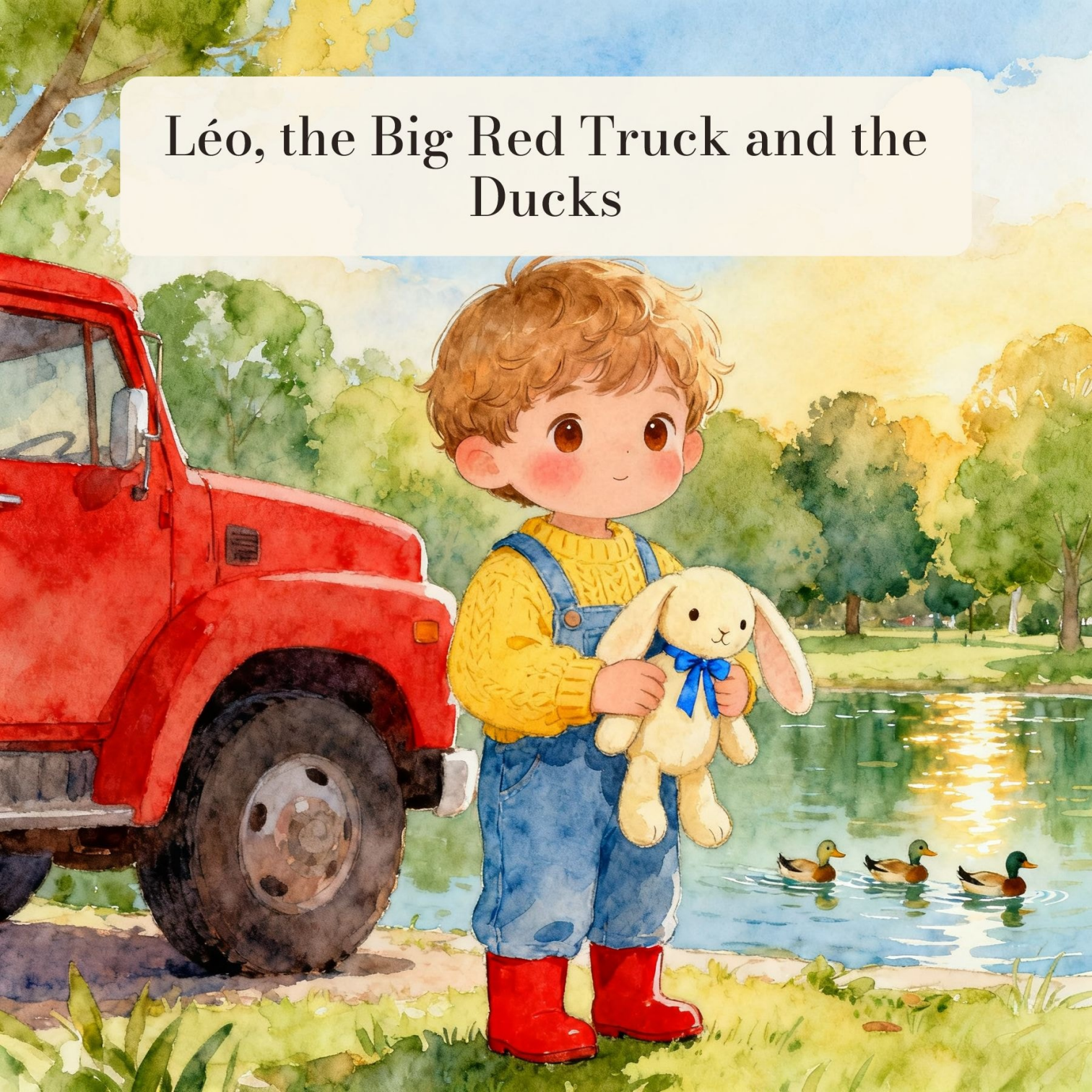
Léo, the Big Red Truck and the Ducks



Léo, the Big Red Truck and the Ducks

For Léo, with all our love



Good morning, Léo! The sun peeks through the window and tickles his nose. Léo stretches his arms up high. Biscotte the bunny is right beside him, soft and warm.



Brrrm, brrrm! Outside, a big red truck is waiting, and Léo points and laughs. "Truck!" he says. Biscotte comes along too, tucked safely under his arm.



Up, up, up goes Léo, into the big, soft seat. Biscotte sits right beside him. Click goes the little seatbelt, snug and safe. The engine hums a low, friendly song.



Off they go, rumble, rumble, down the quiet road. The trees wave their green leaves. A little cloud follows along, soft as cotton. Léo waves back at everything.



Beep, beep! The truck stops by the park gate, and Léo hops down with Biscotte in his arms. "Hello, park!" he says. The grass is soft and cool, and the air smells sweet.



Splash! There is the pond, shining like a mirror, and there are the ducks, one, two, three, paddling by. "Quack!" says Léo. Biscotte listens with his long, floppy ears.



The ducks glide closer, quack, quack, quack. Their feathers shine in the sun. Léo sits very still and smiles a big smile. Even Biscotte is quiet, watching with wide eyes.



One little duck dips its head in the water and shakes its tail. Léo giggles. He wiggles his bottom too, wiggle, wiggle, and Biscotte wiggles right along with him.



The sun is sinking low, and the sky turns peach and gold. The ducks float slowly toward the reeds, ready to rest. "Bye-bye, ducks," whispers Léo. He waves one little hand.



The big red truck is waiting, just where they left it. Léo yawns a great big yawn. Biscotte's ears droop a little too. Up they climb, tired and happy.



Rumble, rumble, home they go, under a sky full of soft pink clouds. The streetlights twinkle on, one by one. Léo's eyes grow heavy. The truck hums its low, sleepy song.



Home at last! Warm pajamas, a soft blanket and a cozy little bed are all ready. Léo lies down, and Biscotte snuggles in close under his chin. "Goodnight, truck, goodnight, ducks," he whispers.



Léo hugs Biscotte tight, just like every night. The moon peeks in, and the whole house grows quiet. Soft as a feather, sleep comes along. Sweet dreams of trucks and ducks, little Léo.

The end

Written and illustrated with the help of an artificial intelligence