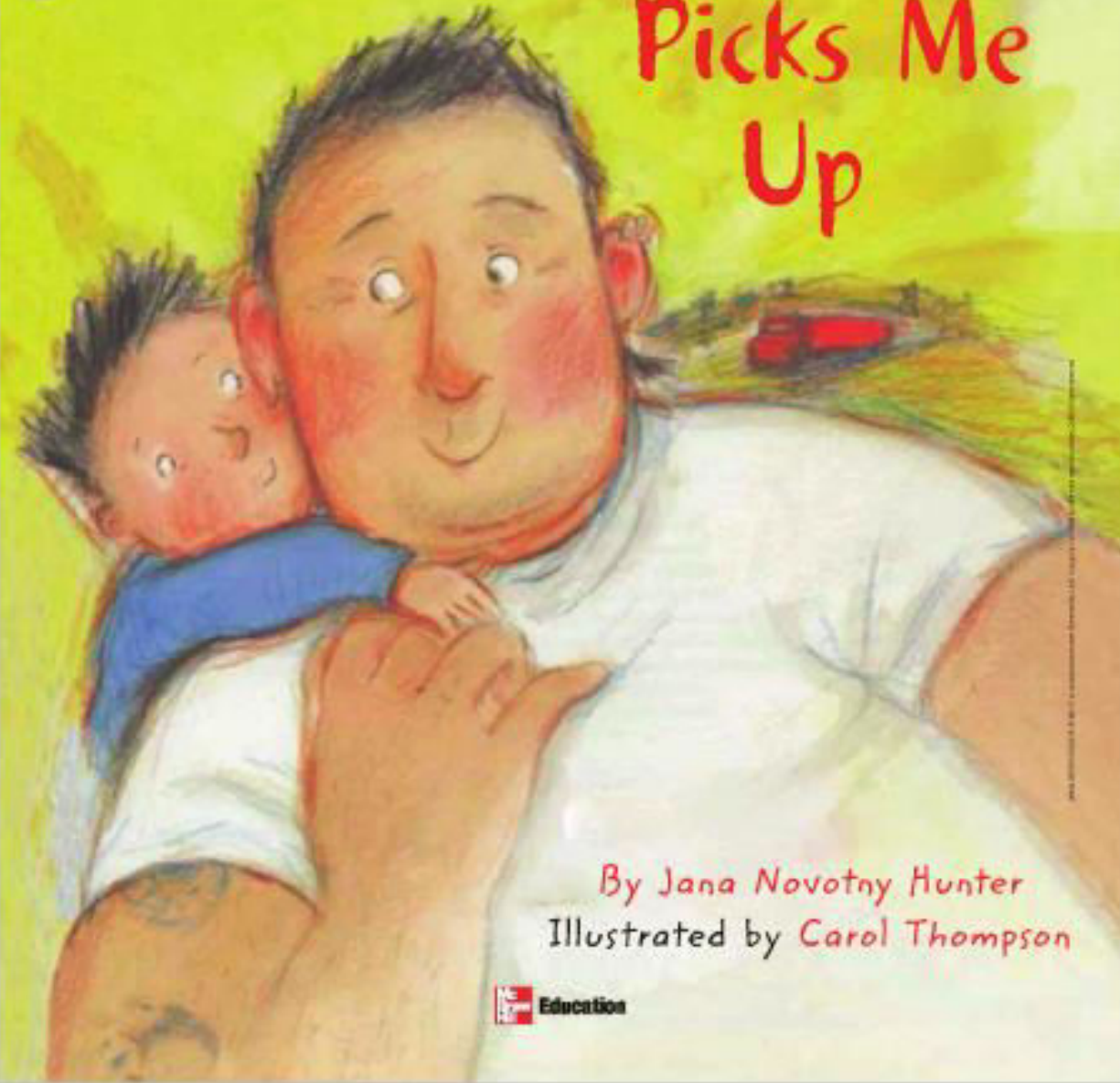
The illustration shows the front of a red truck. A smiling man with a red nose is visible through the windshield. A hand is shown reaching for the red door handle on the right side. The truck has yellow headlights and several small yellow lights on the roof. The title is written in white, bold, stylized letters on the red surface of the truck.

