



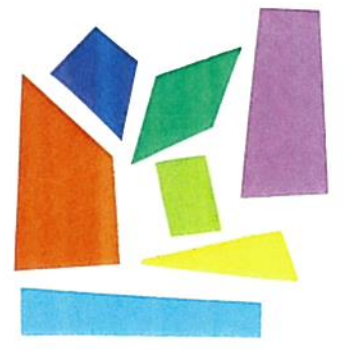
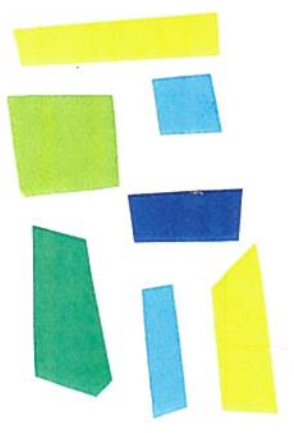
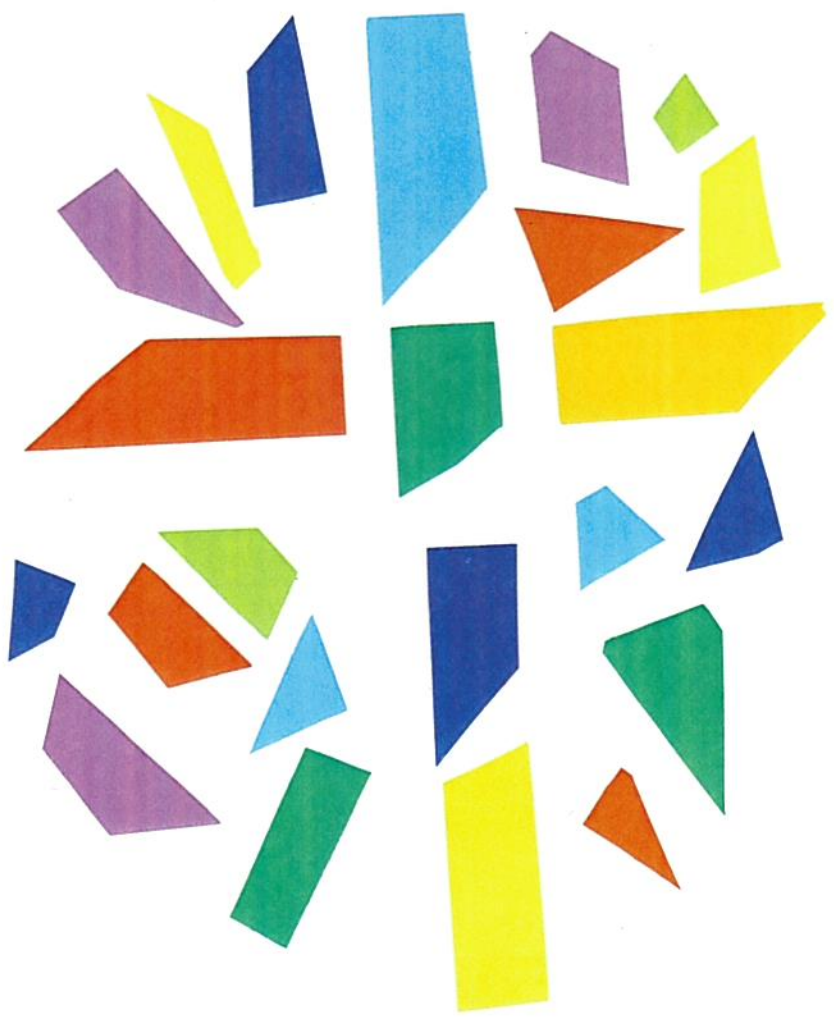
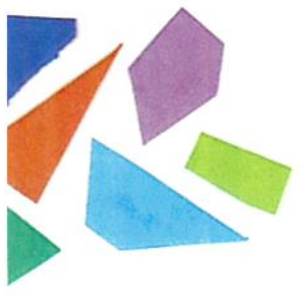
The  
Unexpected  
Neighbor  
A Retelling of  
The Good Samaritan

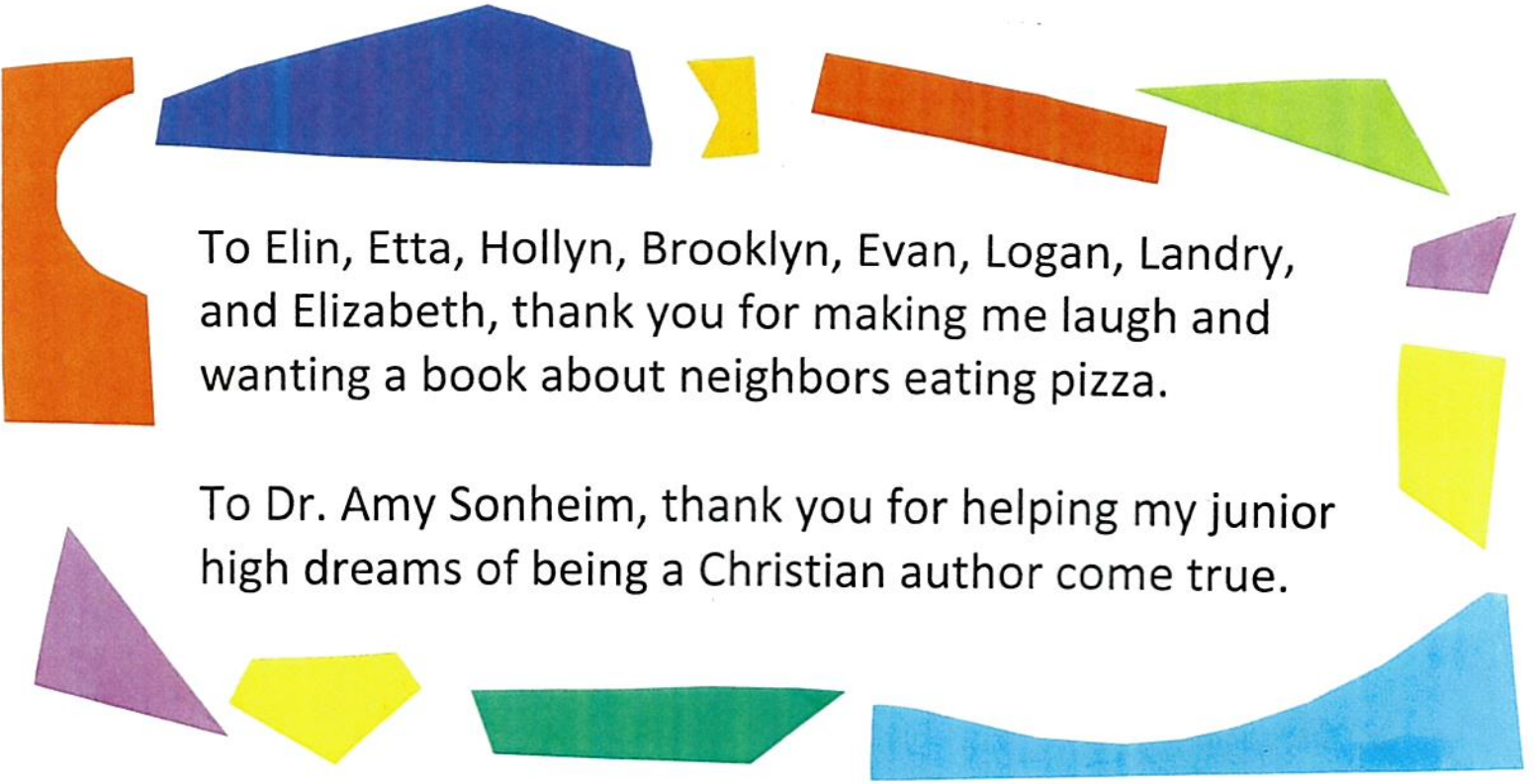
By Laura Beth Warner  
With Digital Illustrations by Mallorie Warner  
And Helped Tremendously by Brooke Snyder











To Elin, Etta, Hollyn, Brooklyn, Evan, Logan, Landry,  
and Elizabeth, thank you for making me laugh and  
wanting a book about neighbors eating pizza.

