

The
Good Eggs
in the Community

The Good Eggs in the Community

Inspiring Kindness,
Global Adventure,
Helping Others

Book 3 –
A Year of Helping Others

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Illustrated by: Brad Trofin

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*“To the wonderful students at
MHS and RHS - your service is inspirational.”*

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Ambassadors for Children

It had only been a month since the Eggs returned home to Albumen after their exciting year of travel. Now it was time for the new school year to begin. Their lives were slowly getting back to normal, but the thrill of the past year remained fresh in their minds.

“You know,” said Seggourney as she spoke to her friends on their way to school, “I keep thinking about what Ms. Sullivan at the United Nations told us.”

“About being ambassadors?” asked Megg.

“Yes,” replied Seggourney. “It’s a big responsibility, but I know I am eager to get started.”

“So am I! What do you have in mind?” questioned Megg as she flipped her ponytail.

“I’m not sure,” answered Seggourney.

“Let’s all brainstorm when we get to school,” said Gregory.

“Seggourney, do you think Ms. Poach will be our teacher again this year?” Reggie asked.

“I sure hope so,” replied Seggourney.

They continued discussing the program as they skipped to school.



The Good Eggs in the Community



The school playground was filled with active children enjoying the swings and rock climbing walls. The Eggs ran over to the sandbox. "I'll be right back," said Benedict as he ran off. "I need to go return some books to the library."

"It feels great to be back in school. I really loved our year of travel, but at the same time, I missed Albumen," said Greggory.

"Me, too. I missed our sandbox!" added Reggie as he chuckled and tossed some sand on Greggory's shoes. Greggory shook off his shoes in Reggie's direction.

After a short while, Benedict returned from the library. "Something odd just happened at the library. I saw this little Egg. He was standing in a line to get some free books."

"Free books?" asked Greggory as he scratched his head. "For keeps?"

"Yeah. As I walked past his line, I dropped one of my books, and he picked it up for me. So, I thanked him and asked what he was waiting in line for, and he told me for free books. He said he didn't have any books at home. Isn't that weird? Who doesn't have books at home?"

Just then, the bell rang. Everyone lined up and walked into school. Ms. Poach was waiting for her class and welcomed each of them with her warm smile and a big hug. "Children, welcome back!" She hugged each Egg as they entered her room. "I will be your teacher again this year. Since we traveled together last year, the school thought it would be best if we stayed together

and expanded the Study Abroad Program by becoming ambassadors in our community.”

“Ms. Poach, that is exactly what we wanted to brainstorm with you about! Ms. Sullivan at the United Nations said we need to be ambassadors,” Seggourney said with excitement as she placed her backpack next to her desk and took her seat.

Benedict raised his hand and asked, “Ms. Poach, what exactly does an ambassador do?”

“An ambassador is someone who works to make the world a better place,” answered Ms. Poach. “And we’re going to talk about how to do that this morning. Part of the Ambassador Program is to involve people working together to help our community. For the last few weeks, I have been speaking with Ms. Sullivan, Coach Flo, and your parents, and we came up with a wonderful program.”

Ms. Poach continued, “For approximately two months at a time, we will focus on a different aspect of our community. Then, we will share what we learned with our friends we met from around the world. For example, for the next two months, September and October, we are going to be helping children in our community get proper school supplies. You know how important it is to have the right supplies to be successful in school. Not everyone has access to these things, so this is where we can help.”

Benedict raised his hand. “Ms. Poach, this morning I was at the library, and a little Egg was waiting in line for

free books. Can we help him?”

“Yes, of course. That is a good example, Benedict. That line for free books is part of a program that was started right here in Albumen. It is sponsored by Operation Egg Equip. The group ‘equips’ Eggs with proper school supplies and books.”

“Ms. Poach, how are we going to connect this to our friends we met around the world?” asked Seggourney.

“After our two months are done, we will choose a country or two that we visited to share what we learned and even send them supplies,” answered Ms. Poach. “Being an ambassador starts in your hometown but reaches out to the entire world!”

“I can’t wait to get started!” exclaimed Gregory.

“We will do our service on three Saturdays per month. That will give us six times over two months to work with the organization. This Saturday we will meet at school and go with Coach Flo and your parents to Operation Egg Equip to learn more about them,” said Ms. Poach. “Are there any more questions?”

