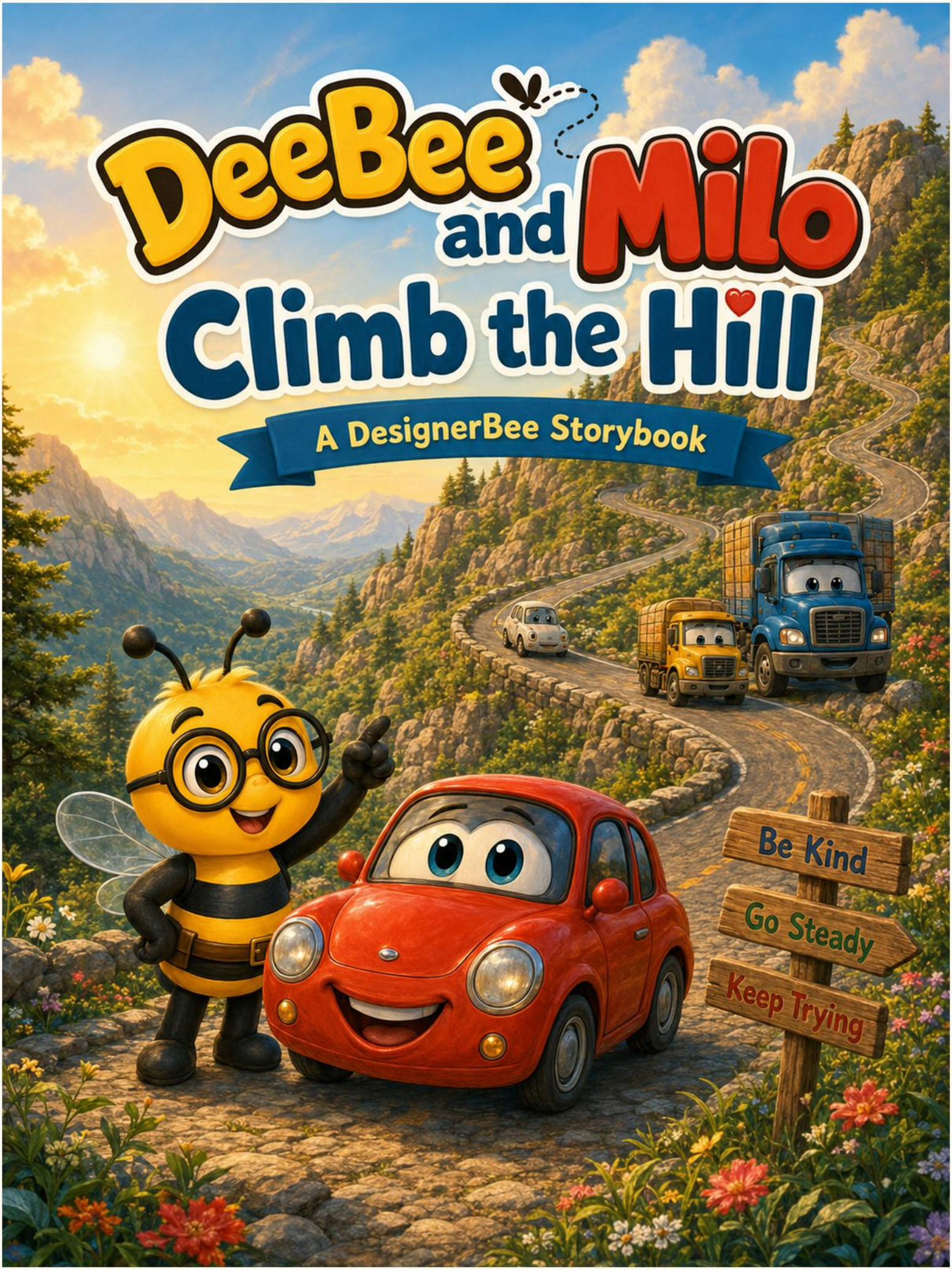
DeeBee and Milo
Climb the Hill
A DesignerBee Storybook
Be Kind
Go Steady
Keep Trying

One bright morning, DeeBee met a little red car named Milo.
Milo had shiny wheels, a happy horn, and a very proud smile.
“Would you like to climb the big hill with me?” asked Milo.
DeeBee smiled. “Yes, Milo. Let’s go together.”

DeeBee climbed into Milo, and Milo's engine hummed happily.

"The hill is very tall," said DeeBee.

Milo beeped proudly. "Tall hills are easy for me. I am fast."

The road went up, up, up toward the clouds.

Milo sped forward with excitement.

“Hold on, DeeBee!” said Milo. “We are going to pass everyone.”

DeeBee laughed. “You really do love going fast.”

Soon, they saw a big blue truck climbing slowly ahead.

