

LEVELED BOOK • N

# Sammy Stuffit



Written by Brian Roberts • Illustrated by Fred Volke

# Sammy Stuffit



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Illustrated by Fred Volke



## When Sammy Was Young

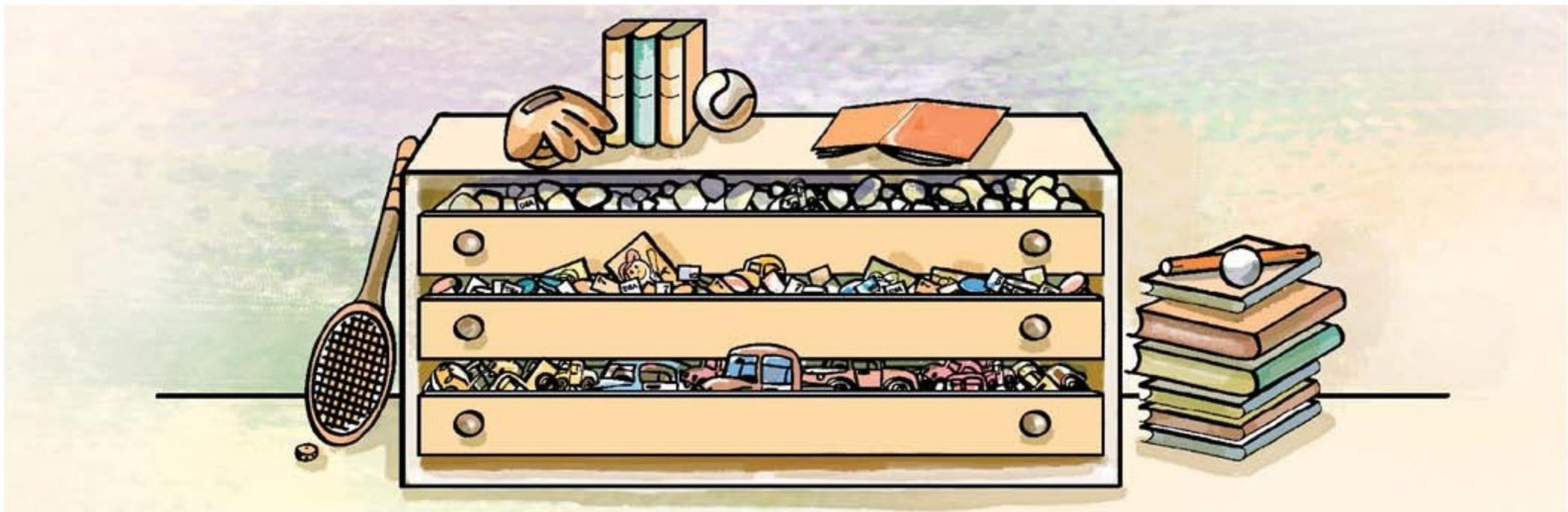
What is it about stuff? It seems no one can get enough of it. We want bigger stuff, and we want faster stuff. And we want fancier stuff. We just seem to want more and more stuff.



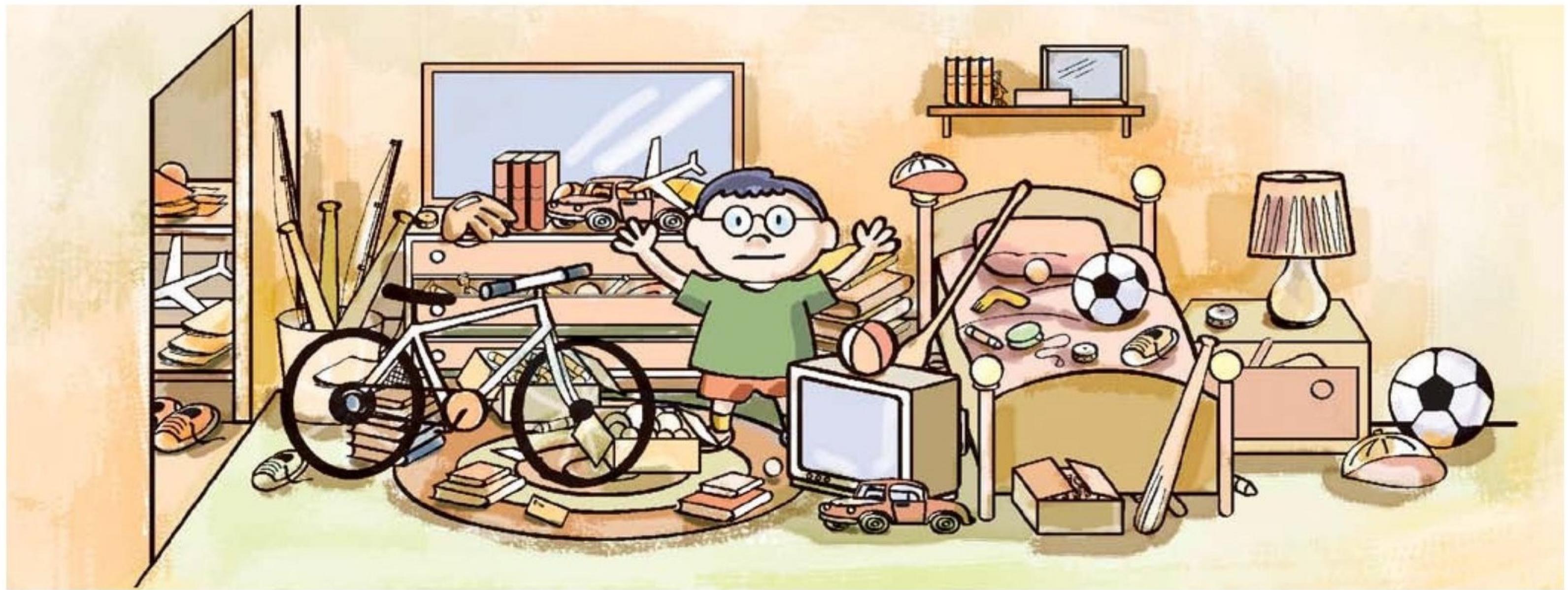
There wasn't anyone who liked stuff more than Sammy Stuffit. He began collecting stuff when he was five. And he never quit collecting it. He just kept getting more stuff, and he kept stashing it away.



