

Max Fixes His Mistake

A little mistake. A big lesson in
honesty, friendship, and forgiveness.



Max loved sunny playground days.



His friend Pip was already there.

“Hi!” said Max.

“Hi!” said Pip.



Max held his favorite blue-and-yellow dump truck.



“Let’s build something big!” said Max.



Scoop, pat, scoop, pat.
The friends built a tall sand hill.



“Let’s make a tunnel,” said his friend.
Max smiled. “Yes!”



Max filled his dump truck with sand. He rolled it back and forth.



The tunnel looked just right. “We did it!” said Max.



But Max was still full of zoomy energy.
“Vroom!” went the truck.



“Careful,” said his friend.
But Max did not stop.



Bump!
Crunch!
The tunnel fell in.



Max stared at the broken hill. His smile was gone.



Max looked away.
He felt funny inside.



Pip looked at the truck.
Then he looked at Max.



“Did your truck do that?” Max did not answer.



Max's tummy felt twisty. He knew the truth.



Pip sat very still.
The fun was gone.



Max looked at Pip.
That felt even worse.



“I liked our tunnel,” said Pip.
Max’s ears drooped.



Max took a deep breath.
It was time to tell the truth.



“My truck did it,” said Max.
“I knocked it down.”



“I am sorry,” Max said.
“I should have been careful.”



Pip looked at Max.
Then he gave a little nod.



“Let’s fix it together,” said Max. Pip’s eyes grew bright again.



Scoop, pat.
Scoop, pat.
The friends started again.



This time, Max went slowly.
He was careful with his truck.



The hill grew tall again.
A new tunnel began to peek through.



At last, the tunnel was back.
Max and Pip smiled at their work.



Pip gave Max a warm smile. Max smiled back.



They played again, side by side.
This time, Max went slow.



The truck rolled through the tunnel.
Both friends cheered.



Max made a mistake.
He told the truth, said sorry, and helped.
That made everything better.

