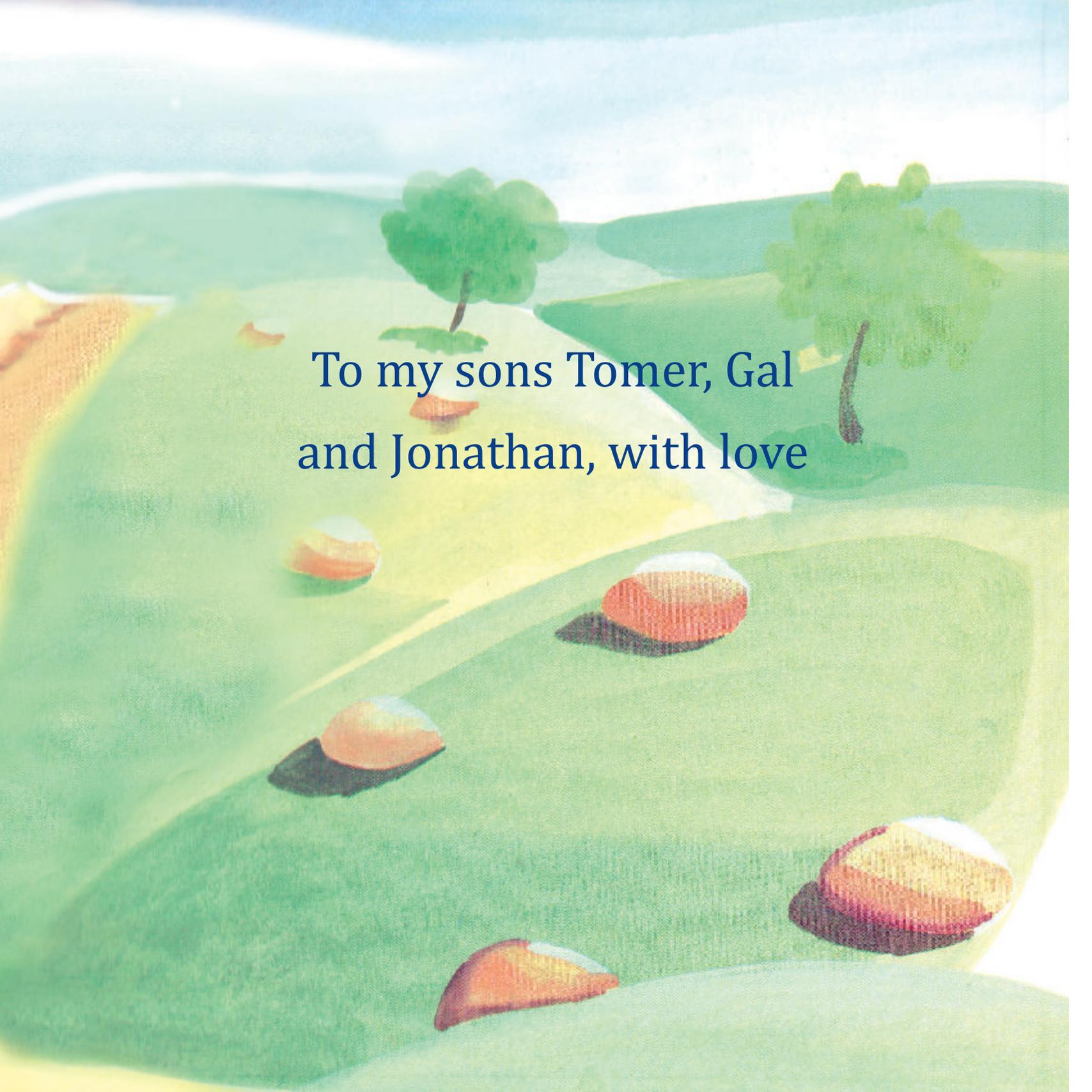
The illustration depicts a vibrant, stylized landscape. In the foreground, there are green grassy areas with several large, smooth, light-brown rocks scattered across them. A winding, light-brown path leads from the bottom right towards the center. On this path, a yellow crane with a blue cab and large black tires is positioned. To the right of the path, a large, green palm tree stands prominently. In the background, a city skyline is visible under a pale, hazy sky, featuring several tall buildings in shades of blue, grey, and yellow. The overall style is bright and cheerful, typical of children's book illustrations.

*Daniel Shinhar*

# Foofy the Friendly Crane

*Illustrations: Oleg Shapiro*





To my sons Tomer, Gal  
and Jonathan, with love

**Daniel Shinhar**

Foofy the Friendly Crane

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**A CRANE STOOD** in our back yard.  
A big, yellow crane.  
The crane's wheels were big, too,  
and black.

The crane had a long, long arm,  
swinging a rounded hook.  
Everybody loved the yellow crane  
and called him Foofy.





