



The "Too Loud" Motorbike

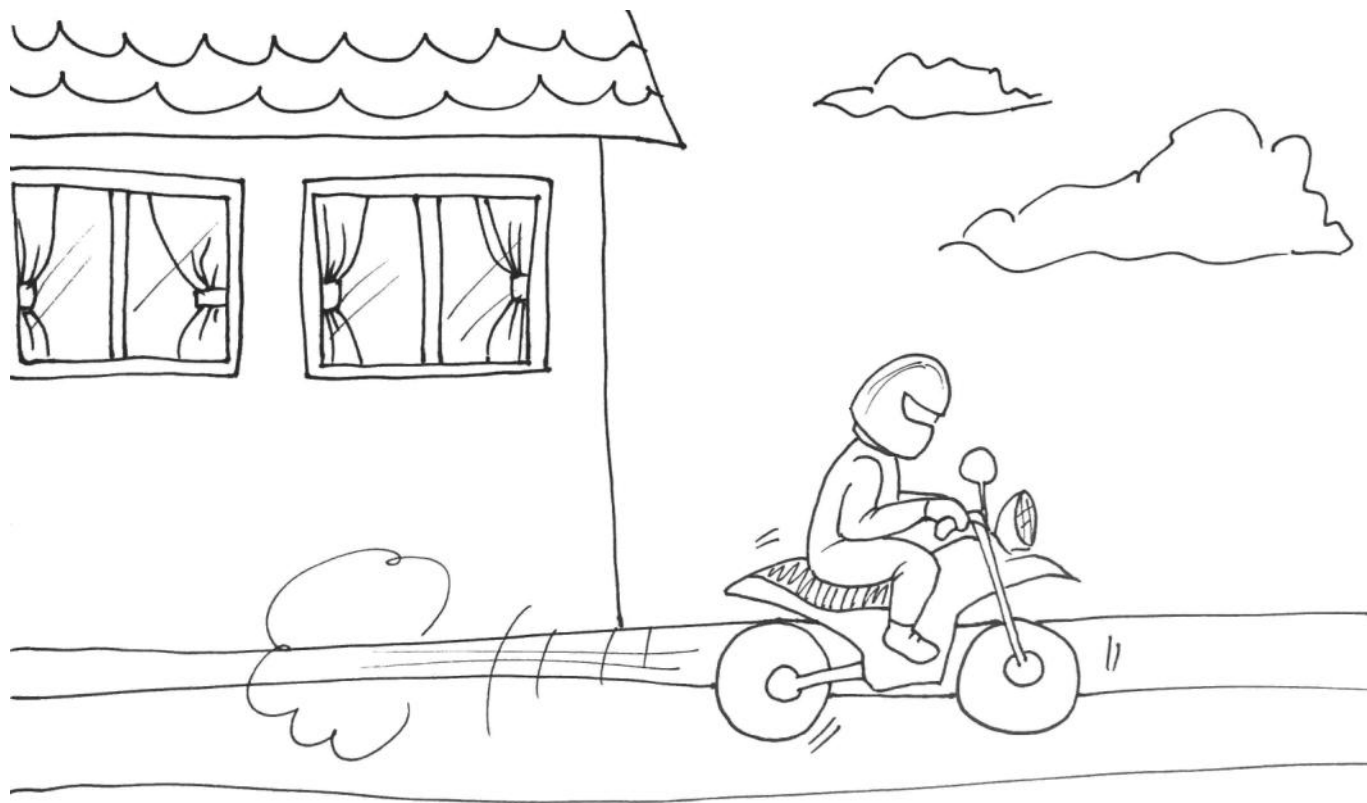


The “Too Loud” Motorbike

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