

I pulled on my blue jeans, t-shirt and shoes.

When it was empty it was easy to pull.

I rolled Newton's ball to him.

He pushed while I pulled.

It won't roll at all if I don't give it a push.

The wind at my back pushed me on my way.

I threw the ball hard, it went really high.

The wind pushed against my chest, and I couldn't go as fast.

When I pushed my toy truck, it went really far.

Pedaling uphill was really hard too.

But even my big push won't move my Dad's car.

I pulled, Newton pulled, and then I pulled some more.

We pulled my red wagon.

When he pulled as hard as I did, we didn't move at all.

I couldn't pull it alone.

But when he pulled harder, I'd step forward or fall.

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