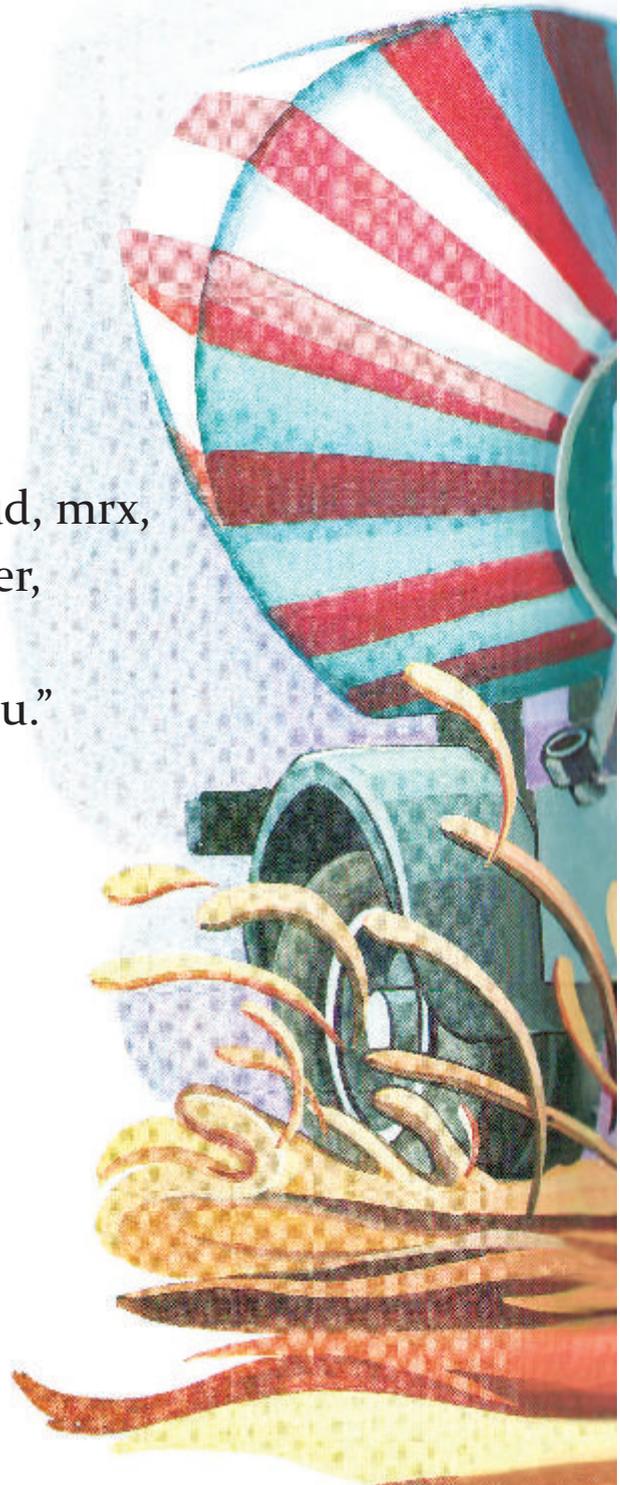
ONE DAY, Foofy was out driving,  
and on the way,  
he saw his friend the concrete mixer  
standing and crying, “mrx, mrx.”

“Mr. Mix, why are you crying?”  
Foofy asked.

“I was driving to work and got stuck in the mud, mrx,  
and can’t get out, mrx,” said the concrete mixer,  
who went on crying, “mrx mrx.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Mix,” said Foofy, “I’ll help you.”

Foofy started his engine.  
He sent out his long, long arm,  
swung his rounded hook,  
stuck it under the concrete mixer,  
and pulled, and pulled, and pulled.  
And Mr. Mix came out of the mud!!!  
“Thank you, Foofy!” said Mr. Mix.  
And he continued on his merry way.





AND FOOFY drove on.

Drove on and on until suddenly he heard a scream:

“Ptzrl – helptz me, helptz me!”

It was his friend, Mrs. Waltz, the Beetle.

“Dear, dear Mrs. Waltz, whatever is the matter?”  
asked the crane.

“I was driving along and suddenly,  
ptzrl, the engine failed.”

“Worry not, my dear Mrs. Waltz,  
I will help you!”