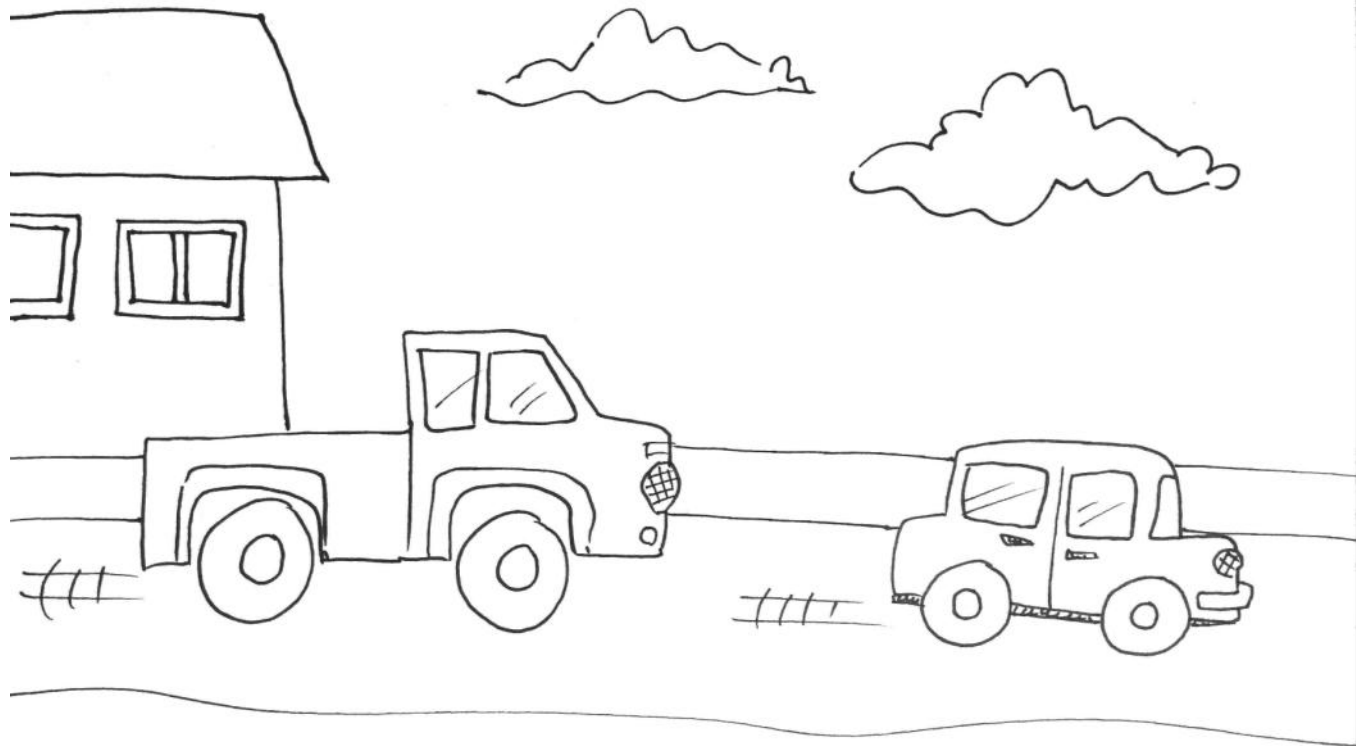
Dedicated to my three wonderful boys!



Mother was reading her boys a story.

