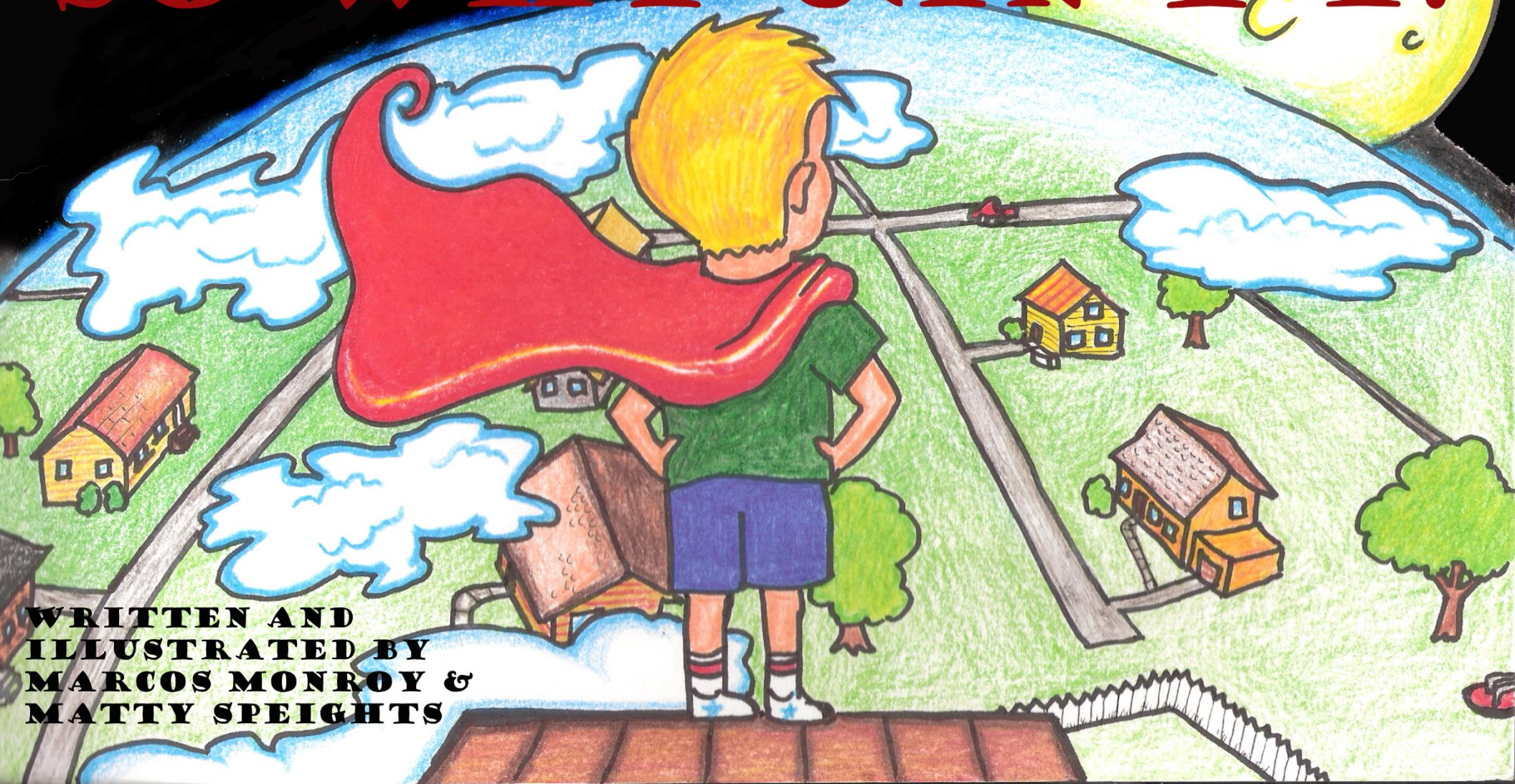


# **SUPERMAN** **CAN FLY,** **SO WHY CAN'T I?**



**WRITTEN AND  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARCOS MONROY &  
MATTY SPEIGHTS**



*Glory to God*

*And all our love to our families*

*Petra*

*Jessica*

*Joshua*

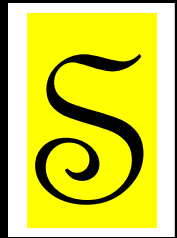
*Miguel*

*Caleb*

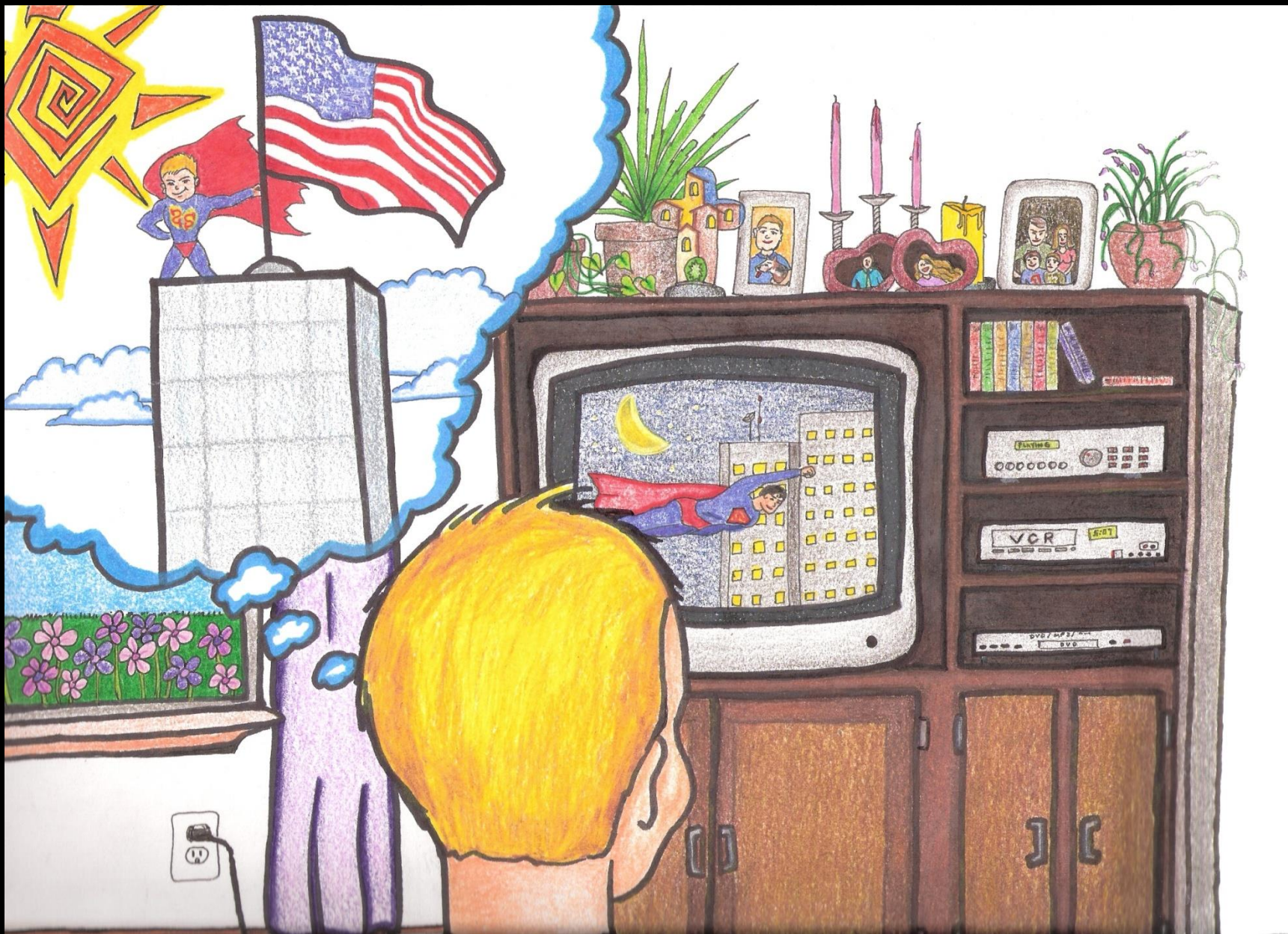
*Jesenia*

*Lily*





Sammy sat on his couch and watched his favorite show. It was Superman. He liked Superman because he was super strong, super fast, and most importantly--he could fly. "I wonder how Superman learned to fly," Sammy thought. Sammy then decided to ask the one person who would know...



“Mommy,” Sammy asked, “How does Superman fly?” Sammy’s mom smiled at the question.

“Well, let’s see,” she said. “First, Superman ate all his vegetables when he was a little boy.

Second, he always listened to his mommy. And then, of course, he has his special red cape.”



Sammy's mom went to her bedroom closet and pulled out Sammy's old red baby blanket.

Sammy beamed as she tied the blanket around him. "There, that should do it. Your very own cape." Suddenly Sammy felt his super powers growing. He was becoming "Super Sammy."



