

The Good Eggs

The Good Eggs

Inspiring Kindness,
Global Adventure,
Helping Others

BOOK 1 - A Year of Kindness

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Illustrated by: Brad Trofin

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To Mark

“Oh, my love, my darling.”

Our journey continues...

IAY

To Stephanie, Stacey and John

You are my greatest joy.

MMLY

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Understanding

Albumen is a small town, bright and cheerful. The streets are lined with trees that sparkle in winter, blossom in spring, bustle in summer, and glow in fall with colors of red, orange, and gold.

Neighbors wave, share smiles, and help each other. It is a town full of Good Eggs. The long, hot summer had ended. It was time for school!

Reggie adjusted his glasses, kissed his mom goodbye, and walked down the block to meet his best friend, Gregory. The two Eggs had been pals for a long time. They gave each other a big high-five and started toward school, laughing when the wind blew Gregory's baseball cap right off his head!

On the way, they talked about their summer fun.

"I learned to belly flop at the water park!" Reggie grinned.

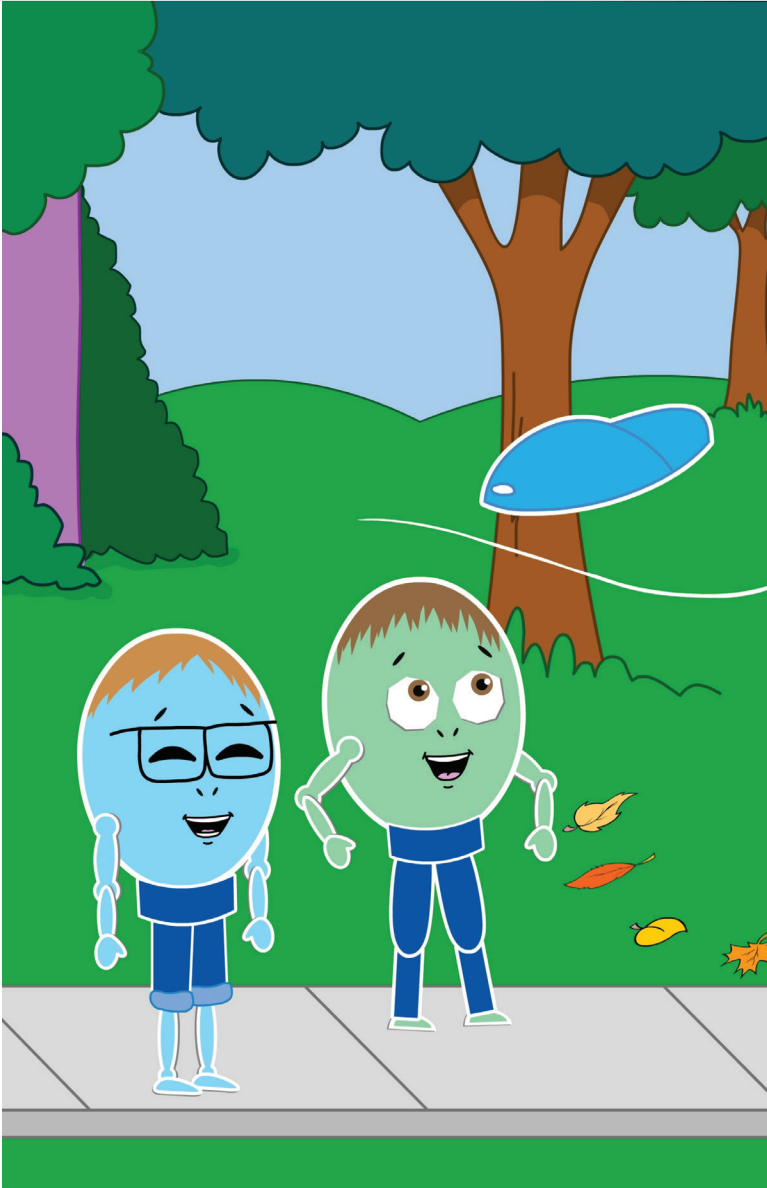
Gregory laughed. "And I learned to ride a horse — I even galloped!"

At the playground, their friends Megg and Seggourney were waiting. The four hugged tight.

"Wow, Gregory, you've grown at least an inch!" Megg giggled, flipping her ponytail.

"It's so good to see you!" Seggourney winked.

The Good Eggs



But as they laughed together, a new Egg walked by. His shell was a dull yellow, and his eyes looked sad. “Stop laughing so loud. You’re bothering me,” he snapped.