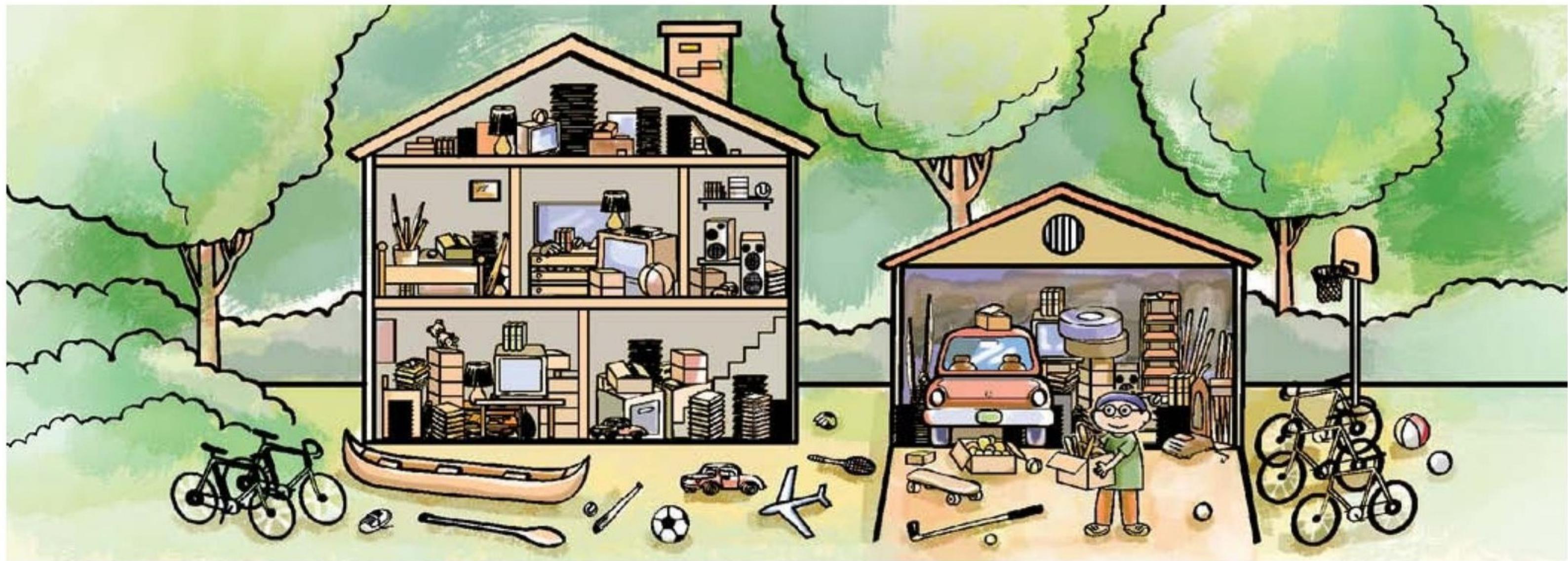
When Sammy got stuff, he stuffed it somewhere. The more he got, the more he stuffed. He didn't use it. Rather, he just stuffed it. He stuffed it here, he stuffed it there, and he stuffed it everywhere.



When Sammy was five, he stuffed stuff in his dresser. He stuffed rocks in his sock drawer. He stuffed baseball cards, stamps, and bottle caps in his pants drawer. He stuffed toy cars and trucks in drawers. Soon his dresser was so stuffed he had no room for more stuff.