To Dr. Amy Sonheim, thank you for helping my junior  
high dreams of being a Christian author come true.

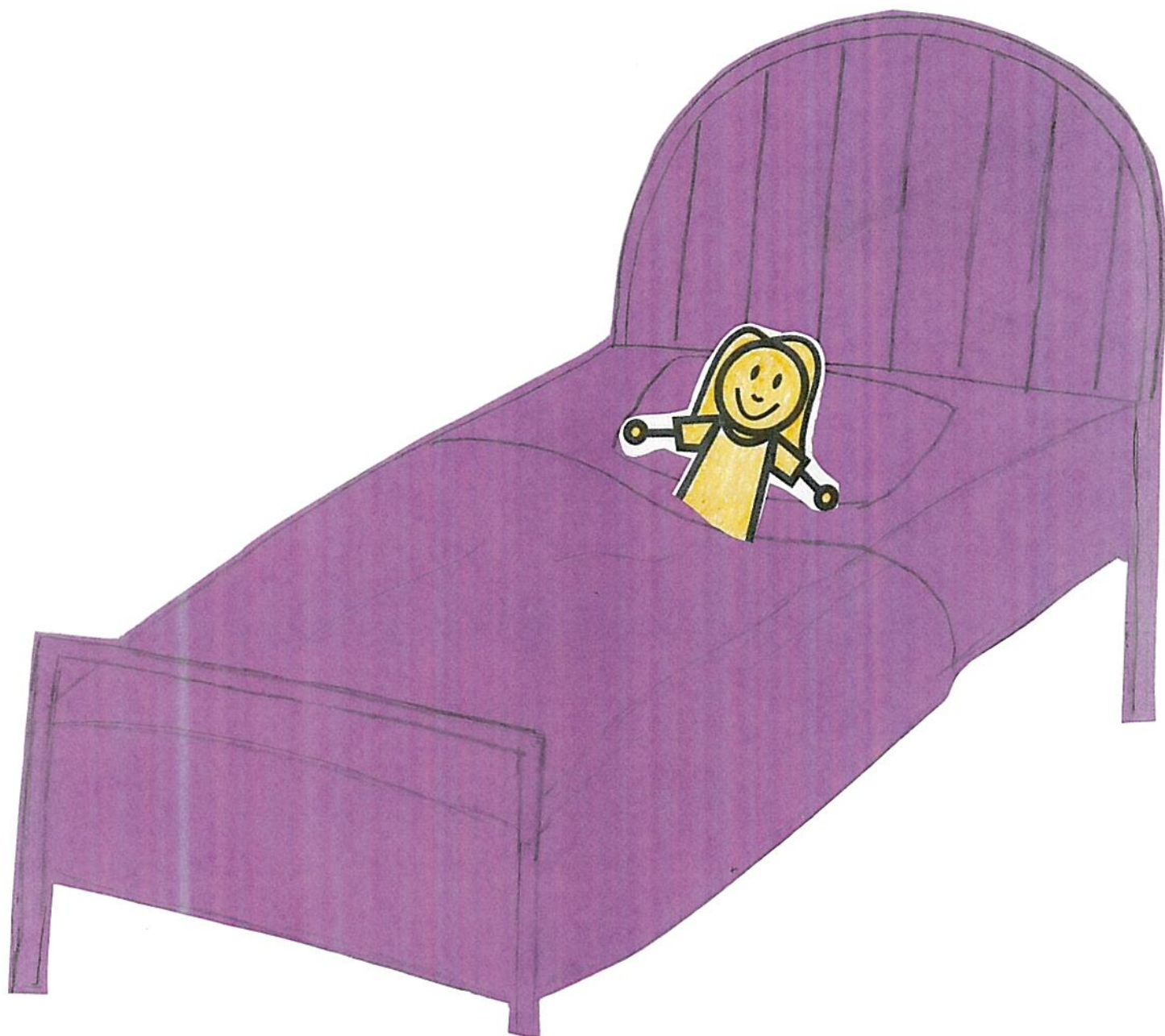


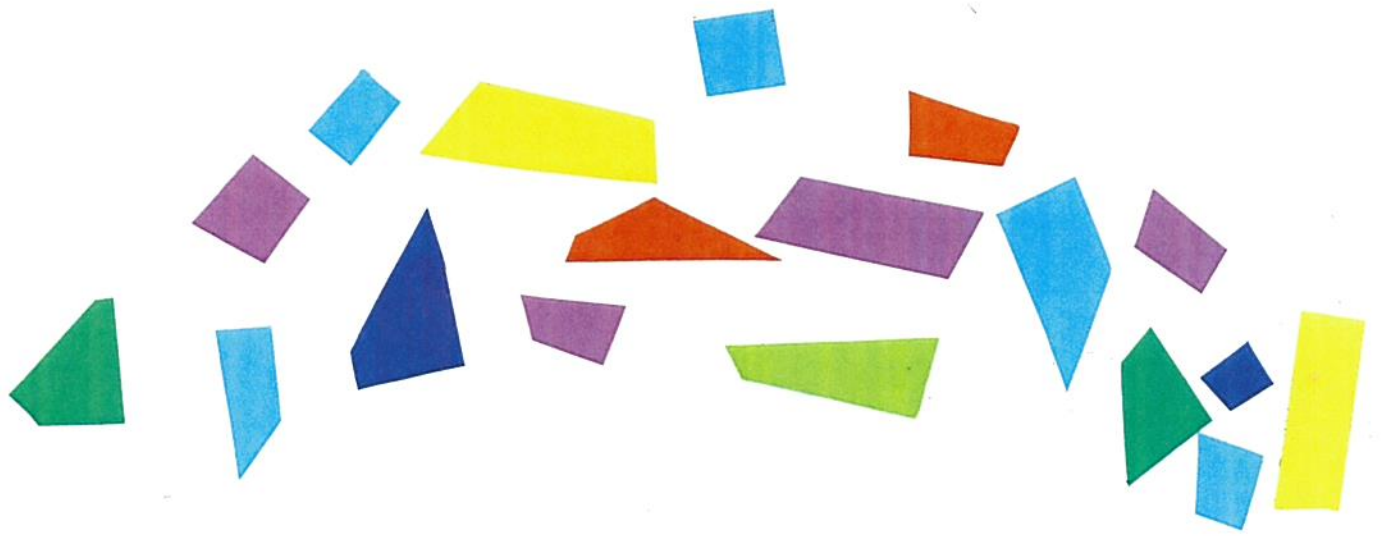
Molly didn't want to go to sleep. She was worried her friend Emily would forget about her when she moved away.

"Daddy," she said, "can Emily still be my neighbor in her new house?"



“That’s a really good question, princess,” her dad said, “Jesus had a man ask him about his neighbor one time. Let me tell you a story like Jesus told the man.”





"Freeeetiime!"