The four Eggs grew quiet. Seggourney tried to be kind. “Hi, you must be new here. What’s your name?”

“Benedict,” he mumbled in a low voice.

Seggourney smiled politely. “Okay, Benedict. We’re sorry if we bothered you.”

“Just leave me alone!” Benedict shouted as he ran off.

The four friends looked at one another, puzzled.

“That was rude. What’s wrong with him?” asked Gregory.

“I don’t know,” Seggourney said softly. “But I think we should try to find out.”

But just then the bell rang, and that meant one thing – it was time to start class at Sunny Side School.



Ms. Poach, the Eggs’ teacher, walked in. “Welcome, students! It’s going to be a great year – now let’s get cracking!”

The Eggs’ giggled, and the morning continued as the egg-shaped clock moved toward 12:00—lunch! The Eggs scrambled outside to eat at a picnic table. They noticed Benedict sitting under a tree, shaking crumbs from his torn lunch bag.

“Hey—where’s my sandwich? And my juice box?” Benedict muttered angrily to himself. He glanced at

the four friends and sneered. “Is that what you were laughing about—taking my lunch? Not funny!”

He ran away.

Reggie ran after him, holding out his apple. “Wait, Benedict! We didn’t take your lunch! Here, you can have this!” But Benedict didn’t stop.

Megg looked down and noticed a trail of crumbs leading behind the tree. Following it, she found a squirrel happily munching on a cookie next to an empty juice box. She smiled.

She snapped a picture with her phone and hurried back. “Look,” she said, showing her friends. “Here’s our thief – the squirrel!”

Reggie sighed. “We’ll show Benedict after school.”



Before class resumed, Ms. Poach noticed the Eggs whispering about the situation with Benedict and looking at the photo Megg snapped. “Are you talking about Benedict?” she asked with a kind smile. “I heard he likes chocolate chip cookies. Sometimes a little kindness is all someone needs.”

Greggory crossed his arms. “But he’s been so rude. I don’t think he deserves cookies.”

Ms. Poach knelt beside him. “Greggory, do you remember your first year? You were afraid to come to school. You even stomped on my foot, remember?”

Greggory blushed and pulled down his cap. “Yes, I remember.”

“And what helped you feel better?” Ms. Poach asked.



Greggory smiled a little. “You gave me my favorite candy bar.”

“Exactly,” Ms. Poach said warmly. “A little kindness goes a long way. In fact, I want you to interview him for the school newspaper. Ask him about his move.”

“But Ms. Poach, he doesn’t like it here. It’s so hard to talk to him,” pleaded Greggory.

“Find something in common with him. I have full confidence in you,” Ms. Poach said firmly.

“Great,” Greggory mumbled under his breath as he walked away.

Later, after thinking over Ms. Poach’s words, Greggory decided to talk to Benedict. The next morning, however, Benedict’s seat was empty.

“I’m worried about him,” Seggourney whispered to Megg.

“Maybe we should go to his house after school,” Megg suggested. “It’s the blue one around the corner from the library. I saw the moving van there when I got home from camp.”



After school, the friends stopped to buy a box of chocolate chip cookies in the familiar yellow box with blue polka dots, tied with a purple bow, that only the Albumen Bakery could make!

Then they walked to Benedict’s blue house around the corner. When they reached the door, Seggourney knocked softly.

There was no answer. Reggie tried again. Still no answer.

They were about to leave when the door opened a crack. Benedict peeked out, saw them, and began to shut it.

“Wait!” Megg called. “We just want to talk!”

Slowly, Benedict came outside. His eyes looked heavy with sadness. “What do you want?” he asked softly.

“We’d like to be your friends,” Reggie said.

“I already have friends,” Benedict replied sharply. “I don’t need anymore.”