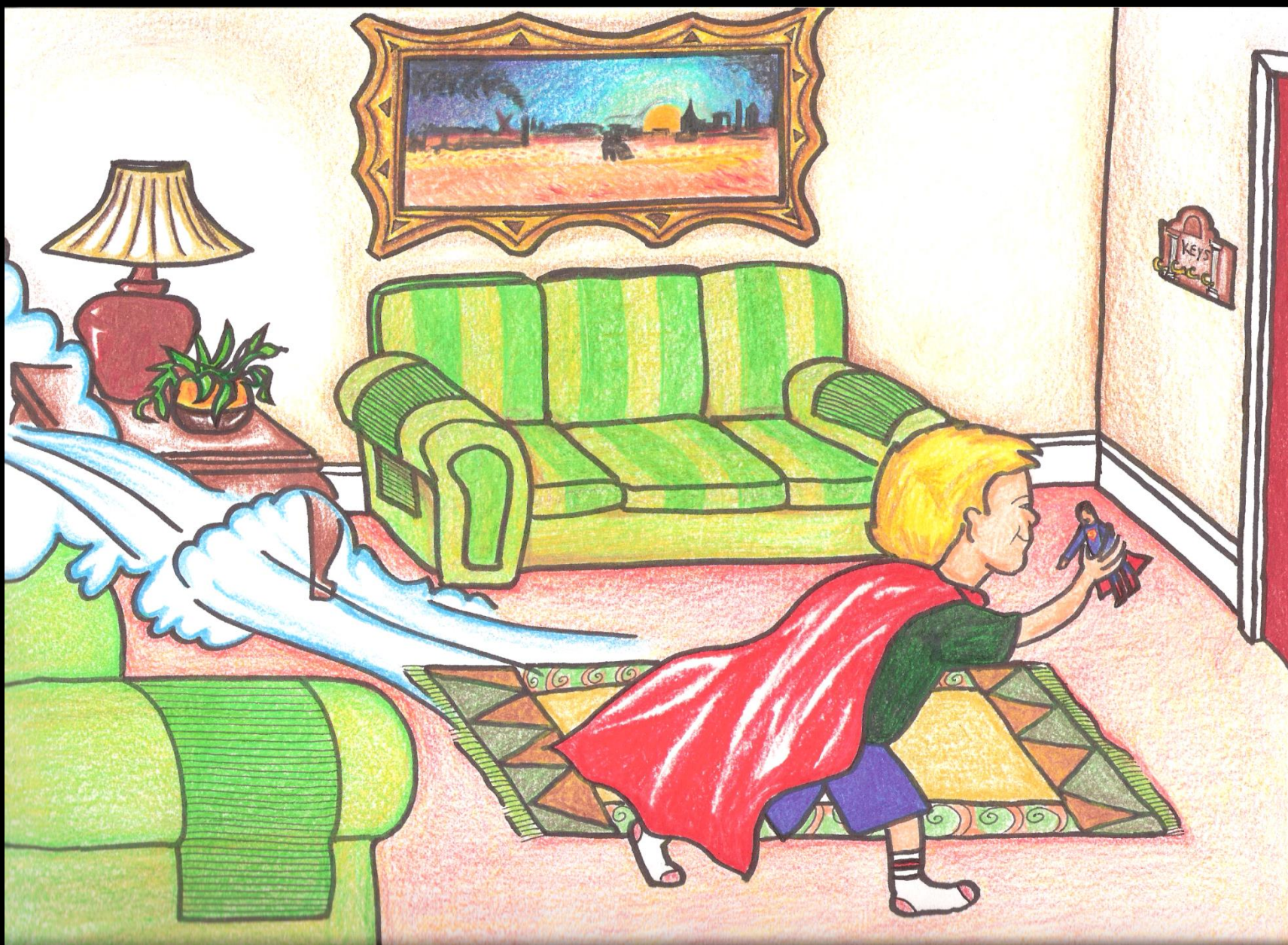
“Now before you go running around playing  
“Super Boy,” you need to clean your room,”  
Sammy’s mom said. “Aww...but Mom--” “But  
mom nothing. It won’t take long, just do like  
Superman and clean it super fast.” So Sammy did  
just that. When he finished, he said to himself,  
“Wow, that *was* super fast. I didn’t know I had it  
in me!”



Just then, Sammy saw some Army men being attacked by a horrible dinosaur. “This looks like a job for Super Sammy!” he said. In a single movement, Sammy swooped down and saved them all. “Thanks, Super Sammy! You have saved the day!” the men cheered.



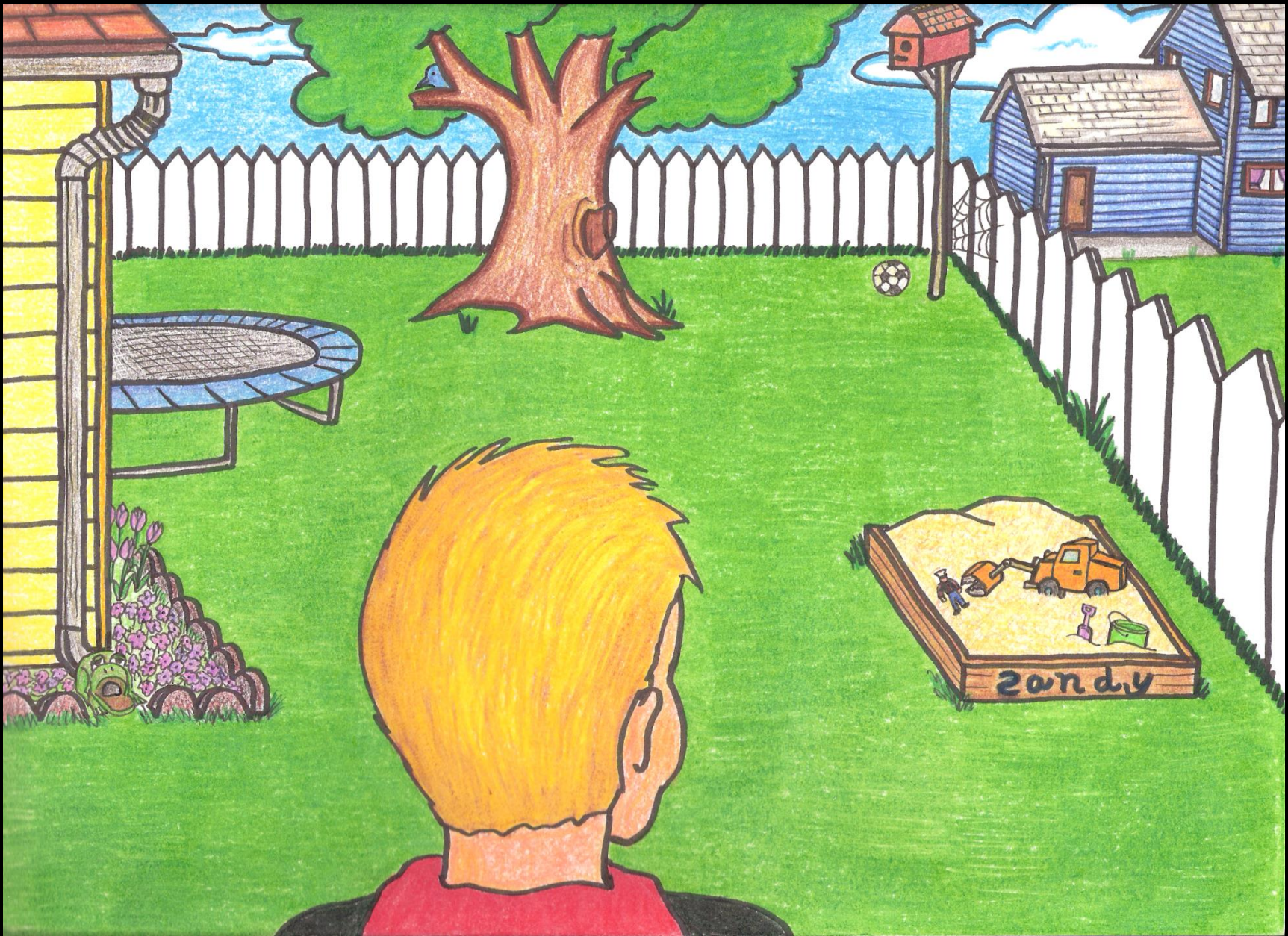
With his room all cleaned up, Sammy ran throughout the house looking for adventures. He jumped in the bathtub. He jumped out of the bathtub. He crawled under the kitchen table. He zoomed into the living room. Sammy's mom walked in just as he was jumping off the couch.