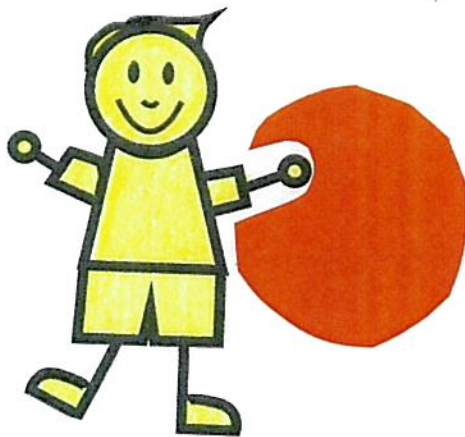




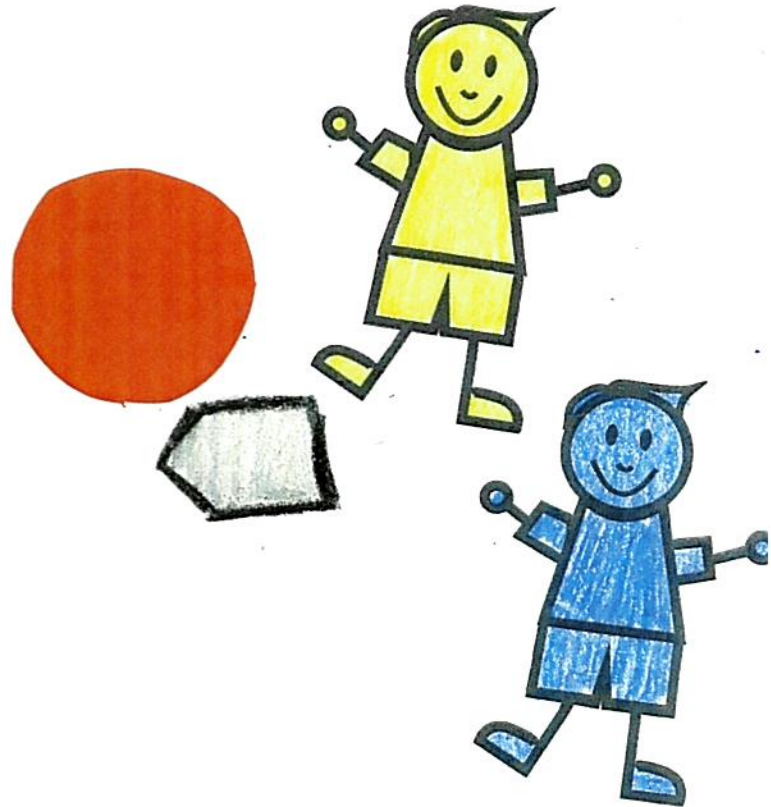
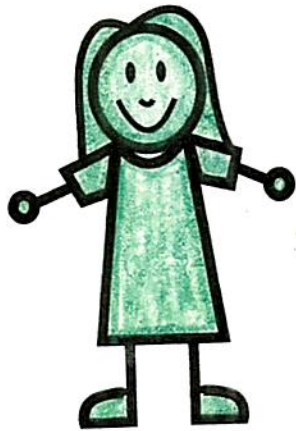
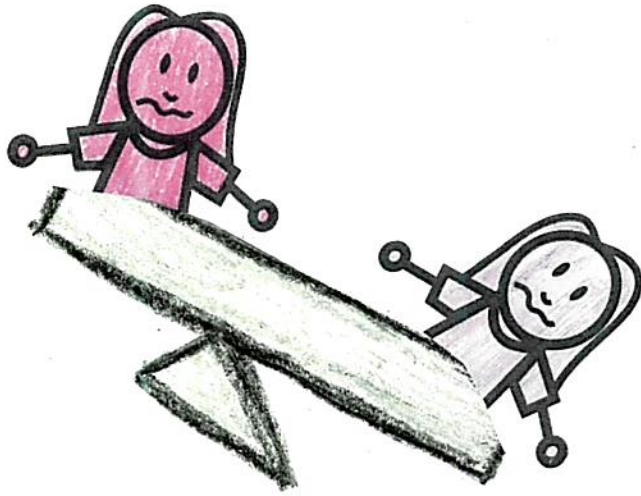


Mrs. Wilma's class stampedes onto the playground.

“First kicker!”



Sammy yells.



The class lines up. Two teams form,  
but not everyone wants to play.







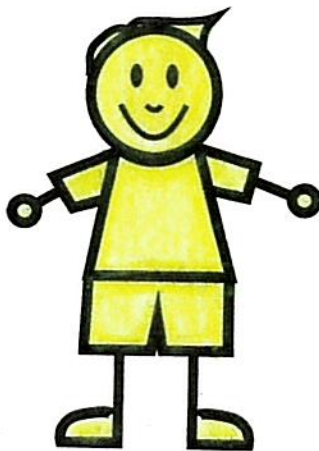
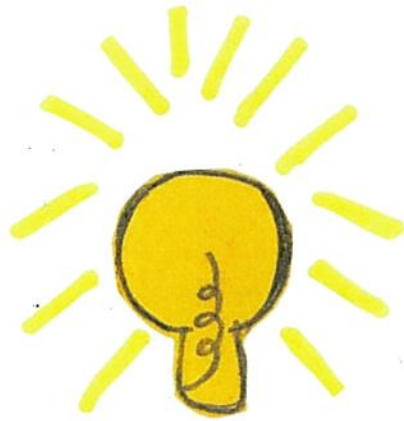
The game is tied. Sammy has to score.  
He lines up his kick to let the ball SOAR!







Things weren't looking good, but  
Sammy had a plan.



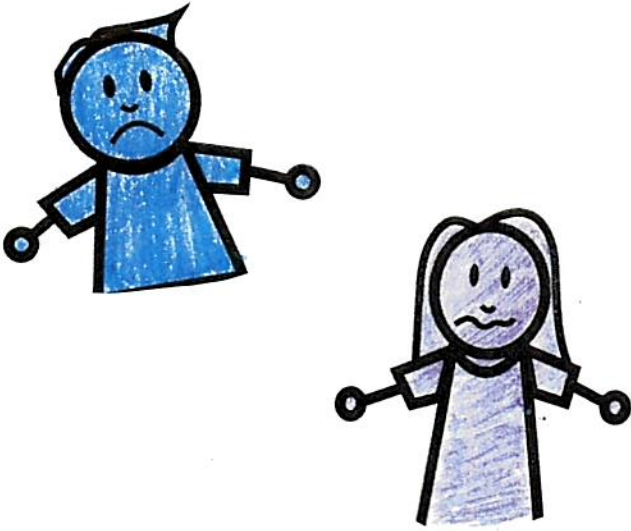
"I'll go get it," he said.



“No! You can’t!”

“It’s outside the fence!”