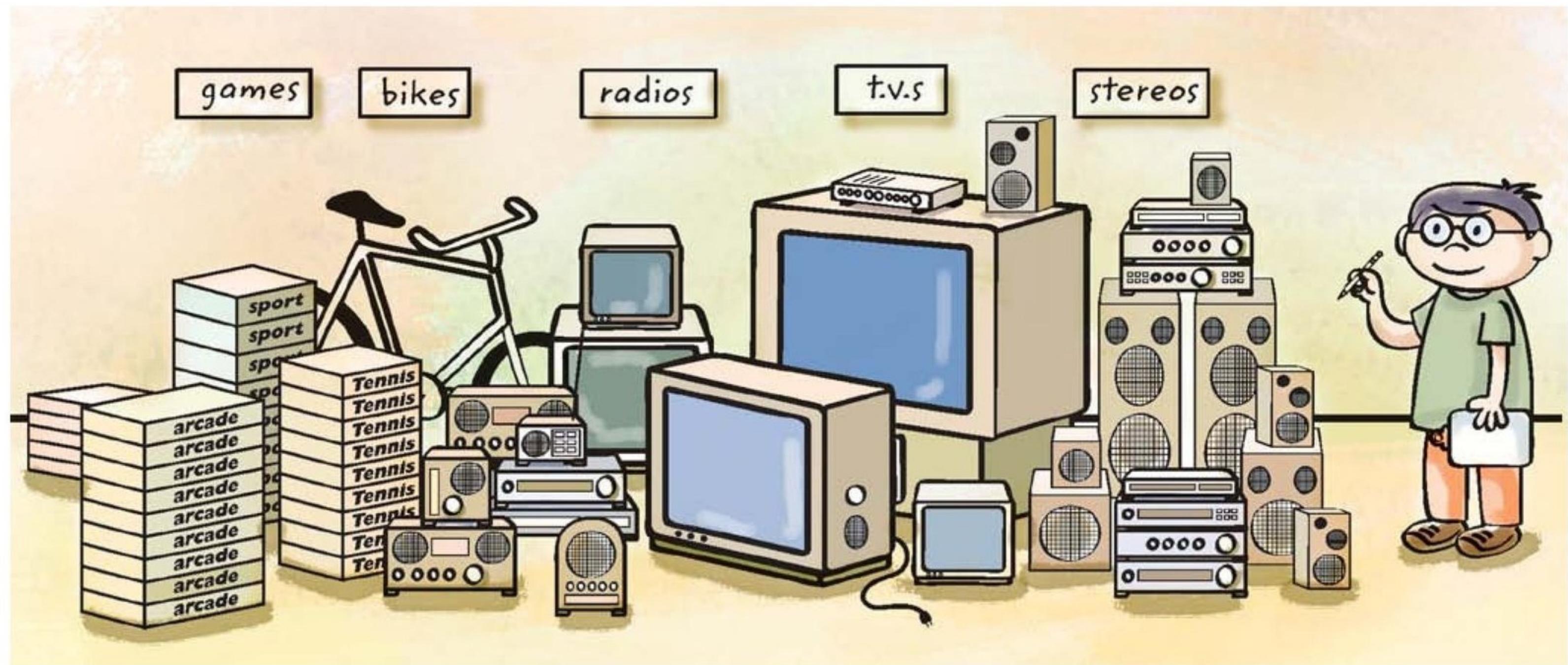


When Sammy turned six, he stuffed stuff in his closet. He stuffed stuff under his bed, and he stuffed stuff in the corners of his room. Soon his room became so stuffed with stuff that there was no room for Sammy.



## Sammy Gets Older

As Sammy grew older, he just got more and more stuff. He stuffed the attic, the basement, and the garage with stuff. Stuff was everywhere in and around Sammy's house.



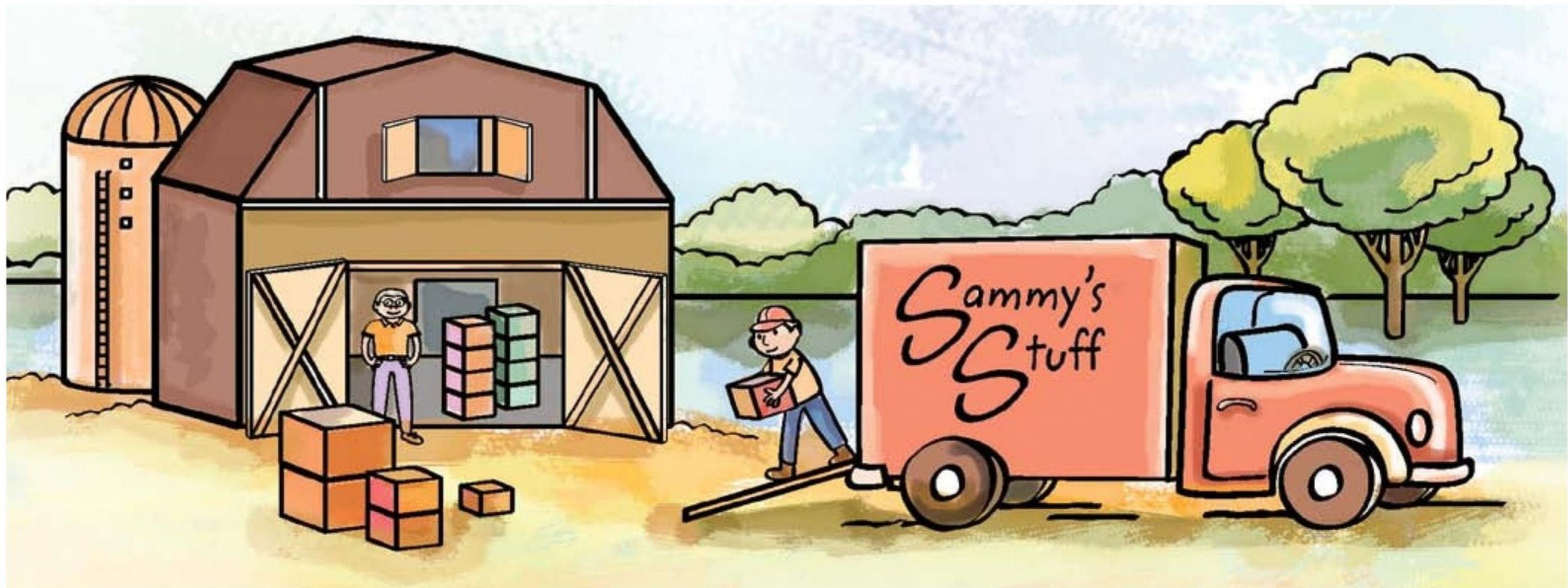
Sammy had every game ever made. He didn't have just one of each game. Instead, he had many of each. He had 16 televisions, 24 radios, 9 stereos, and 32 bicycles.