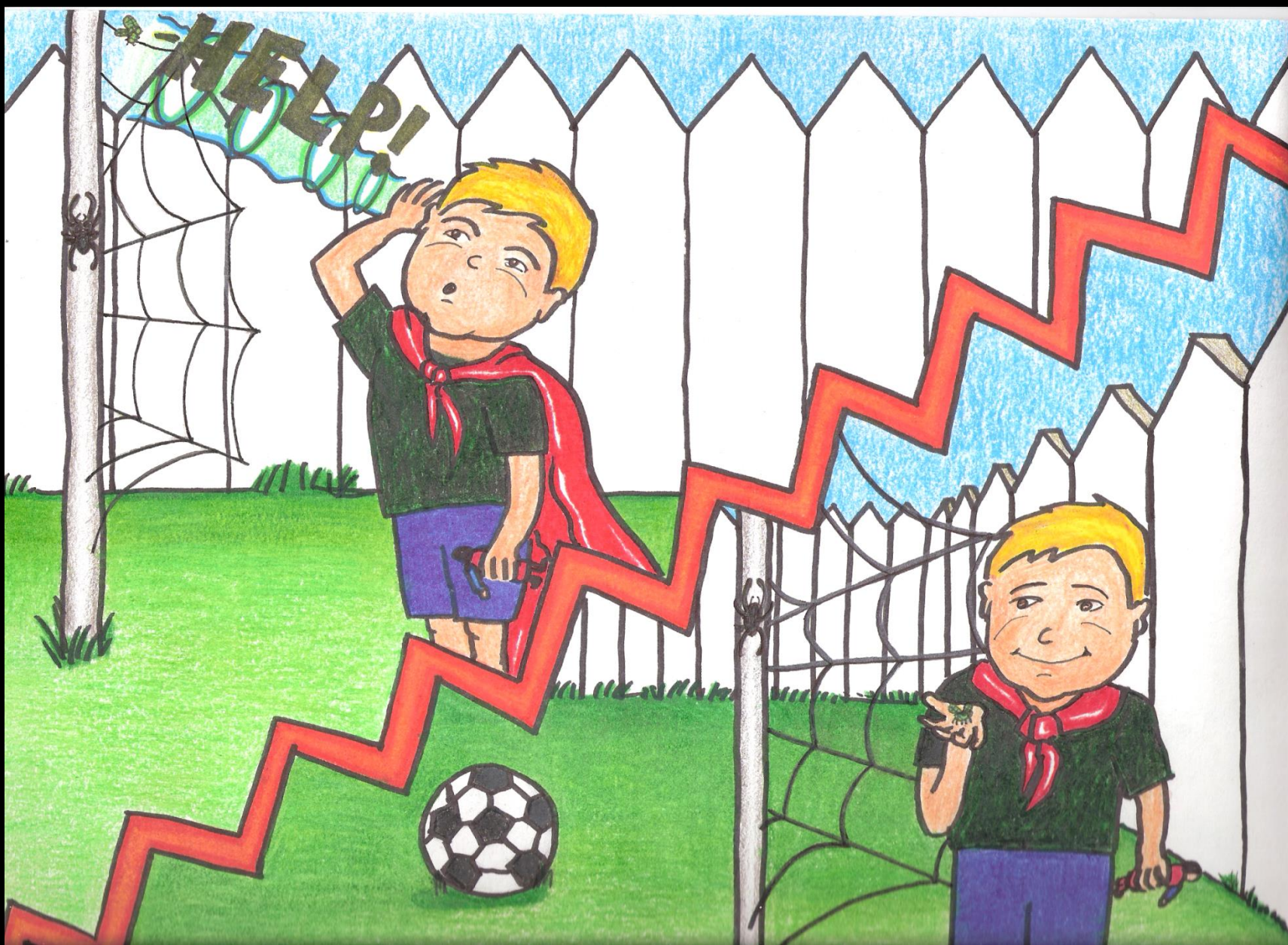
“YOUNG MAN,” she said, “It’s a nice day outside. I want you to put on your shoes and go out and play until I call you in for supper.”

Quickly, Sammy threw on his shoes and walked outside and looked around at his backyard world.

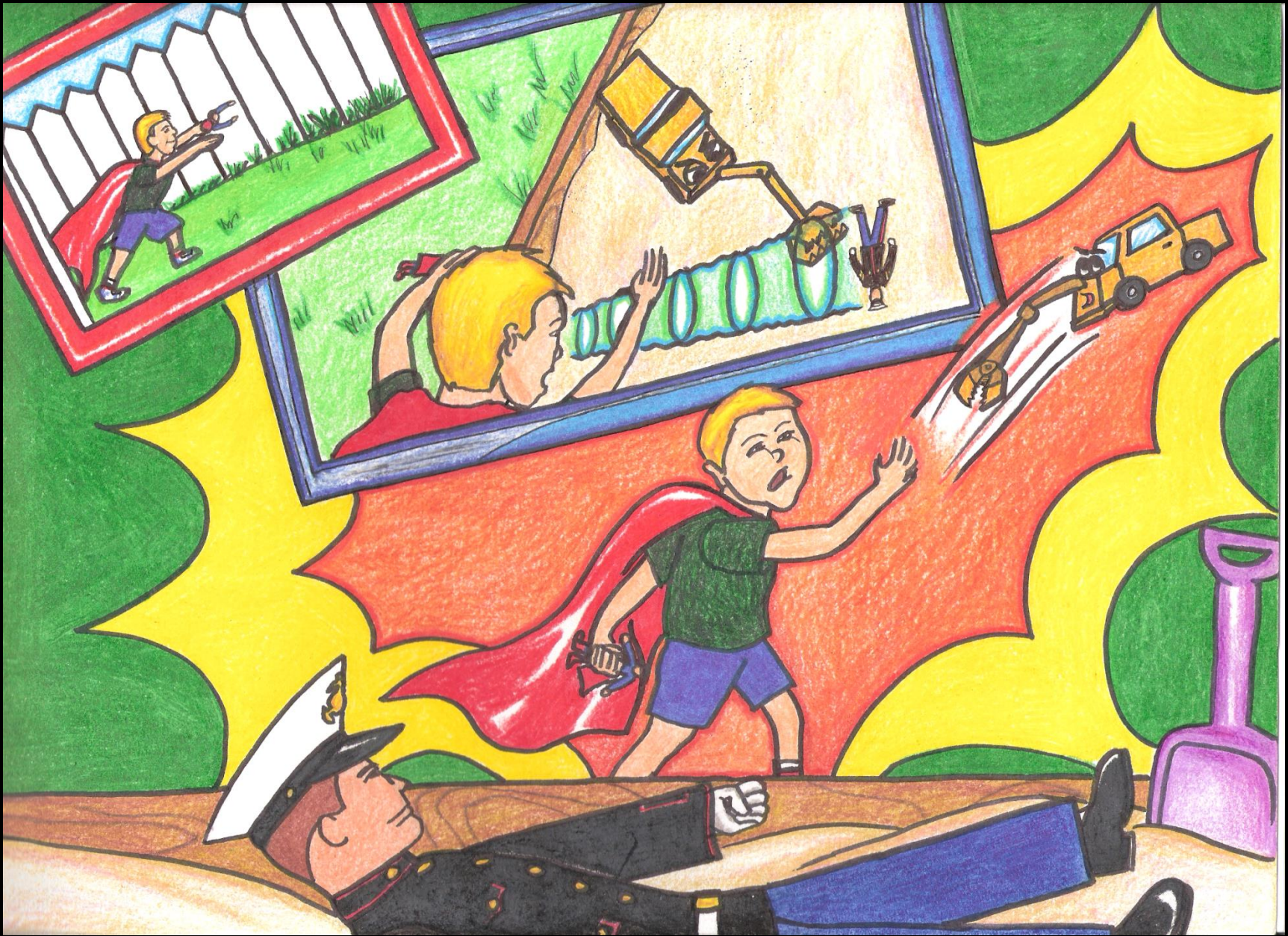
He thought to himself, “Lookout world, here comes Super Sammy!”



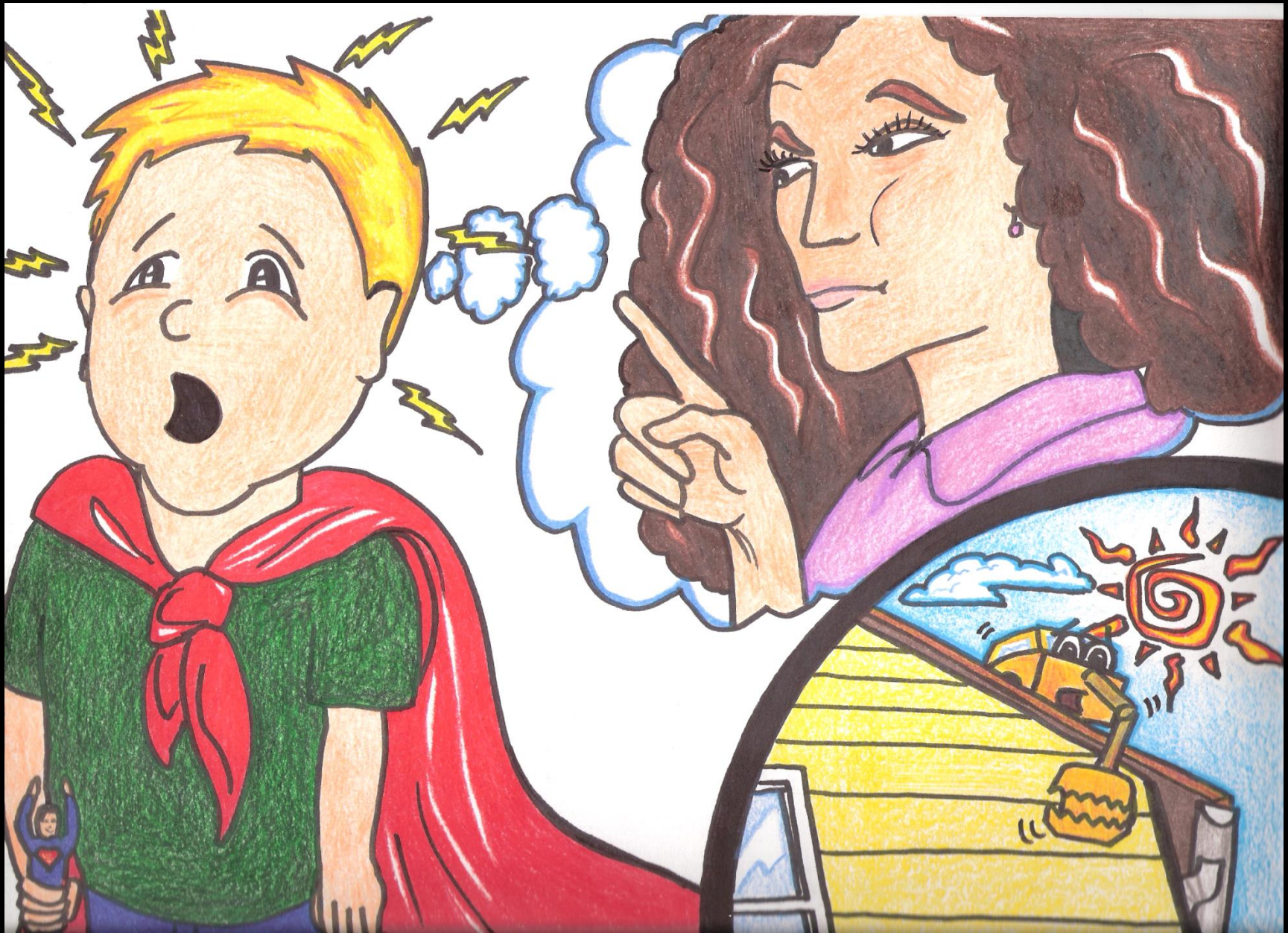
Off in the distance, Sammy heard a faint cry for help. He dashed off towards the sound, and saw a small fly caught in a spider web. “HELP ME!” the fly buzzed. Sammy bravely pulled the fly from the sticky trap just as he was about to be eaten. “You’re free, Mr. Fly. Now go home to your family.”



