

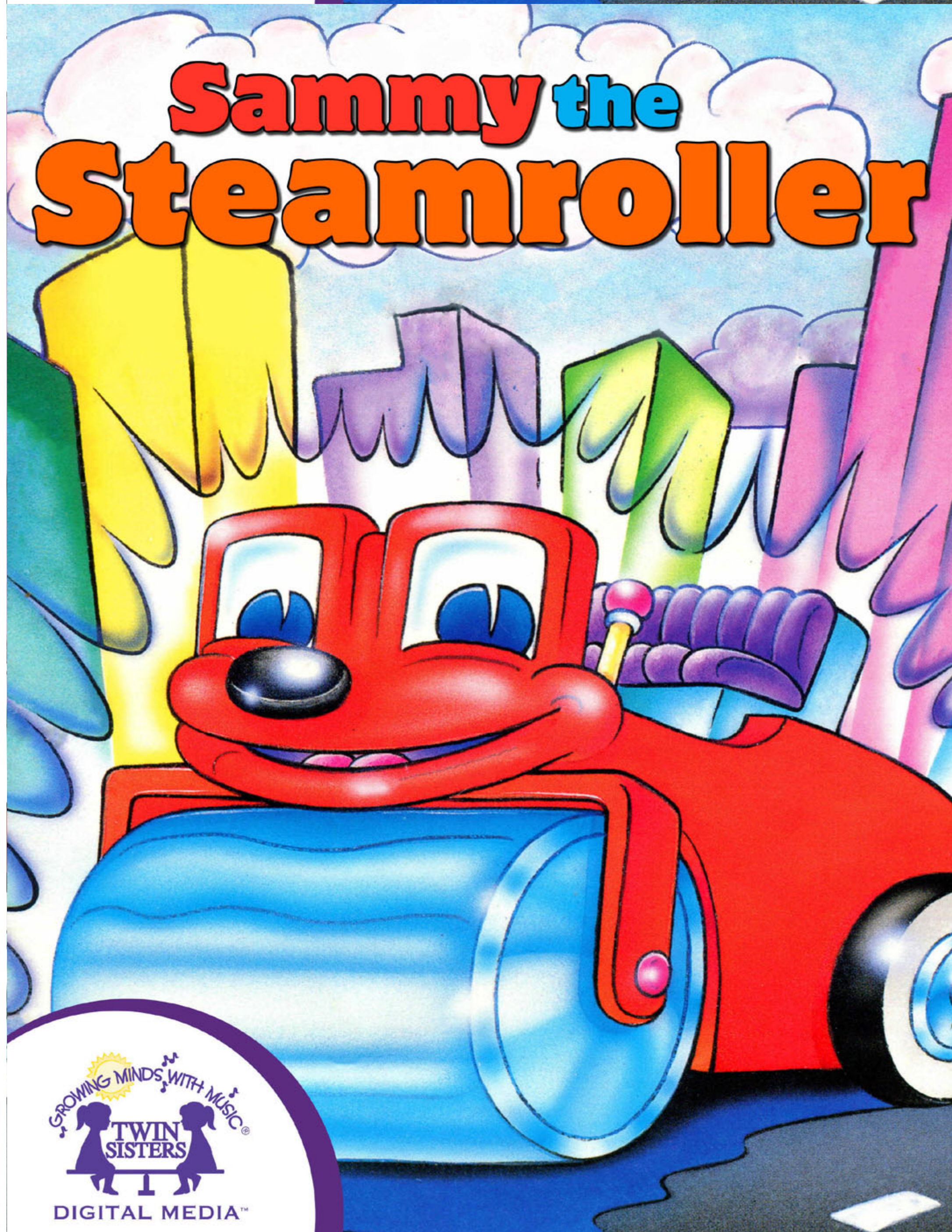
Sammy the Steamroller



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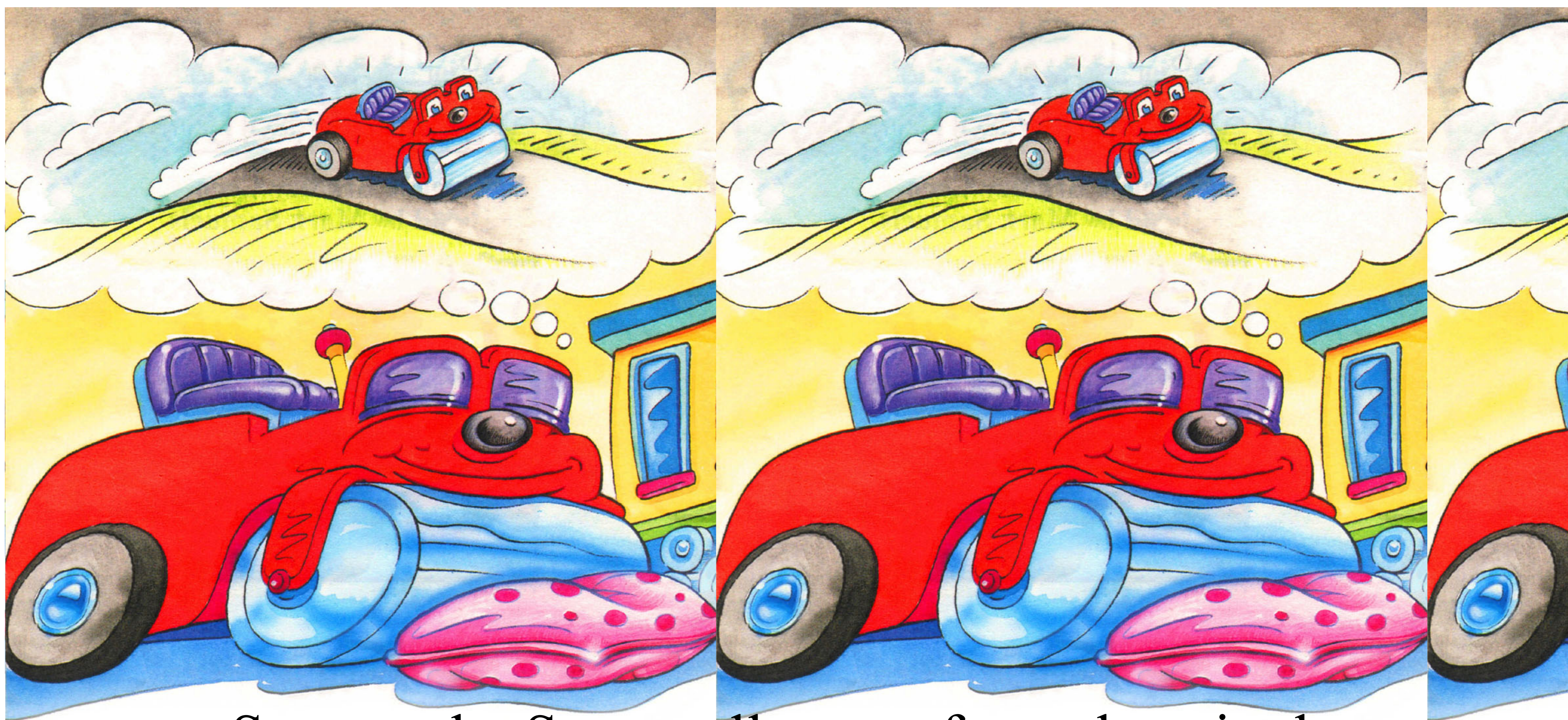
