



Super Sam Shares His Snacks

Sam loved his bright red cape. It swished and flapped behind him all day long. He didn't have super strength or super speed. He just had a super name. "I am Super Sam!"





Super Sam's favorite place to be a hero was at school. He was a hero of kindness and listening and, most of all, sharing. He knew sharing was the real superpower.



But one day, at the big, long lunch table, Super Sam saw something that made his super-sense tingle. He opened his lunchbox, full of delicious treats.



Across the table sat Mia. Her lunchbox was open, too, but it was empty. No sandwich. No juice box. Not even a single crunchy carrot stick.



Super Sam didn't have to think. His cape flapped with the sudden movement of his super-decision! He reached into his lunchbox and pulled out his two best, biggest chocolate chip cookies.



He slid them right onto the table and pushed them gently toward Mia. "A hero always shares his fuel," Super Sam whispered.



Mia's face, which had been gray like a rainy day cloud, suddenly burst open with sunshine! Her smile was the biggest, brightest smile Super Sam had ever seen.



"Wow," she said, munching happily. "You didn't have to do that, Sam." She looked at his cape, then back at his kind eyes. "But you really are a superhero."



Super Sam beamed. It felt even better than finding a lost kitten or tying a super-shoelace. It felt like real power.



From that day on, Super Sam made sure no one felt left out. If Leo needed a friend for a game, Super Sam played.

If Olivia needed a purple crayon, Super Sam shared. Sharing his snacks, sharing his smiles, and sharing his space was his mighty mission.





**With his red cape and his super-
heart, Sam was the best kind of hero:
a friend to all!**



One cloudy afternoon, a new kid arrived at their school. He sat by himself during playtime, looking down at his sneakers. His name was Silas.



Super Sam swooped in! "Want to play kickball?" he asked, holding his bright red ball. Silas just shook his head, small and quiet.



"Want a super-sticker?" Sam asked, pulling one from his pocket. It was a glittery star! Silas looked at the sticker, then back down at his shoes. No thank you.



Sam's super-heart felt a little bit heavy. Sharing snacks and toys usually worked like magic! He walked over to Mia, who was building a sandcastle.



"Silas doesn't want to play or have a sticker," Sam whispered to Mia. "Maybe my superpower is running out of fuel!"



Mia smiled and patted the sand. "A hero knows that every friend needs something different," she said. "Maybe Silas doesn't need a snack or a game. He needs a soft spot."



Super Sam looked around. The playground was loud. The games were fast. He realized Mia was right! Some people need a quiet space, not a loud one.



He walked slowly toward Silas, but this time, he didn't ask a question. He just sat down on the other end of the bench, quiet as a library mouse.



After a long moment of quiet, Sam pulled out a little notebook and a crayon. He started drawing a silly, wobbly superhero, cape and all.



Slowly, slowly, Silas lifted his head. He watched Sam's crayon move across the paper. He didn't say anything, but his eyes were bright with interest.



Sam tore the picture gently from the notebook and slid it across the bench. It was a drawing of a smiling boy in a cape, waving hello.



Silas picked up the drawing and held it carefully. Then, he pointed to the wobbly drawing and, in a whisper, he said, "His cape... needs a star."



Super Sam smiled. He knew what to share now: a soft spot, a quiet drawing, and a moment of understanding. He reached into his pocket for his super-sticker. Sharing and caring, for every friend!