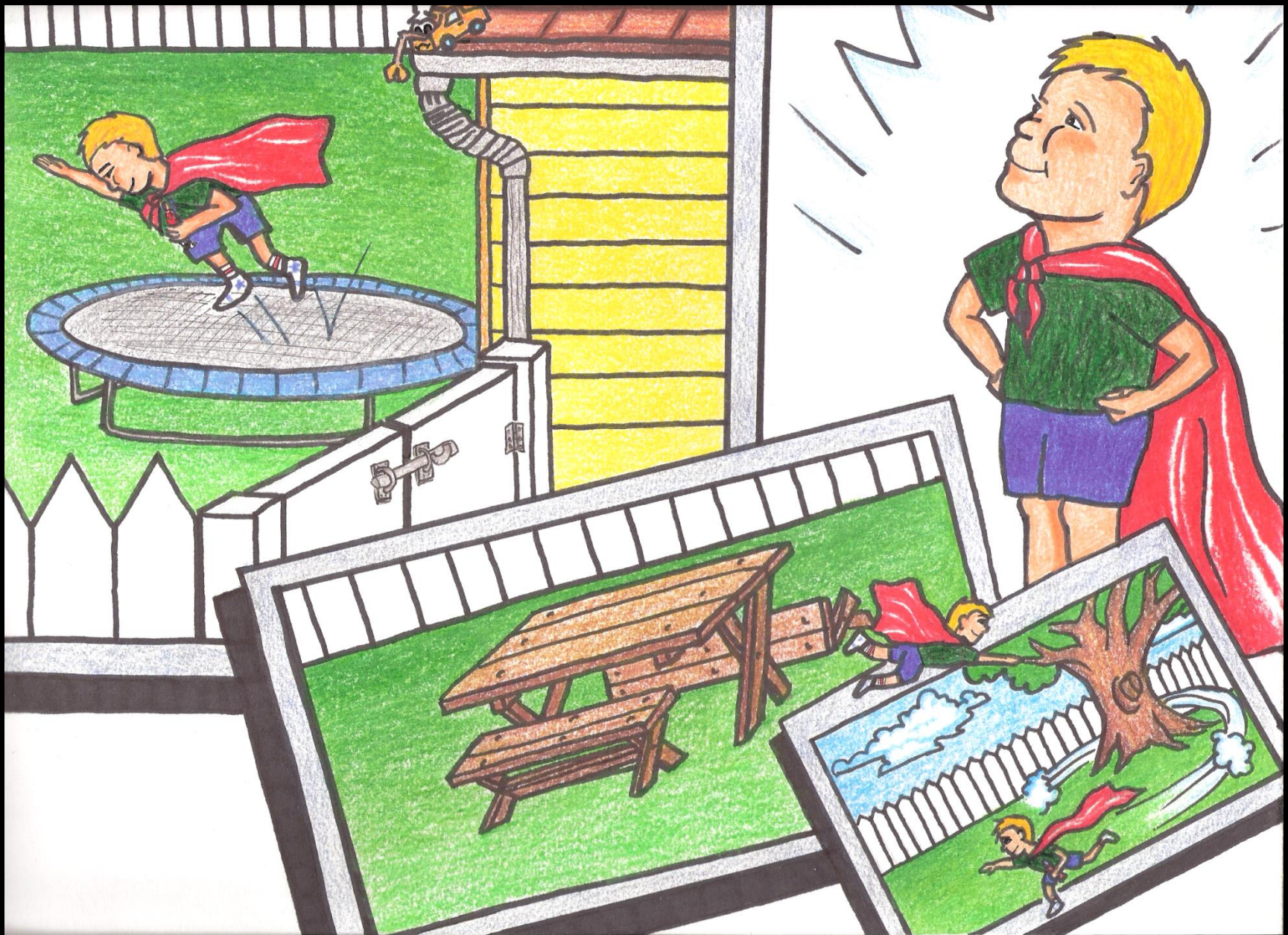
With each victory, Sammy grew braver. He flew around the yard in search of stuff to save. Flying over his sandbox he saw a Marine about to be crushed by a Tonka Truck. Without thinking, Sammy picked up the truck and threw it as far as he could. Smiling, the Marine said, “*OO-rah, Super Sammy!*” (That’s how Marines say thanks)



But when Sammy saw where his truck had landed, his jaw dropped. “Oh no, my favorite truck!” he cried, “It landed on the roof!” His super senses told him that he should not have done that. “I’ve *got* to find a way to get it down,” he thought to himself.



Sammy soon got distracted. “I’ll have time to rescue my truck later,” he thought. So he continued flying around the yard. He jumped on the trampoline. He jumped off the trampoline. He jumped on the picnic bench. He jumped off the bench. He flew around the tree with excitement.



As he circled the tree he heard sounds coming from above him. “I wonder what those noises are,” he said. So Sammy decided to climb the tree to investigate. Sammy’s tree was always fun to climb. It had a stump growing out of it, which made it easy to reach the high branches.



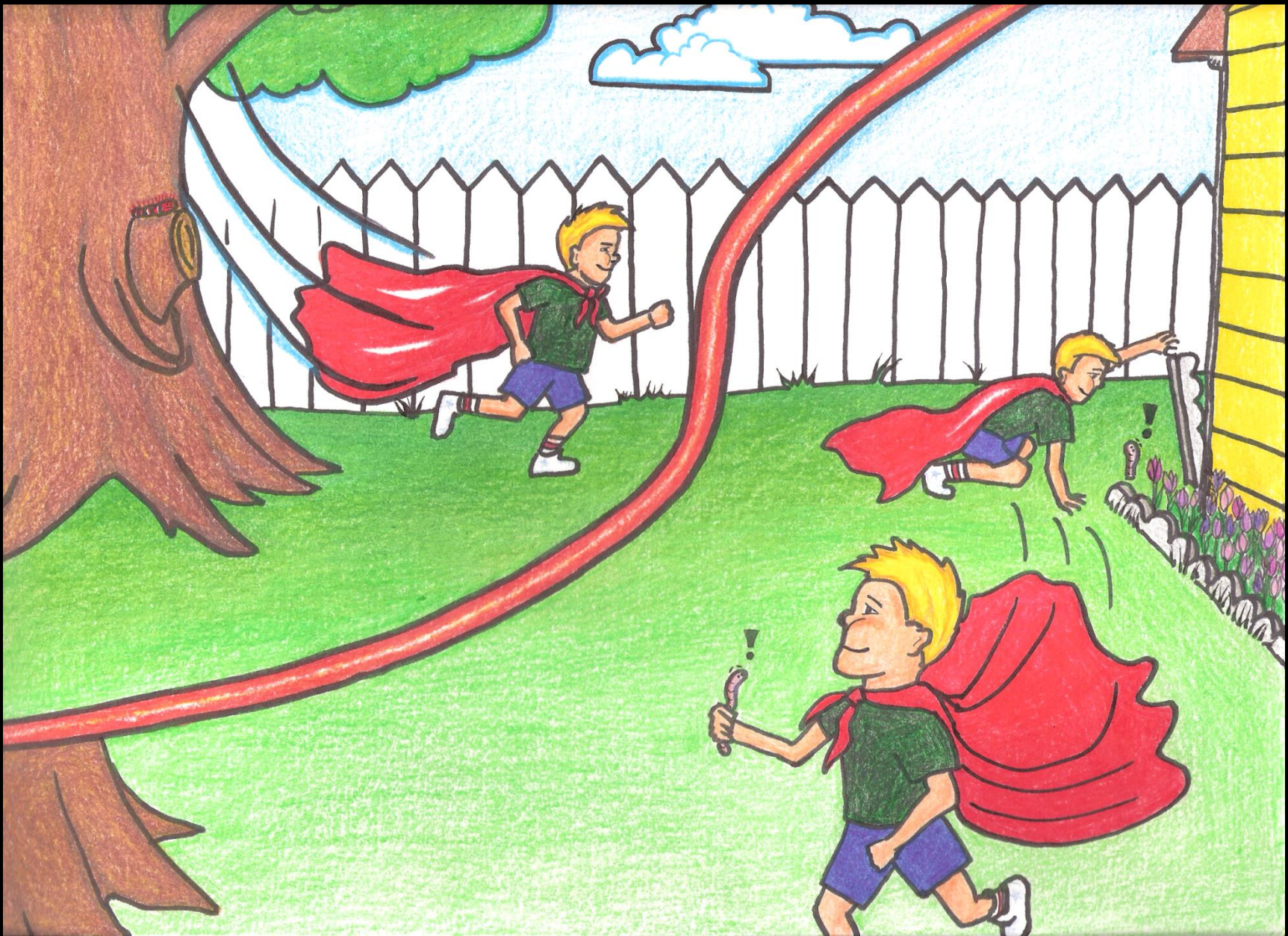
Sammy pushed a branch aside and saw a bird's nest. "Wow, three baby birdies! They must be hungry." His super senses told him, "You should never touch a baby bird, or its mama won't come back to feed it." Sammy didn't listen. "Don't worry little birdies, I'll feed you," Sammy said.