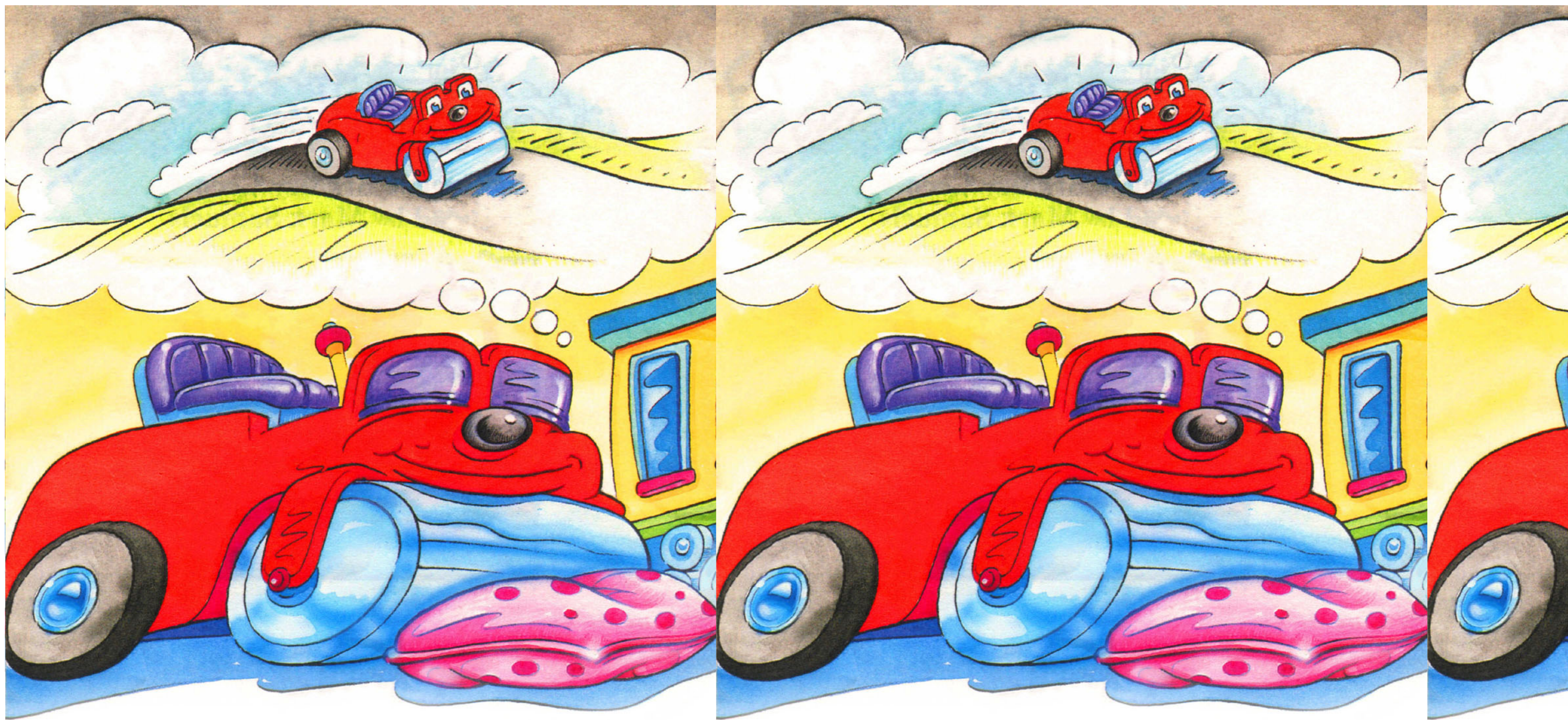


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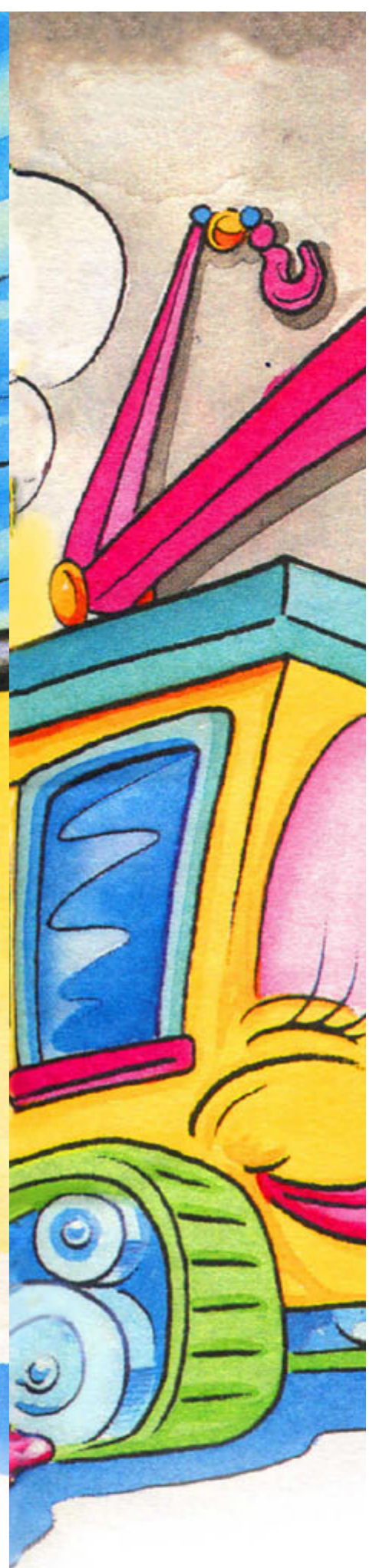