No one raised their hand. “Okay, then, let’s get cracking on our lessons for the day!”



On the way home, the Eggs were discussing the Ambassador Program.

“I really want to help little Eggs read,” said Benedict. “I loved doing that at the hospital two summers ago, remember?”

“Yes, we remember. That was great, Benedict. We always have to keep in mind that helping people makes their lives better,” replied Megg as she flipped her ponytail.

“And if we spread our help to our friends around the world, more people will have better lives!” added Seggourney.

“I can’t wait for Saturday!” exclaimed Reggie. “I’ll see you Eggs tomorrow!” He turned down his block and ran the rest of the way home.



Saturday finally arrived. The Eggs were anticipating an exciting day. Coach Flo was already at the school when the Eggs and their parents arrived.

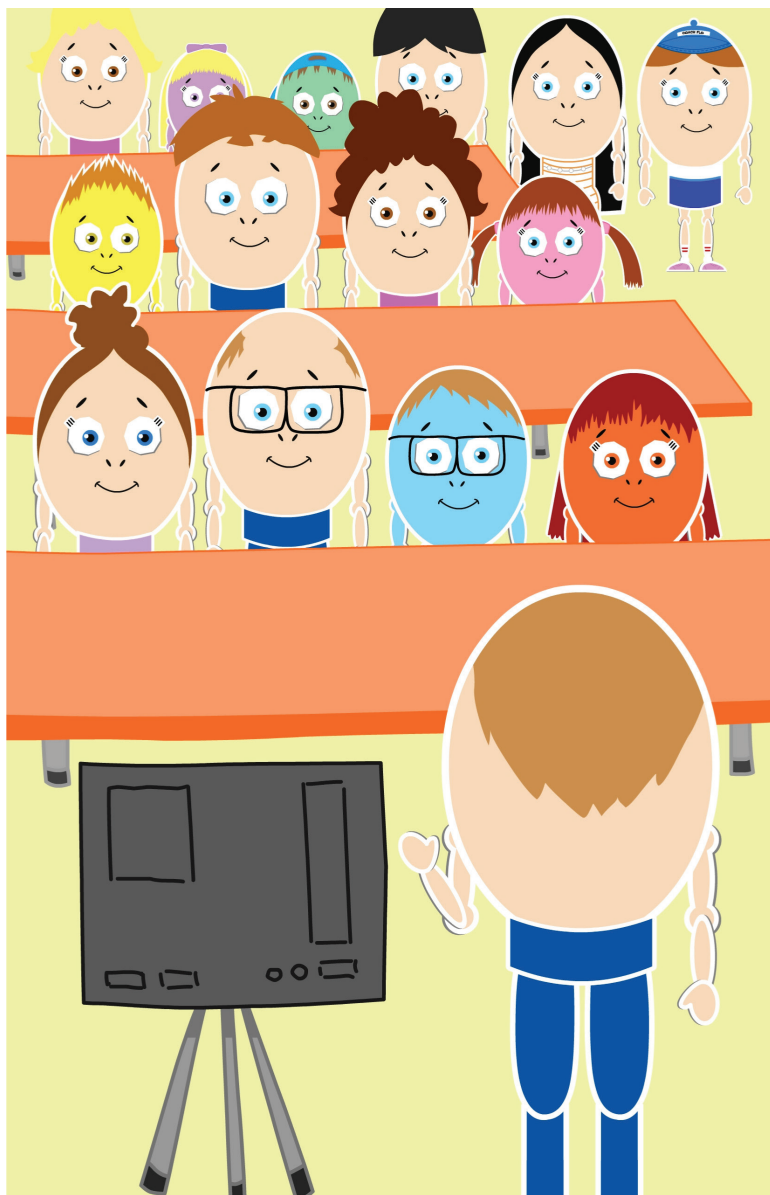
“Hello, everyone – it’s great to see you again!” Coach Flo greeted the group and handed each one a bright yellow information sheet. “This sheet gives some information about Operation Egg Equip and how they help the community.”

“Look, Gregory,” pointed out Reggie as he adjusted his glasses. “It says here that in our community, we have over 10,000 little Eggs who need school supplies. That’s a lot!”

“I know, buddy,” replied Gregory. “We have a big job to do!”

“I wonder if the little Egg I met in the library is one of those 10,000?” questioned Benedict. “I hope I see him again.”

