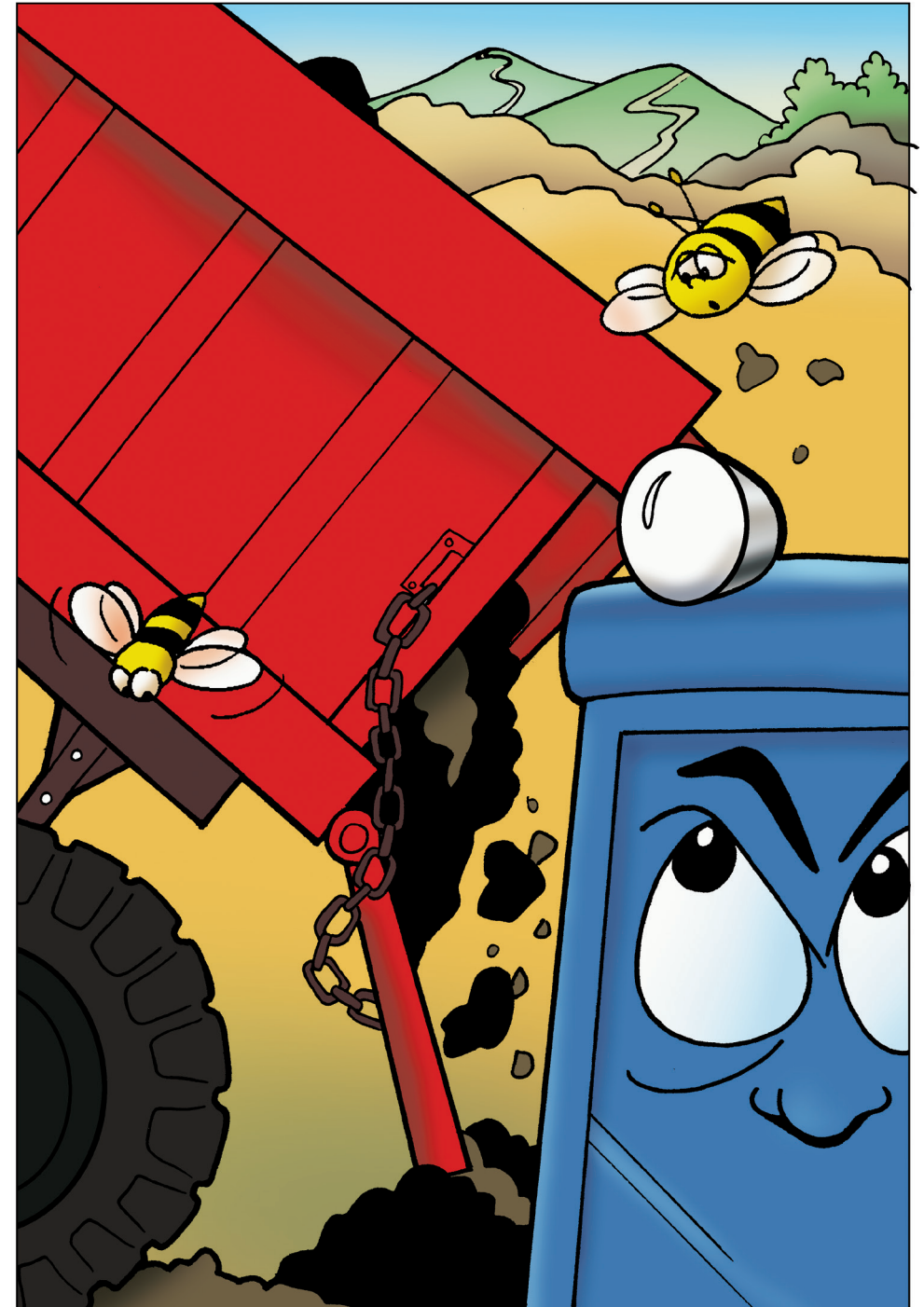
"That's enough, you two," called Mr. Oversight. "Dugs, put Dee down!"

"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, 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.”