When
Daddy's
Truck
Picks me up

Jana Novotny Hunter Illustrated by Carol Thompson



When Daddy's Truck Picks Me Up



By Jana Novotny Hunter
Illustrated by Carol Thompson



Daddy and Me

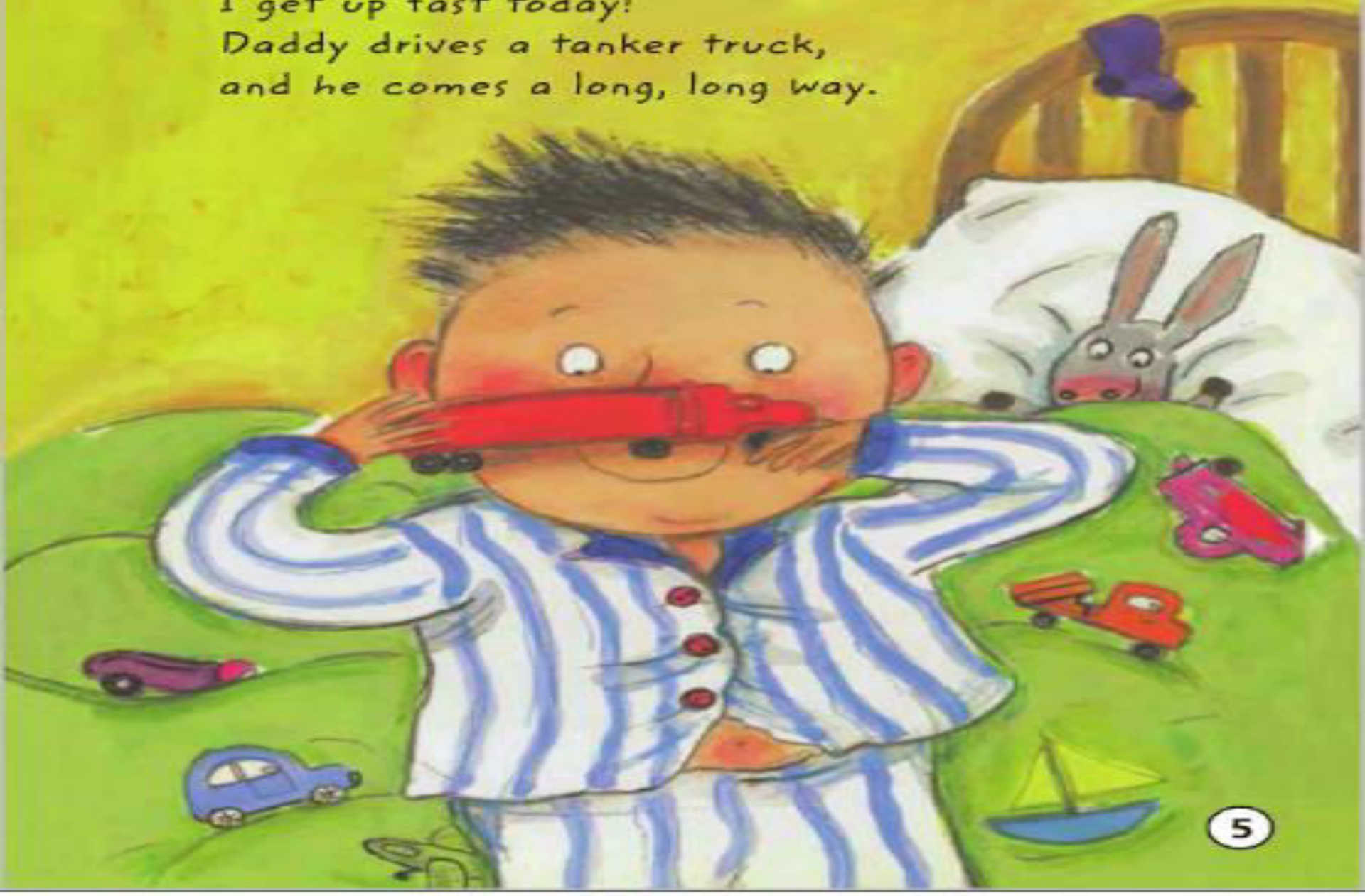


me in my daddy's truck





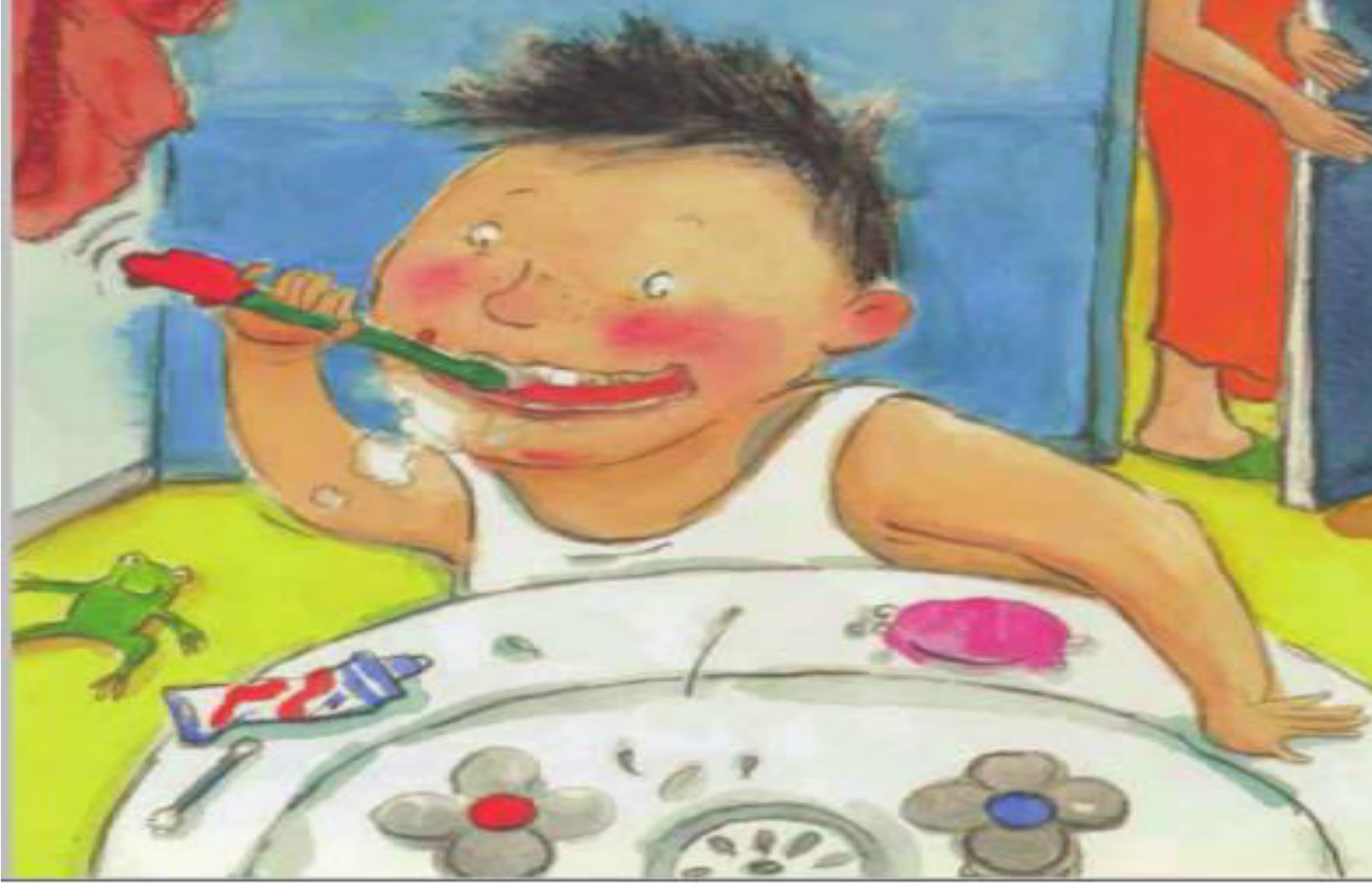
It's Daddy's turn to pick me up.
I get up fast today!
Daddy drives a tanker truck,
and he comes a long, long way.








I love to ride in Daddy's truck.
He picks me up from school.
Then I have Dad to myself.
We think that's sooo cool!





My daddy's picking me up today.
I'll wave Mom a big goodbye.
I just can't wait. Just can't wait!
Daddy's coming, that's why!

