



# Brutus

the Big Red Truck

written by Kyle Rose & illustrated by Allan Rea

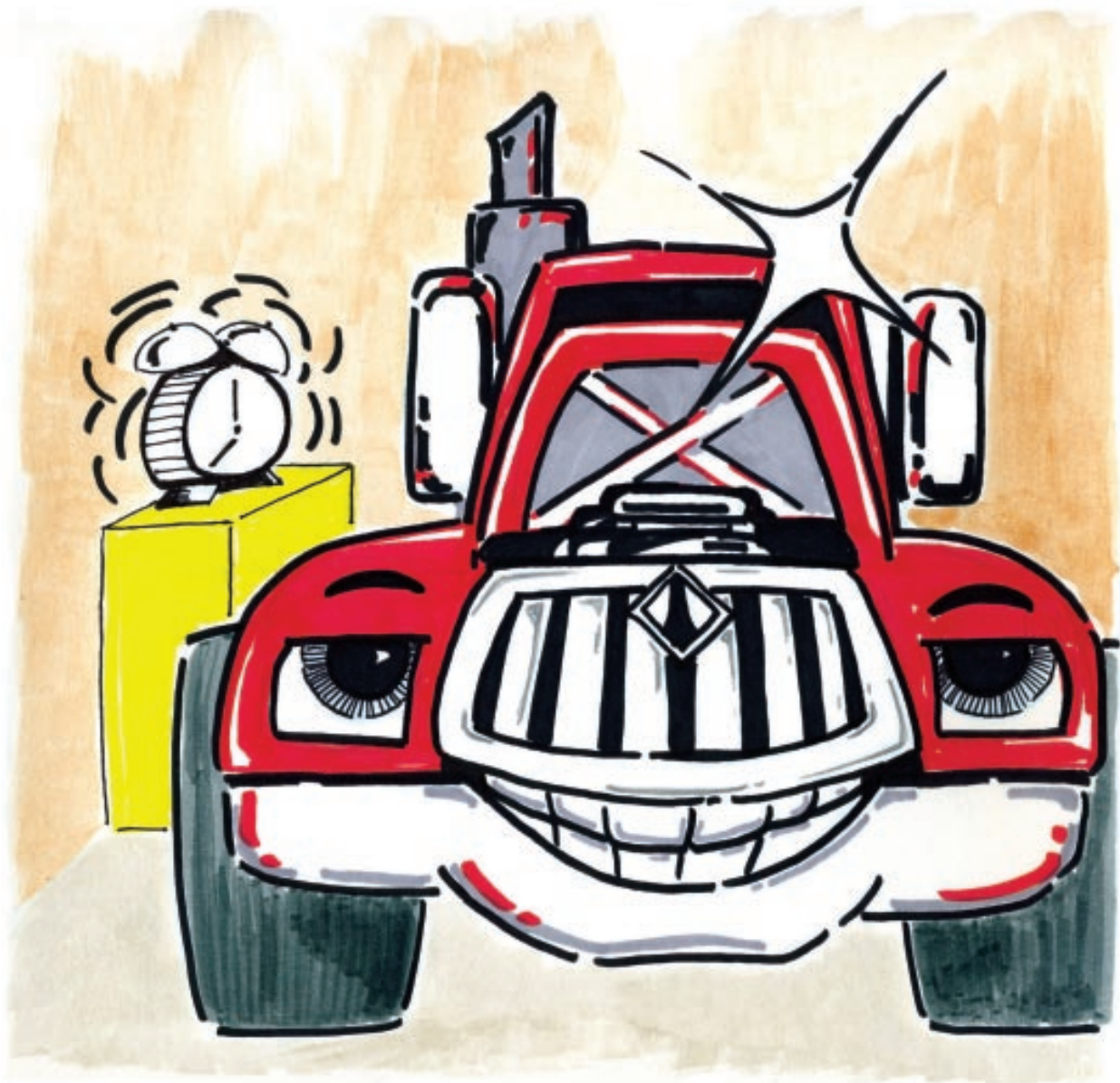
From the artist and author...

I thank God for giving me the talent to draw. For their love, support, and encouragement, I thank my wife Sandy and our four children (daughters Megan and Miranda and sons Koby and Kelley) who helped me with the character sketch ideas.