Ambassadors for Children



“Benedict, chances are you won’t see that same little Egg, but I’m sure he is one of the 10,000 children in need. You will still be helping him by collecting school supplies,” replied Coach Flo.

Benedict began to shuffle his foot back and forth. “I wish I could see him again. He looked up to me. I can tell he was scared and needed a friend.”



Ms. Poach arrived. “Follow the map on the bright yellow information sheet. Once we arrive at Operation Egg Equip, we will enter the main doors and turn left. You will see a large conference room. Take a seat and wait for the presentation to begin. Then we will take a tour of the facility.”

A parade of cars pulled into the Operation Egg Equip parking lot. The group walked into the building and took their seats in the conference room. A gentle and kind man with a large, sparkling grin walked into the room and began to speak.

“Hello everyone! My name is Mr. Crackle. Some of you may know me from Crackle Greenhouse here in Albumen.” Mr. Crackle pointed at Benedict. “You look familiar, young man.”

Benedict began to feel his cheeks getting warm, and he knew they were turning bright red. “Yes, sir. You helped me when I forgot to take care of the flowers at our school. You gave me new flowers to plant to restore

our garden. You also gave me two bouquets; one for Ms. Poach and one for Coach Flo.”

“Oh, yes, of course!” Mr. Crackle chuckled. “I hope you liked the flowers!” he said as he turned to Ms. Poach and Coach Flo. They returned a friendly nod and smile.

“Well,” Mr. Crackle continued, “I also have another duty besides my greenhouse. I am the Operations Director here at Operation Egg Equip. It is my responsibility to see that the program runs smoothly. I am going to show you a short film about our operation and then show you around the place. But first, let me tell you a few facts about some little Eggs in our community.

“As you can see from the bright yellow information sheet, we have over 10,000 Eggs in need of proper school supplies in our surrounding area. Life can be difficult at times for some, so we have created this organization to help them. Of those 10,000 children, many are not reading at their age level, which keeps them behind in school. If we provide them with supplies, books, and tutoring, we can help them develop their reading skills so they can have an easier time at school. And, we all know that a good education is important in life.”

The group applauded, and Mr. Crackle started the short film. The film highlighted the beginnings of Operation Egg Equip and showed some of the kids who benefited from the program. At the end of the film, a little Egg wearing an Operation Egg Equip t-shirt was waving goodbye. All of a sudden, Benedict jumped out of his seat, pointed at the screen, and began to shout,

“That’s him, that’s him! The little Egg I saw in the library! That’s him!”

When Mr. Crackle turned off the projector, he looked at Benedict. “What’s wrong, son? What are you talking about?”

“The little Egg at the end of the film - I saw him in the library! He needs me!” Benedict insisted. “Please tell me where to find him!”

“Benedict, try to calm down,” Ms. Poach said as she walked over to him and gently rubbed his back. “It will be ok.”