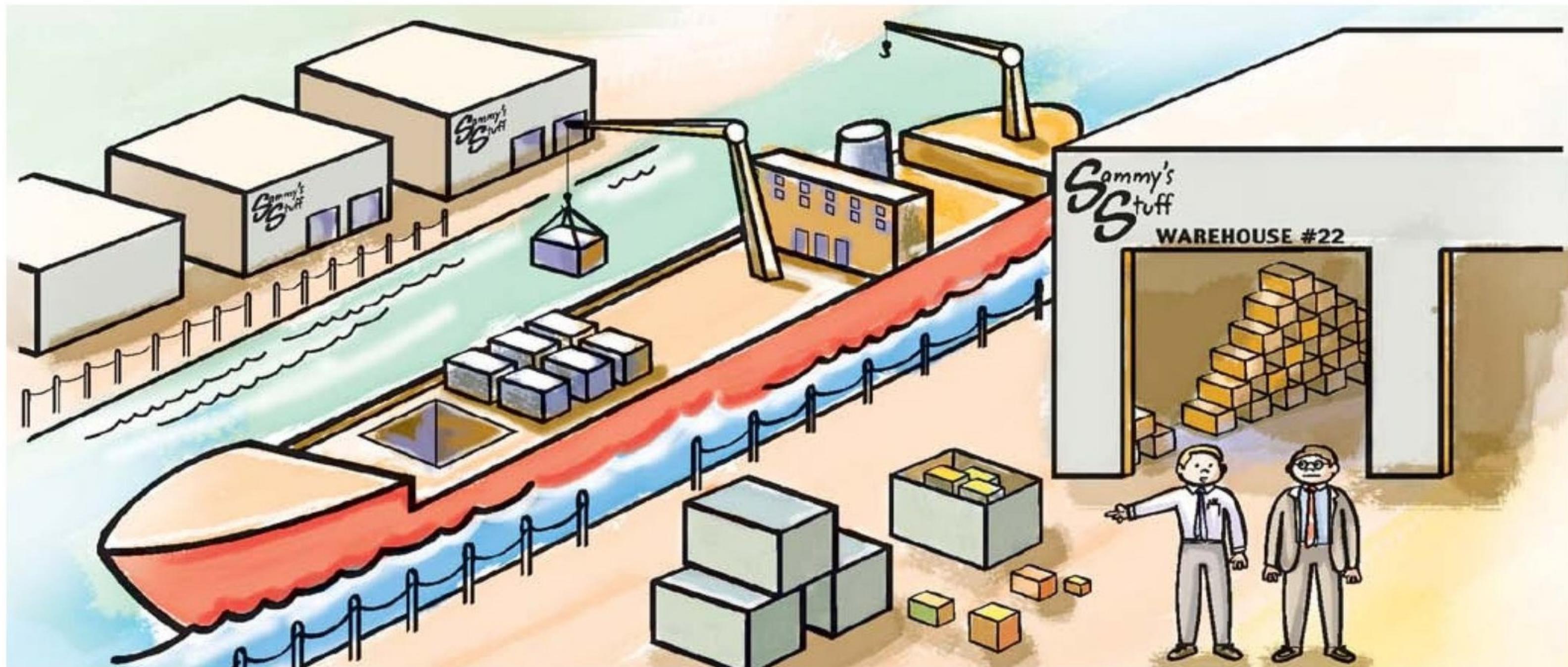
He had thousands of books and CDs, and he had computer hardware and software. It seemed there was nothing Sammy didn't have. He had more stuff than anyone else on the planet.



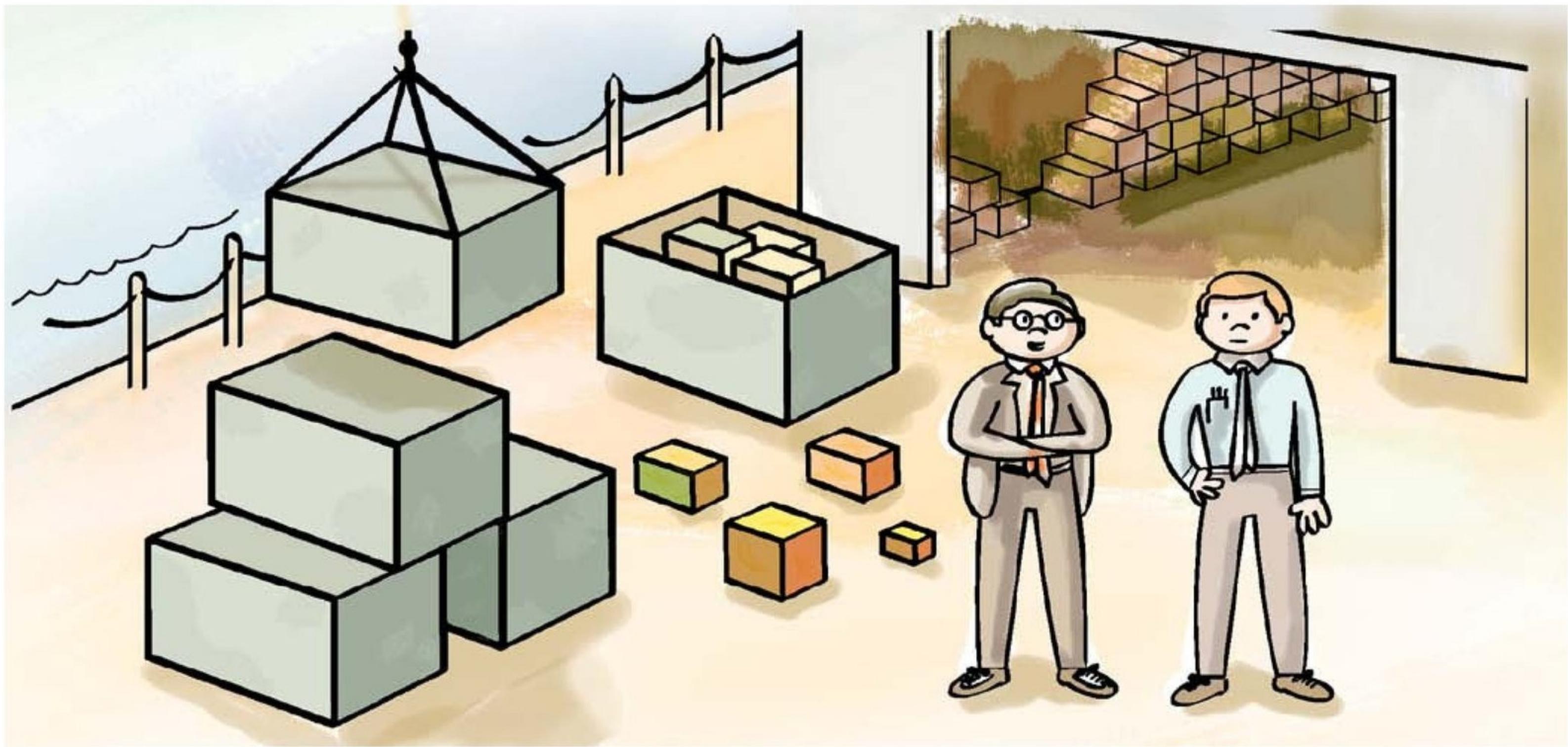
Years passed. Sammy got even older, and so did much of his stuff. But that didn't stop Sammy from collecting more stuff. And he never threw anything away. He just got newer stuff to stuff away with his older stuff.



