

# THE SECRET LEAGUE OF SIBLING SUPERPOWERS

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# The Secret League of Sibling Superpowers

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Sibling superpowers? Was this a joke? He shot a glance at Max's bed across the room. His little brother was tangled in his blanket, still dreaming, a bit of drool on his pillow. Jake snorted quietly; Max could sleep through a meteor shower. Still, he couldn't help but smile at the sight.

Jake pressed the badge to his chest, just because it seemed like the right thing to do. Suddenly, the golden light flared, and he heard a tiny, echoey voice whisper in his ear:

"Every great hero has a partner."

Jake gulped. His pulse quickened—is this thing magic?

Before he could say anything, Max stirred. He cracked one eye open and



“Hey! Where’s my car?” Max called out after a minute or two, panic in his voice.

Jake was about to burst out laughing—but suddenly, the badge grew cold and dull in his hand. For a second, it even seemed to shrink.

“Strange...” Jake mumbled. He handed Max the car, watching his little brother’s smile return.

In that instant, the badge blazed so bright, Jake almost dropped it.

Whoa. It really is magic!

Jake took a deep breath and tried to tease Max again, this time pretending to tickle him from behind. The badge instantly dimmed, barely holding a glow. When Jake stopped, it brightened once





wilder—the balls were multiplying, filling up every inch of space.

“We’ll never be able to clean all this up!”

Max groaned, his voice almost swallowed by the bouncing thunder.

Jake felt the badge pulse against his chest. For a moment, he remembered how it dimmed when he teased, and glowed brighter when they worked together.

“Wait, Max,” Jake called, dodging a rubber ball the size of a grapefruit, “what if we do this as a team?”

Max’s eyes lit up. “Like superheroes?”

Jake nodded. Instantly, as if understanding grew between them, the badge began to shine with a fierce golden light. Suddenly, Jake felt a tiny







Super Speed. He bounced through the numbers, but when he hopped on the final square—he landed right on a whoopee cushion. Pffft! Jake jumped, startled, as Max snorted with laughter.

Next came the Stack of Doom. Jake raced to build it himself, stacking and steadying the wobbly blocks. But just as he balanced the last one, Max sneezed and the whole tower clattered down. Jake's excitement turned to irritation.

"Max! Why'd you do that?"

Max looked away, cheeks pink. "It was an accident..."

Jake clenched his fists, feeling a flicker of the badge's light inside his shirt. It wasn't glowing as brightly as before.

The Trickster cackled, spinning a



But the maze was full of tricks: doors that turned into slides, spinning arrows, and rooms that changed direction with a giggle. Jake quickly realized he could never find his way by racing around. He paused and took a deep breath, imagining what Max must be feeling—confused, maybe a little scared.

He pressed a hand over the badge.  
“You’re not alone, Max! I’ll help you!”

He listened carefully. Max’s voice was shaky now. “I’m stuck behind a wall with funny pictures!”

Jake remembered a path with silly paintings he had just passed. “Max, can you see a picture of a dancing banana?”

Max sniffled. “Yeah!”

“Okay, close your eyes and try to hear





“Let’s try...  
Super-Flying-Fortress-Building!” Jake  
declared.

They dashed around the room, using the  
Mega Mind Link to share silly ideas:  
Should the fortress have jet packs? What  
about a ball pit moat? Each time they  
giggled or cheered one another on, their  
badges blazed brighter.

With teamwork (and plenty of pillows),  
they built a fort with cardboard towers  
and glowing tunnels. Imaginary controls,  
made-up gadgets—each feature  
appeared as they willed it, powered by  
their trust and laughter. It became a  
stronghold unlike any before.

When they climbed in together, the room  
spun with magic. Their badges merged  
into one glowing shield above the fort.







Shimmering letters circled through the  
air:

YOU ARE NOW GRADUATES OF THE  
SECRET LEAGUE OF SIBLING  
SUPERPOWERS

YOUR MISSION: TO USE YOUR POWERS  
FOR GOOD—TO PROTECT, SUPPORT, AND  
CHEER EACH OTHER EVERY DAY.

Jake and Max stared in awe as their  
badges settled gently onto their  
pajamas, still glowing softly.

Max grinned, his whole face lighting up.  
“Does this mean we’re real heroes now?”

Jake ruffled Max’s hair, a big, proud  
smile spreading across his face. “Yeah, I  
think it does. But the best superpower  
isn’t speed or mind-reading. It’s looking  
out for each other. Nothing can beat  
that.”

If you could create your own superpower by working with someone in your family, what would it be and how would you use it to help others?

## **Before You Drift Off**

Why do you think it's important for siblings (or friends) to work together and support each other, even when it's hard? Can you think of a time when you and someone else made a better team by helping each other?