Climbing down from the tree, Sammy saw a bright red caterpillar sitting on the stump. He quickly remembered that this was an “itchy” caterpillar, and that he got hurt the last time he tried to play with one. “You won’t get me this time, Mr. Itchy Caterpillar,” he said as he went around the fuzzy critter.



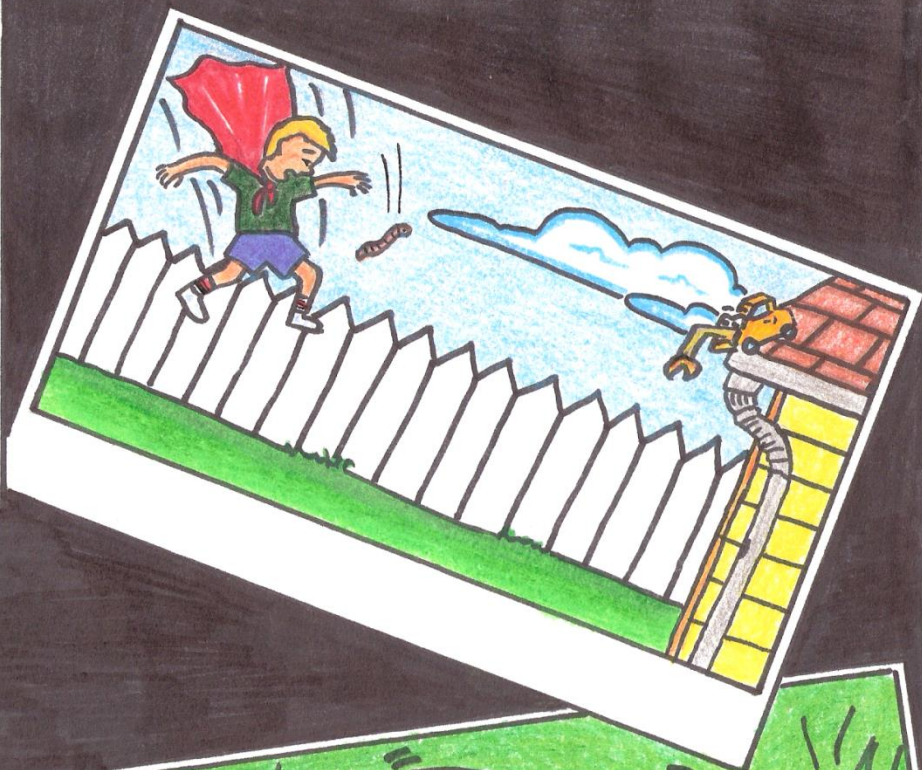
“Birds eat worms,” Sammy thought, “I need to find a worm. I know just the spot.” Sammy ran to the edge of the flowerbed and lifted things up, until he found it: a nice, fat, juicy pink worm. “This should definitely fill their bellies!” he laughed.



Sammy ran back and climbed the tree. He pushed aside the branches and was surprised by a humungous blue bird that was flapping its wings and squawking. “*Braaak!*” “Oh no, I’m too late!” Sammy thought as he ducked away from the mama bird.



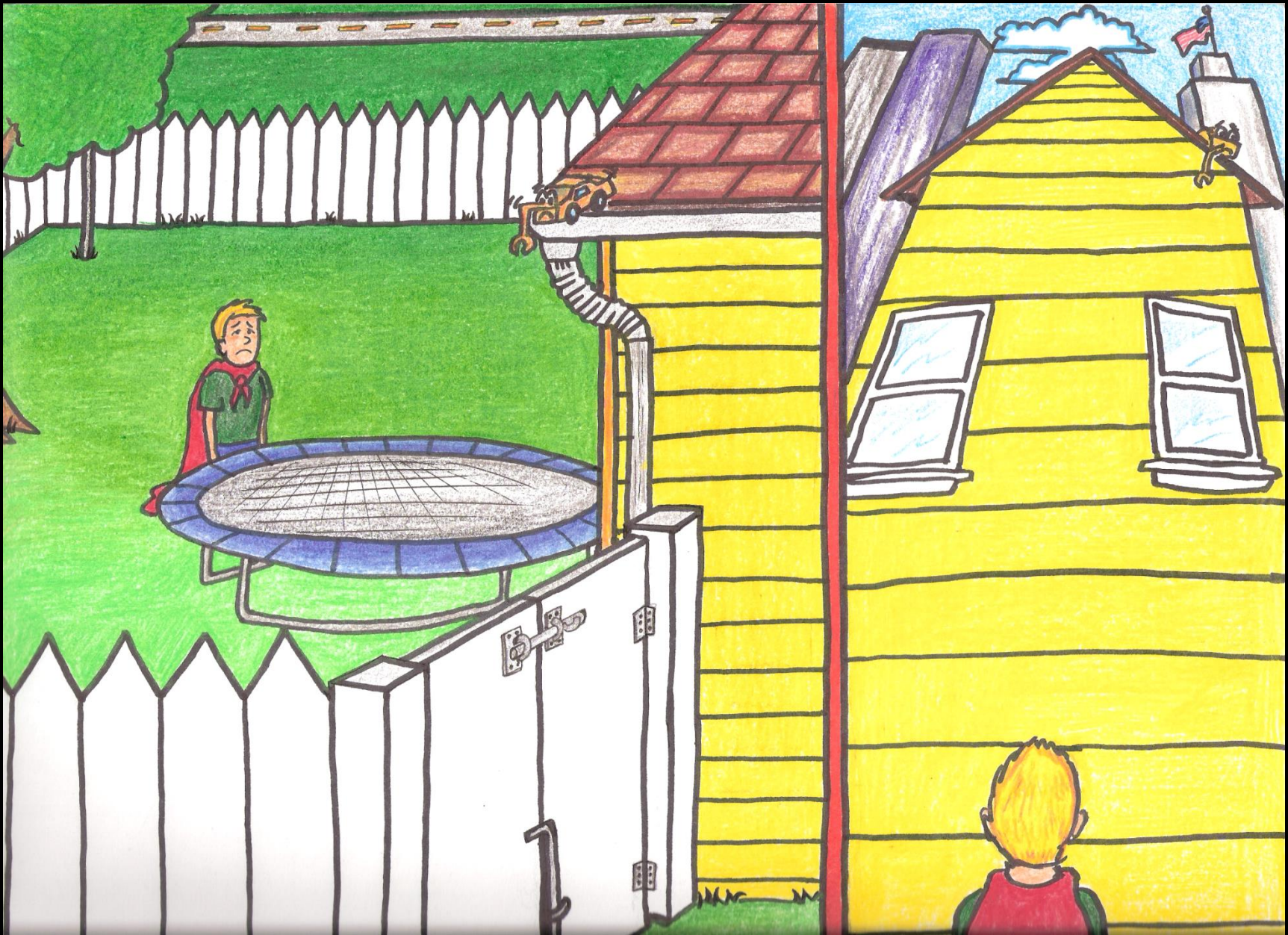
Thinking quickly, Sammy used his super reflexes to jump down from the tree, to avoid being eaten by the ferocious bird. As he was falling, he loosened his grip and the worm fell to the ground. They both landed safely. “*Ha,*” Sammy thought, “*I escaped!*” “*Ha,*” the worm thought, “*I escaped!*”



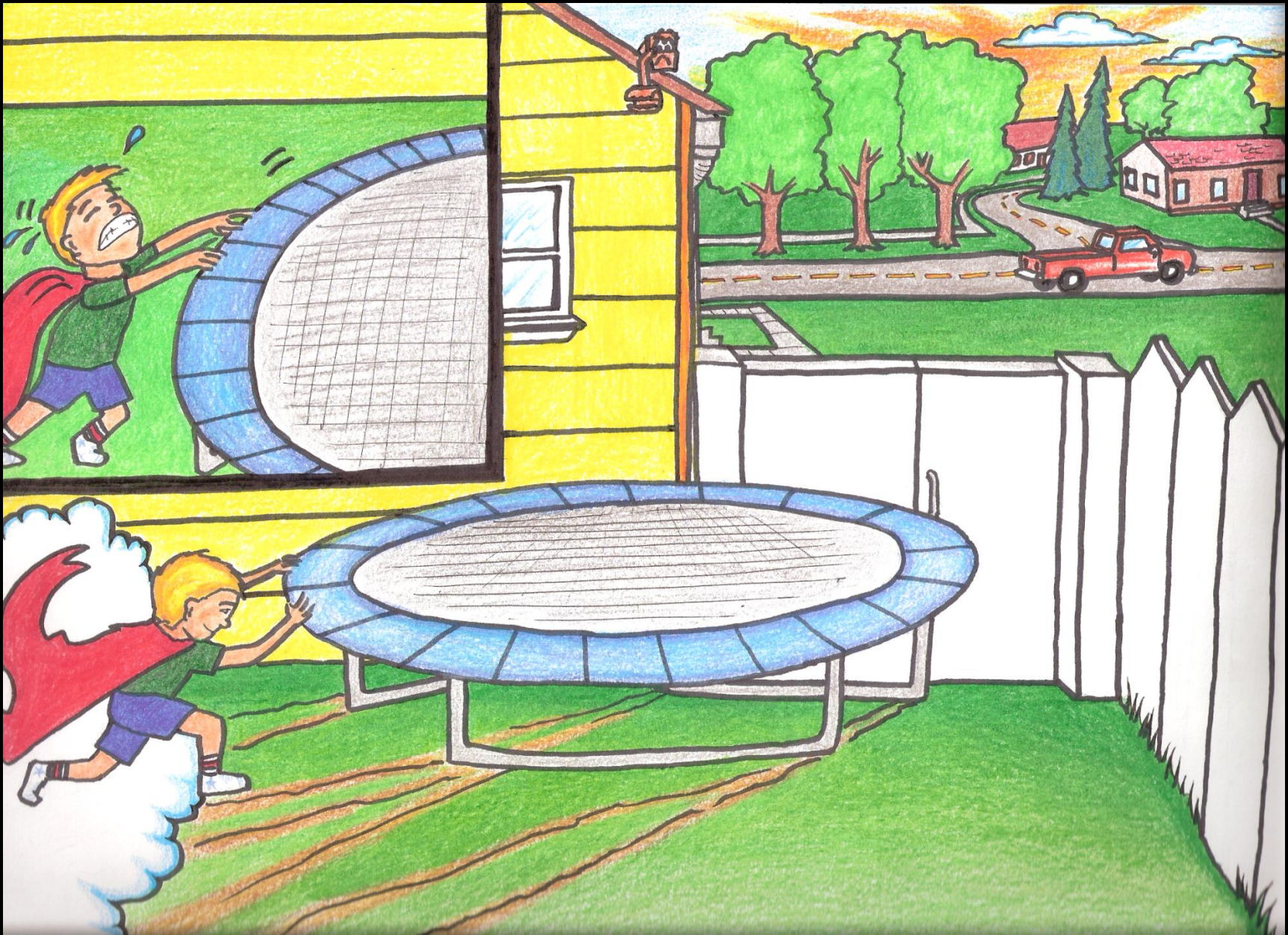
Sammy slowly stood and looked up at the tree. He saw the big mean bird, Mr. Itchy Caterpillar, and the tree staring back at him. He thought to himself how nearly he escaped their grasp and finally said, “I got away without a single scratch...how do you like that?”



