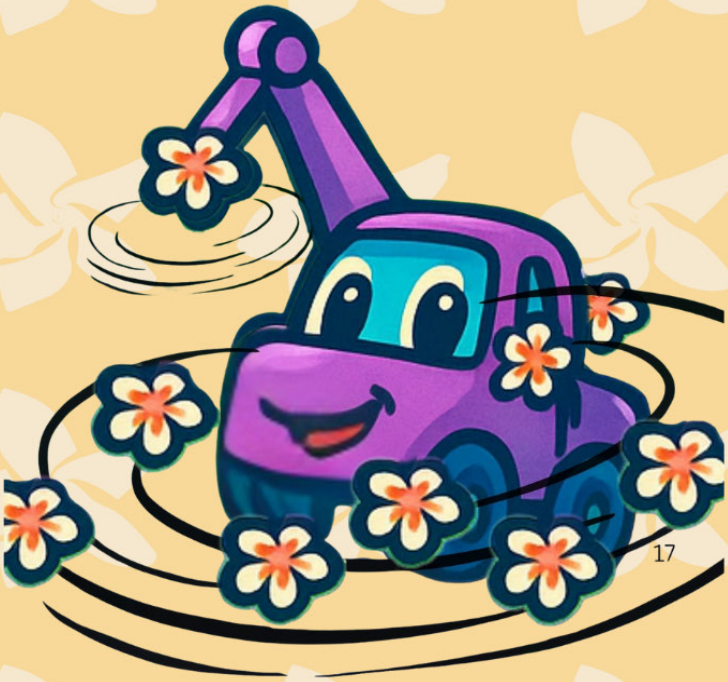
PJ the Dump Truck



By: Mary Komomua











Dedicated to my son- PJ

Copyright 2025 by Mary Komomua

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise—without the prior written permission of the copyright owner, except as permitted by U.S. copyright law.