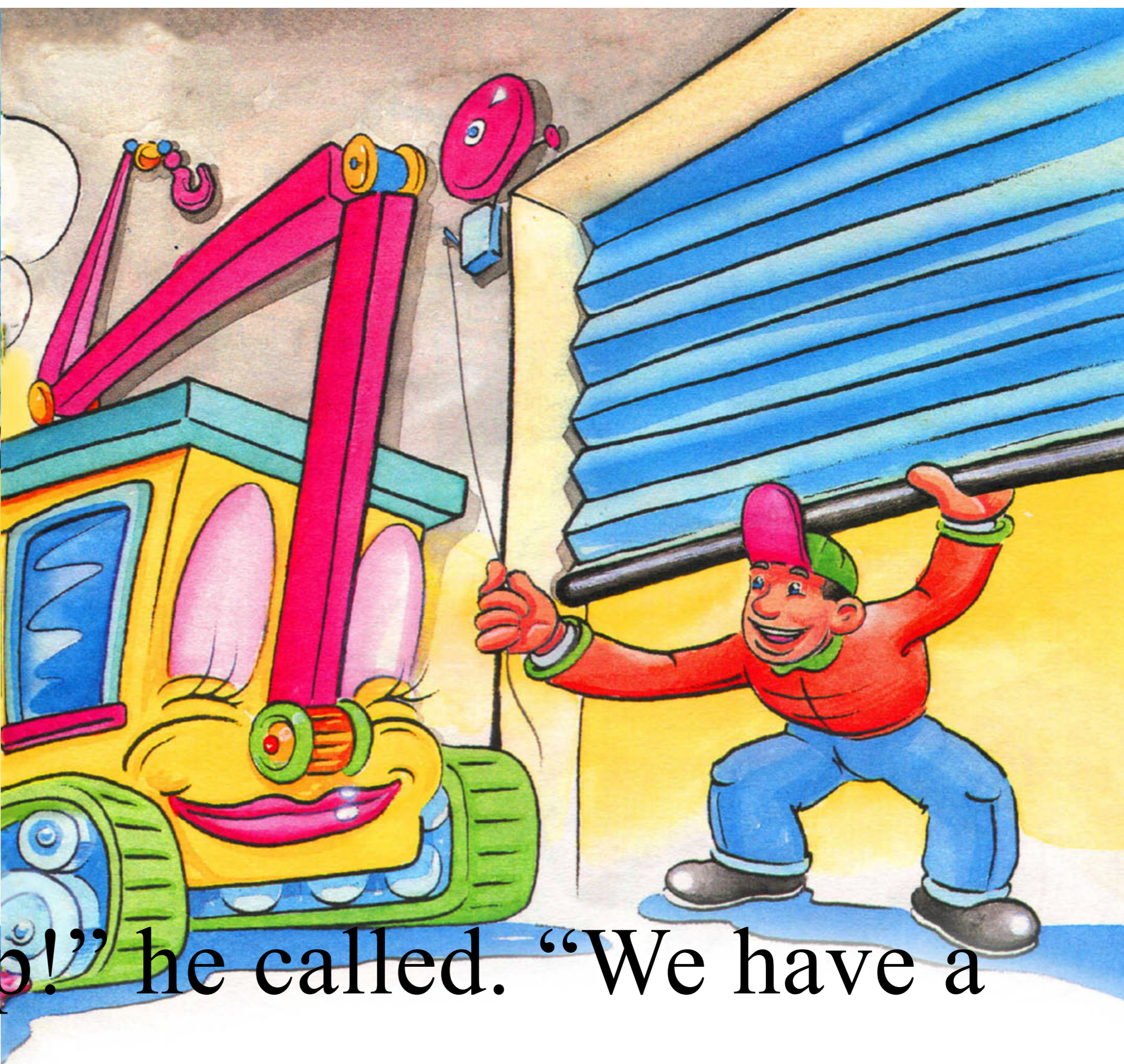
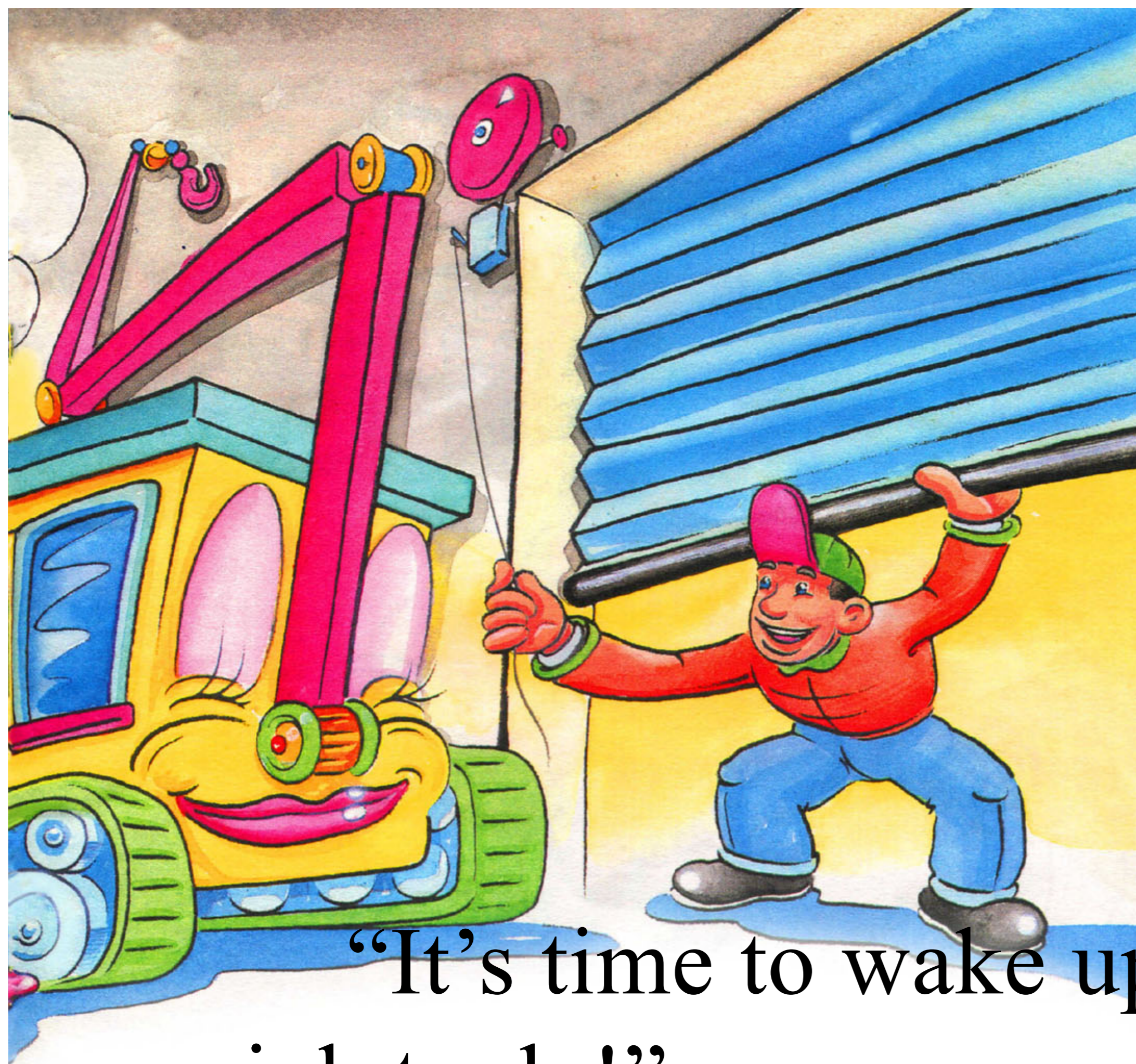
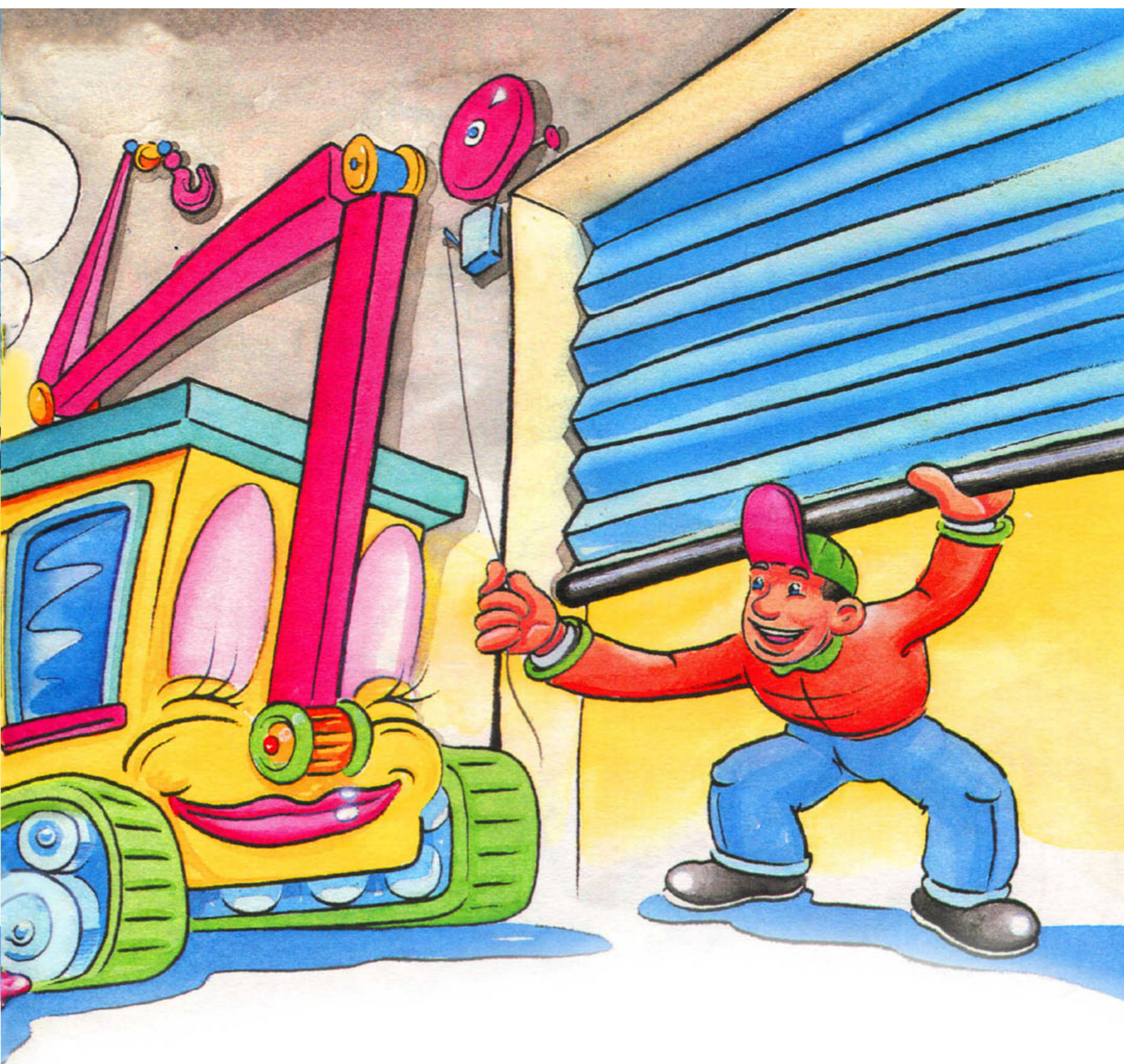
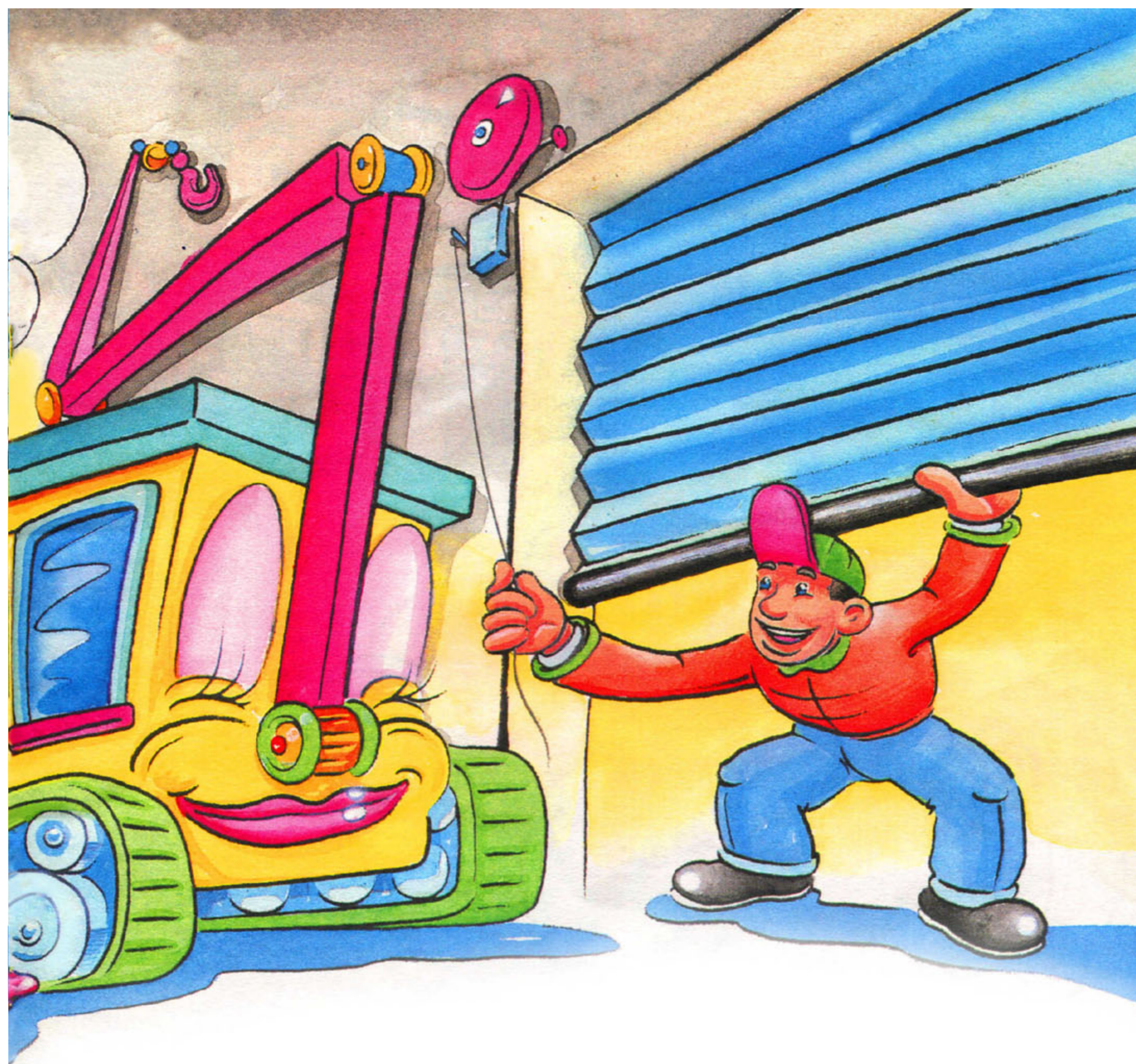