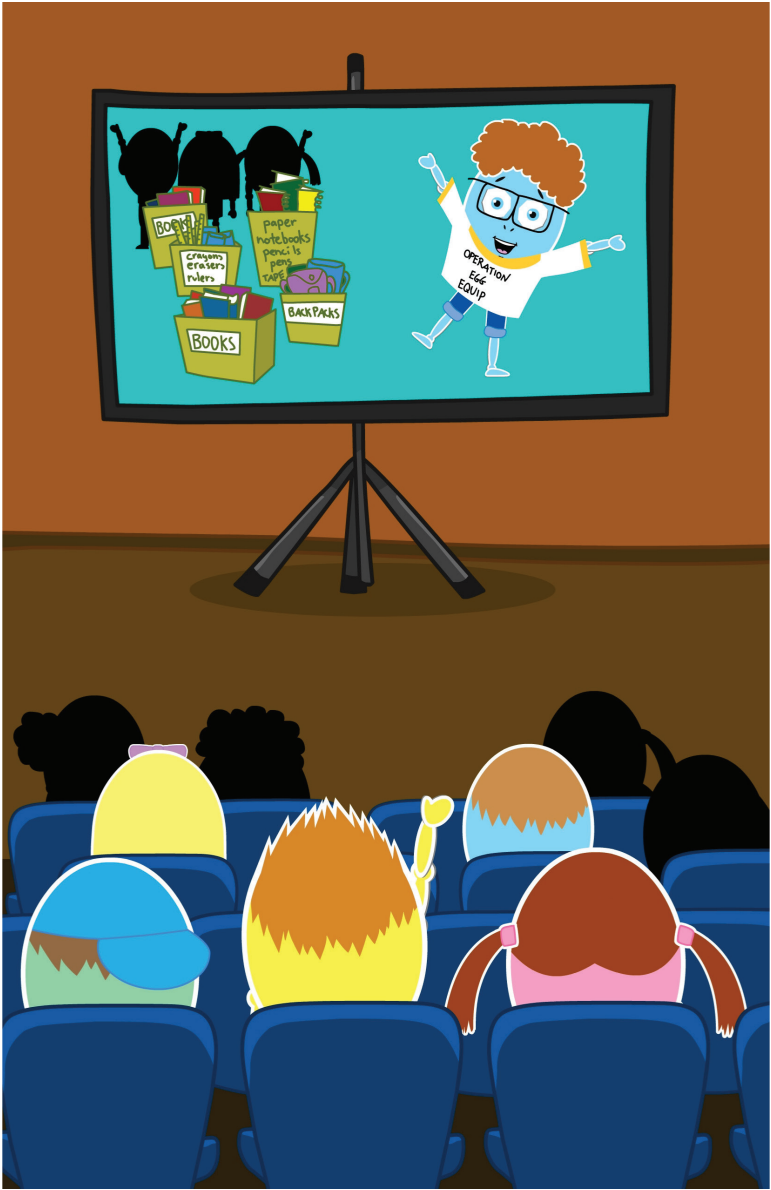
“Benedict, what is it?” his mom asked with concern as she reached over the table and held his hand.

“No one understands!” Benedict shouted and ran out of the room.

Greggory ran after him and stopped him in the parking lot. “Benedict, why are you so determined to find the little Egg? We’ll help you in any way we can, ok? Come back into the building; we are going to take a tour.”

Benedict reluctantly agreed and joined the group. The building was quite impressive, with areas labeled for different kinds of supplies: crayons, notebooks, pencils, backpacks, chapter books, picture books, and any other supplies needed for school. Mr. Crackle showed them the assembly line where everything came together.

“On volunteer days, we start with a backpack and go down the line to fill it to the top with supplies. Then it is zipped and placed into a box. When we have enough for a neighborhood or school, the boxes are delivered,” he explained.



“Will we get to work on the assembly line, Mr. Crackle?” inquired Reggie.

“Yes, you will! Not today, but maybe soon,” he replied.

The tour ended with refreshments. The Eggs felt very informed about the good work of Operation Egg Equip, thanked Mr. Crackle, and headed home.



The next week at school, Ms. Poach asked the class for suggestions on how to help Operation Egg Equip with supplies.

“We could hold a school supplies drive,” suggested Seggourney. “We can ask all the Eggs in the school to bring in backpacks and supplies.”

“That’s a great idea!” exclaimed Megg. “After school, we can start making the posters and flyers. I think we should use the same bright yellow paper that Operation Egg Equip used for their information sheet.”

“I was hoping you would suggest a school supplies drive,” smiled Ms. Poach. “Coach Flo and I already set aside a classroom to use. It will be the one at the end of our hallway on the right. We want to fill the entire classroom!”

“Can we fill it right up to the ceiling?” asked Reggie as he raised his hands high above his head.

“Of course, Reggie!” chuckled Ms. Poach as she mimicked his hand gestures. “Right up to the ceiling!”



The next few weeks were busy. Students brought in school supplies: crayons, rulers, pencils, markers, and backpacks of all colors. The Eggs were busy for three Saturdays as they sorted the supplies and put them in boxes.

“Soon we won’t have any more room in here!” remarked Gregory as he cautiously stepped around the boxes. “Mr. Crackle will be so happy when he sees all of this!”

“Yeah – we are almost to the ceiling!” shouted Reggie as he raised his hands high above his head.

“Oh, Reggie, you are such an exaggerator!” laughed Megg.

Later that day, the Eggs’ parents came to the school to load up the supplies and drive them over to Operation Egg Equip.

Mr. Crackle was delighted with the load. “Oh my! This is a humongous supply!” he beamed as he ran toward the cars to lend a hand. “You are going to make a lot of children very happy! Next Saturday is the day you will work on the assembly line, ok?”

“That sounds great, Mr. Crackle,” said Ms. Poach. “I’ll make sure we are all here.”