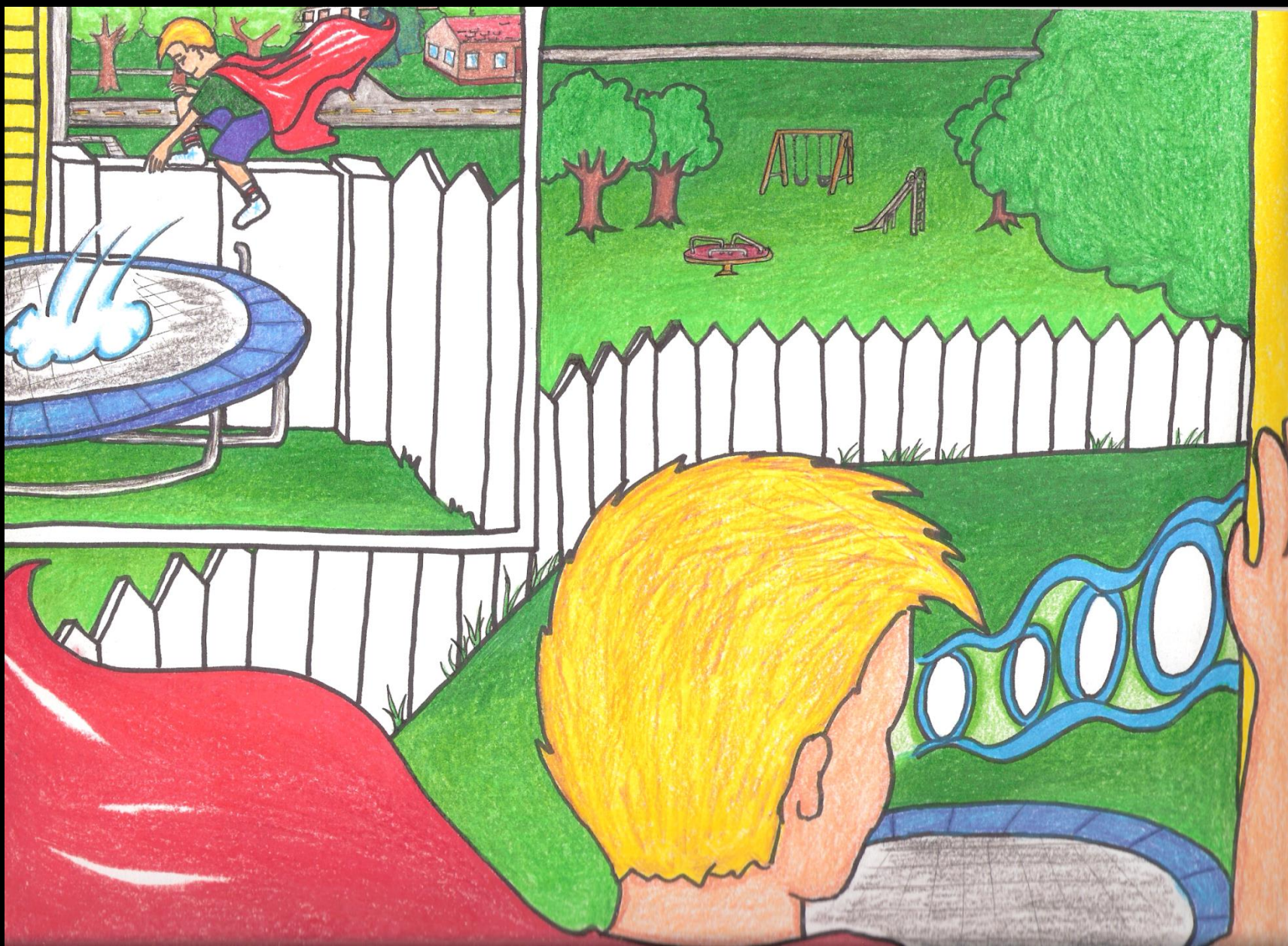
Suddenly Sammy remembered that his favorite truck was on the roof. He started thinking of ways to get it down. As he walked towards the house to get a closer look, the roof seemed to get farther away with each step. “Oh no, how am I ever going to get up there now?” Sammy wondered.



Just then, Sammy had a brilliant idea. “That’s it...the *trampoline!*” Sammy shouted. Using his super strength, he pushed the trampoline across the yard with ease (or so he thought). In reality, Sammy pushed and pulled, sweated and struggled to move the trampoline ten feet away, up against the gate.



Using his super skills, Sammy bounced off the trampoline and onto the gate. Holding on to the side of the house, he carefully stood up and peeked around the corner to see if his mom was anywhere in sight. “Okay, the coast is clear,” he thought to himself.



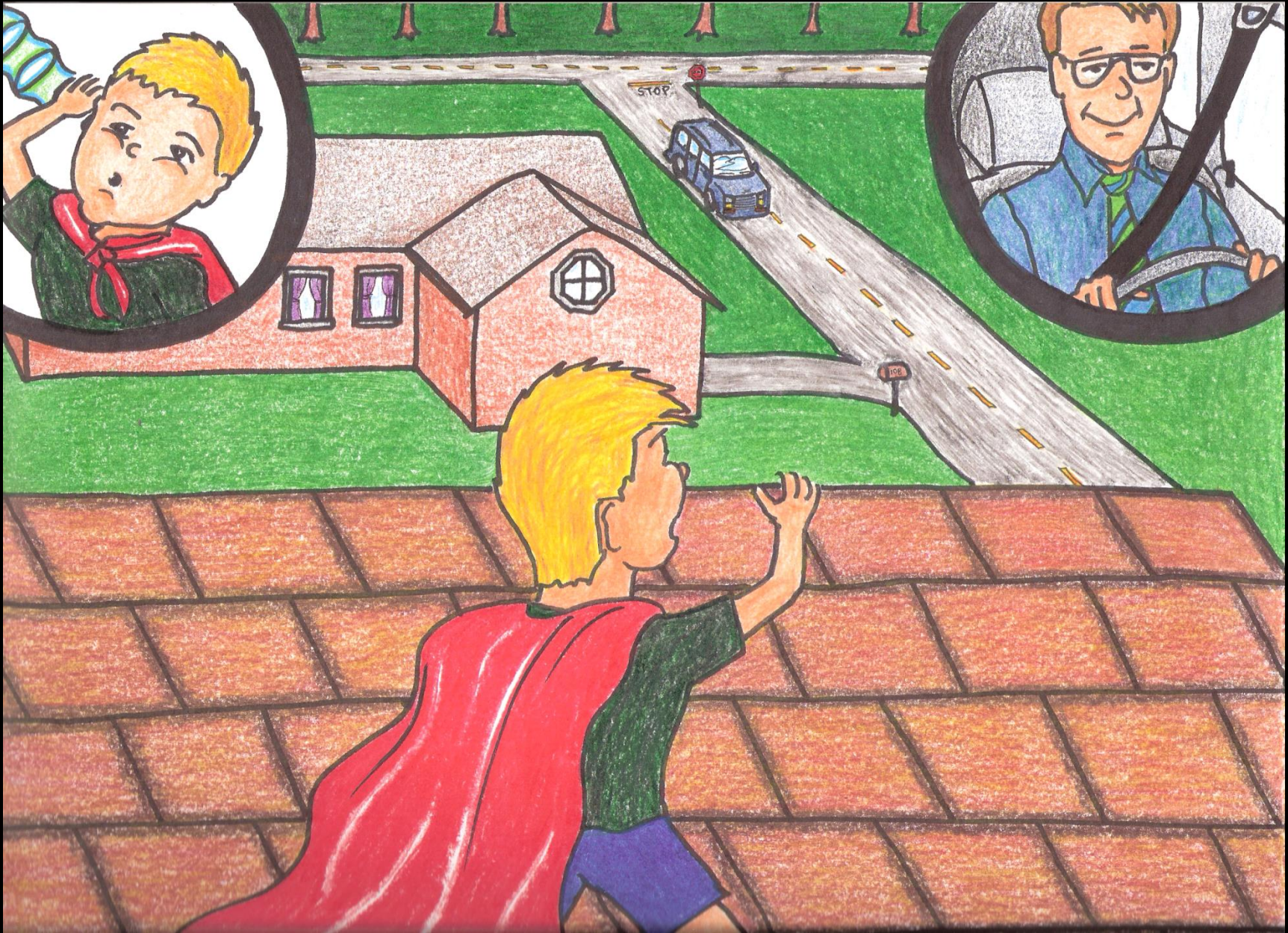
Sammy grabbed the waterspout and quickly climbed it. His super senses told him that climbing waterspouts is a dangerous thing to do, but he didn't listen. Sammy was determined to get on the roof and save his truck. And he did. He picked up his truck and said, "You're safe, Mr. Truck," then dropped him onto the trampoline.