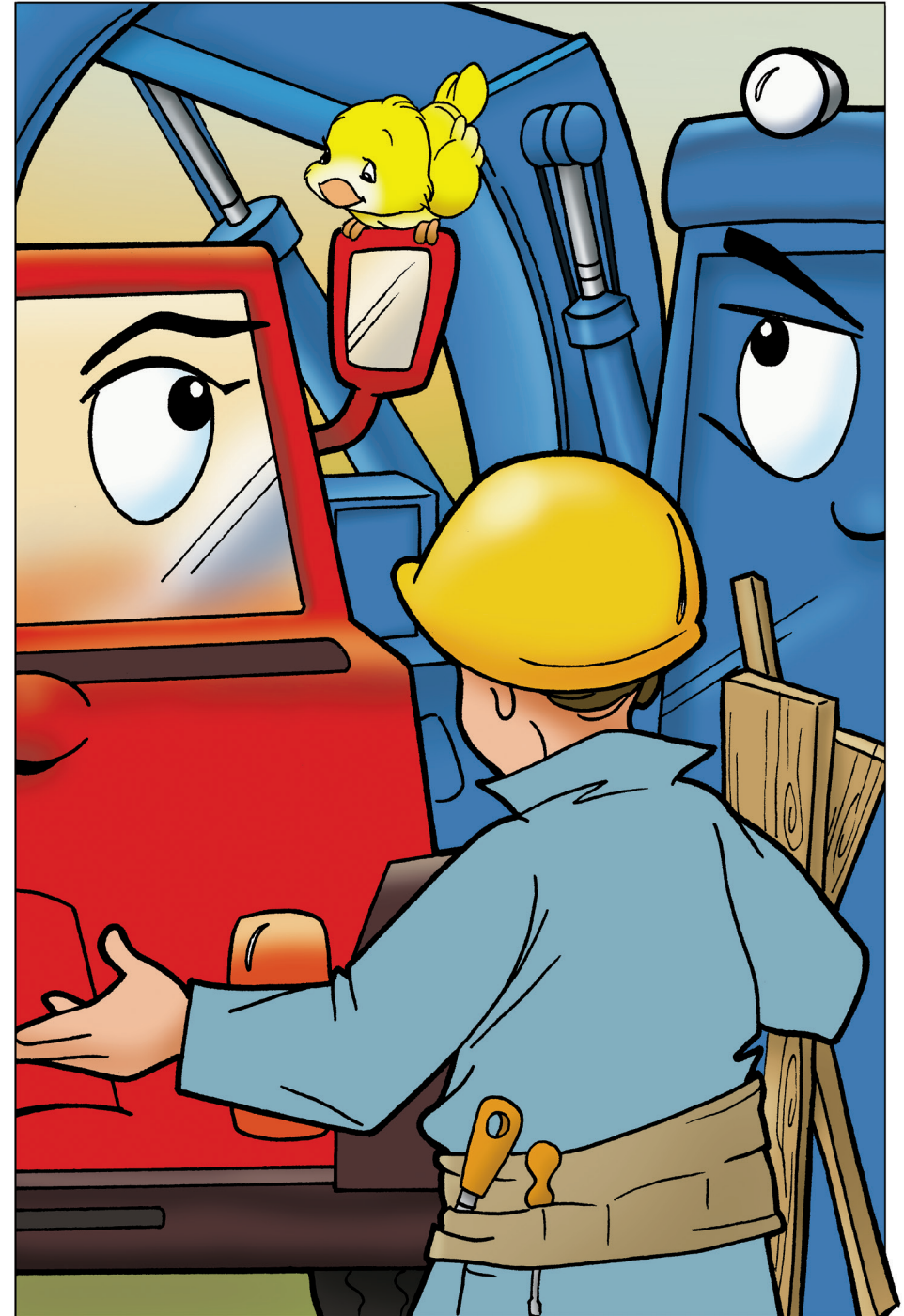
Dugs and Dee spent a few minutes talking. Once they’d decided on a plan, they got to work and happily worked together until the job was done.

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 don'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?"

"Yes."

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