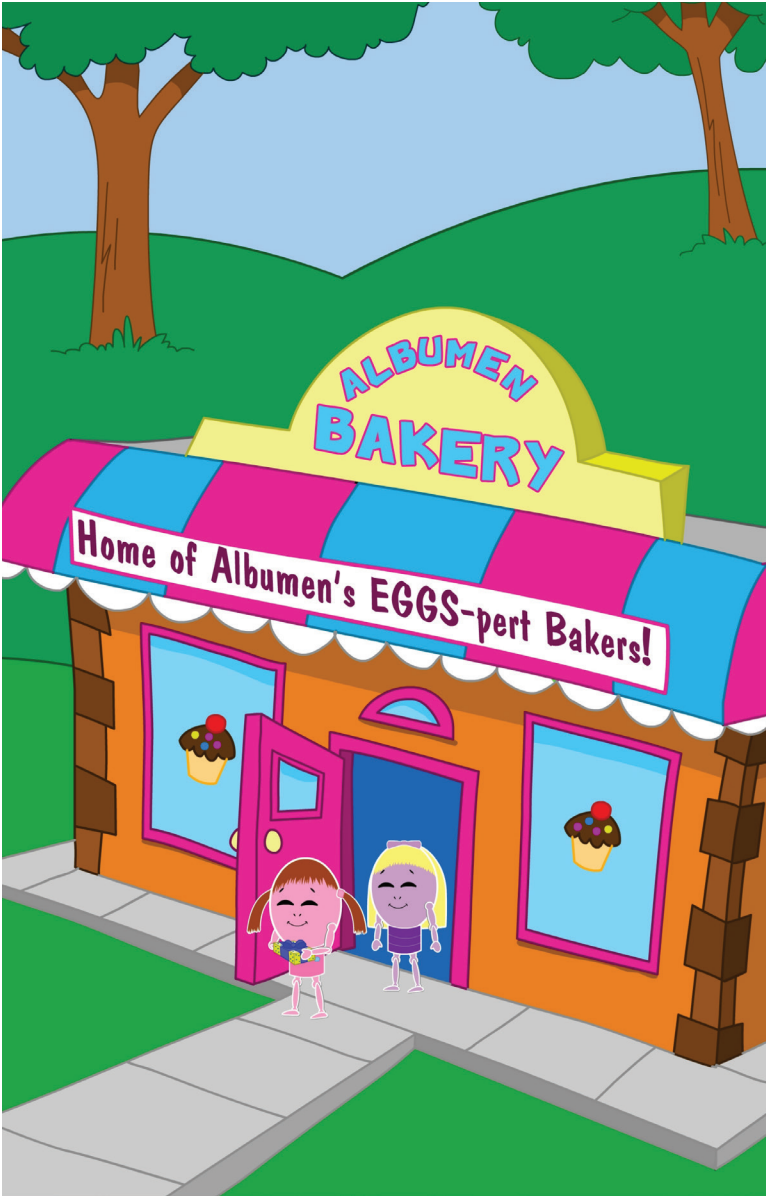
“Please help us understand,” Seggourney added. “We were worried when you weren’t at school today.”

Benedict’s eyes filled with tears as he began to explain. “My dad got a new job, so we had to move to Albumen. I left my home and all of my friends. I miss them so much. I thought if I made new friends, I might lose them like I did my other friends. I didn’t want to feel hurt again.”

Reggie nodded. “I understand, Benedict. I had to move here a few years ago, too. I missed my friends, but then I met Gregory, and then Megg and Seggourney. New experiences can be fun, even when they’re hard at first.”

Gregory scratched his head. “I was scared my first year, too. Ms. Poach reminded me. I guess I forgot how that felt.”

“But what if I have to move again?” Benedict questioned.



“Benedict, you just got here, but even if you do,” Seggourney said kindly, “we’ll stay in touch, just like you can with your other friends. We’ll help you write to them, ok?”

Megg handed him the bakery box. Benedict opened it and smiled. “These cookies smell like home. My best friend and I used to get one every day after school.” Benedict hesitated as he recalled the memory, but then reached the box out to the group. “Want one?”

The Eggs each took a cookie out of the box. “So good!” said Benedict through a mouthful.

“These are delicious,” said Megg. “You can stop by the bakery anytime. My family owns it.”

Benedict grinned.

Megg then showed him the photo of the squirrel thief, and Benedict laughed. “So that’s where my lunch went! I only left it there for a minute to go wash my hands.”

Then Gregory recalled Ms. Poach’s words; “*find something in common with him.*” He placed his baseball cap on Benedict’s head. “Do you like baseball? Maybe you could join our team this year.”

Benedict brightened. “Really? That sounds great!”

“Awesome,” replied Gregory. “And maybe you would like to be my first interview for the school newspaper. You can tell us about your move.”

“I would like that,” replied Benedict as his shell sparkled.

Just then, Reggie tapped Benedict on the shoulder. “Don’t just stand there eating cookies! Tag — you’re it!”

The Eggs dashed across the lawn, giggling.

Benedict paused, smiling as his shell glowed a little brighter. He began to feel relief about his move to Albumen thanks to his new understanding friends.

“Maybe this place won’t be so bad after all,” he whispered to himself before running off to join the game.