Every time Sammy filled one place with stuff, he would buy another place to put more stuff. He bought garages and barns. He bought warehouses and boxcars, and he bought barges and boats. And he stuffed them all with more stuff.



When someone asked to borrow some of Sammy's stuff, Sammy refused. He said, "It is my stuff, and I want to keep it safe."



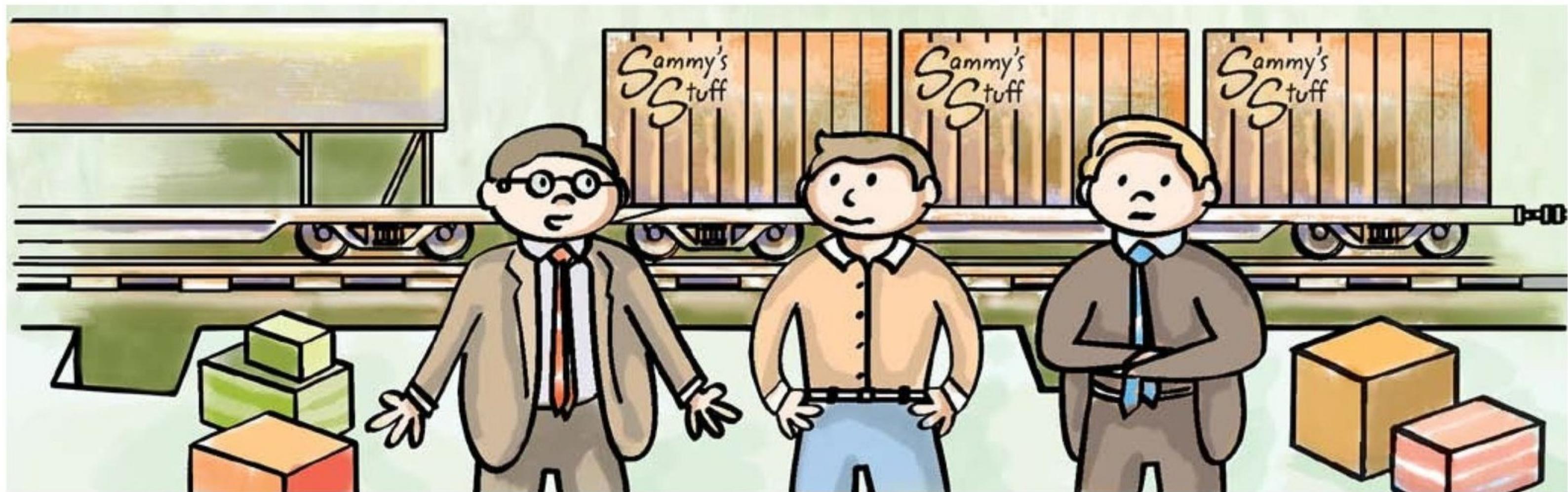
“Besides, if I let someone use my stuff, they might not bring it back. It is my stuff, and I am going to keep it for myself.”



## Sammy Begins to Wonder

One day, one of Sammy's friends asked, "Sammy, what do you do with all your stuff?"

Sammy paused and thought about it. He thought and thought. Then he scratched his head and he thought some more.



“So, Sammy, what is it you do with all your stuff?”  
Sammy’s friend asked again.