-Allan

With love to my wife Kim and “Turt”

-Kyle



Brutus the Big Red Truck woke up  
just like he did every morning.

He looked at his

**big powerful engine,**

*sparkling red paint,*

soft leather seats,

**shiny chrome bumper,**

and **huge rubber tires.**

Brutus thought to himself,

“I’m the **biggest, toughest,** and **coolest** truck  
on the road!

I am *lucky* to be me.

I bet every truck wishes he was **big,**  
**tough,**  
and **cool** like me.”

Brutus drove out of the garage to start his day.



“...biggest,  
toughest,  
coolest...”



While waiting at a stoplight,  
Brutus saw another truck across the street.

**“Hey you!”** Brutus yelled.

“What’s that ugly hook doing on your back?”



The **stoplight turned green**,  
and Brutus drove off.

He was laughing.

“I am lucky to be me.

I bet that truck wishes he was cool like me,”

Brutus thought.

RE-EER RE-EER  
RE-EER



Farther down the road,  
Brutus saw another truck.  
This truck had *flashing red lights*,  
and it made loud noises.

“RE-EER, RE-EER,  
RE-EER,  
RE-EER.”

Brutus thought, “I’m *lucky* to be me.

I bet he wishes he was tough like me.”

Brutus yelled at this truck too.

**“Quiet down!**

Shut off those **crazy lights!”**





Later that day, Brutus drove behind another truck.

It was an **old gray truck**.

There were holes in the metal. It had rust.

The gray paint was scratched and chipped.

The bumper was dented and cracked.

This old truck drove **slowly**.



“I’m lucky to be me. I bet he wishes he was shiny and fast like me,” Brutus thought.

**“Honk! Honk! Honk!”**

Brutus sounded his air horn.

“Get moving, old-timer!

I’m in a hurry,” Brutus barked.



Brutus passed the old gray truck.

He did something mean.

Brutus spun his huge rubber tires.

He spun them *fast* and hard.

Brutus splattered mud all over the old gray truck.

**“That will teach you!”** Brutus yelled.

He looked back at the old gray truck.

Brutus was **so angry**

that he was not watching the road...

**"Errrrrt!"**

**"Screeech!"**

**"KAPOW!"**



Brutus the Big Red Truck drove off the side of the road!