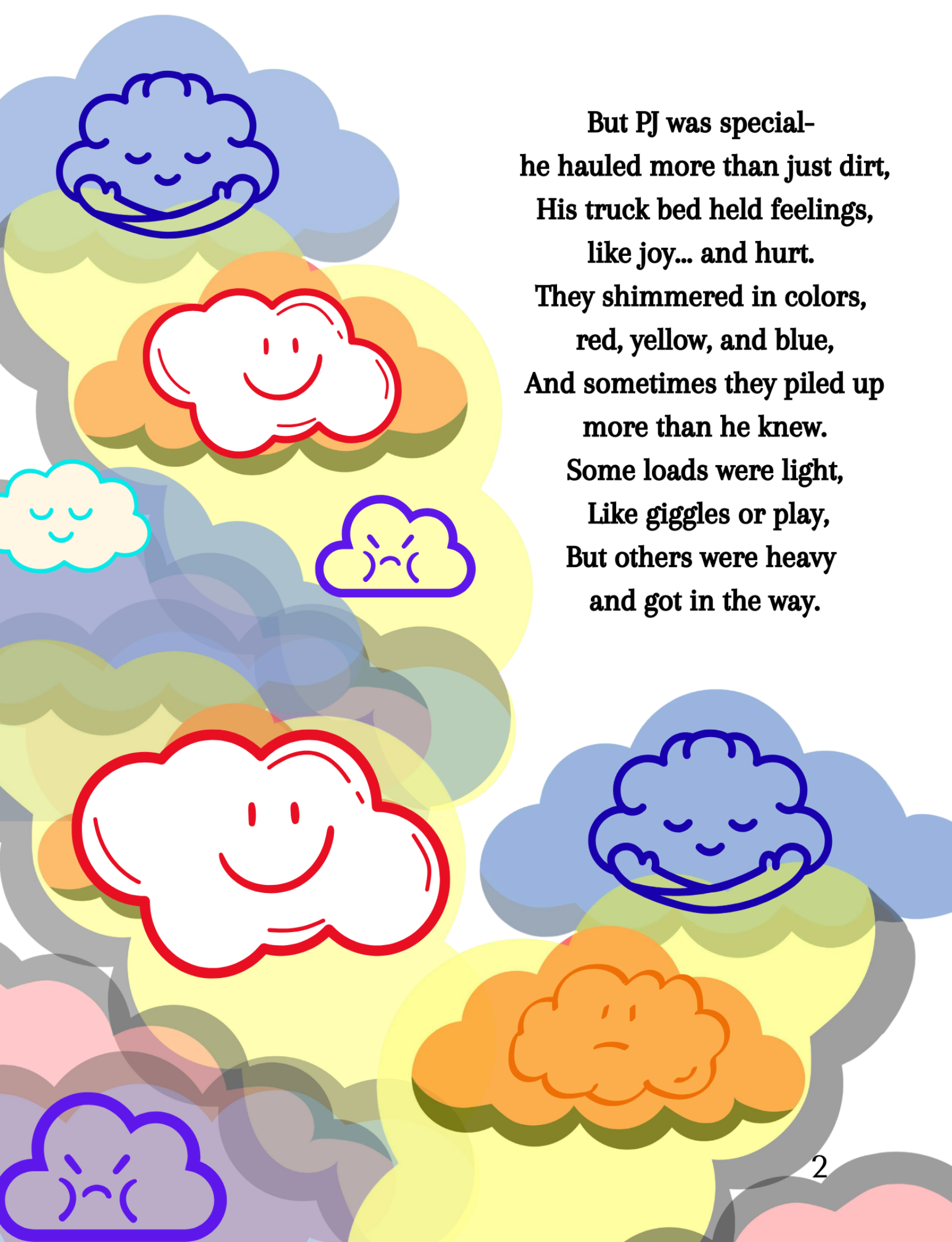
PJ the Dump Truck



By: Mary Komomua

On a sunny island,
where mountains touch the blue,
Lived PJ the dump truck,
strong, orange, and true.
He worked hard on a site
getting dirty with his truck crew,
and now a bath is overdue!





But PJ was special-
he hauled more than just dirt,
His truck bed held feelings,
like joy... and hurt.
They shimmered in colors,
red, yellow, and blue,
And sometimes they piled up
more than he knew.
Some loads were light,
Like giggles or play,
But others were heavy
and got in the way.



One morning he rolled,

but his tires felt slow,

His engine gave groans

and refused to go.

“I feel so full,” he said with a sigh,

As clouds gathered up

and rain fell from the sky.