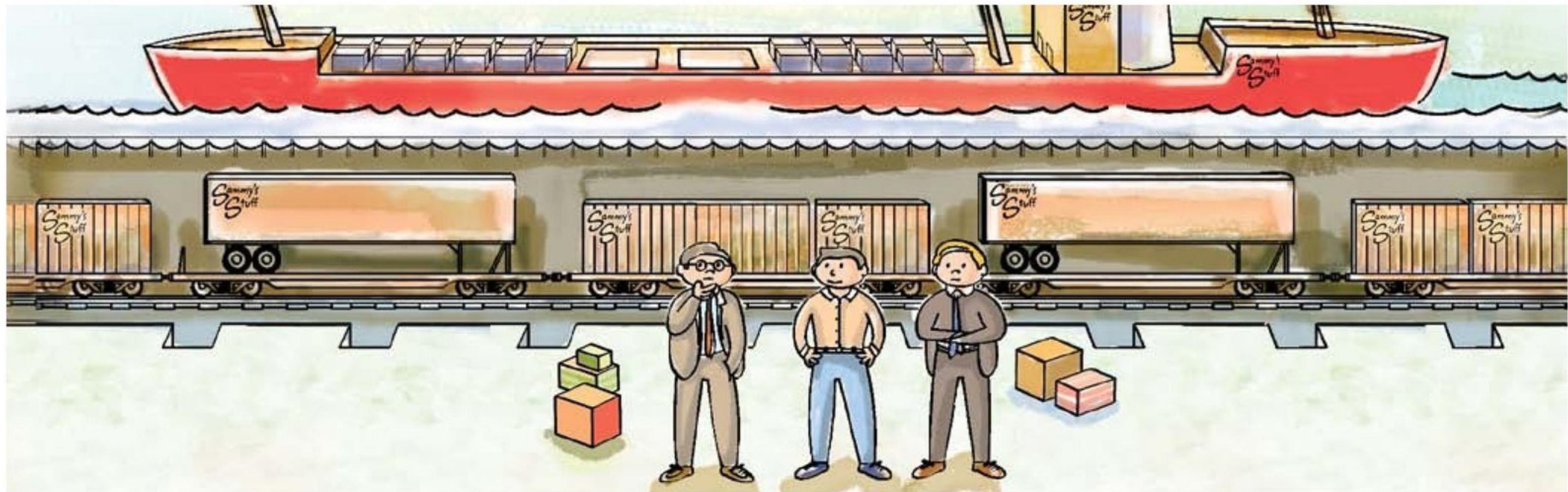
After thinking for what seemed a long, long time, Sammy finally answered. “Nothing,” Sammy said. “I do absolutely nothing with my stuff.”



"Then why do you have so much of it?" Sammy's friend asked.

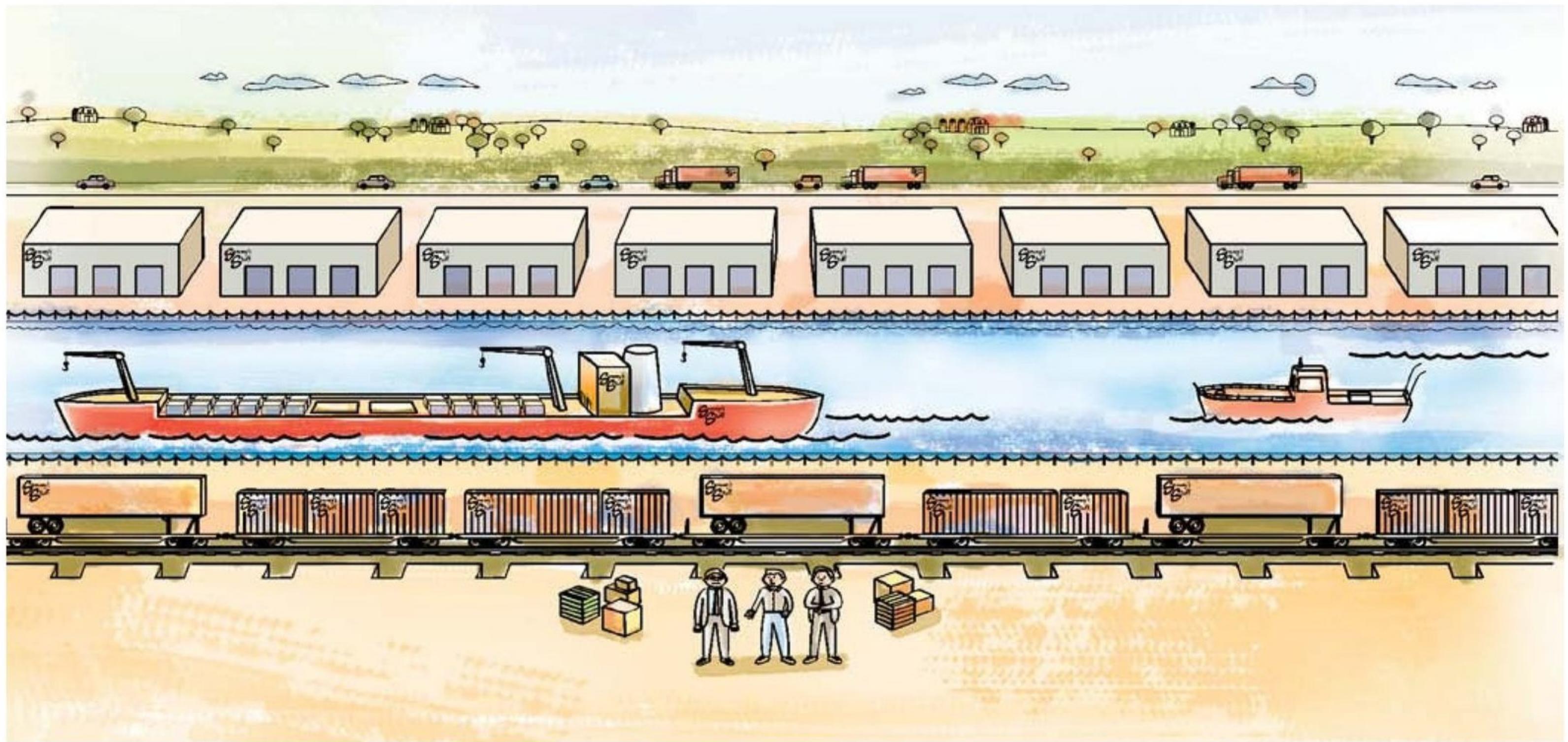
"Because," said Sammy.

