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We create magical stories to make bedtime the best time of the day.

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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.

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:

Jake pressed the badge to his chest, just

"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.

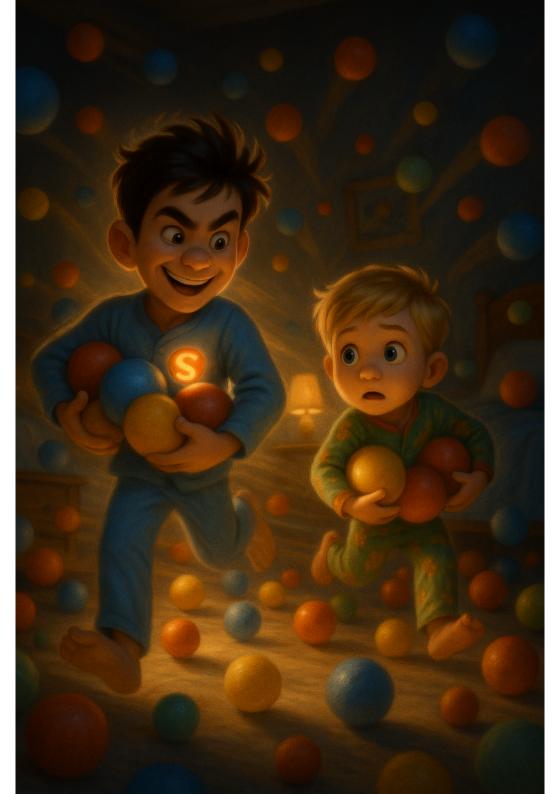
Jake was about to burst out laughing—but suddenly, the badge grew cold and dull in his hand. For a second, it even seemed to shrink.

"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 aolden 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



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.

But the maze was full of tricks: doors

He listened carefully. Max's voice was shaky now. "I'm stuck behind a wall with

funny pictures!"

He pressed a hand over the badge.

"You're not alone, Max! I'll help you!"

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.



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

If you could create your own superpower by working with someone in your family, what where to reby out bowftwoffd you use it to help others?

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?