Just as Sammy was about to get down, he noticed that the gate was much farther away than before. In fact, *everything* seemed farther away. “From way up here,” Sammy said, “I can see the whole world!”



All of a sudden, Sammy heard the familiar sound of the family car coming down the street. “Oh no, that sounds like Dad’s coming home!” cried Sammy. So he moved up to the rooftop and peered over. Sure enough, Sammy’s dad was just getting home from work. “Oh man, I’ve *got* to get down from here!”



He moved to the edge of the roof overlooking the backyard. Looking down, he remembered how high he was from the ground, and got scared.

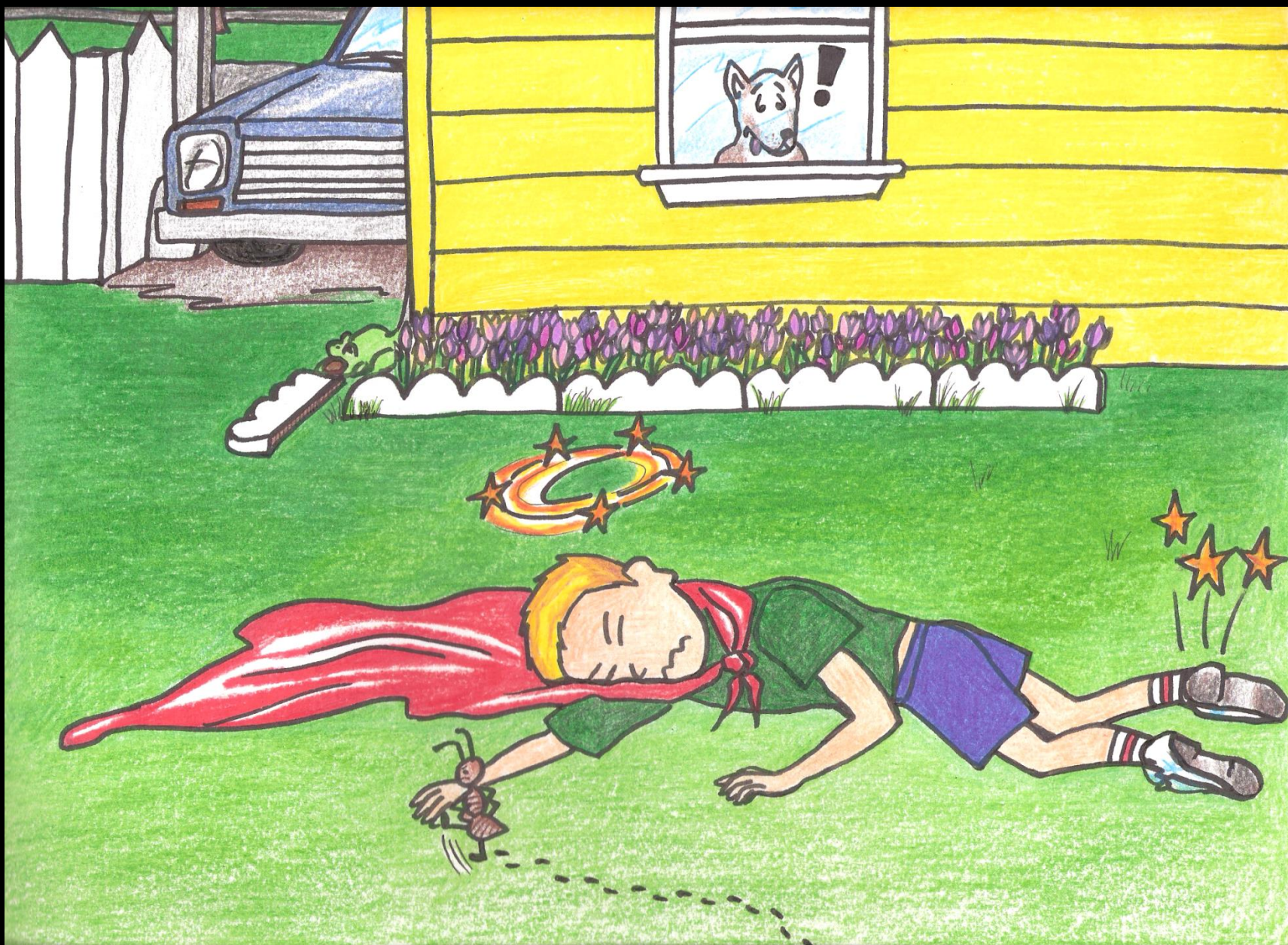
Then he saw the trampoline. He could just jump on that, and land safely on the ground. Finally, he felt determined. “Of course I can do it,” Sammy shouted, “I’m Super Sammy!” So Sammy jumped.



For an instant, Sammy felt the rush of flying. He was just like Superman, flying with the birds. But then he fell fast. And bounced hard. And flipped over. Finally, he landed with an earth-shaking crash. Is this the end of Super Sammy?



Sammy felt pain throughout his body. His knees hurt. His ankles hurt. His head hurt. Even his face hurt. He painfully opened his eyes and saw the whole backyard spinning in circles. Sammy's dog, King, watched through the window as Sammy fell. Will Super Sammy ever get up?



In the distance, Sammy heard a voice calling him in for dinner. At the same time, he felt something pulling him up by his cape. He staggered to his hands and knees. Still in a daze, Sammy saw a big ant running away from him. “Good thing I got up,” he thought, “That ant looked mighty hungry.”



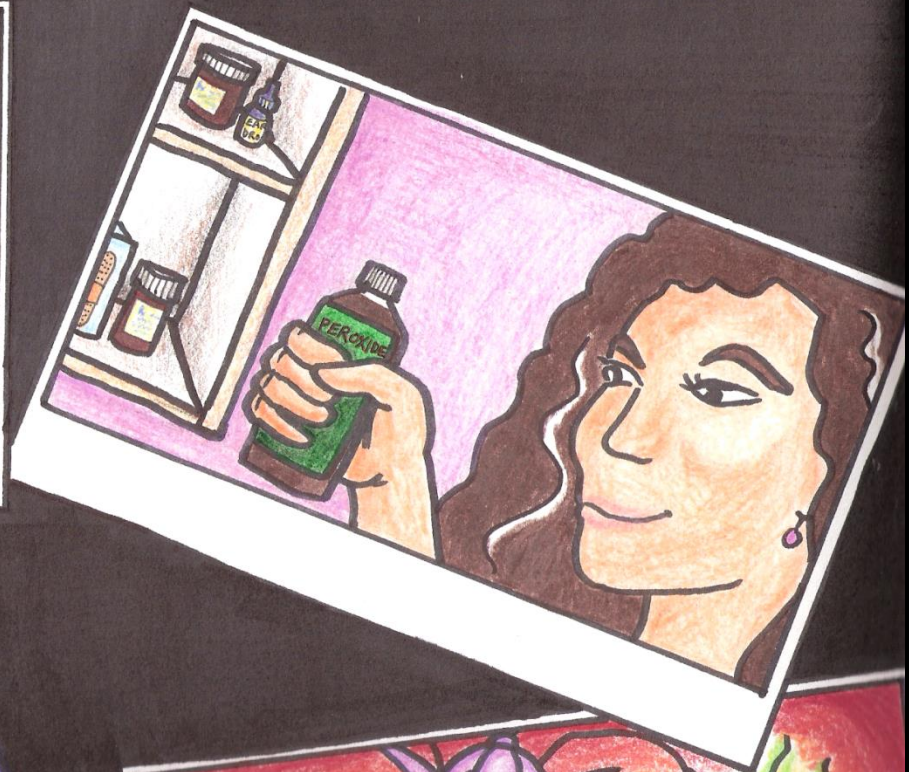
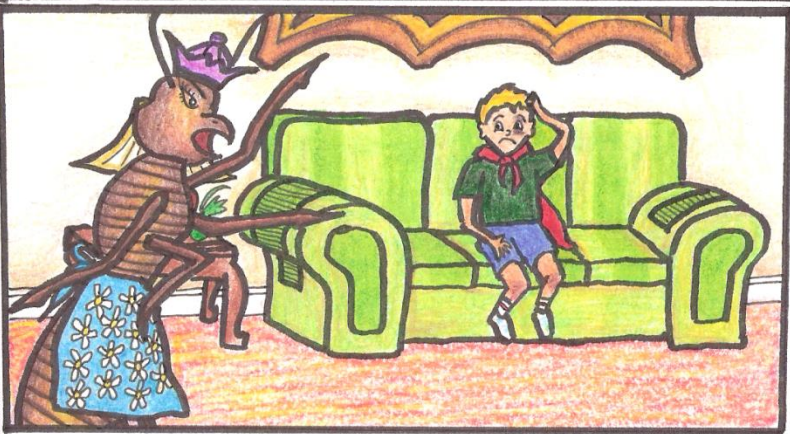
Hurt and confused, Sammy stumbled toward the back door of the house. Much to his surprise, he was greeted by the Queen Ant herself. “Great,” he thought, “Now I’m doomed.” Then he was even more shocked to hear her speak his language. “Look at what the cat dragged in,” she said. “Now you come inside, Sammy, and get washed up for dinner.” “*Oh no, she knows my name!!!*”



