



Leo and the Roaring Trucks

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The morning sun peeked through Leo's window, waking him with a soft glow. Today was a special day, he knew it! He bounced out of bed, a big smile already on his face.



Leo ran to the kitchen where Grandpa Nono was making breakfast. "Is it today, Nono?" he asked, his eyes wide with excitement. Grandpa Nono chuckled, stirring his tea.



After a quick breakfast, Grandpa Nono helped Leo put on his bright yellow wellington boots. They were ready for their important morning mission. Leo clutched his small toy truck tightly.



They sat together on the low garden wall, looking down the quiet street. Leo's legs dangled, swinging back and forth with impatience. Grandpa Nono put a comforting arm around him.



Suddenly, Leo pointed a tiny finger down the road. "Look, Nono! Is that them?" A tiny speck was growing bigger in the distance, and a faint rumbling sound could be heard.



The big, green dustbin truck rumbled closer, its engine roaring like a friendly monster. It was even bigger and noisier than Leo remembered! He gasped, his eyes shining with wonder.



The friendly dustbin men waved cheerfully from their truck as they pulled up to their house. They knew Leo and Grandpa Nono were always waiting for them. Leo waved back with all his might.



With a mighty clang and whir, the dustbin men emptied the bins into the truck. Leo watched every movement, mesmerized by the powerful machinery. He felt like he was part of the team.



As the truck drove away, its noisy roar fading into the distance, Leo sighed happily. It was sad to see them go, but he knew they would be back next week. He hugged his toy truck.



Grandpa Nono scooped Leo into a warm hug. "They'll be back, little one," he promised, ruffling Leo's hair. Leo snuggled into his grandpa, already dreaming of next dustbin day.