



Max the Magnet's Sticky Friends

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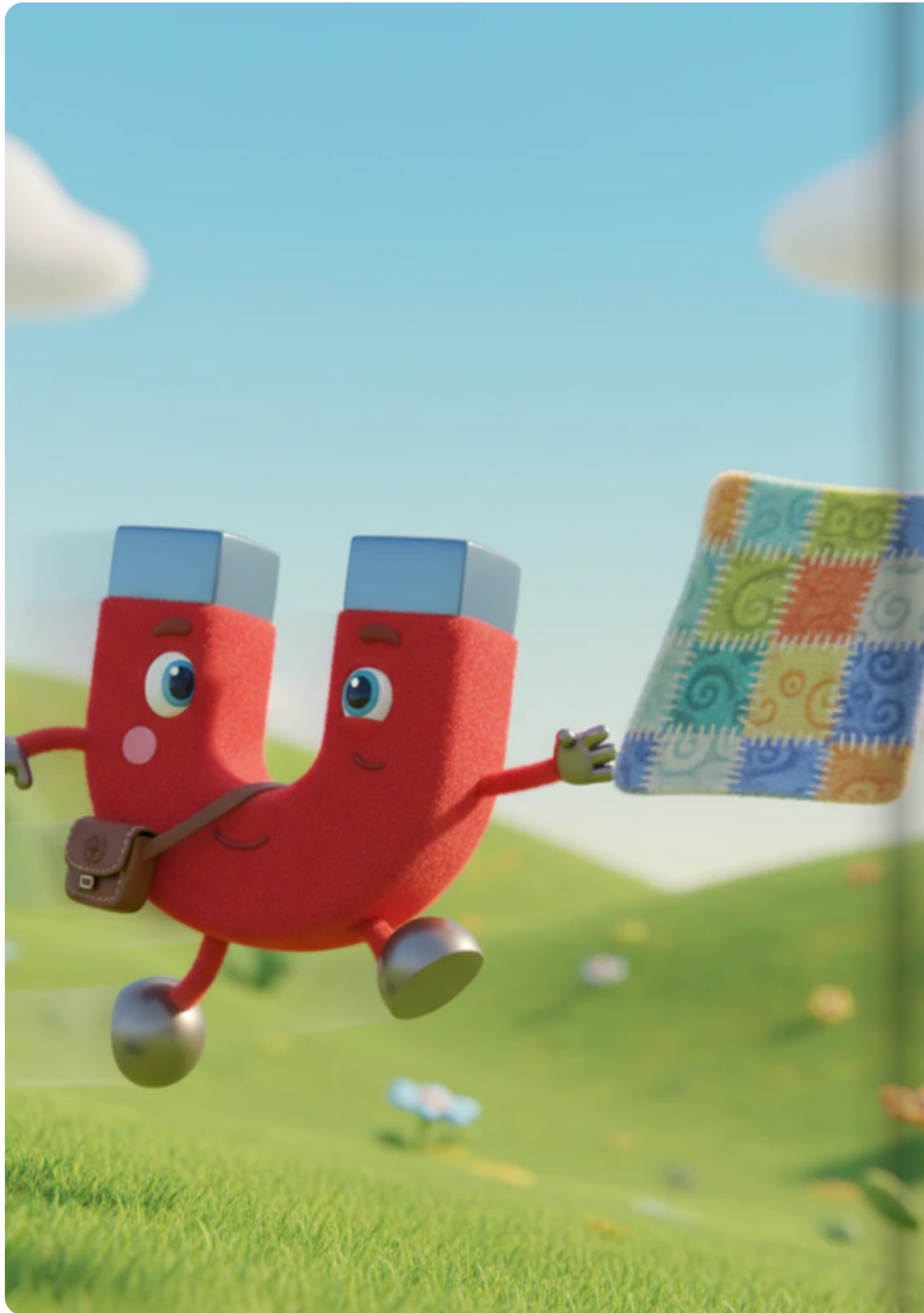
Max, a small, polished magnet, rolled through a world bursting with color and life. He watched leaves dance and flowers sway, feeling a little lonely amidst all the bustling activity. He longed for a friend, someone he could truly connect with.



Spotting a vibrant green leaf gently swaying in the breeze, Max felt a spark of hope. He carefully approached, extending his magnetic pull, hoping for a connection. But the leaf just fluttered past, untouched by his special ability.



Next, Max rolled towards a majestic old tree with rough, textured bark. "Maybe this will work!" he thought, trying to embrace its sturdy surface. To his disappointment, he simply bumped against it, unable to cling on.



