

# THE RED CUPCAKE



By Maryssa Dennis

(Based on a true story)

*"I'm trying to love my neighbor; I'm learning to serve my friends" (Children's Songbook, 78-79).*

It was just another regular day at school for Sam. Until the cupcakes.

"Today is Ryan's birthday," Sam's teacher, Mrs. Coley, said. "He brought a treat to share with us. Let's sing 'Happy Birthday,' and then I'll pass these out."

Sam sat up straight and watched Mrs. Coley lift the lid off the box. The cupcakes stood in neat rows, piled high with swirly red frosting. On top, there were little plastic basketballs.

Sam wanted to sing really fast so they'd be done quick. But everyone sang so slow! He stared at the cupcakes the

whole time he sang. The frosting looked like

a twisty mountain with a cave full of magical creatures.

Maybe the basketballs should've been dragons instead! Sam was practically drooling

as he stared at the cupcakes. When the song was

finally over, Mrs. Coley called everyone

to line up. Sam moved fast, but by the time he got to the front of the classroom, he was all the way at the back of the line. Well, not the

very back. Jenny was behind him.

Since it was his birthday, Ryan was first in line.

Mrs. Coley handed him a cupcake. Next was Emma.

Then Zoey. Sam watched them taste their frosting before they even sat down. They giggled at each other's red-stained tongues.

After what felt like five million years, it was finally Sam's turn. "Oh no!" Mrs. Coley said. "I should have counted them first!" Sam glanced in the cupcake box. It was empty. Mrs. Coley was holding the very *last* cupcake.

Sam looked back at Jenny. There wouldn't be another cupcake for her. She looked sad.

Mrs. Coley offered Jenny a granola bar, but Sam knew what Jesus would want him to do.

"That's OK, Mrs. Coley," Sam said. "Jenny can have it."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Coley asked. "I'm so sorry there isn't one for both of you."

Sam turned to Jenny. She gave him a small smile.

"Do you want to split it?" Jenny asked.

"That's a great idea!" Mrs. Coley said. She found a plastic knife and sliced the cupcake in half. She gave one half to Jenny and the other half to Sam.

"Thanks for sharing!" Sam said.

Jenny smiled. "You too."

Sam felt great as he walked back to his seat with his half of the cupcake. He was glad he chose to be kind to Jenny and that she had shared with him too. He didn't think anything could make him feel any better. Well . . . maybe one thing. He took a big bite of his cupcake. Yum! ●

The author lives in Utah, USA.



It was my first day of first grade, and I saw a new girl at another desk. When it was time for recess, I went over and asked her to be my friend. She said, "Yes!" I asked her what her name is. She answered, "Stella!" I told her my name was Samantha. We were best friends for the whole year!

**Samantha W., age 8, Wisconsin, USA**

See family manual, page 79.