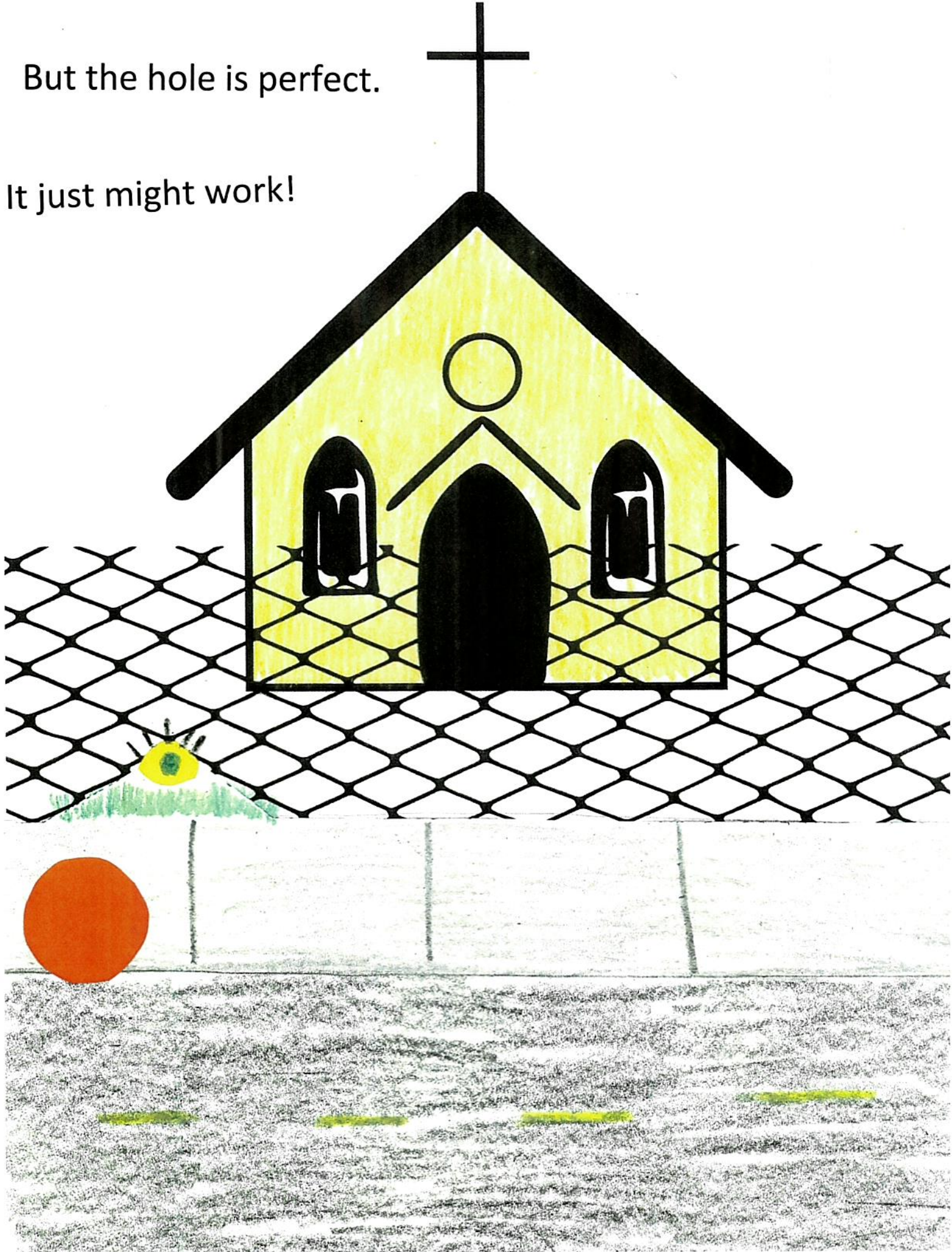
Sammy walks to the hole. His friends say Mrs. Wilma will be mad.





But the hole is perfect.

It just might work!

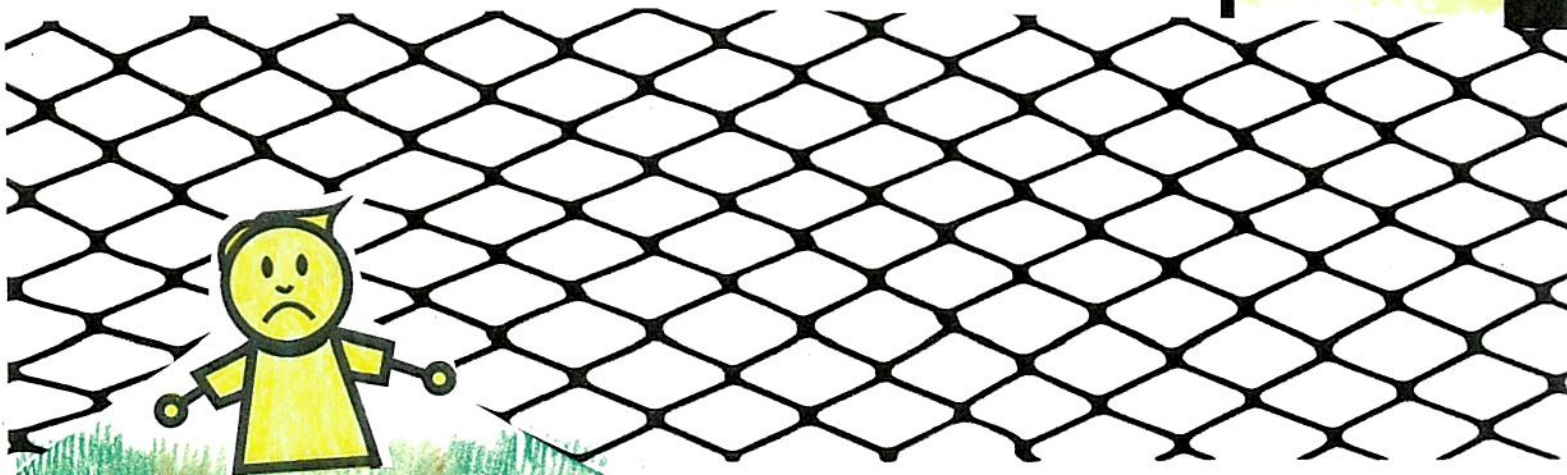




Sammy's mom won't be happy about the dirt.

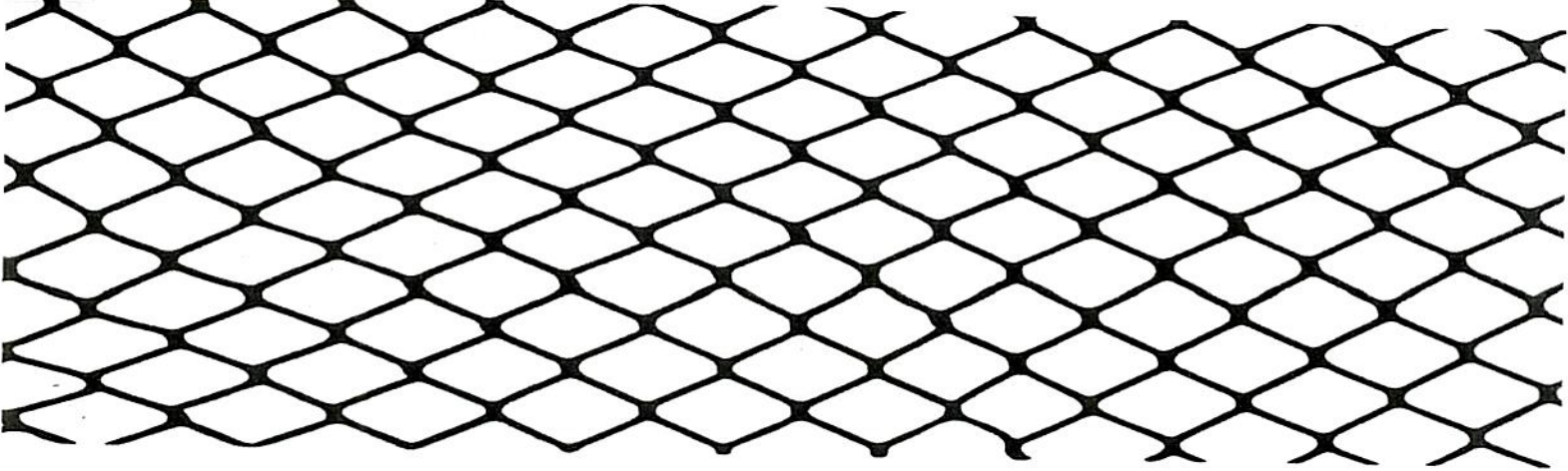
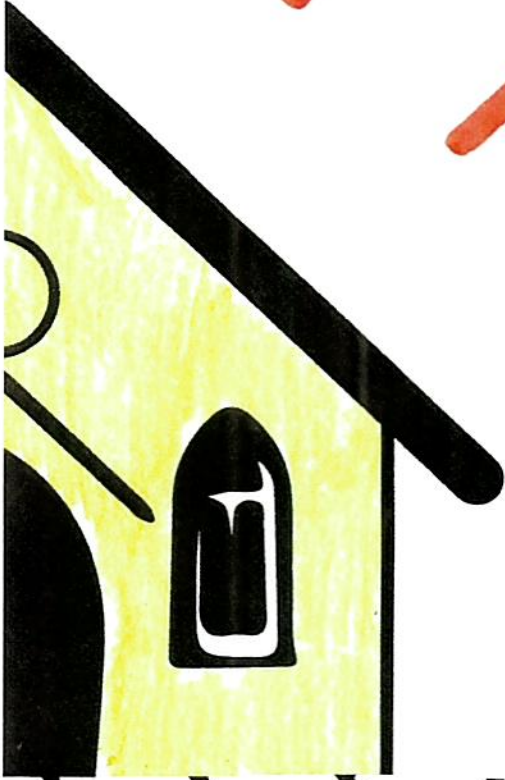


