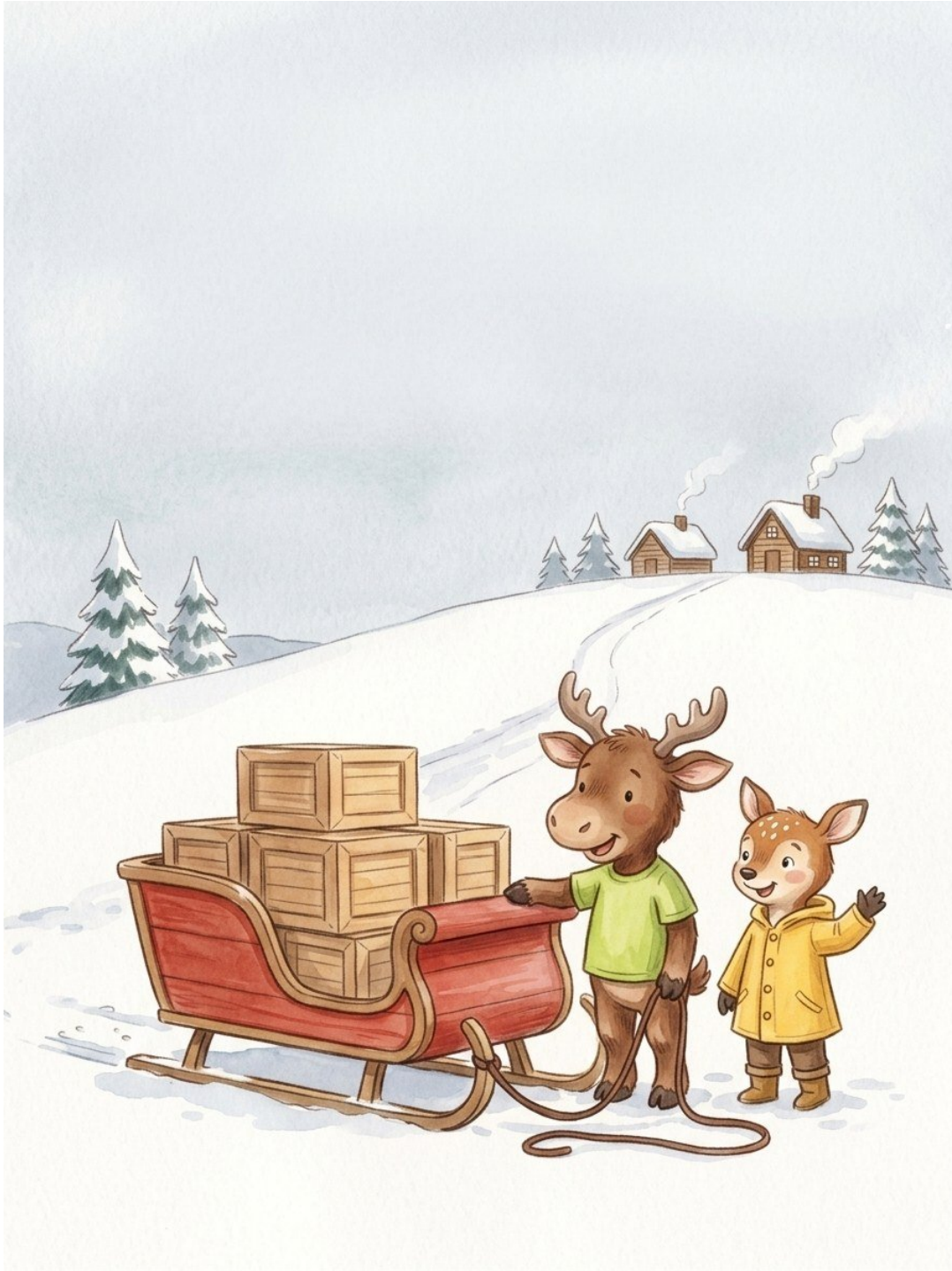




Max and the Big Sleigh



It was a cold, white day on the hill. Max had a big job to do. He had to pull a sleigh full of freight up to his neighbors at the top.



Eight crates sat in the back, and each crate was packed to the brim. Max held the reins and gave a big tug.



The sleigh did not go. He pulled again. The sleigh slid one inch, then stopped. "The weight is too much for me," Max said with a huff.



Just then, his neighbor Glen came up the path. "Do you weigh more than that sleigh?" Glen asked with a grin. "No, I do not," said Max.



"Neither do I," said Glen. "But together we might." Glen found two more reins in the sleigh and clipped them on. Then Max and Glen stood side by side.



"One, two, three, pull!" yelled Max. The sleigh gave a shake, and then it slid up the hill. Step by step, they pulled it all the way to the top.



The neighbors were so glad to receive the freight.
They took the crates off one by one. When the eighth crate was off, they said, "Thank you both!"



Now hop in." Max and Glen sat in the back of the sleigh. The neighbors gave it a push, and the two pals went zipping down the hill, laughing all the way.