Milo zoomed past it.

“Look, DeeBee!” said Milo. “That truck is so slow.”

DeeBee looked back. “You passed it very quickly.”

Milo lifted his hood proudly.

“I must be working much harder than that truck,” said Milo.

DeeBee looked at the blue truck again. “Maybe. But it does look tired.”

Milo laughed. “Or maybe it is just lazy.”

A little farther up the hill, they saw a yellow truck.

It was moving slowly too.

Milo passed it with a cheerful beep.

“Another slow one!” said Milo. “They will never catch me.”

DeeBee said gently, “You are very fast, Milo.”

Milo felt taller than the hill itself.

“I am faster than all of them,” he said. “Maybe I am the hardest worker on this road.”

DeeBee looked quiet for a moment.

“The trucks are slow,” DeeBee said, “but they are still climbing.”

Then DeeBee saw a little white car far behind them.

It was moving very slowly.

A tiny puff of smoke came from its back.

DeeBee pointed. “Milo, look at that little white car.”

Milo glanced back. “Oh, that car is even slower than the trucks.”

The little white car kept climbing.

Slowly. Carefully. One small move at a time.

Milo said, “Why would it even try? It is never going to catch us.”

DeeBee looked at the little car. “Maybe catching us is not the point.”

At last, DeeBee and Milo reached the top of the hill.

Milo parked beside a stone wall.

Together, they looked down at the winding road below.

Milo smiled proudly. “See? We made it first.”

The blue truck was still climbing.

The yellow truck was still climbing.

The little white car was still climbing too.

DeeBee watched carefully. “They are all still trying,” DeeBee said.

Milo said, “But they are so far behind.”

DeeBee looked at Milo.

“Maybe being behind does not mean they are lazy,” DeeBee said.

Milo blinked. “Then why are they so slow?”

DeeBee thought for a moment.

“Maybe they are carrying something we cannot see from here.”

The blue truck came closer.

Now DeeBee could see what it carried.

“Look, Milo,” said DeeBee. “The blue truck is full of food.”

Milo’s eyes grew wide. “Food?”

DeeBee nodded. “Maybe for families who need it.”

The blue truck finally reached the top.

Its wheels were dusty, and its engine sounded tired.

Milo rolled closer. “I thought you were slow because you were not trying,” said Milo.

The blue truck smiled kindly. “I was trying very hard. I was carrying food for others.”

Milo looked down. “Oh,” he said softly. “I did not know.”

DeeBee stood beside him.

“You only saw how slowly it moved,” said DeeBee.

Milo whispered, “I did not see what it was carrying.”

Soon, the yellow truck reached the top too.

It was carrying medicine and supplies.

DeeBee pointed gently. “Look, Milo. The yellow truck was carrying important things too.”

The yellow truck said, “Some roads are harder when your load is heavy.”

Milo nodded quietly.

Then they all looked down the hill.

The little white car was still coming.

It moved slowly, with little puffs of smoke behind it.

DeeBee said, “Milo, I think that car is having a hard time.”

Milo did not laugh this time.

The little white car climbed and climbed.

Its engine coughed softly. It stopped once. Then it started again.

DeeBee whispered, “It is still trying.”

Milo said, “It must be very hard for that little car.”

At last, the little white car reached the top.

It was tired, but it was smiling.

DeeBee walked over gently. “You made it,” said DeeBee.

The little white car smiled. “Yes. It took me longer, but I made it.”

Milo rolled closer. “I am sorry,” said Milo. “I thought you were slow because you were not trying.”

The little white car answered softly, “I was trying. My engine works differently, and steep hills are harder for me.”

DeeBee said, “So you needed more time.”

The little white car nodded. “Yes. More time, and a little kindness.”

Milo became very quiet. “I did not understand,” he said. “I thought fast meant better.”

The little white car said, “Fast is good for some cars. Slow is what some of us need.”

DeeBee added, “Everyone climbs in their own way.”

Milo looked at the trucks. Then he looked at the little white car.

“Some of you were carrying heavy loads,” Milo said. “And some of you had a harder climb inside.”

The blue truck nodded. “That is true.”

The little white car smiled. “And sometimes, cars have both.”

DeeBee sat beside Milo and looked at the road below.

“Maybe people are like that too,” DeeBee said.

“Some carry worries. Some carry responsibilities. Some have bodies or minds that make the climb harder.”

Milo said, “And we cannot always see it.”

DeeBee nodded. “That is why we should be kind.”

From that day on, DeeBee and Milo still loved adventures.

But when they saw someone moving slowly, they did not laugh. They did not judge.

They wondered, “What might they be carrying?”

And they remembered: Everyone climbs differently.

About this book

"DeeBee and Milo Climb the Hill"

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Everyone climbs differently.