Riiiiiii





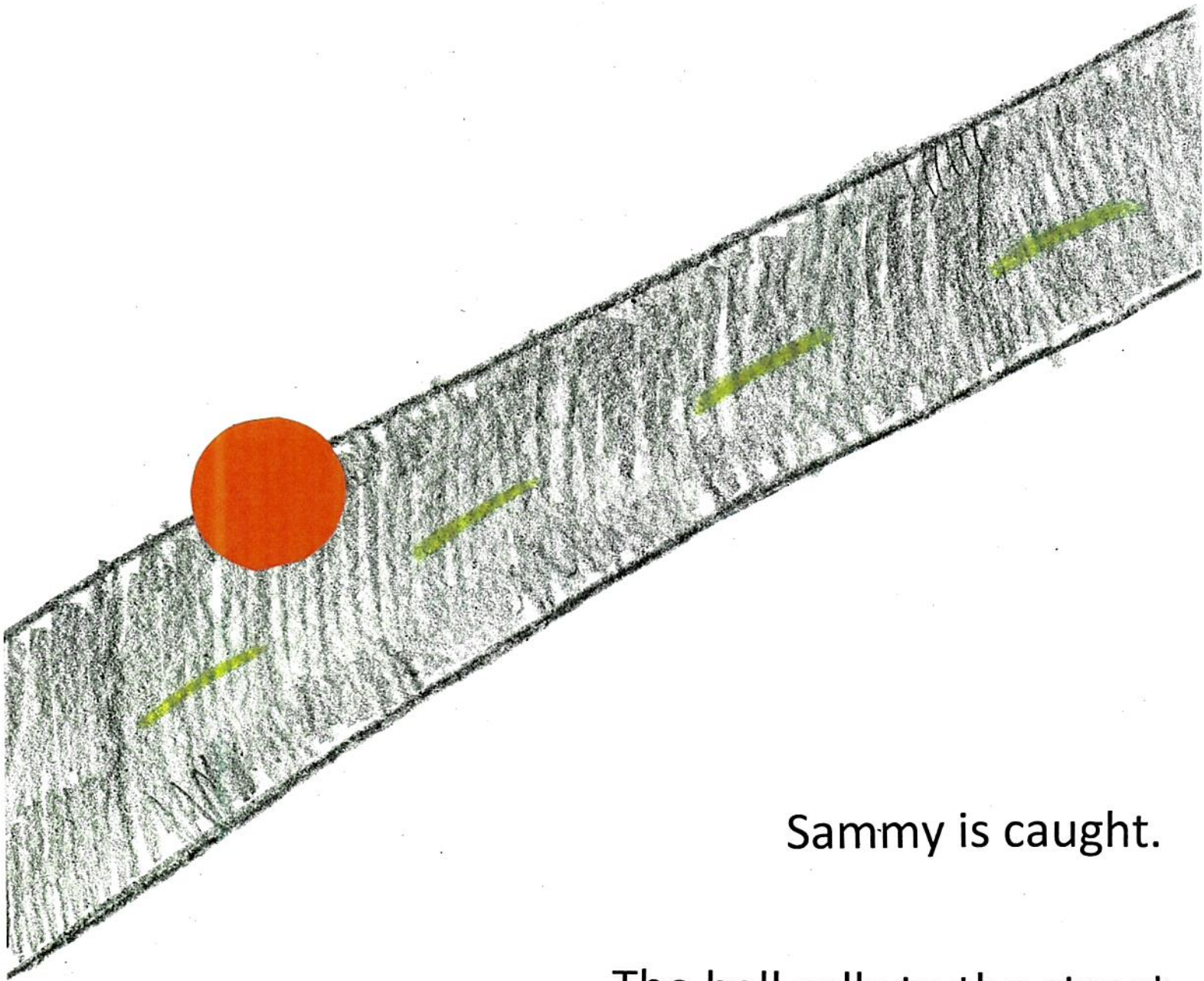
iP P P P



Oh no! His shirt!