A soft, colorful piece of paper drifted lazily by on a gentle gust of wind. Max zipped after it, thinking it might be light enough to attract. He tried his best to hold onto it, but the paper only danced away, unattached.



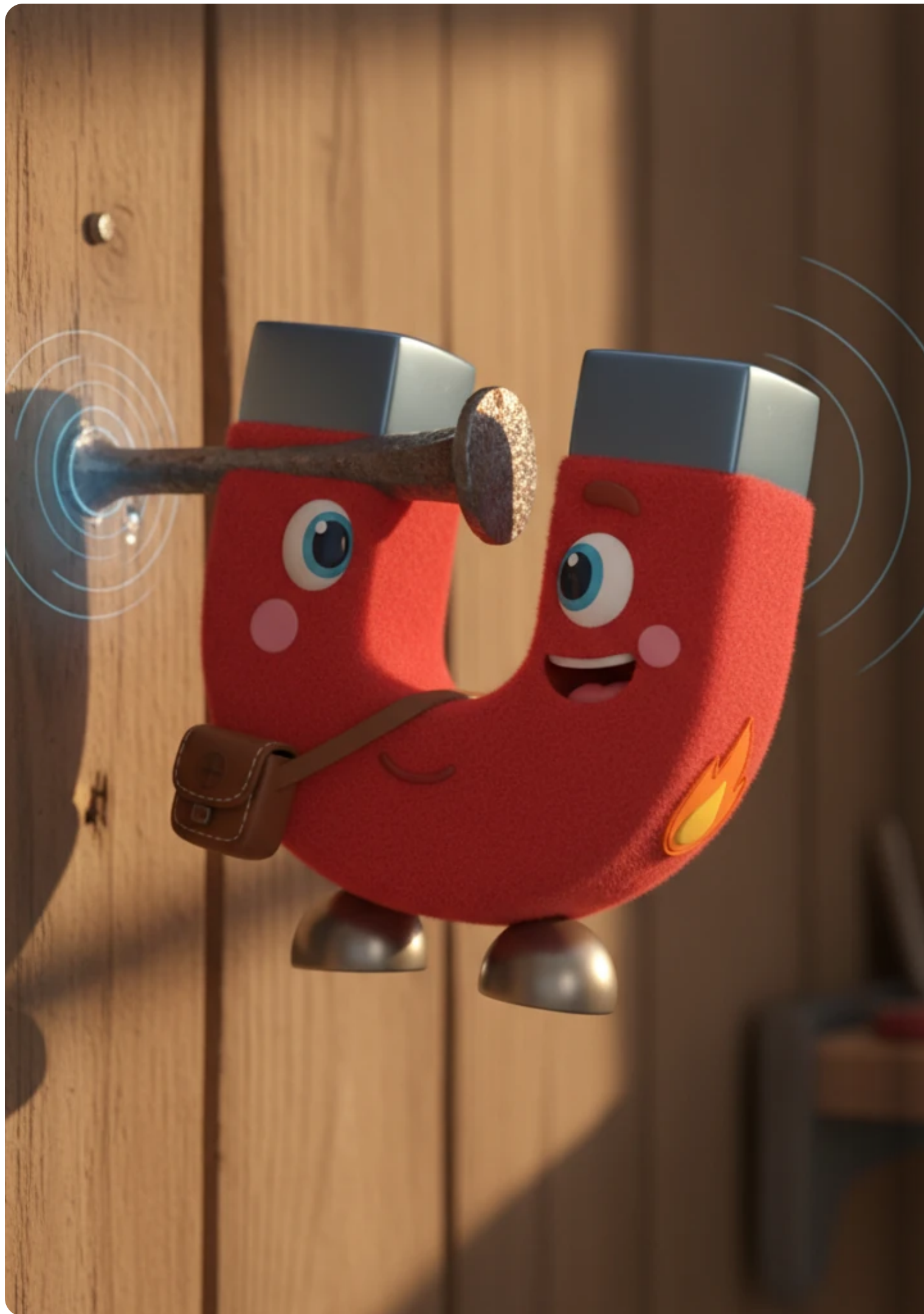
He then found a smooth, sturdy wooden block resting on the ground. Max gathered all his strength, pushing himself against its firm side. Yet, just like before, there was no satisfying click, no firm hold, only a smooth, unyielding surface.