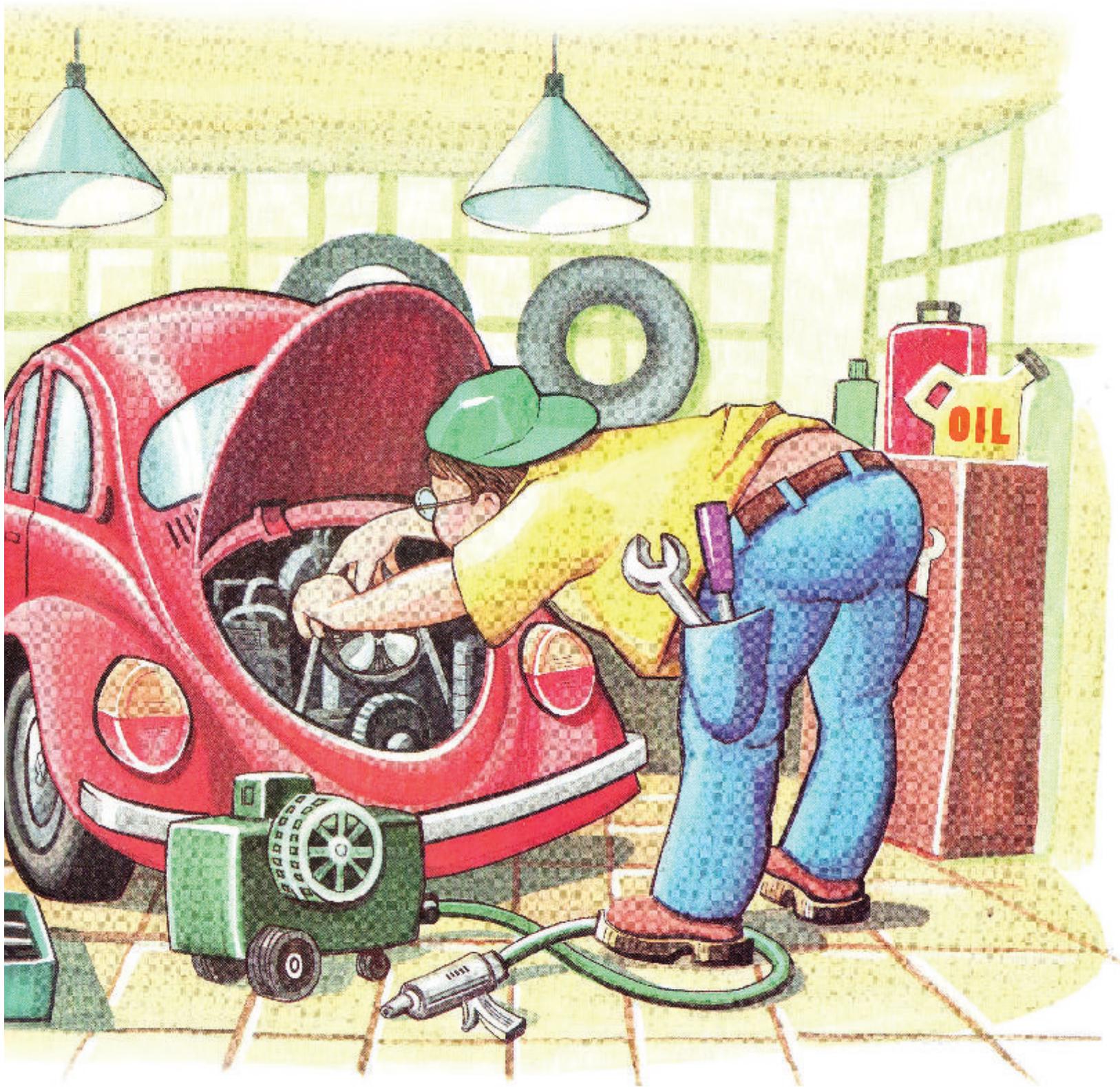
And Foofy started his engine,  
sent out his long, long arm,  
swung his rounded hook,  
stuck it underneath Mrs. Waltz,  
swept her high into the air,  
and towed her to Joe’s Garage.





**JOE PICKED UP** his tools,  
lifted the engine hood,  
banged his hammer,  
connected pipes,  
tightened screws,  
and fixed Mrs. Waltz's engine  
"Thank you, Foofy, thank you Joe!"  
said Mrs. Waltz.  
And she continued on her merry way.





**AND FOOFY CONTINUED** his drive.

He drove and drove until he came upon  
his friend the ambulance  
standing at the side of the road,  
blinking his red light with all his might.

“What happened, friend?”

“Help me, Foofy,” the ambulance said.

“I’m taking an injured boy to the hospital.

Suddenly, no air in my tire, I have a flat!

I can’t move!”

“Worry not,” said Foofy, “I will help you.”

And Foofy started his engine, sent out his long,  
long arm, swung his rounded hook,  
stuck it under the ambulance and lifted him up high.  
The driver changed the tire, and Foofy put the  
ambulance back on the ground.



The ambulance blinked his red light, turned on his siren, and drove to the hospital as fast as he could. He did not even have time to thank Foofy.



**FOOFY WAS VERY TIRED** by then,  
so he decided to go back to our yard.  
He drove and he drove,  
and there was his friend the bus,  
standing in the middle  
of a big puddle of water.

“What is the matter?” Foofy asked.  
“I am driving the kids to the playground.  
I was trying to drive through the puddle,  
but the water got into the engine,  
and I can’t drive any more.”  
“Worry not,” said Foofy,  
“I will help you.”



SCHOOL BUS



**AND FOOFY STARTED** his engine,  
sent out his long, long arm,  
swung his rounded hook,  
stuck it underneath the bottom of the bus,  
And pulled, and pulled, and pulled,  
and the bus came out of the puddle.

The bus thanked Foofy.  
The kids thanked Foofy, too,  
and on they drove to the playground.





WHEN FOOFY RETURNED to the yard,  
he was very tired,  
so tired he did not even  
brush his rounded hook  
before going to bed.  
He fell asleep right away  
and in his dream he saw  
chubby Mr. Mix,  
little Mrs. Waltz,  
the white ambulance  
and the big bus –  
all driving along and smiling at him.

Oh, so many good friends!  
Foofy swung his rounded  
hook and smiled.