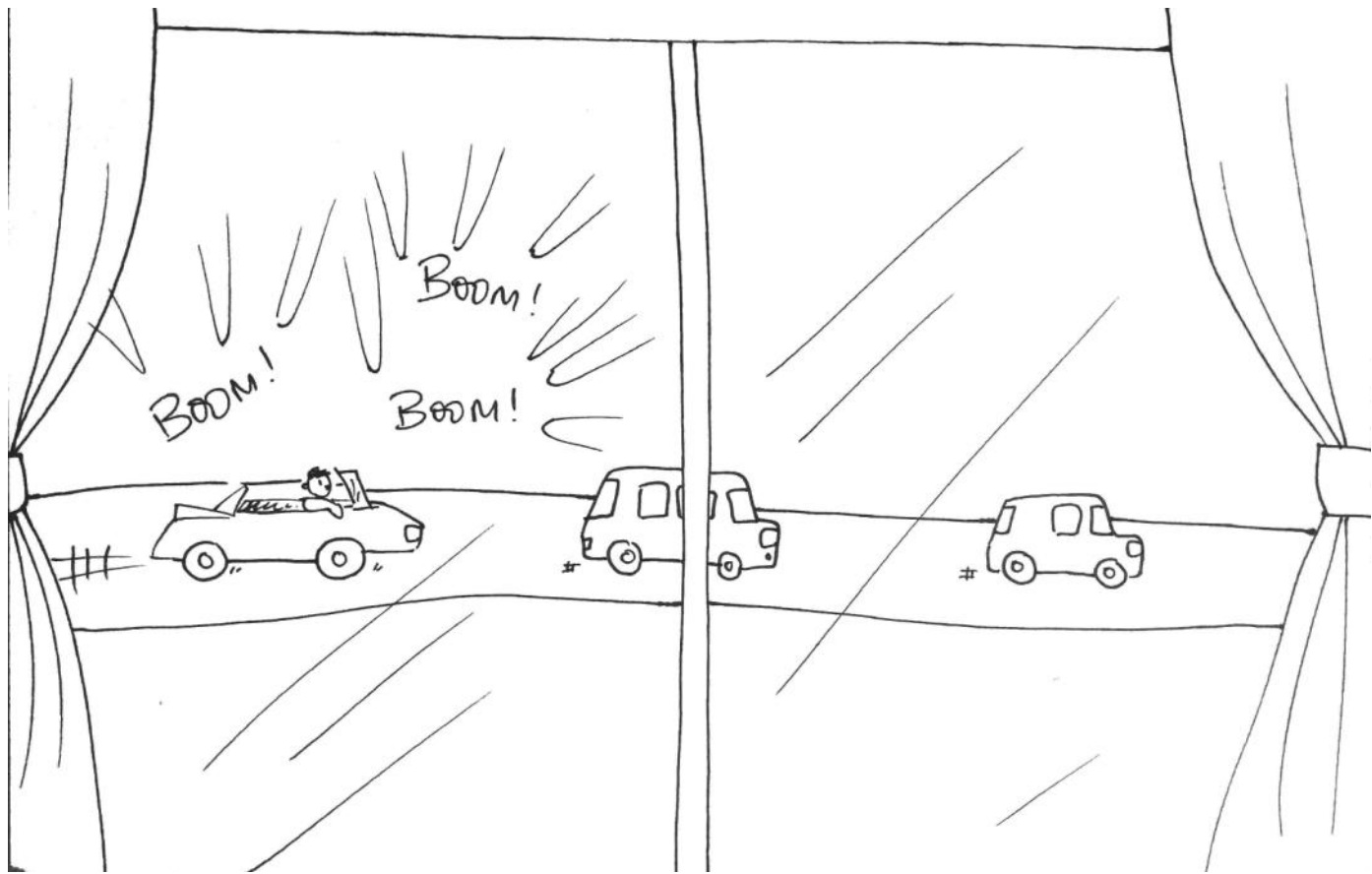
The story had to pause for a moment as a noisy motorbike roared down the road. It was too loud to keep reading the story until the motorbike was nearly out of sight.

When Tony and Ned, and little brother Teddy, had settle down once again, it wasn't for long.



Next, they heard the horn beeping on a fast, shiny red car that zoomed past on the road.

