



## **The New Kid**

By David Morrison

There is a yard in Ladysmith  
Where trucks work all day long  
A bunch of very different guys  
But all of them are strong

They have their drivers in the cabs  
Until the hooter goes  
The men go home and leave the trucks  
To play... but no-one knows!

They get themselves into scrapes  
When the sun sinks low  
You never know what they might do  
They're naughty, don't you know!

So shall we now meet the four main trucks?  
And find out all their names?  
And see what they do in the night  
With their secret little games?

There's Tractor Trev, the grumpy one  
He's worked there many years  
A green John Deere, all rusty now  
He struggles with his gears

Bulldozer Bill, he gets it done  
A powerful machine  
His moustache glistens in the sun  
But he's all gold, not green!

Chris the Crane, the nervy one  
He worries all the while  
Although he's awesome, tall and big

It's hard to make him smile

And new to here is young L'il Truck  
A cheeky, naughty fellow  
He thinks he is the big bees knees  
Just because he's shiny yellow!

One night as usual, the men have gone  
Back to their human place  
The trucks spark up and then decide  
That they will have a race!

This came about when L'il Truck  
Said he'd win any prize  
At any game the trucks could name...  
These older, wiser guys

"Oh no!" says Trev, "Don't count me in!  
I'm far too slow and failing  
I'll referee this if you like  
As you'd only leave me trailing."

Bulldozer Bill says: "It's not fair!  
I'm built for power, not speed!  
But just to shut that L'il Truck up  
I'll race him, yes indeed!"

Chris the Crane got pre-race nerves  
But that's no great surprise  
He always is the anxious one  
A fact he can't disguise

So they lined up at the starting flag  
An awesome show of strength!  
Who'd you think'll win the race?  
Maybe L'il Truck by a length?

Trev's flag came down and off they went!  
L'il Truck zoomed off ahead!  
With Chris the Crane in hot pursuit  
Like a mad Rhode Island Red!

Bulldozer Bill chugged along  
In obvious third place  
With all the weight he carries round  
He can't keep up the pace

“But I’ll do my best to keep on going  
Although those trucks are fast  
And even if I do come third  
It’s no disgrace to finish last.”

Way in the lead, young L’il Truck thinks:  
“This is such a breeze!  
I’ll win this race and prove my point  
And then do as I please!”

But in a flash, his dream went pop  
As he hit a rock real hard!  
Then flipped right out and overturned  
This young pretender of the yard!

“No! No! No!” he cried out loud  
As his engine coughed and died  
And then to make things even worse  
Chris crashed into his side!

Chris the Crane just couldn’t stop  
He was going so very fast!  
And now his race was over too  
He knew it wouldn’t last

As they lay there in a crumpled heap  
Unable to get up  
Bulldozer Bill puffed slowly past  
On his way to take the cup!

He crossed the line where Trevor’s flag  
Declared him as the winner  
“Not bad!” he thought, “I did OK  
Especially for a beginner!”

Chris the Crane did his best  
But he’d thought he couldn’t win  
Not the shape to challenge well  
He was far too tall and thin

Trevor Tractor loved to see  
His fellow trucks in action  
Yet knew if he had raced with them  
He’d have ended up in traction!

L'il Truck learned to be a better boy  
And the others made him swear  
To learn his lesson from this race  
Like the tortoise and the hare

Since that day he's been so good  
And worked so very hard  
Respecting Trev and Bill and Chris  
As the new kid in the yard