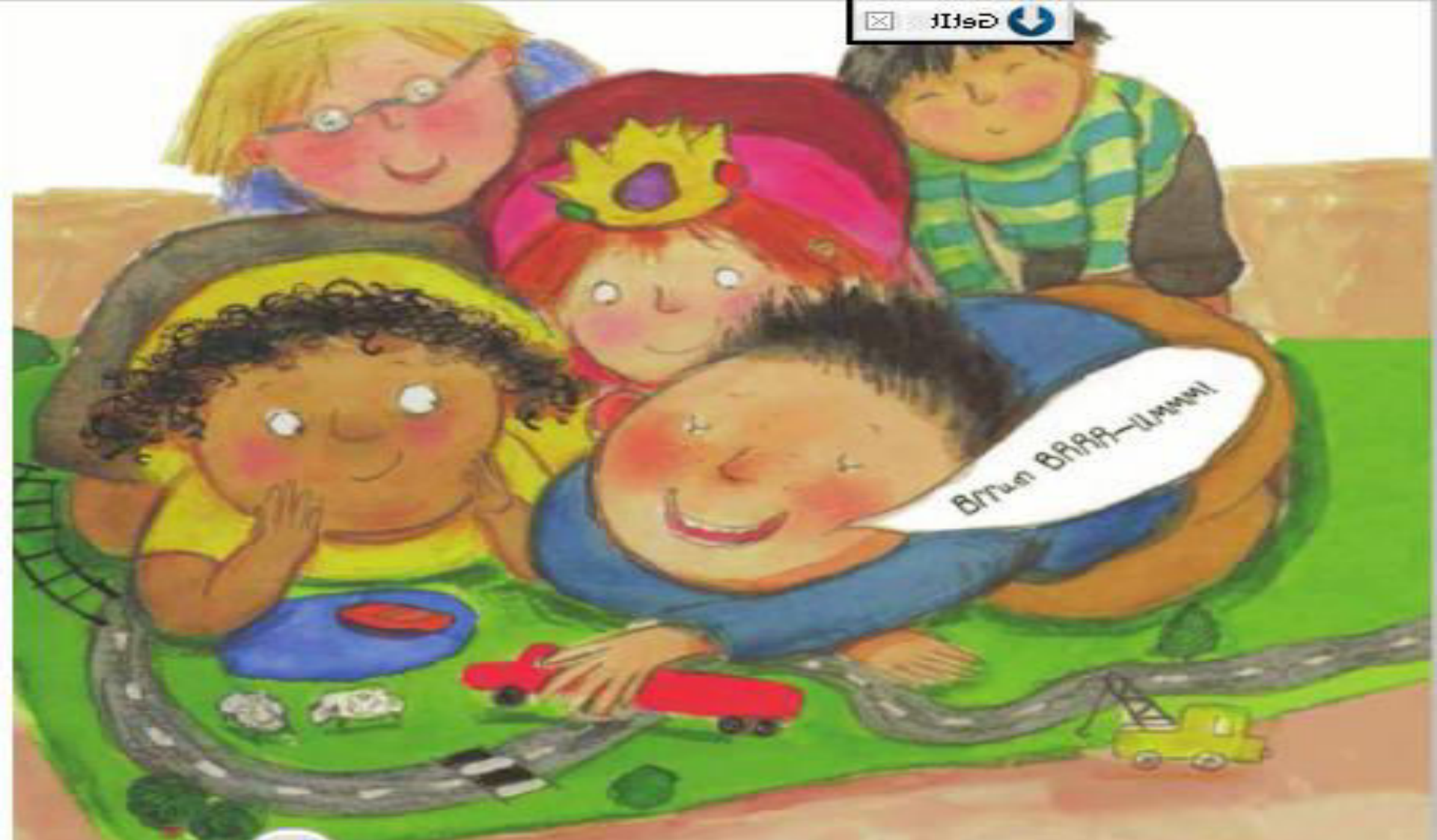


An illustration of a man and a woman kissing. The woman has long, curly, reddish-brown hair and is wearing a purple top. The man has short, dark hair and is wearing a blue shirt. They are both smiling and have rosy cheeks. A speech bubble above them contains the text "Love you!" and a small blue speaker icon. The background is a soft, light green color.

Love you!




Heading down the highway,
with his engine thumping—
RRRoar rrrumble RRROAR!
My daddy's coming!



BRRR BRRR—UWW!



When it's Daddy's turn to pick me up,
I make the day go zoom!
I drive my big red tanker truck—
it's my time with Daddy soon.



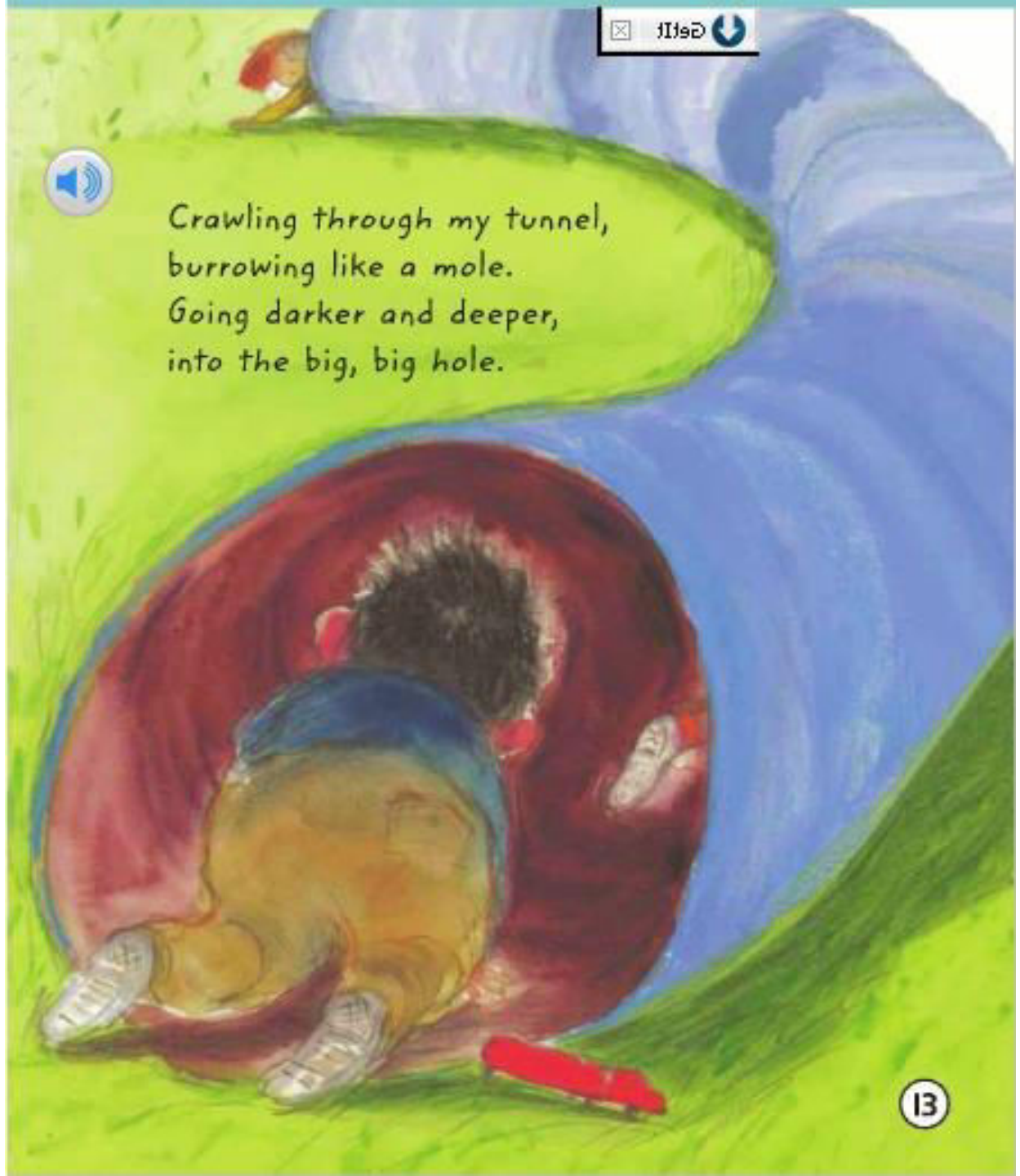
Thundering through the tunnel, headlights help to see.