During the week, the Eggs noticed that Benedict was not very talkative. He ate alone at lunchtime and didn’t speak up much in class.

One day, on the way home, Seggourney asked, “Benedict, is there something we can help you with? You have been so quiet this week. Are you still upset about the little Egg?”

“I can’t talk about it, Seggourney. I just can’t. I’ll see you Eggs on Saturday at the assembly line.” Benedict quickly darted off for home as he wiped a few tears from his eyes.

“Something is really bothering him,” said Gregory as he scratched his head.

“Hopefully he will open up soon,” said Megg. “He knows he always feels better when he talks with us.”



Saturday arrived and the Eggs eagerly worked on the assembly line. It was a fast-paced operation, but they made sure they did a careful job. Each backpack was filled to the top with a variety of supplies. Reggie put in the pencils, Gregory put in the erasers and rulers, Megg put in the notebooks, and Seggourney added the crayons and the Operation Egg Equip t-shirt.

Ms. Poach, Coach Flo, and some of the other Eggs and their parents also added supplies. Benedict was at the end of the assembly line. His job was to inspect each backpack and make sure it was filled properly. He zipped each one and placed it in a box.

“I sure hope the little Egg gets one of these,” he thought to himself.

After a few hours, the Eggs took a lunch break. Mr. Crackle ordered pizza. “Just one more hour after lunch and we should be finished,” he said. “By the way, do any of you want to help deliver these supplies with me next week?”

“Oh, please, Mr. Crackle! Can I go?” Benedict’s hand quickly went up.

Mr. Crackle chuckled. “Of course, son. Anyone else interested?”

All of the other Eggs enthusiastically raised their hands. “Well, I guess we have plenty of volunteers! We should be done in no time! Meet me here next Saturday at 9:00 am.”



The following Saturday, the Eggs arrived at Operation Egg Equip at 9:00 am sharp. They were eager to deliver the school supplies. Mr. Crackle took several Eggs in a large van, while some of the parents drove behind him. “Just follow me. We will be dropping these off at three locations.”

The first location was a small school about a half hour away. Mr. Crackle and the others pulled up in front of the school. They delivered 30 backpacks filled with supplies to the principal, who was waiting for them. She was delighted.

“You are so kind and generous. Our students are going to love these. Thank you!” the principal said to the group.

As Mr. Crackle drove to the next location, Benedict turned to Gregory and asked, “Gregory, do you think we will see any of the kids? We only saw the principal at that school.”

Coach Flo overheard Benedict and replied, “Benedict, I told you before that we probably won’t see any of the kids at the schools, especially because it’s Saturday, but please know that you are helping them. They will receive these backpacks, and you will make them very happy.”

Gregory saw the disappointment in his friend’s face and patted him on the back. “Don’t worry, Benedict. You are helping the little Egg no matter what.”

The second location was another school on the other side of town. Another 30 backpacks were dropped off with the principal, but again, Benedict did not see any kids. He was getting very sad because he knew there was only one location left.

“If I don’t see the little Egg at the next location, I won’t ever see him,” he thought to himself. He rested his head against the van window.

The last location was not a school. It was an apartment building ten miles away. Benedict recognized the building because it was not far from his old neighborhood. The group got out of their vehicles and began to carry the backpacks to the apartment building. Mr. Crackle gave each of them the apartment number to which they were to deliver backpacks. Benedict and his mom were assigned three backpacks to deliver to

Apartment #57. They took the elevator to the 5th floor and knocked on the door. It slowly opened to the smile of a nice woman.

“May I help you?” she asked.

“Hello,” Benedict’s mother began. “We are from Operation Egg Equip and are here to deliver backpacks full of school supplies for your three children.”

The woman beamed with delight. “How wonderful! Thank you very much!”

Benedict and his mom handed over the backpacks. The woman gave them each a hug. As she hugged Benedict, he tried to peek into the apartment to get a glimpse of the children. He wondered if this was where the little Egg lived.

“Would you like to meet my children?” the woman asked.

“Yes, yes! We would like that very much!” exclaimed Benedict.

His mother gave him a puzzled look. “Benedict, we really need to be going.”

“Just for a minute, Mom. It won’t take long, ok?” he pleaded. He was very much hoping one of the children would be the little Egg he was trying to find.

“Ok,” she hesitantly replied.