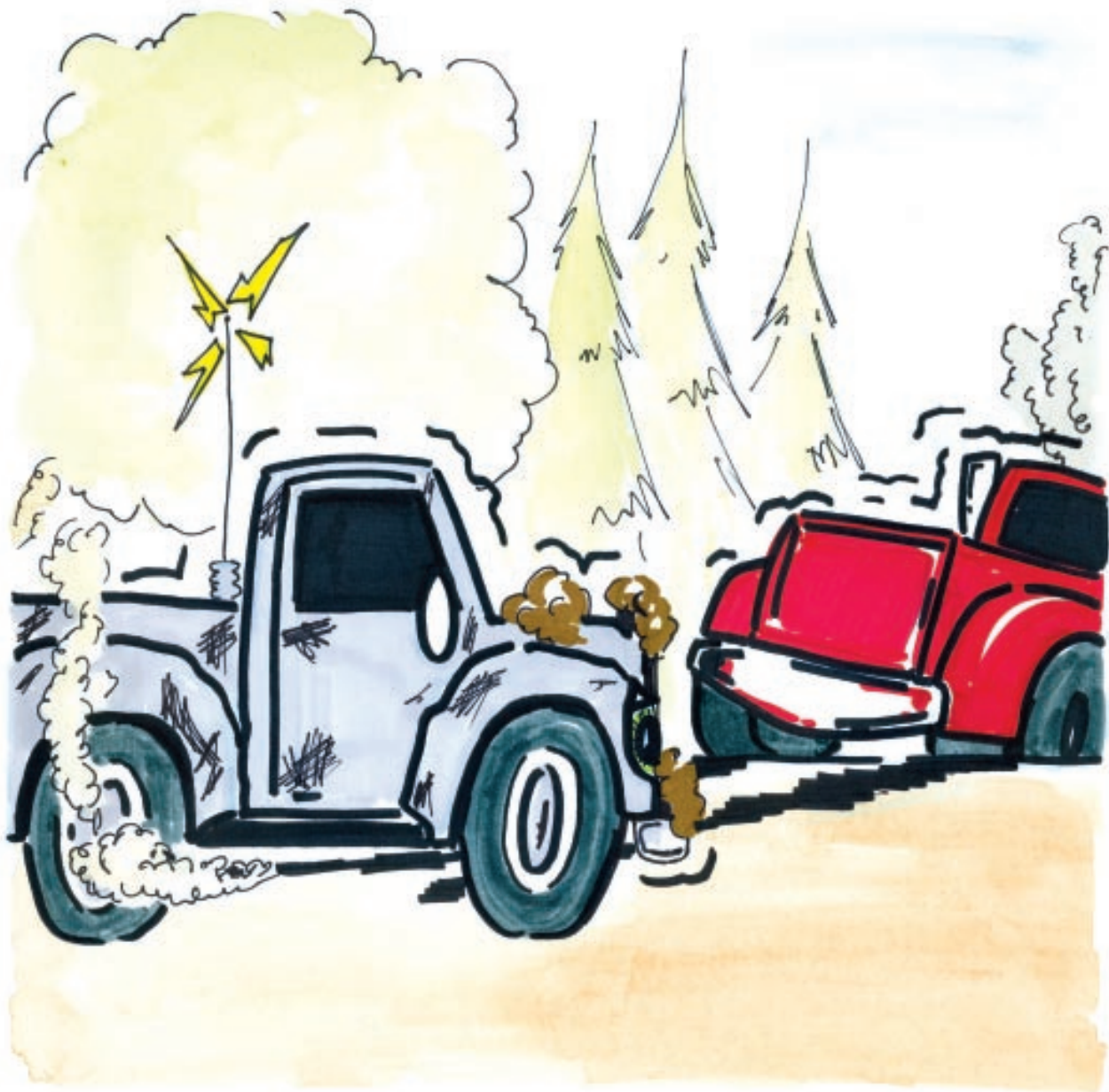
He went down in a ditch.

He hit a tree.

Brutus was hurt.

“Owwwww,” he moaned.

Brutus was scared. He needed help.



Minutes later, the old gray truck drove by.  
He was still covered in the mud Brutus splattered on him.  
But the old gray truck stopped  
when he saw Brutus in the ditch.

“You look hurt,” he said.

“**I can help you.** You are going to be alright.”

Though he wasn't very *fast*,  
the old gray truck was

**wise** and **kind.**

He used his radio and called two of his friends.

Soon after, Brutus heard a familiar sound.

“RE-EER, RE-EER,  
RE-EER,  
RE-EER.”

It was the noisy truck with *flashing red lights*.

It was an ambulance.

The ambulance patched up Brutus and made him feel better.



RE-EER  
RE-EER  
RE-EER



Next, another truck drove up.

Brutus remembered this truck too.

This was the one with the hook on his back.

It was a tow truck.

**“Just hang on,”** said the tow truck.

“I’ll pull you out of that ditch.”



And that's exactly what the tow truck did.

Brutus was a little banged up.

But, he was out of the ditch and on the road.

“Thanks, everybody,” he said.

Brutus felt sad for being mean to the other trucks earlier in the day.

Brutus drove home. **Slowly.**

That night in the garage,  
Brutus thought about all the trucks that drive on the road.  
They all look different.