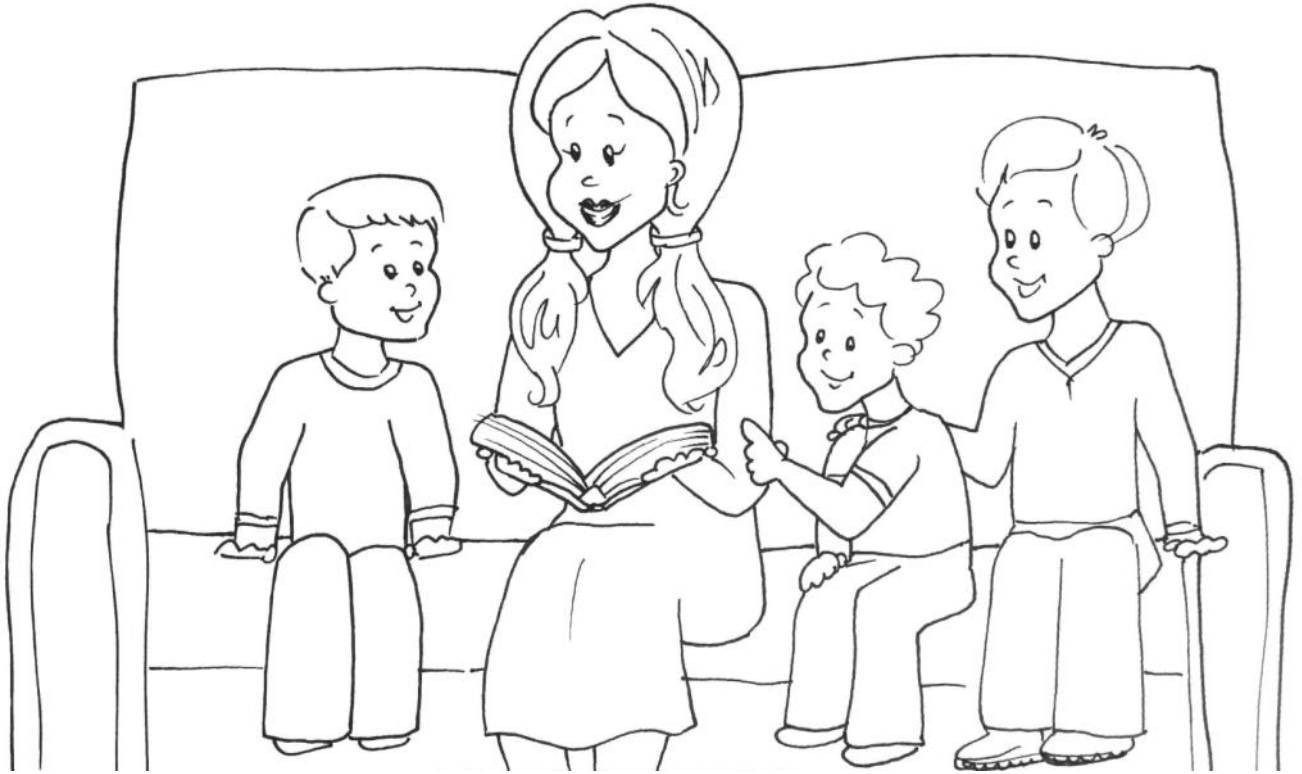
This was quickly followed by a loud pick-up truck, that seemed as if he was trying to let everyone know he was driving by revving up his engine and roared down the road.



Just as they were about to read the next part of the story, a black car that was driving way over the speed limit wove his way dangerously around the cars in front of him.

All the while, as the black car passed their house, out from it was booming the sounds of a version of music being played too loud.