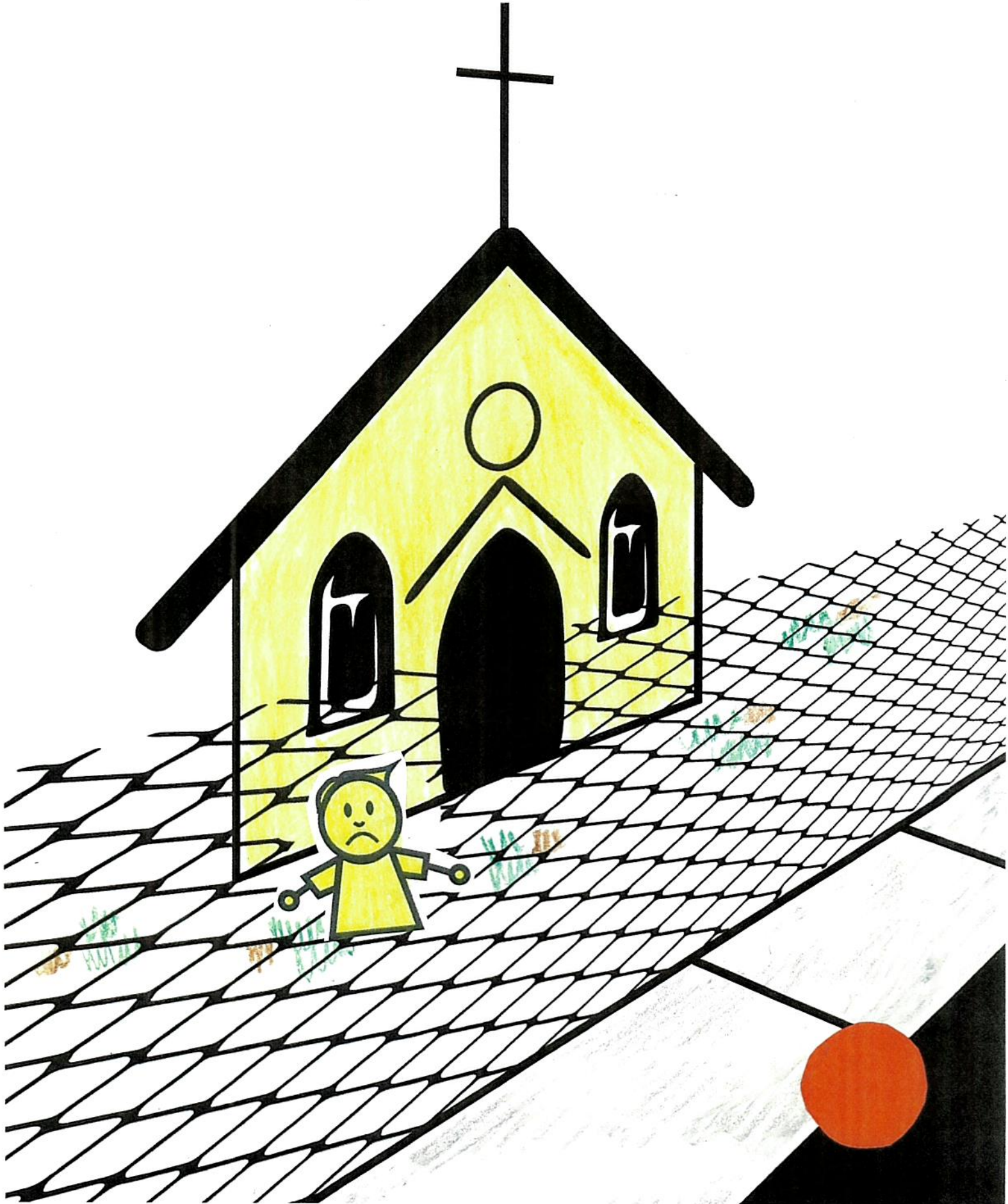


Sammy is caught.

The ball rolls to the street.



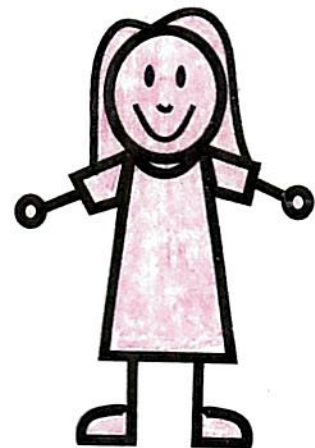
His friends can't help.







Someone else hears Sammy yelp.

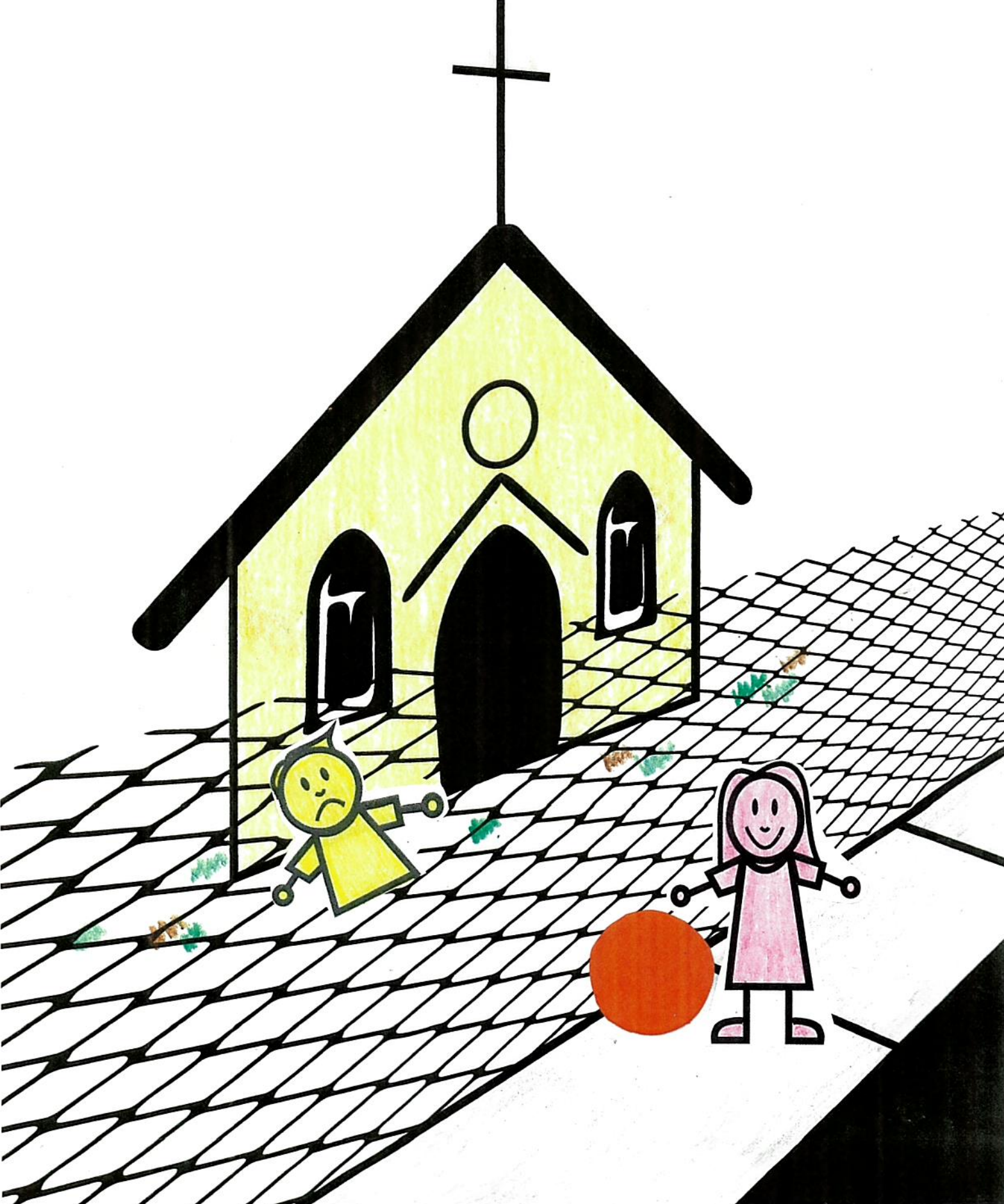


A girl no one knows sees the ball roll.  
She brings it over to Sammy's hole.





“Are you stuck?” she asks.





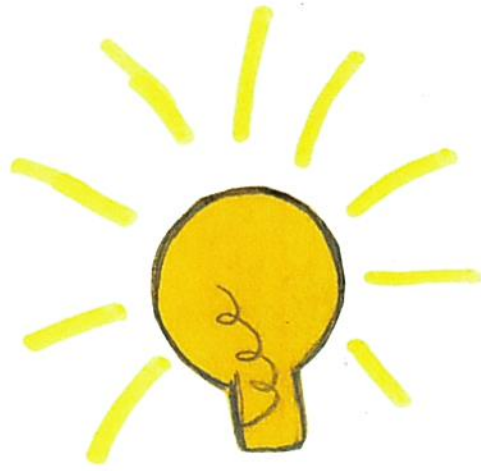
Yes.

Sammy's stuck.