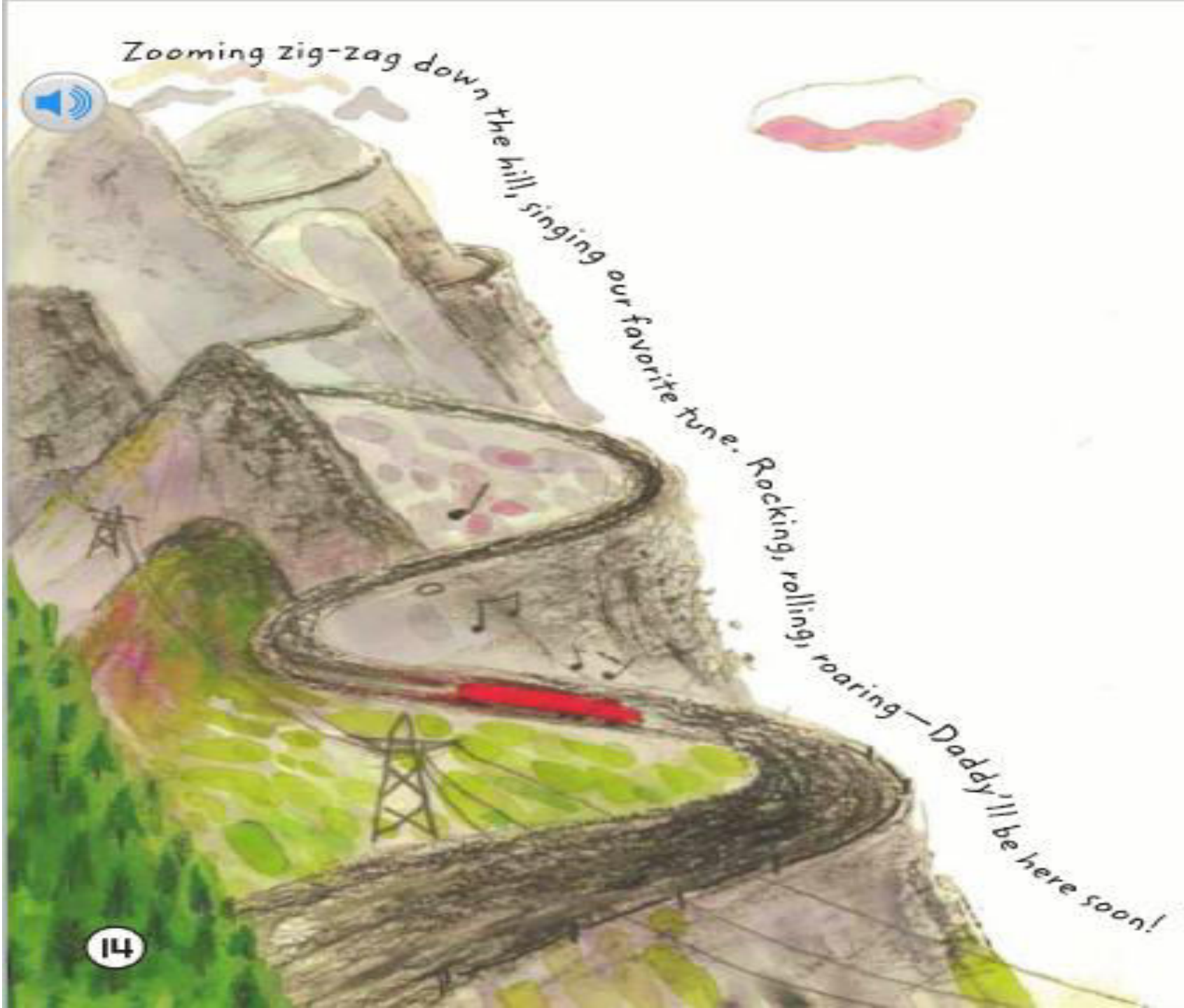


Bursting out the other end—Daddy's coming for me!



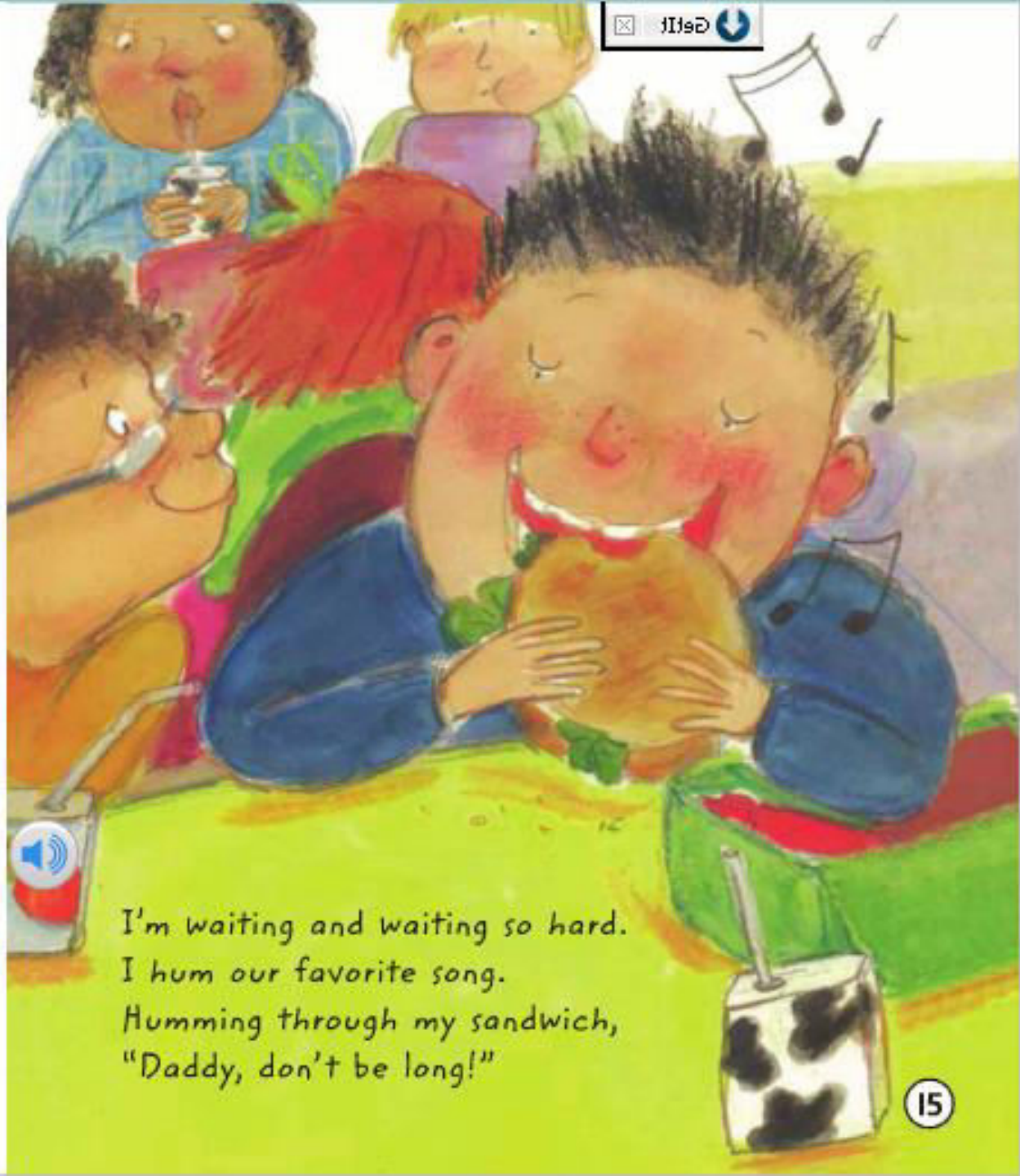
Crawling through my tunnel,
burrowing like a mole.
Going darker and deeper,
into the big, big hole.





Zooming zig-zag down the hill, singing our favorite tune. Rocking, rolling, roaring—Daddy'll be here soon!