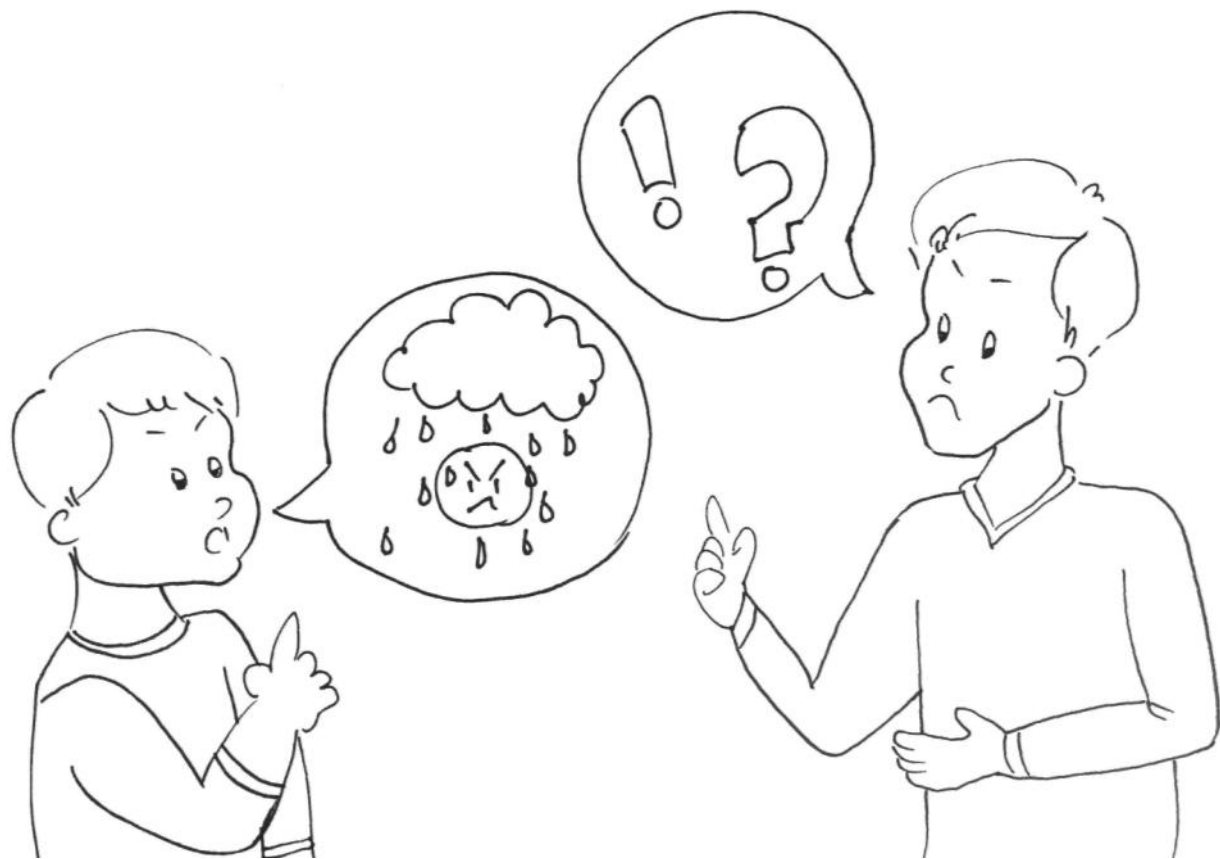
On went the disturbing traffic. It was nearly ten minutes until the story could be finished.



“Why do they have to be so loud, and try to be the first and the fastest? Isn’t that dangerous?” Tony asked.

Yes, it was! Their mother confirmed, and was glad that they weren’t driving in a car at that time.

Careless and loud drivers weren’t any fun to have around the others trying to also use the road and make it safely home.



Ned then thought for a moment at what had happened a while before—the reason they had all stopped to read a story with their mother, and have a bit of a quieter moment.