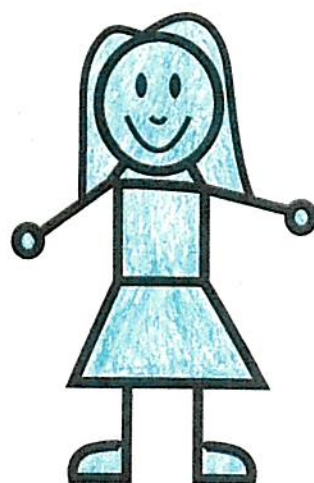


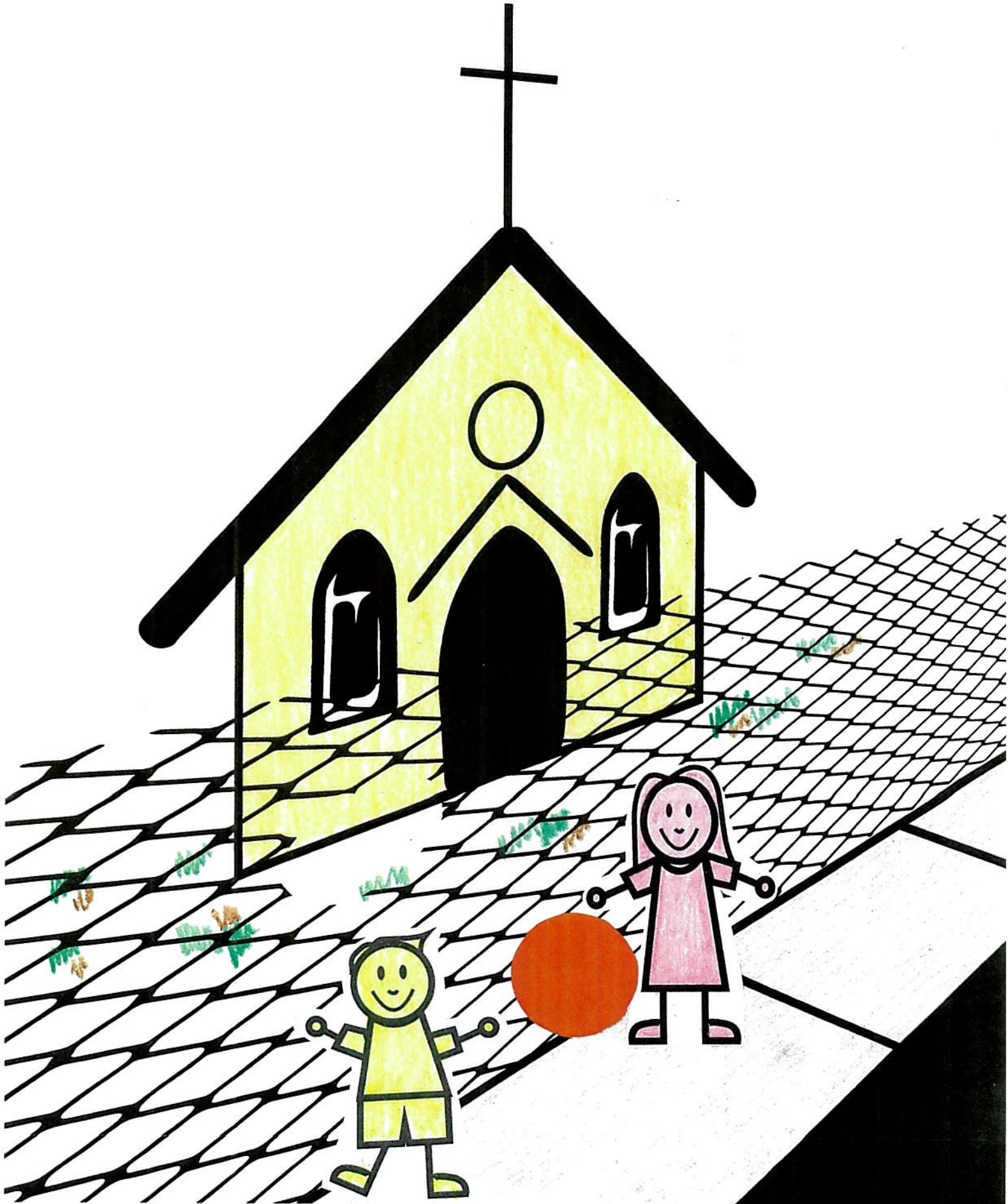
She knows what to do.



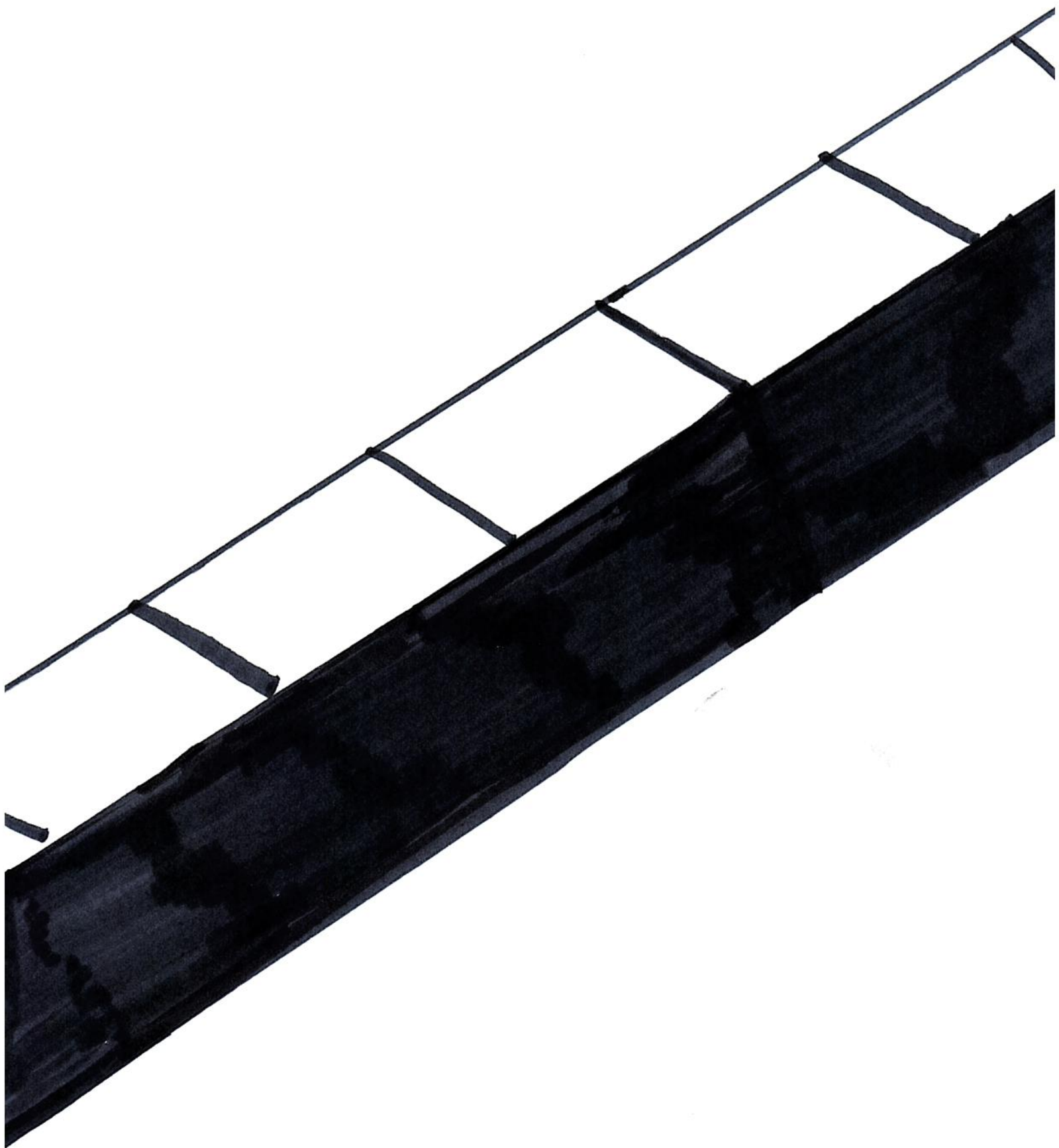
“They’ll be right back. I’ll stay with you.”