Past mountainy curves came

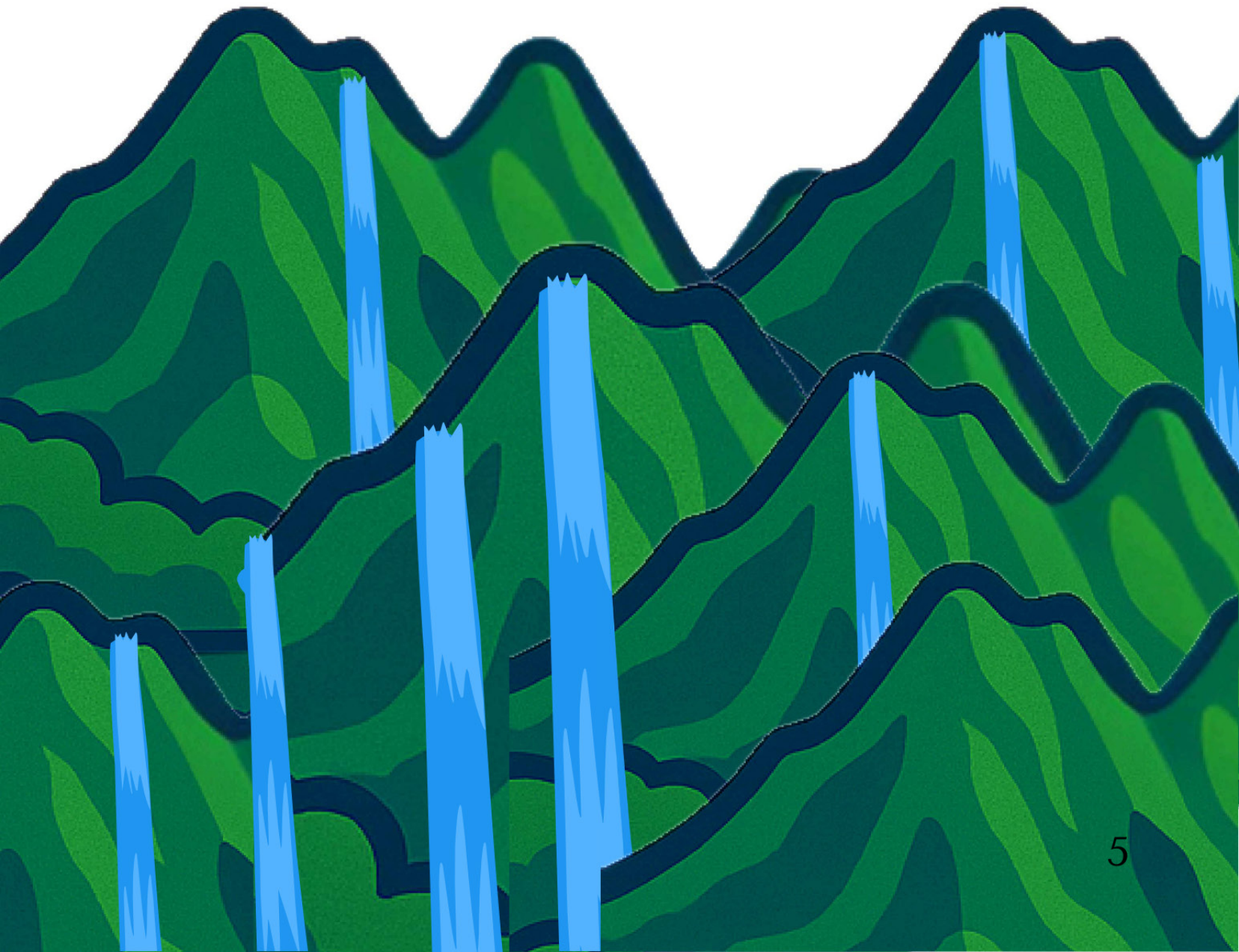
a strong, scooping sound-

It was AJ the excavator,

spinning around.

“Stuck again, buddy?” he called with a grin.

“ I see you’ve got a truckload of feelings tucked deep within.”



“”Let’s take a ride,” AJ said with a beep.

“The wind helps us breathe,

the road helps us sleep.”

They rolled down the hills,

and AJ shared his best,

of feelings he carried,

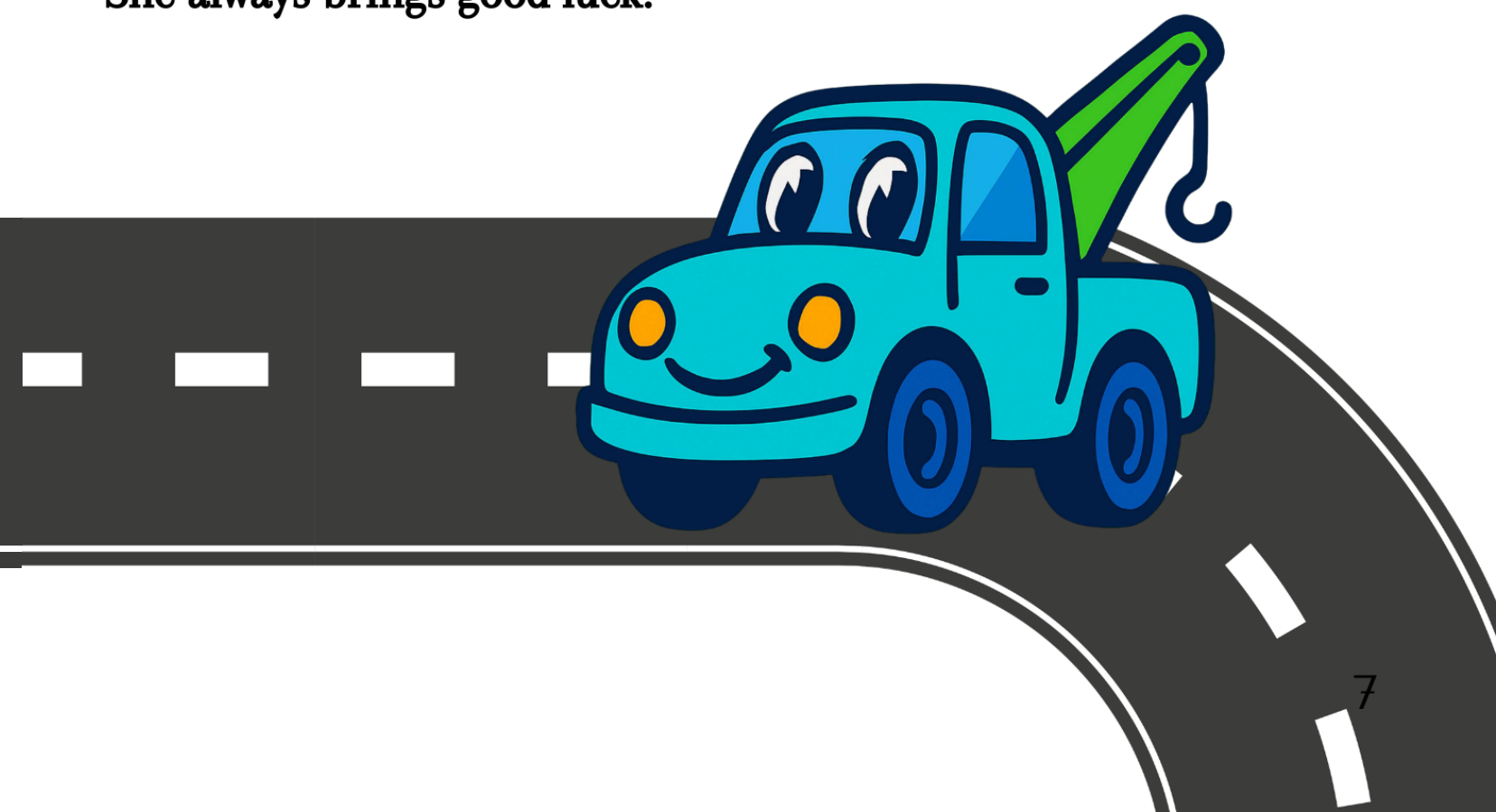
and how he found rest.