He expressed his thoughts:

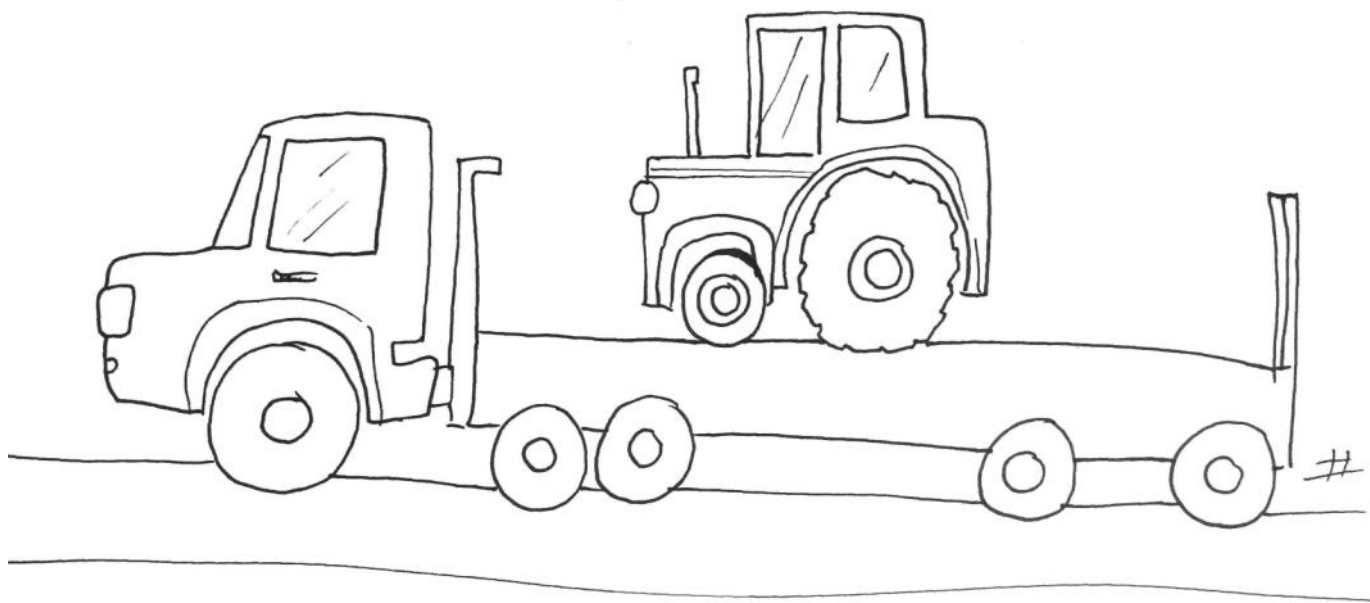
“Maybe the way we were talking this morning, all kind of loud and not so politely, is kind of like those drivers.—We were being ‘careless and loud’ also.”



“And we nearly had an accident!” Tony added.

“That’s right!” Mother commented, and explained more:

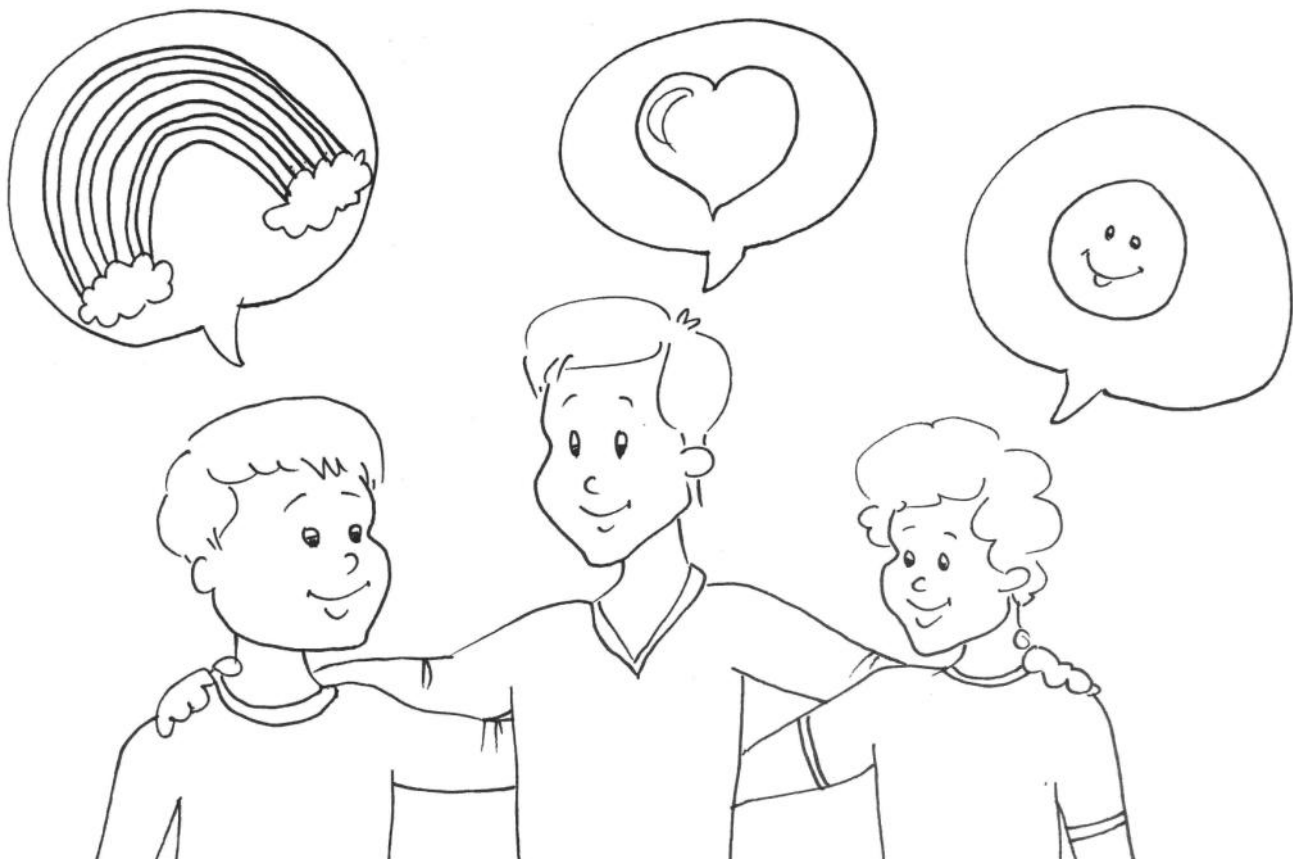
“Because when someone is being too loud and isn’t thinking about what might happen, or what others need, or how to be safe, then it’s a dangerous set up for an accident. —And you can’t hear Jesus trying to talk to you either, because your own words are booming out too much!”



They hardly finished their discussion when yet another vehicle came up the road. This time it wasn't going fast, and it wasn't too loud.

It was a flatbed truck carrying a tractor.

“I guess he's not going too fast because he wants to make sure that the tractor is safe and makes it to the farm, or wherever it's meant to go,” Tony said.



“Perhaps that’s the example of how to stay safe—to think about others, with the words you say and the fun and wild ideas you might get,” Mother suggested.

“If you always imagine that you are like that truck carrying a tractor—that you have others you need to be careful for—it might help you to slow down, and think about your words. You can then choose to make your words be polite, caring, and more soft-spoken.”



Ned got out some paper and a pen. He was followed quickly by Tony who was eager to join him in anything that looked fun. Teddy first climbed into Mother's lap for a hug—then jumped up to do some drawing too, like his brothers.

Ned said,

“I think I'm going to draw that tractor and truck, and post it up. It can remind us about being thoughtful, quieter, calm and safe—even when we are having fun, so things can stay fun, and no one will get hurt.”



Tony said,

“And I’ll draw the motorbike! To remind us to not be like that with our words—all kind of rattling and loud!”

“A too loud motorbike,” Teddy said in his cute way, pointing to the scribbles on his papers, showing he had attempted to draw it too. He was always keenly aware of anything his brothers were saying.

Everyone smiled. Perhaps these pictures would help save them from a careless accident later on.