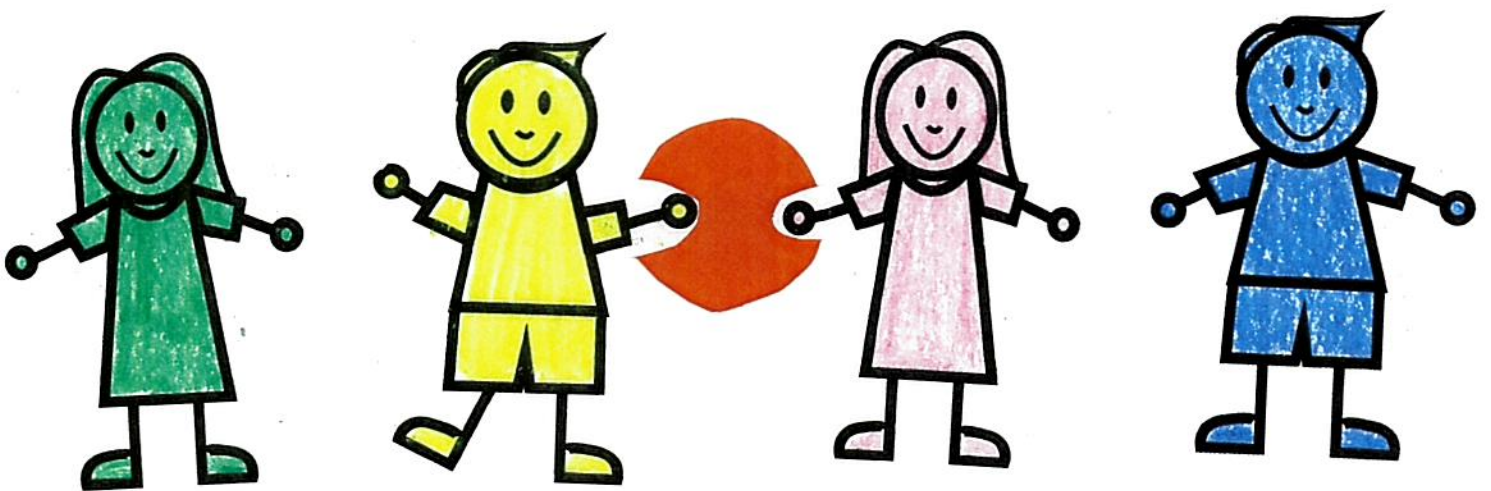
Here comes Mrs. Wilma. Sammy is free at last!







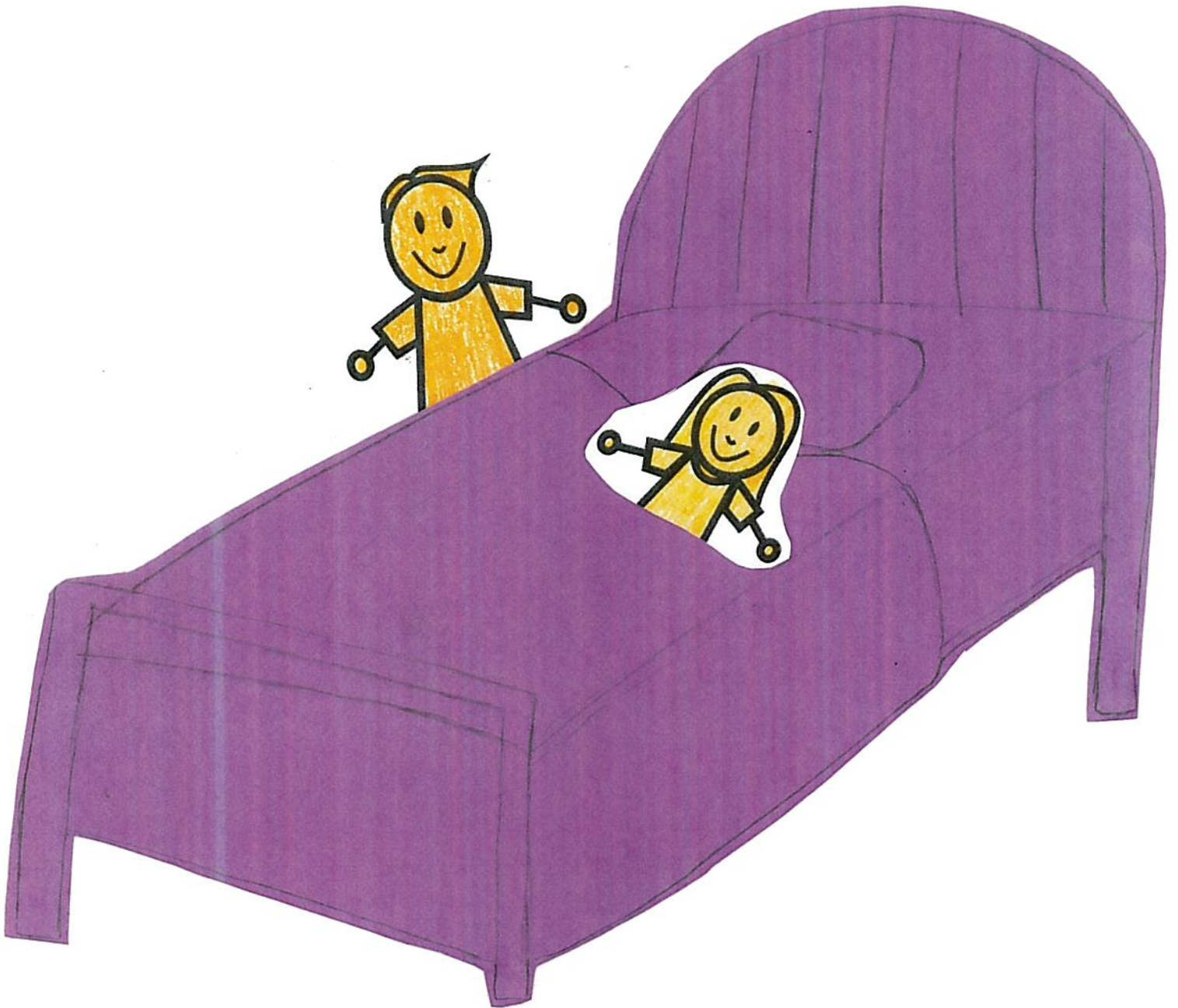




The little girl looks at Sammy. She smiles and says, "My name is Sarah. We can be friends! Now we have your ball. It's time to play again."



“So, what do you think, Molls?  
Is Emily still your neighbor even  
if she doesn’t live by us?”



“I think so because I will still be  
Emily’s friend even though I  
won’t see her as much. Maybe I  
can go visit and help her make  
new friends that live beside her.”

Who can be a neighbor?