Sammy the Steamroller





Sammy the Steamroller was fast asleep in the garage, dreaming about rolling over long roads and wide streets, making them as smooth as could be, when engineer Bob rang the morning bell.



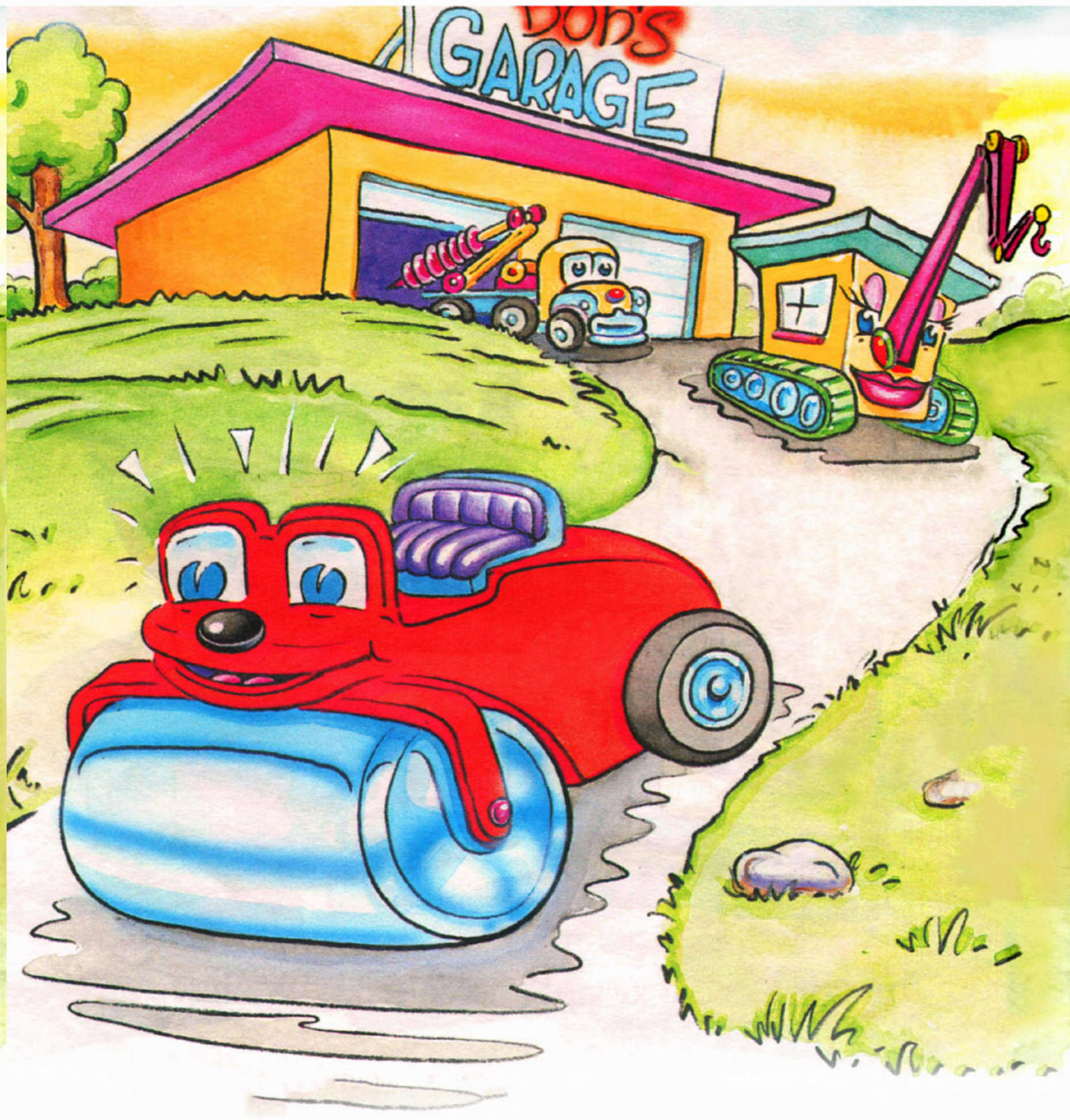
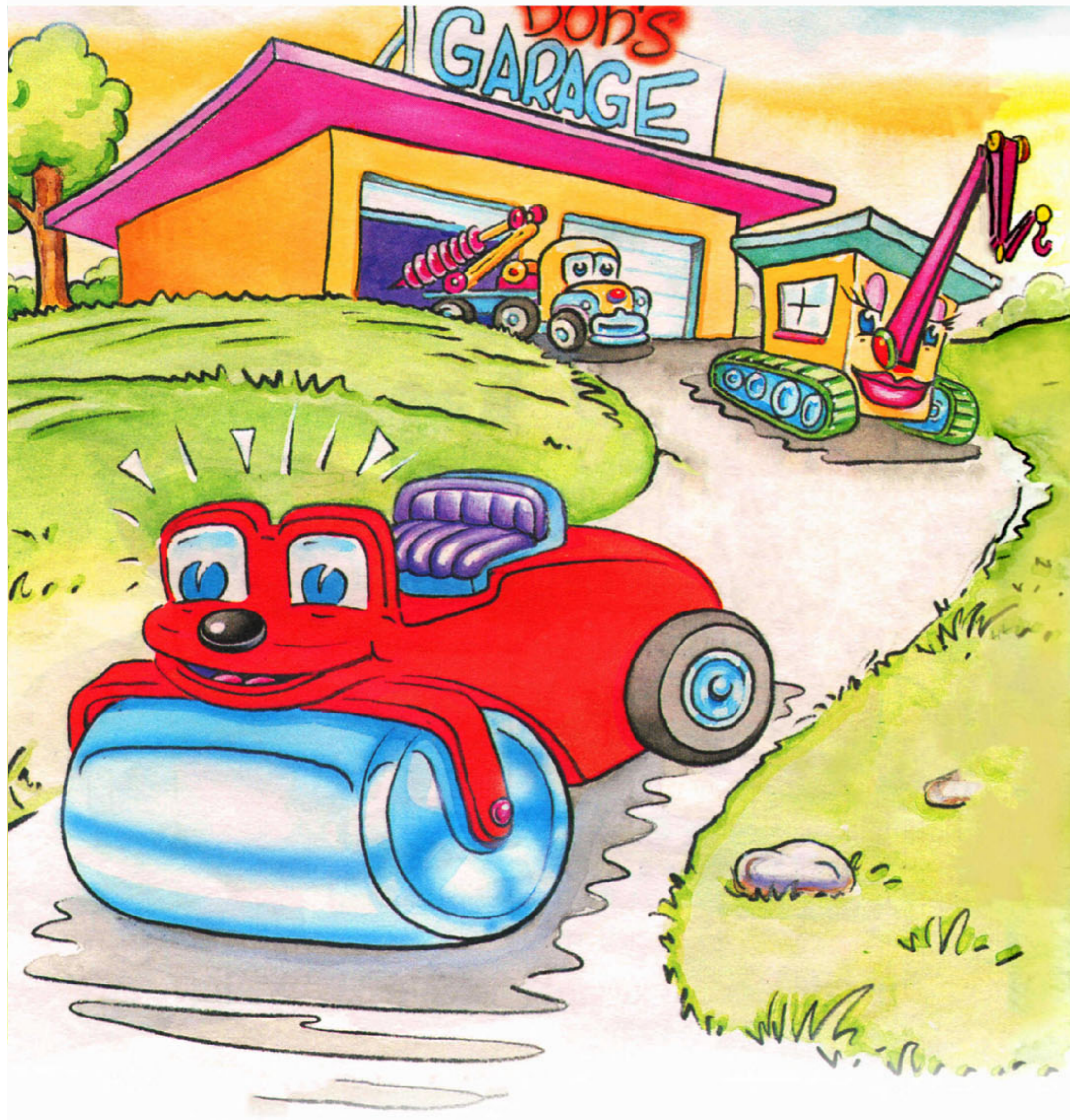
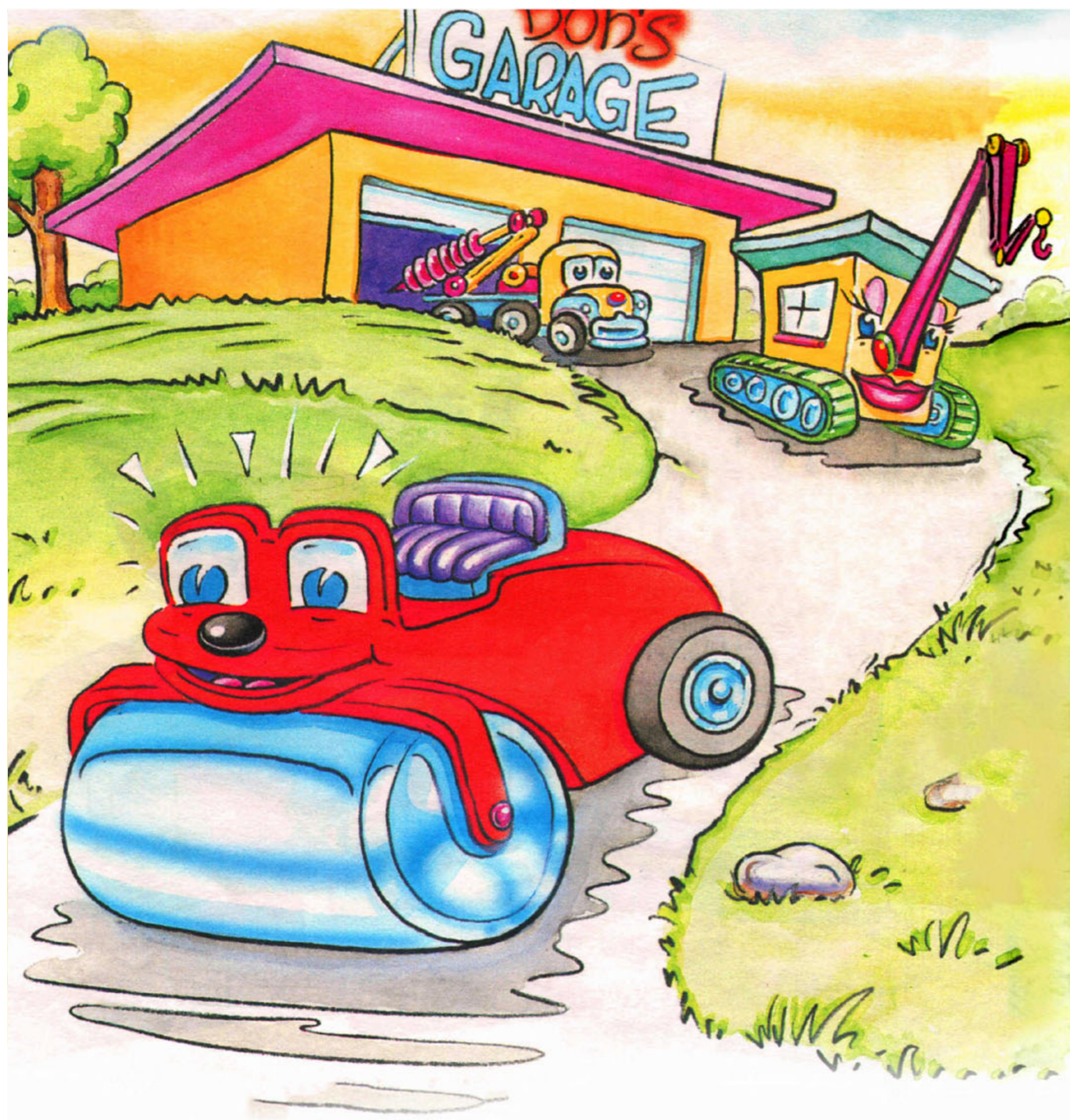


“It’s time to wake up!” he called. “We have a job to do!”

“Is it morning already?” sighed Connie the Crane. “I was having such a nice dream.”

“Me, too,” added Dan the Drill as he let out a great big yawn. “I wish I could go back to sleep.”





All of the other machines in the garage liked to sleep better than they liked to work. But not Sammy. He loved going to work. That was his favorite thing to do.



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