"Because why?" pressed his friend.

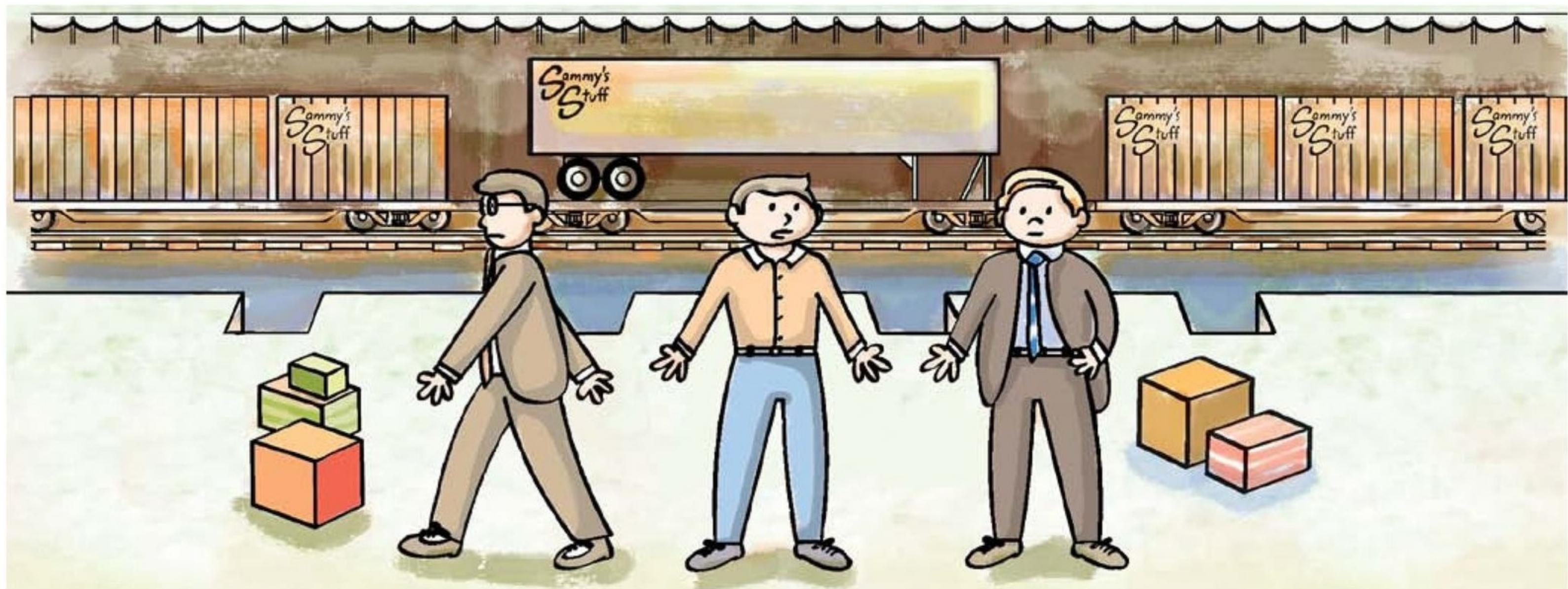


Sammy didn't know how to answer. So he just blurted out,  
“Because it makes me happy.”

“Well, you sure don't seem all that happy,” replied Sammy's friend. “Besides, how can something you do absolutely nothing with make you happy?”



“Wouldn’t all that stuff you have stuffed away make someone who doesn’t have much stuff happier than it makes you?”

