The Little Engine That Could

The little engine came to a big hill. He puffed smoke from his chimney while his wheels went round and round on the track but the hill was too steep. The little engine panted, “I think I can. I think I can.” But he couldn’t. Then he tried harder.

The engineer stoked the engine and blew the whistle. “I know you can. I know you can,” he coaxed.

All the passengers shouted, “We know you can. We know you can.”

“We know you can. We know you can,” called the rabbits near their burrows.

“I know you can. I know you can,” droned the silver plane zooming overhead.

The little engine chuffed, and puffed and huffed right to the top of the hill. “I knew I could. I knew I could,” he smiled happily to himself as he steamed down the hillside to the next station.