Different **sizes.**

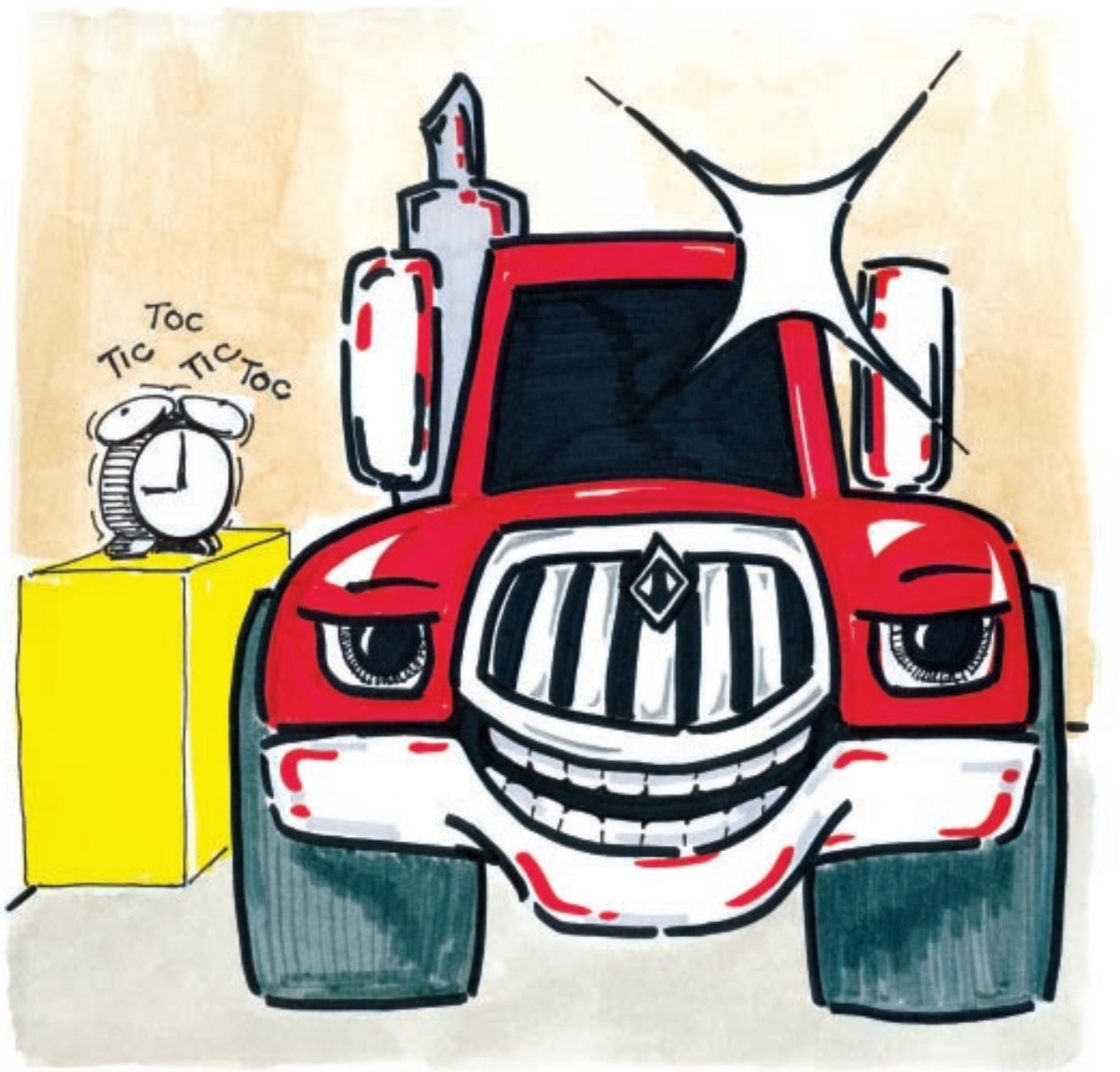
Different **ages.**

Different **colors.**

Different **parts.**

And they all help in *different* ways.





The next morning Brutus woke up.

He looked at his

big powerful engine,  
sparkling red paint,  
soft leather seats,  
shiny chrome bumper,  
and huge rubber tires.

Yet this time Brutus thought to himself, “I am lucky to be me.

**But I am also lucky**

there are *so many*  
trucks that are **different** from me.”

*The End*



Kyle Rose and Allan Rea stand next to the “inspiration” for Brutus, an International® CXT™. Allan and Kyle are employees at the truck assembly plant of International Truck and Engine Corporation, located in Springfield, Ohio. At International, Respect for People is one of the company’s core values. International believes that understanding others and valuing differences in each of us can be important in many areas of our lives. We hope the lesson Brutus learned about *being different* will also serve as a positive reminder to the children (and adults) who hear this story.





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