Then came Logan the tow truck,
calm and kind,
Helping out Ziggy mixer truck
who was falling behind.

“Need a tow PJ?”, Logan asked with care.
“You look like you’re dragging a heavy
spare!”

PJ said, “I’m tired of carrying all this
around.”
Ziggy replied, “Let’s not stay stuck.
Let’s go see Gia-
She always brings good luck!”



She stood tall and
waved them in,
her crane arm
stretching
with a graceful spin.





Up the hillside with
flowers in tow,
They brought Gia bunches
of plumeria, yellow with
white as snow.



“I don’t feel right,” PJ said in fright.
“My bolts feel tight, even in daylight.”

Gia beamed,“You don’t need to hold it all.
Follow me past the trees so tall.
We’re heading where the rainbows grow-
A place for trucks to let feelings go.”



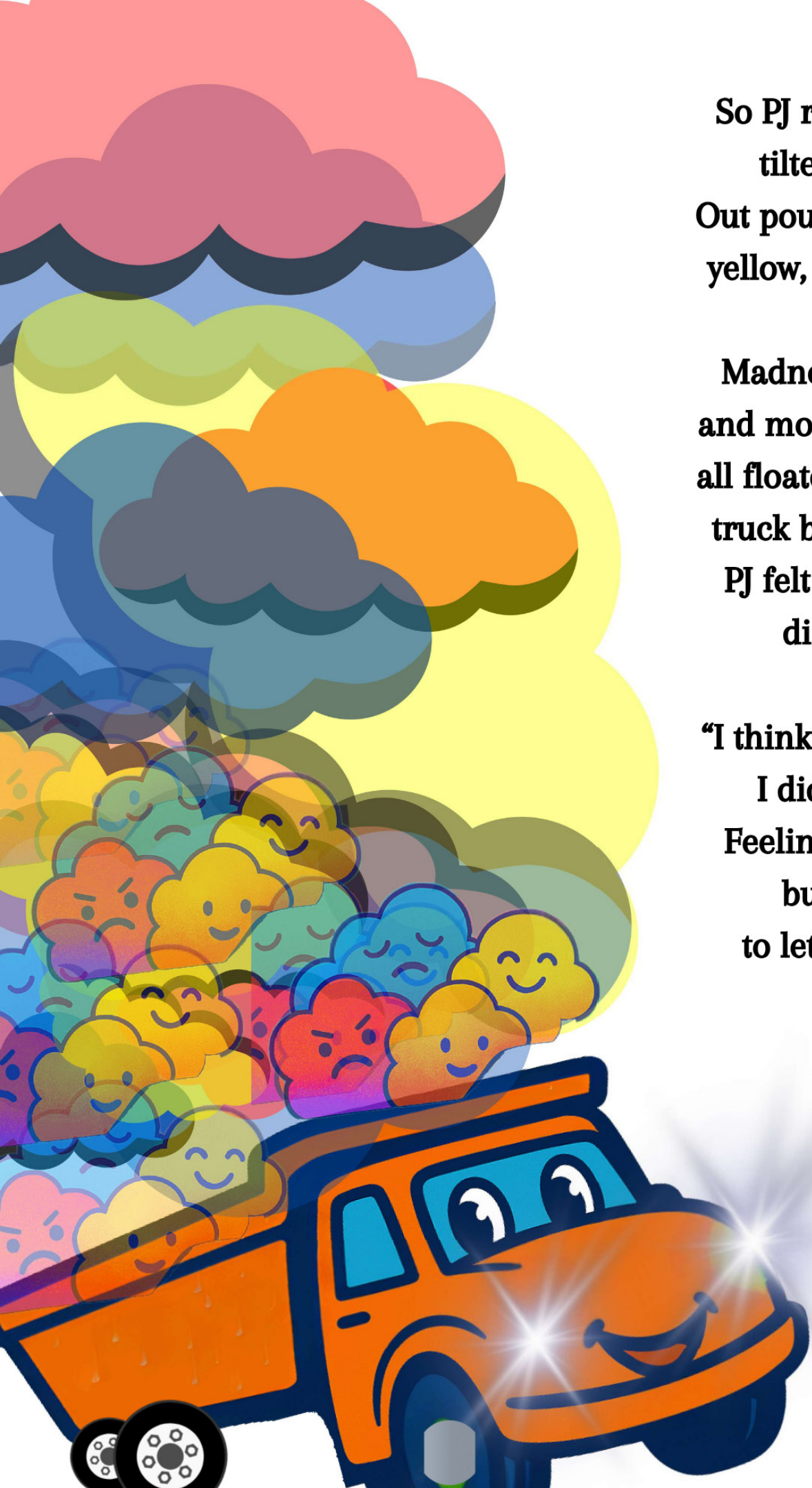
They rolled past pineapples, plumeria, and sky.
The air smelled sweet as the tradewinds flew by.