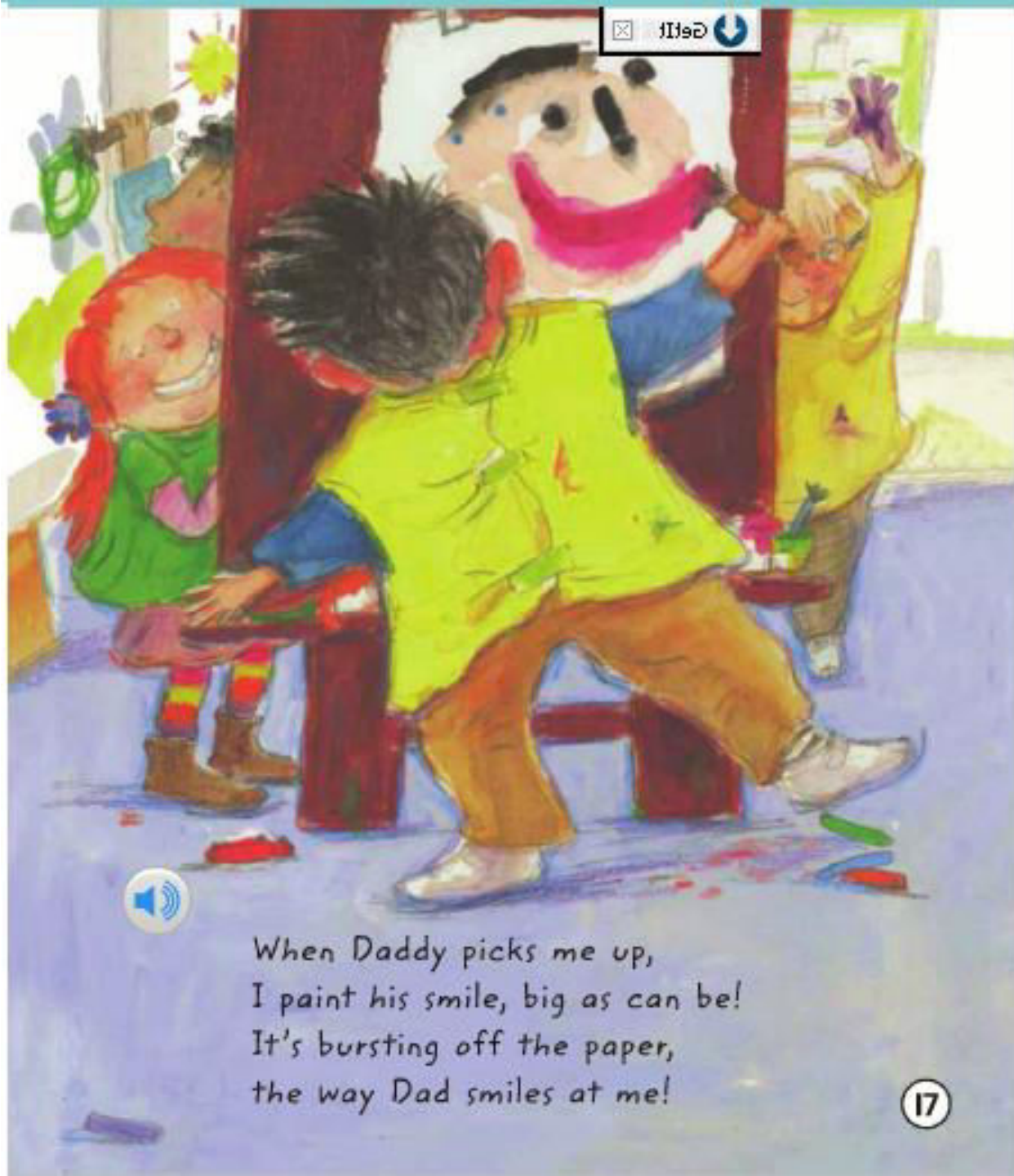


I'm waiting and waiting so hard.
I hum our favorite song.
Humming through my sandwich,
"Daddy, don't be long!"



Filling up his fuel tank,
checking the tanker's load,
getting something just for me—
then Daddy's back on the road.

