

It Had to **Be Ben!**



Philip Cowherd

Bea's little truck was bright and red.
She drove it up and down her bed.
Her brother Ben said, "Can I, too?"
"Not yet. I've got a job to do."



She parked it in her pocket, then



ran down to eat her toast with Ben.



Back in her room, she searched the floor.
She peeked behind the bedroom door.



She shook the quilt. She checked a shoe.
“It’s gone! Somebody took it! WHO?”



Ben flashed a great big grin at Bea.
To Bea, it meant: You can't catch me!



He'd wanted it. He'd been right there.
She gave her very fiercest stare.