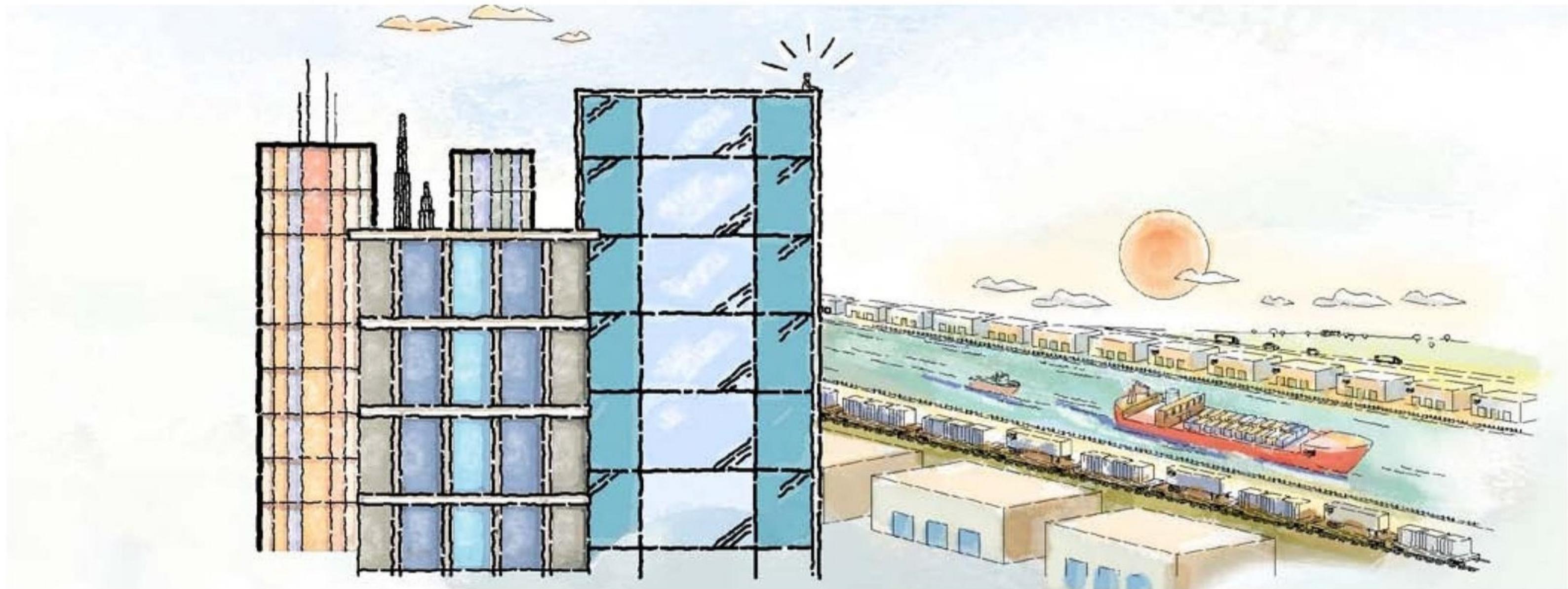


Sammy didn't know how to respond to his friend. He became very frustrated. So he just stomped off. But what his friend said made him think about all his stuff. He began to think that maybe there was truth to what his friend had said.

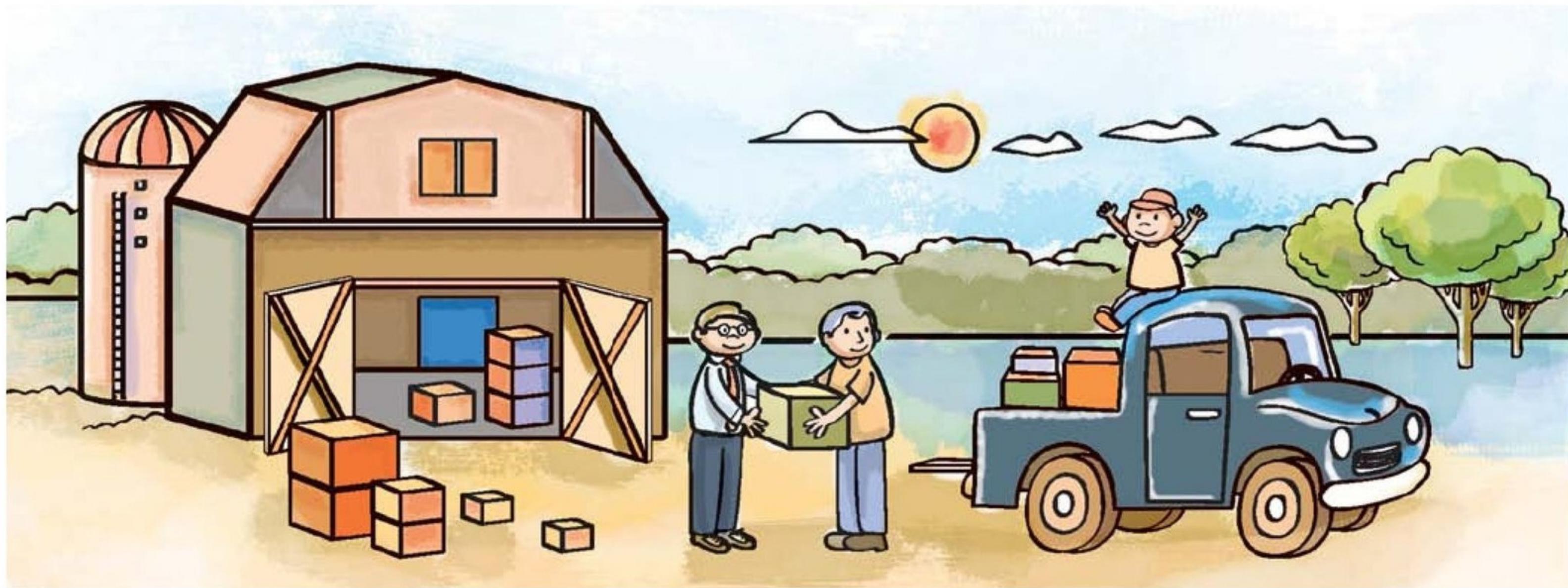


## Sammy Changes

He thought about how his stuff just sat in drawers, closets, barns, warehouses, and boxcars. He began to realize that he never used it. And he suddenly came to realize it was just stuff.



So after thinking more and more about his stuff, Sammy made a decision. He decided that having so much stuff stuffed away was silly. He thought it made him selfish. And he suddenly realized that it didn't really make him happy.



So Sammy gave a little of his stuff to someone who had very little stuff. He saw that the stuff made the person happy, and that made Sammy feel good. So he gave more stuff away, and that made him feel even better.



To Sammy's surprise, giving his stuff to others made him happier than having the stuff for himself. Before long, Sammy had given most of his stuff away. He soon became known as Happy Sammy instead of Sammy Stuffit.

Sammy Stuffit  
Level N Leveled Book  
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Illustrated by Fred Volke

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