A sparkling stream rushed by with delight,
As they turned up a trail, out of plain sight.

At last they arrived, at a lookout so high,
Where rainbows danced and clouds floated by.
The air felt soft, like a warm embrace.
A peaceful, powerful, magical place.

“This is where trucks come to unload,” Gia said.
Not trash but feelings- the kinds that we dread.





So PJ reversed and
tilted his bed,
Out poured the colors
yellow, blue, and red.

Madness, sadness
and moments of fear,
all floated up and his
truck bed was clear.
PJ felt his worries
disappear.

“I think I found what
I didn’t know-
Feelings are fine-
but I have
to let them go.”



Down they rumbled, a joyful team.

Their lights bright, their engines gleamed.

The island sparkled, waves danced near,

and the lookout whispered,

“Return anytime, dear.”



From that day on, when PJ felt blue,

He'd check in gently- no pressure, no pull.

He remembered the lesson, both soft and strong.

"Feel the feeling., but don't carry it too long."

"Let it rise, let it shine, let it pass through...

Because feelings are like friends just visiting you.



About the Author

Mary Komomua is a Native Hawaiian mother, writer, and licensed clinical social worker (LCSW) based on the island of O'ahu.

She is passionate about storytelling as a path to healing, especially for keiki and 'ohana navigating big changes and deep feelings.

She has been inspired to create books that weave emotional wellness with cultural grounding- with her son's love for all things trucks!



More
than words
This is what
healing feels like.

A Letter to Grown-Ups

Thank you for sharing this story with the special child in your life.

As adults, we often focus on helping children manage their behavior, but underneath every behavior is a feeling waiting to be understood or validated.

Children are not born knowing how to name their emotions, calm their bodies, or make sense of difficult experiences. These skills are learned through connection, practice, and the caring adults who walk beside them.When we slow down long enough to listen, we send an important message

Your feelings are welcome and safe here.

When we help children put words to what they are experiencing, we help them build emotional awareness, confidence, and resilience that can last a lifetime.

More
than words
This is what
healing feels like.

Emotional regulation is not about making feelings disappear. It is about creating enough safety for feelings to be noticed, understood, and expressed in healthy ways. And perhaps most importantly, children learn these skills by watching us.

The way we respond to our own frustration, disappointment, excitement, worry, and joy becomes the model they carry forward into the world.

Before we can teach regulation, we often have to practice it ourselves. When we pause, take a breath, repair after mistakes, and make space for our own emotions, we show children that feelings are a normal part of being human.

Thank you for holding space for big feelings, hard days, growing hearts, and all the learning that comes with them.
With gratitude,
PJ and Mary

More than words
This is what healing feels like.