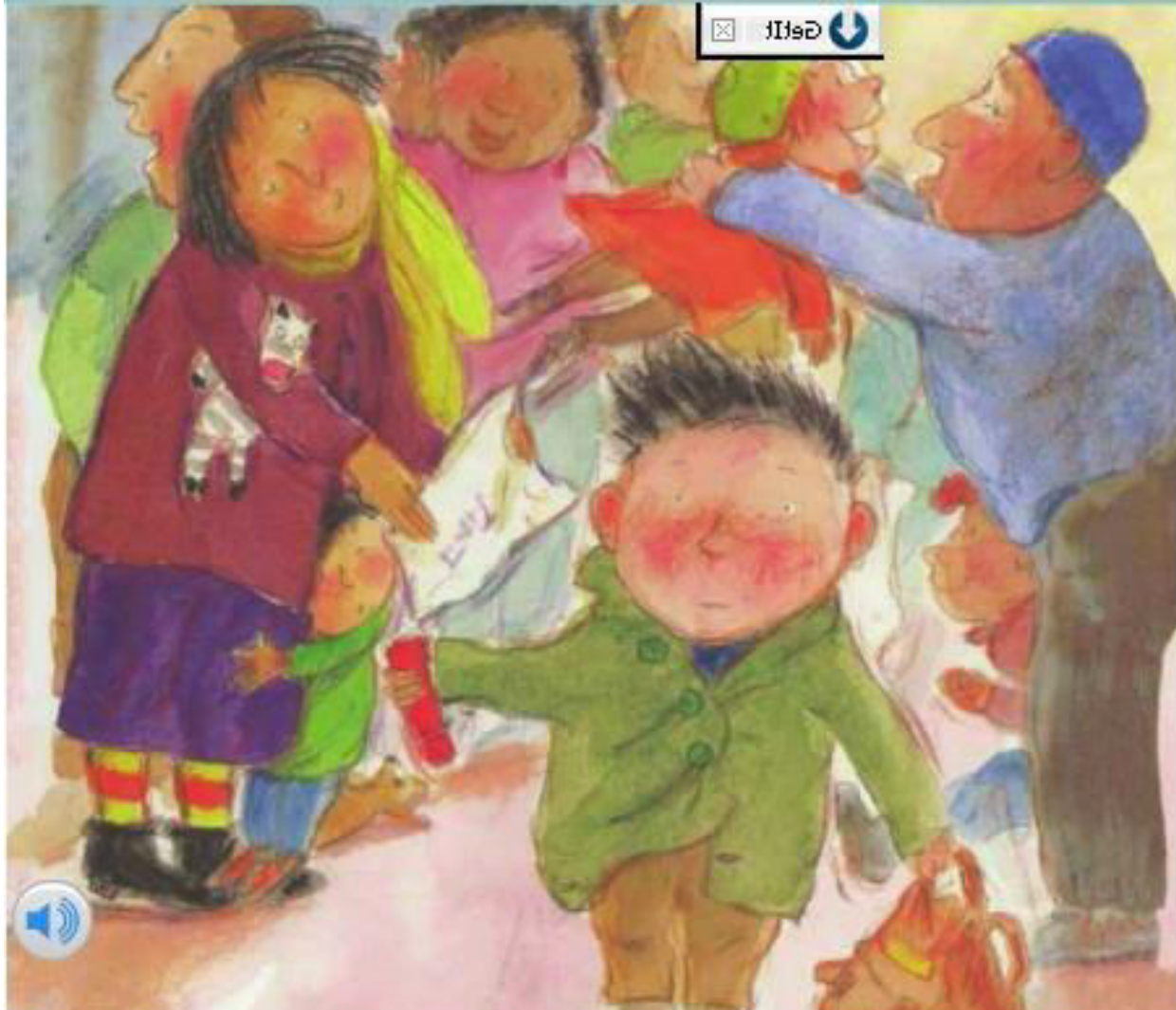




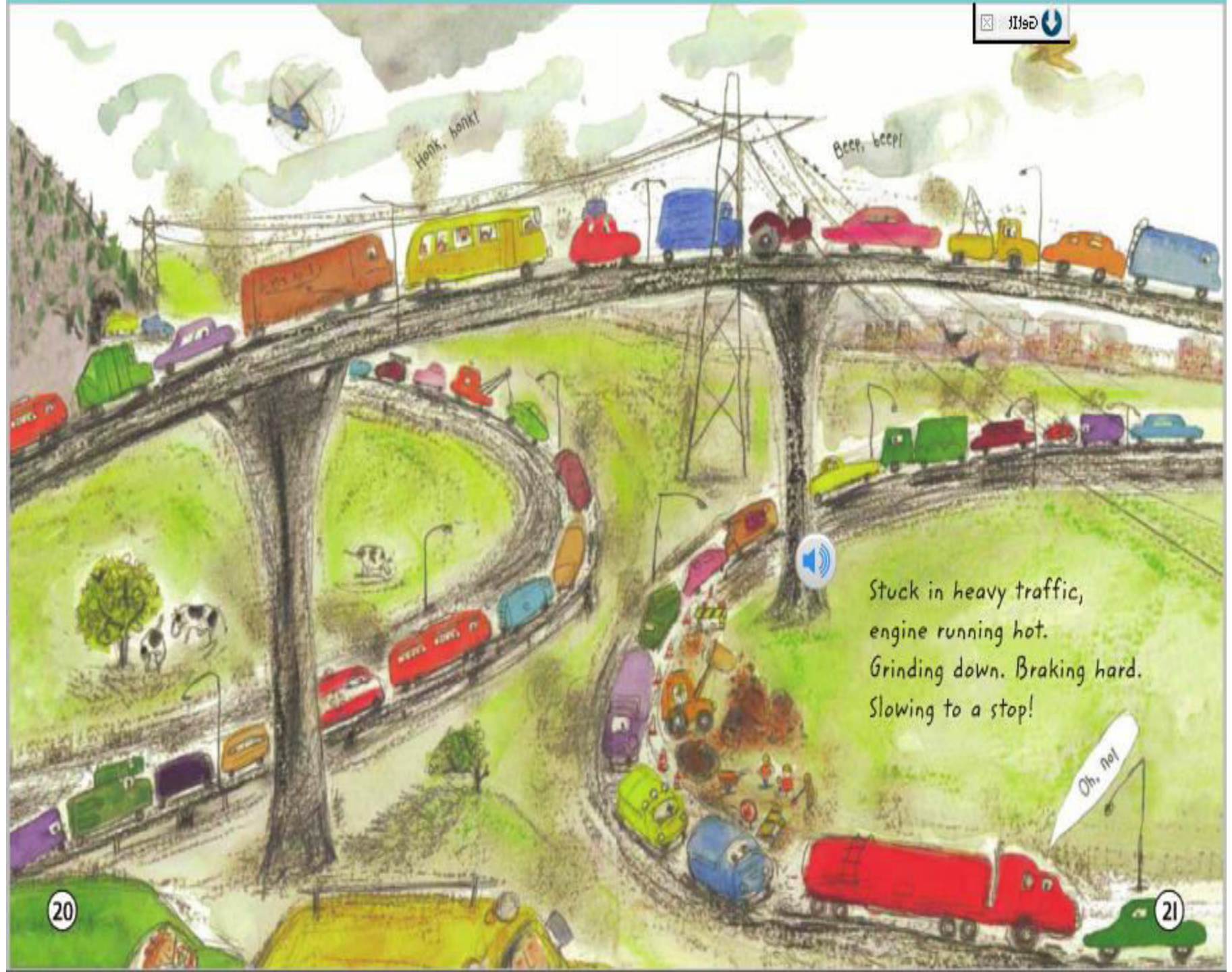
When Daddy picks me up,
I paint his smile, big as can be!
It's bursting off the paper,
the way Dad smiles at me!



Shifting down to first gear,
taking that bridge real s-l-o-w...
crawling like a giant snail,
still a way to go.



School's getting out now.
The grownups are on time.
They wave and kiss and pick up their kids.
All the daddies—where's mine?



Honk, honk!

Beep, beep!



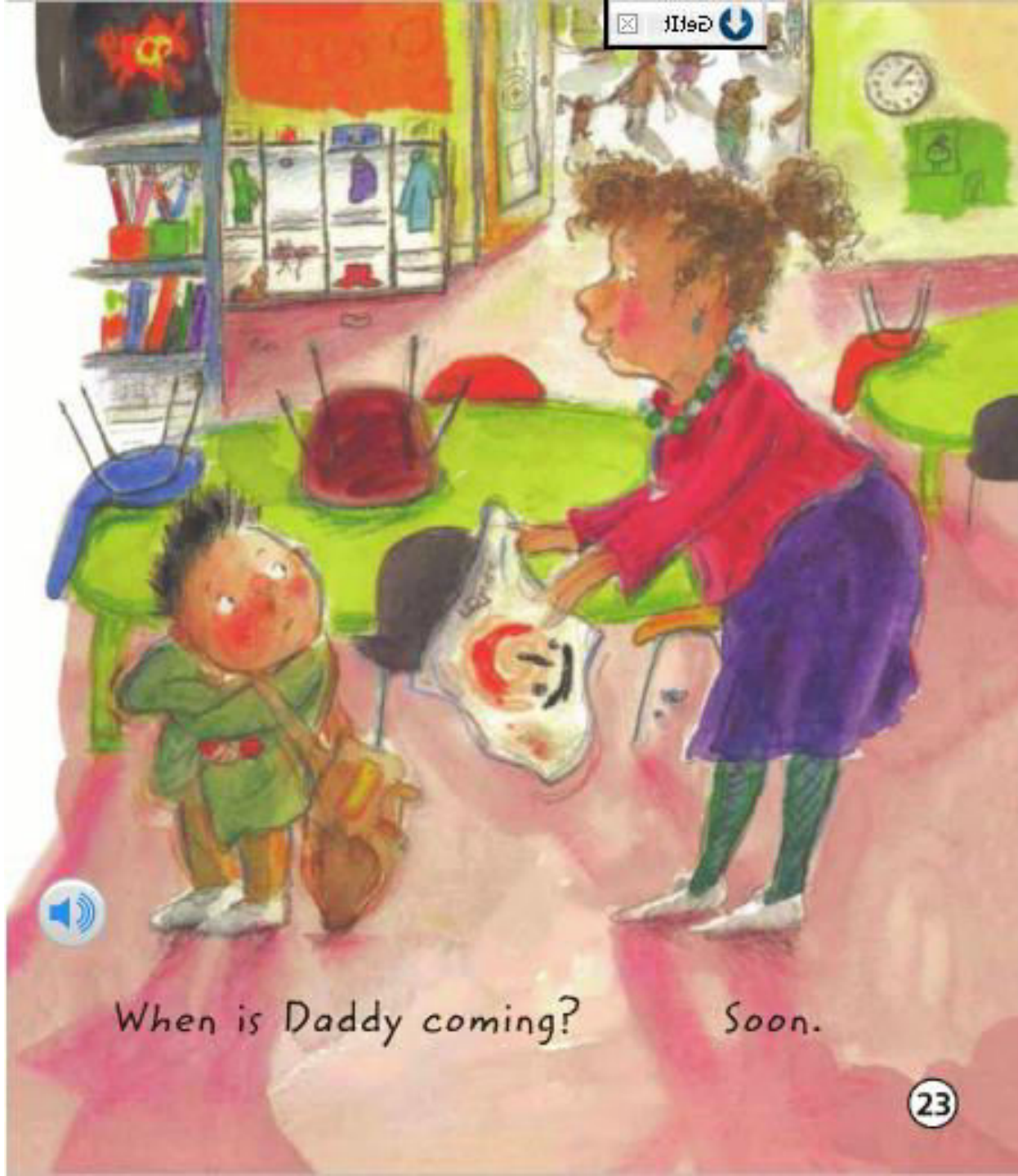
Stuck in heavy traffic,
engine running hot.
Grinding down. Braking hard.
Slowing to a stop!

Oh, no!