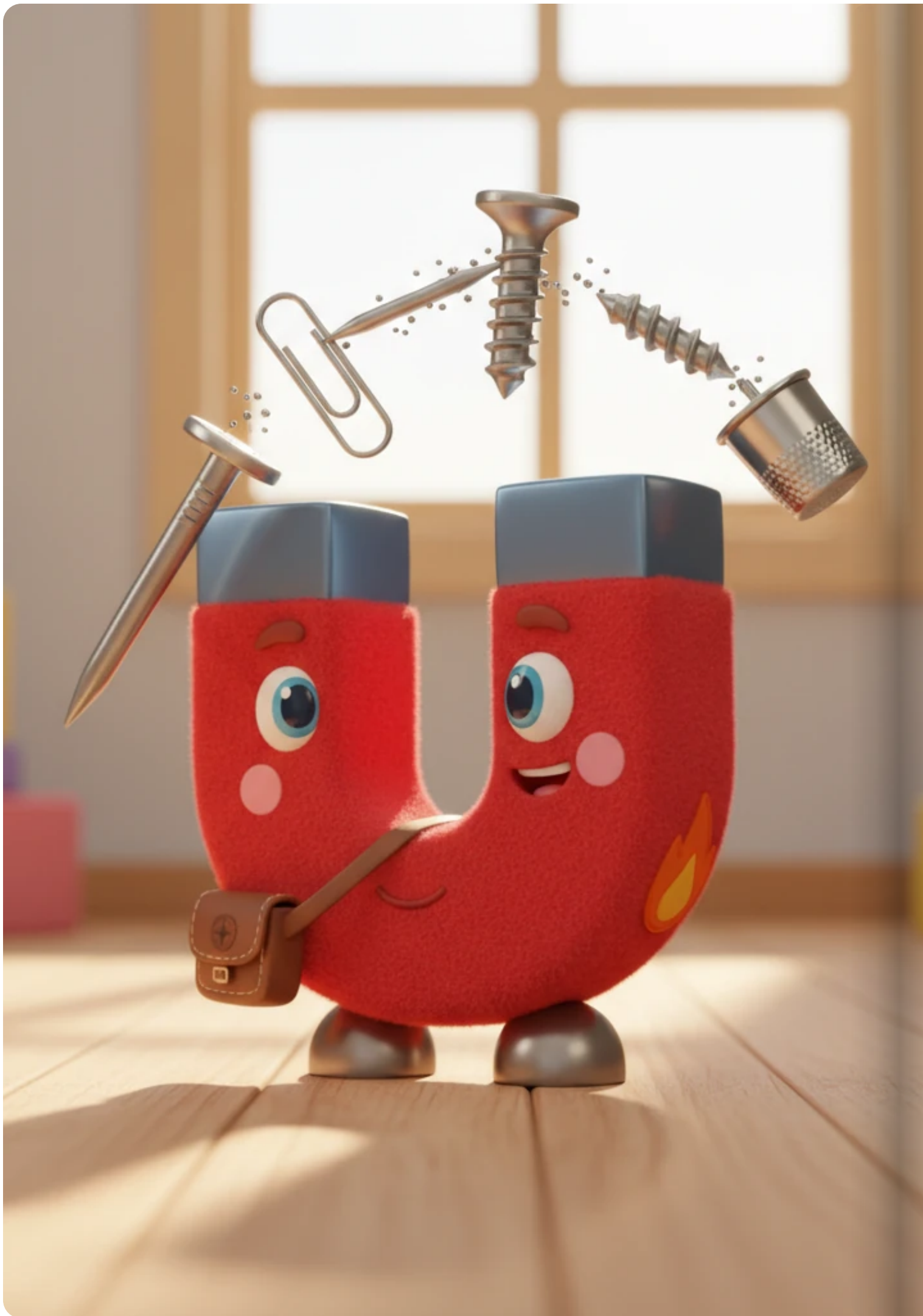
Max felt a little droopy, his shiny surface reflecting a hint of sadness. He sighed, wondering if he would ever find anyone he could truly stick with. It seemed his unique power was only making him feel more alone.



As he rolled along, feeling a bit lost, a tiny glint caught his eye. Peeking out from beneath a patch of grass was a small, metallic nail, slightly rusted but undeniably shiny. Max felt a flicker of curiosity.



With renewed hope, Max cautiously approached the nail, his magnetic field reaching out. CLICK! A delightful sound echoed as he firmly attached himself to the nail. Max wiggled with pure joy, a real friend at last!



Excited, Max and his new friend, the nail, set off to explore. They soon discovered a shiny paperclip, a sturdy screw, and a tiny thimble. One by one, they all clicked together, forming a wonderful, clinking chain of friends.



Max was no longer lonely, but surrounded by a joyful cluster of metallic pals, all happily stuck together. They rolled and tumbled, a truly unique and inseparable group. Can you find all of Max's friends that stick?