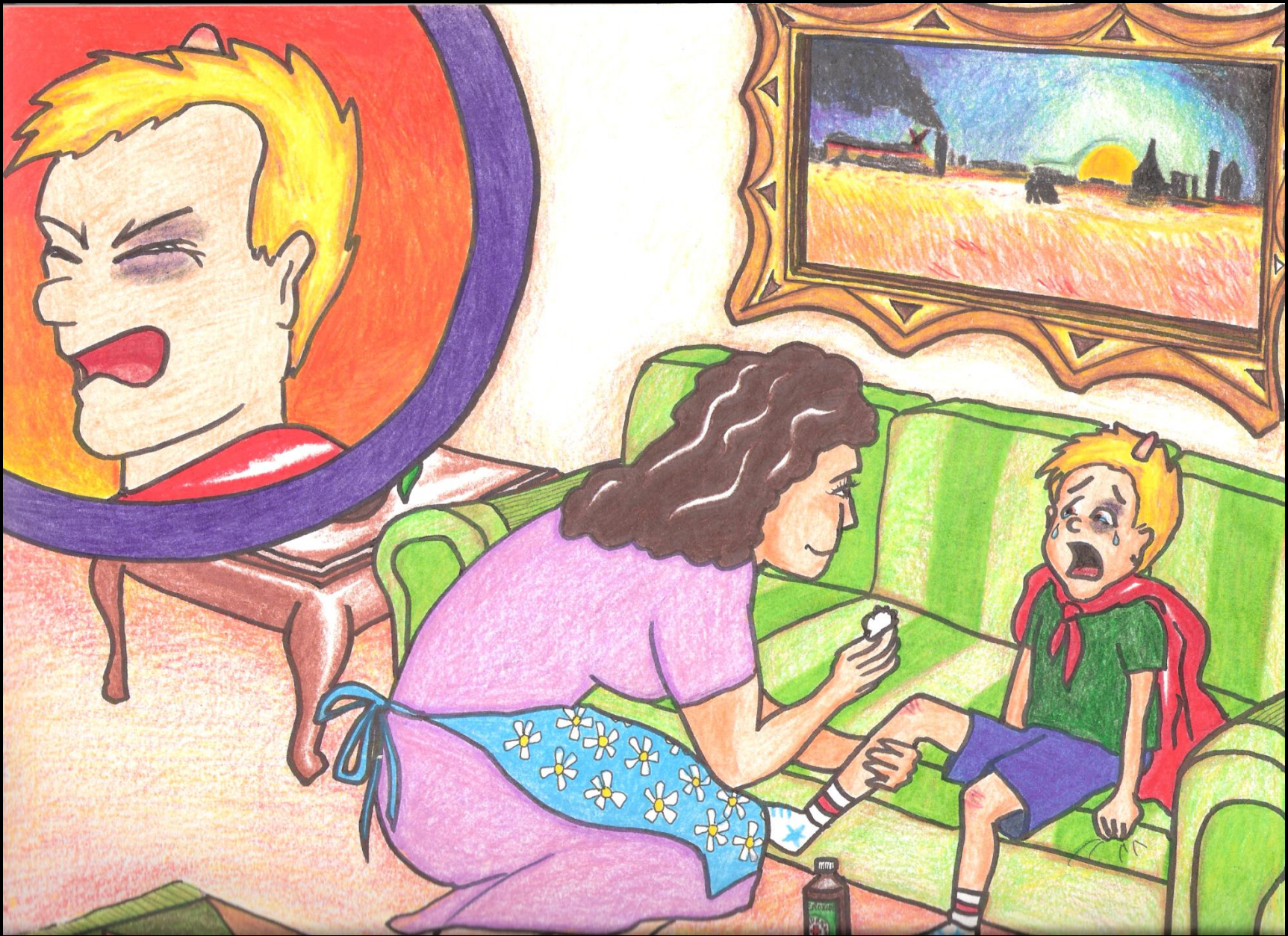
Wanting to run, but lacking the strength, Sammy listened to the Queen Ant as she questioned him about his cuts and bruises. This was very confusing to Sammy. “Are you going to tell me how you got all bruised up?” She asked again. Sammy, still confused, just stood and stared at the Queen Ant. “Fine,” she said, “Let’s go inside.”



She led him through the ant tunnel to the living room. “Sit there on the couch and I’ll be right back,” she said. Sammy was thinking hard. “Am I in danger? Should I try to run? Haven’t I been here before?” Just then the Queen Ant returned holding a bottle of liquid Sammy *had* seen before. “*Oh, no,*” Sammy thought, “*MEDICINE!!!*”



“Now once again,” she continued, “What happened?” “I’ll *never* tell!” Sammy yelled. “You’ll *never* get it out of me!” But then Sammy felt the medicine stinging his knees. He blurted, “I threw my truck on the roof and I climbed up the waterspout onto the roof but then I saw Daddy so I jumped off the roof down to the trampoline but I fell off...” And Sammy continued rambling.



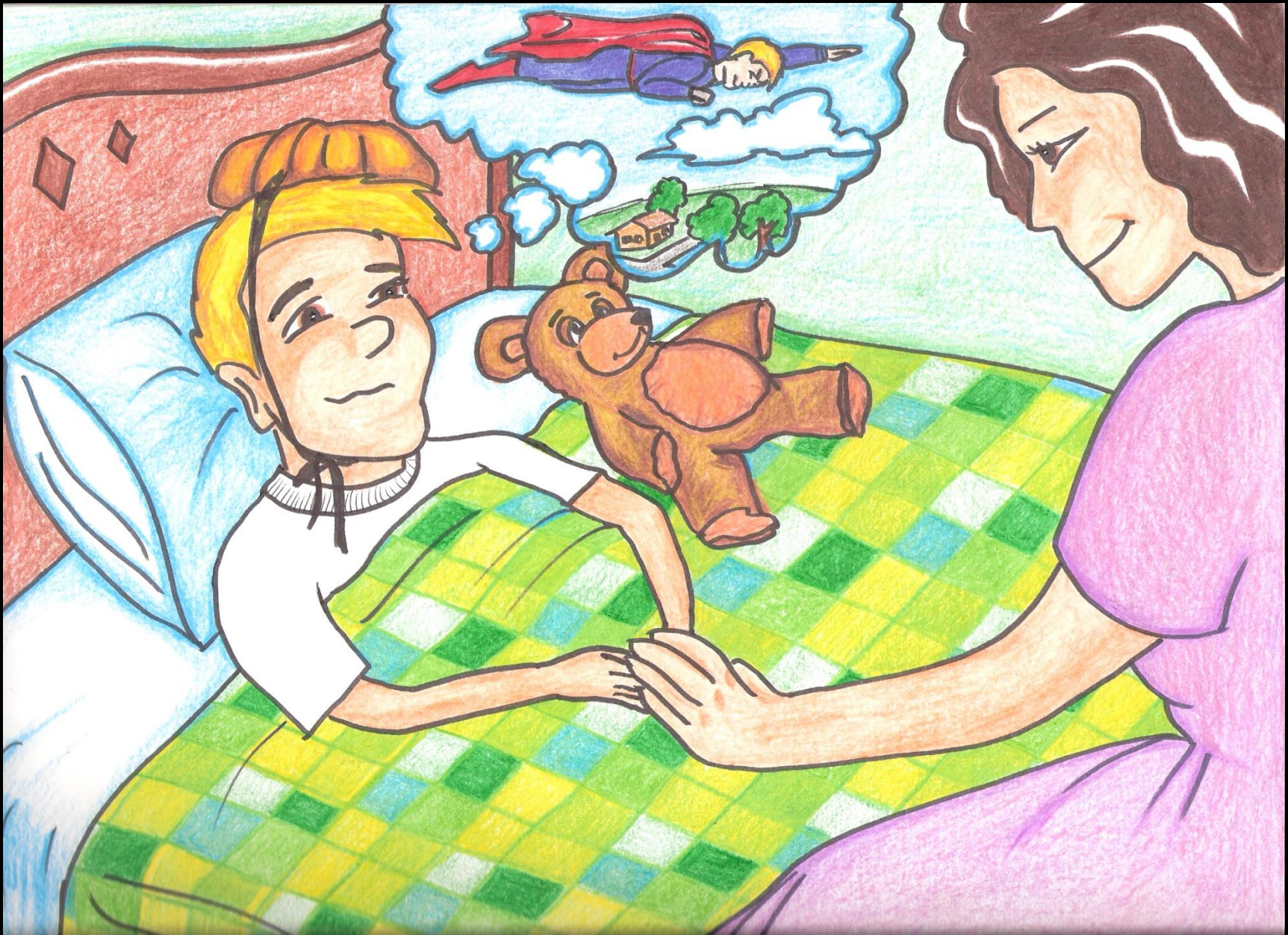
Sammy was feeling much better now that the medicine was working. At the dinner table, Sammy's mom said, "I hope you learned your lesson today, young man. Just because you have a cape, doesn't mean you can fly off the roof."

Sammy sat quietly and ate his vegetables.

"You're just like your father," she continued, "I *always* tell you, but you *neeeever* listen."



Finally the day's adventures came to a close. As Sammy's mom tucked him into bed, she softly said, "I hope you don't think I'm upset at you. I just love my Super Sammy and I don't want you to get hurt." "Don't worry Mommy," Sammy said, "From now on, I'll always listen to you and eat all my vegetables and I'll leave the flying to Superman." But secretly Sammy thought, "...UNTIL TOMORROW!"



The End.