They entered the apartment and the woman called for her children. “Children, come here. I have a surprise for you.”

Two little Eggs came running. “What is it, Mom?” they asked.

She showed them the backpacks, and they were thrilled. “These are awesome! Thank you so much!” The little Eggs hugged Benedict and his mom.

“You’re welcome!” said Benedict. “But I thought there were three of you?”

“Yes, my husband just took our oldest son to the park. They will be back soon,” answered the woman. Just then they heard the elevator ding, and the third little Egg and his dad walked into the apartment. He ran over to his mom to greet her.

“I’m so glad you’re back. These nice people brought you a surprise,” she said as she gave her son the backpack. The little Egg was overjoyed at the sight of his new backpack and supplies.

Benedict’s mouth popped open in shock. He could not believe it. This was the same little Egg he saw in the library! He was hoping and hoping he would find him, and here he was!

Benedict gathered up some courage and gently approached the little Egg. “Excuse me, is your name Sonny?”

The little Egg looked at Benedict for a moment before he answered. “Yes . . . how did you know?”

“There is something that has been bothering me and I have a confession to make,” Benedict hung his head and began to shuffle his foot back and forth. “Something bothered me the morning I saw you in the library. I knew you from somewhere, and later on I figured it out. You went to my old school. But . . . I was not very nice to you. I

did not make friends with you because I thought you were different. In fact, I made fun of you with my other friends.”

“Benedict!” reprimanded his mom. “What did you do?”

“That’s just it, Mom. I didn’t do anything. I went along with the teasing because Sonny lived in another part of town. We made fun of his clothes because they were old,” Benedict explained.

He turned to Sonny. “I want to apologize to you. I have learned a lot in the last two years about being a Good Egg, and I realize how wrong I was to do what I did. Will you forgive me?” Benedict extended his hand, waiting for Sonny to return the shake. It seemed like forever to Benedict before Sonny responded.

Finally, Sonny shook Benedict’s hand. “Yes, I forgive you. I know kids at school make fun of me because of my clothes and where I live, and it makes me feel bad. I hope you don’t do that to other kids anymore.”

“No way!” shouted Benedict. “My new friends have taught me so much. In fact, I am going to call some of my old friends and make sure they understand that it’s important not to make fun of other kids.”

“Thanks,” Sonny replied with a smile.

“Sonny, I have something to show you,” said Benedict as he pulled his t-shirt off over his head to reveal an Operation Egg Equip t-shirt underneath. “See this t-shirt? I want you to look in your backpack; you have one just like it. When I wear this t-shirt, I will think of you. I will always remember what a cool kid you are!”



Sonny opened his backpack and put on the t-shirt. “That’s cool. Thanks, Benedict!” Sonny and Benedict gave each other a high five.

Benedict’s mom took a picture of the two of them together with her phone. “I want a copy of that picture, Mom, to show my friends,” said Benedict.

“You bet, son,” replied his mom with a proud smile.

Sonny and Benedict exchanged contact information and then said goodbye. Benedict and his mom joined the others at Mr. Crackle’s van.

“Benedict, what took you so long?” asked Megg.

“Let’s just say I had the best day ever,” he replied with an oversized grin. He explained the whole story to his friends in the van on the way back to Operation Egg Equip.

“We’re really proud of you, Benedict,” said Seggourney.



The next week at school, Ms. Poach asked the Eggs to brainstorm where they would like to donate the remainder of the backpacks. “Children, we have 50 backpacks left. We can donate 25 each to two countries.”

Seggourney raised her hand. “Ms. Poach, we have been talking this over. I contacted Eduardo in Chile and Paison in Zambia. They both were thrilled at the thought of receiving the backpacks. They know schools that could really use them.”

“That’s wonderful!” replied Ms. Poach. “Let’s package them together and ship them tomorrow.”

By the end of the week, everything was properly packaged and shipped to Chile and Zambia. The Eggs felt like successful ambassadors with the time they had spent at Operation Egg Equip. They felt even better about reaching out to the world with additional school supplies.

“I sure feel good about our accomplishment with the school supplies,” said Reggie.

“I feel good about that, too, but I feel even better about getting to know Sonny. I want to thank all of you for showing me kindness these past two years. You taught me how to show kindness back,” said Benedict as he felt his eyes fill with tears, as his friends circled him for a group hug.