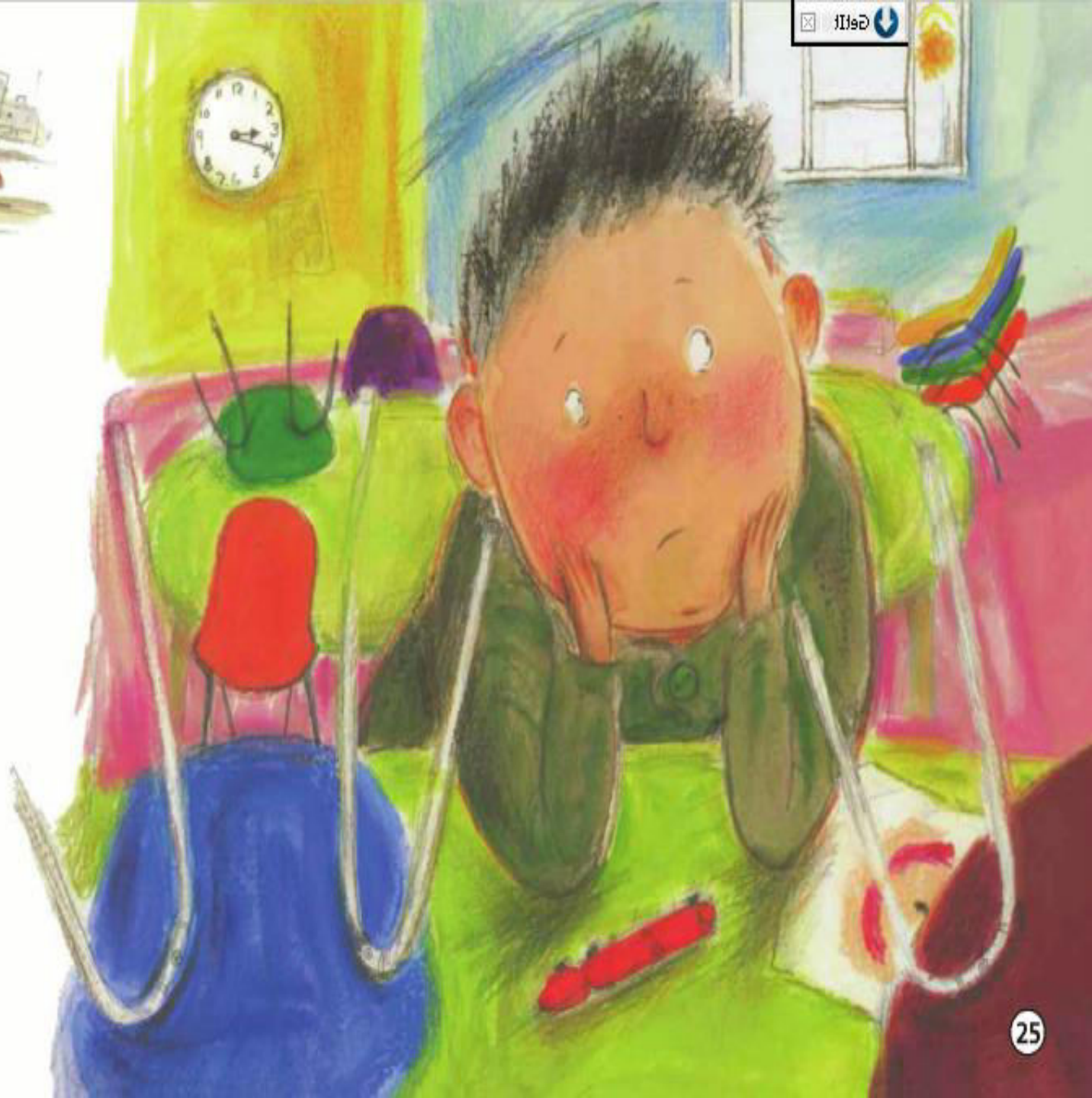
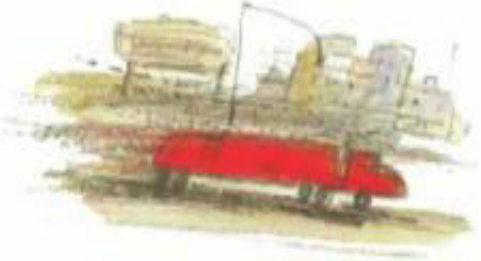
I'm making Daddy hurry up.
C'mon Dad, don't be slow.
I'm waiting hard. I want you now.
I really need us to go!





When is Daddy coming?

Soon.



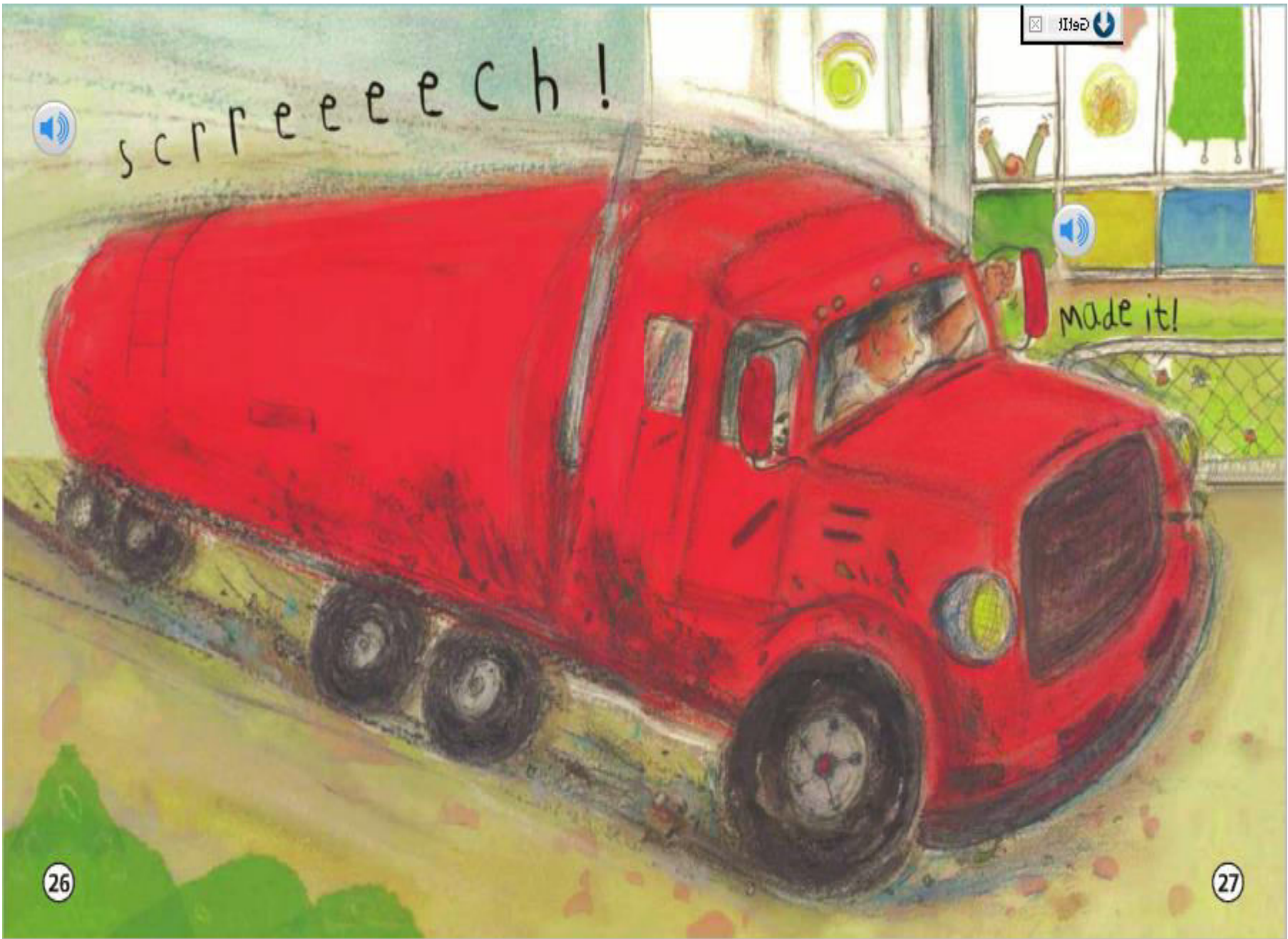
When??

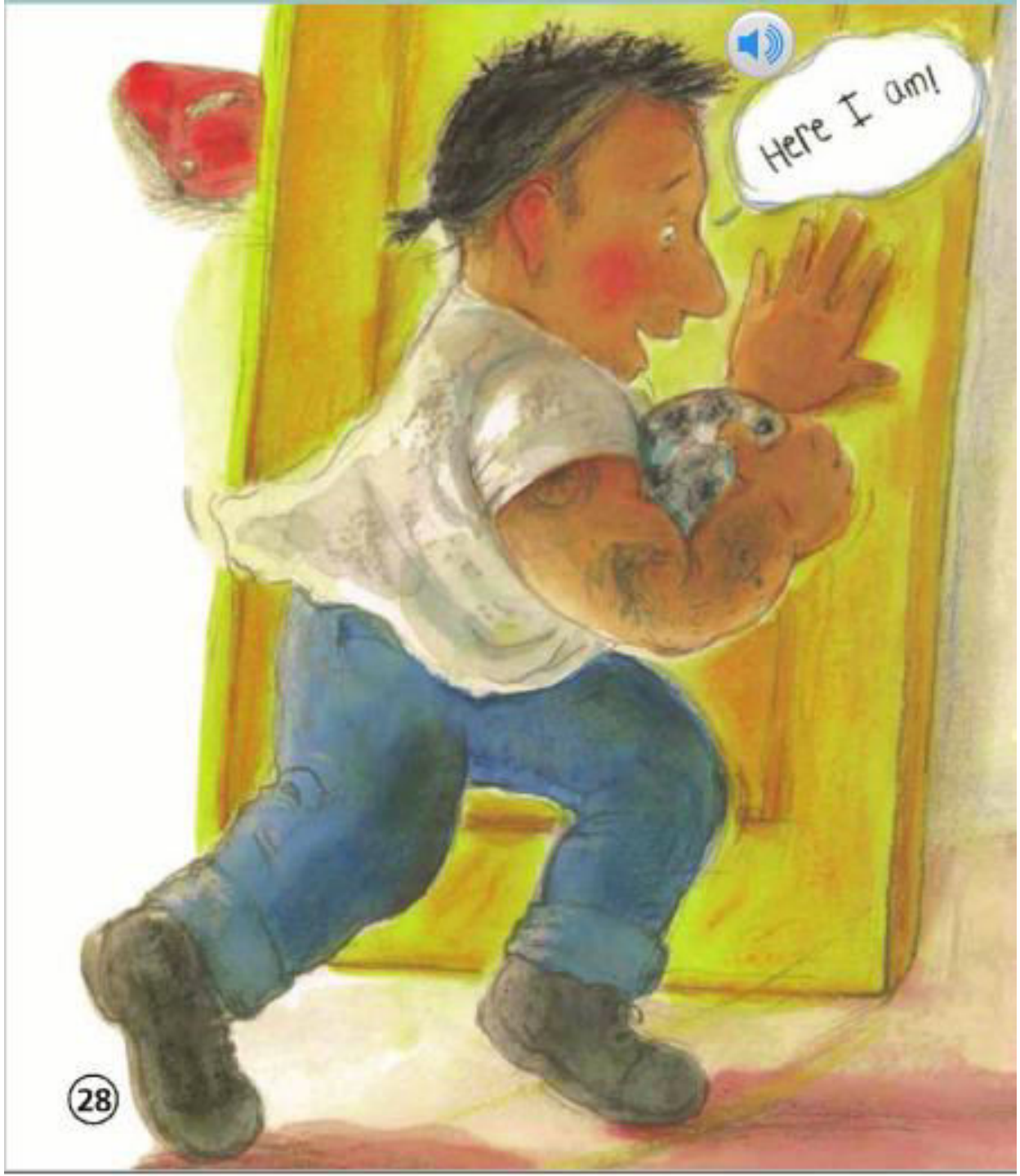


screeeeech!



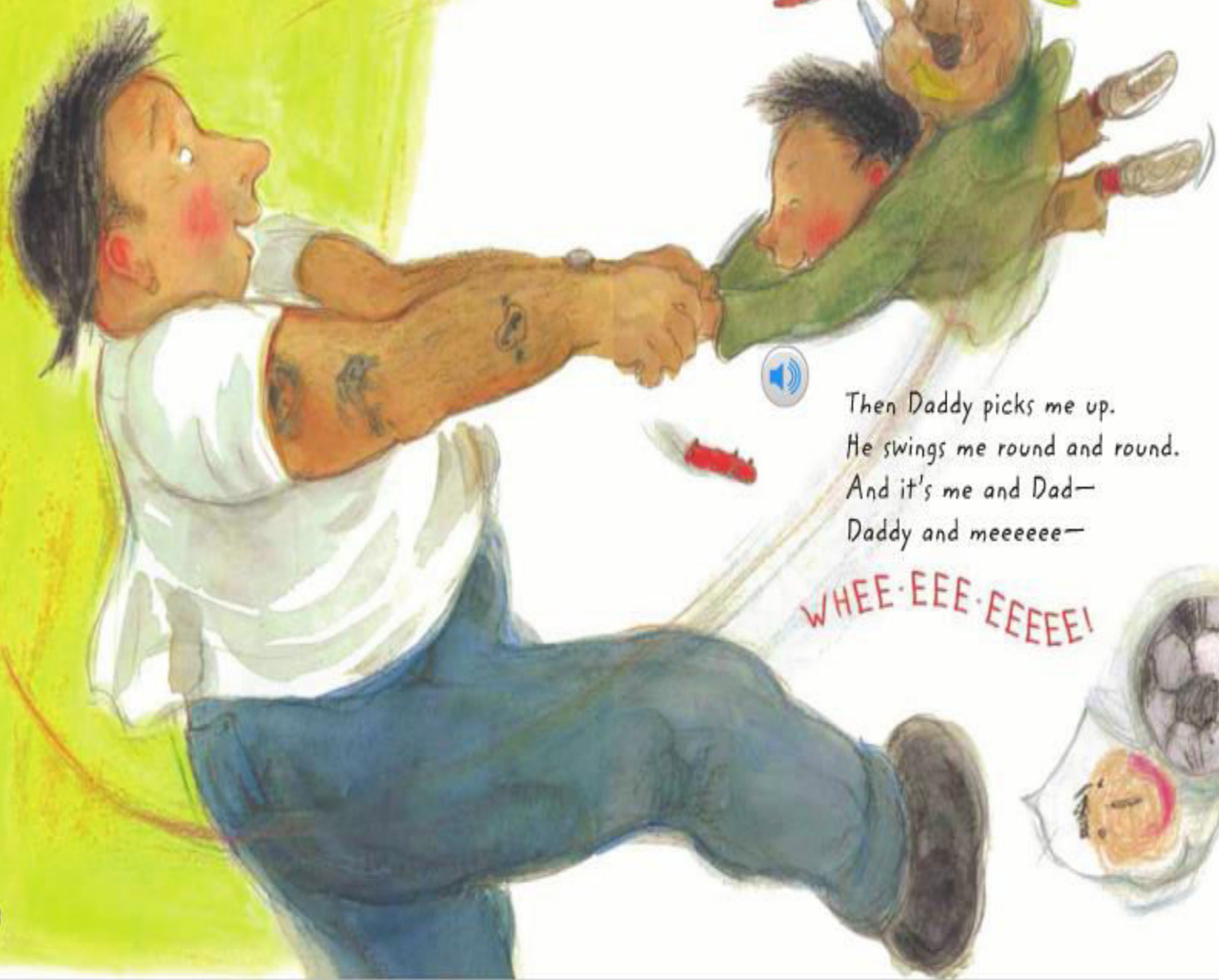
made it!





Daddeeeeeeee!





Then Daddy picks me up.
He swings me round and round.
And it's me and Dad—
Daddy and meeeee—

WHEE·EEE·EEEE!





Now we are together—
we won't wait one more minute.
Daddy's truck takes off so fast,
with me and Daddy in it!

