

LEMONADE SOLD OUT



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Lemonade Sold Out

adventures of a kid entrepreneur

Can I Have Some Money? (No. 5)

Candi Sparks, Kelvin Sparks, Jr., Authors

Drawings by Bill Graf

For...

People who want to mind their own business.

Foreword

This is a story how one young man's desire to help his friends do better in school, turned into a business.

His brand of help became so popular that it was "sold out." That's how his entrepreneurial spirit was born.

Most people want to find a job, but others find ways to create their own business. The authors hope to inspire readers to do both.

Financial Concepts in Sold Out

Cash Cow
Customers
Customer Service
Demand
Discount
Entrepreneur
Friends
Incentive
Innovator
Inventory
Kid Entrepreneur
Profit
Rental
Supply
Word of Mouth

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A Penny For Your Thoughts

Word Scramble

Contact & Ordering Info

1) The Principal's Office

"Chris, the Principal wants to see you *now*." Mr. Phillips said as he dropped a hall pass on my desk.

Is there something wrong?

I looked at Mr. Phillips trying to read his face for clues. He looked normal, and I had not done anything wrong.

At least not that I could remember.

I stood up to leave class.

"*Good luck, Chris.*"

"Yes Sir," I gulped.

'Good luck' could mean *anything*. I made my way to the main office.



My pants legs whistled as I walked and the overhead light flickered.

It was the longest walk of my life.

I knocked on the door.

"Come in." said Principal Thompson.

I opened the door and caught a whiff of freshly sharpened pencils in the breeze.

"Good morning, Sir." I said, waiting for something to happen.

He looked me up and down, without a word.

*Thump, thump, thump - my heart was
pounding, double time.*

I quickly scanned the top of his desk, looking
for information.

Why do you want to see me? my eyes asked,
in the silence.

*Hmmm. No teacher's note, no trouble
report, nothing with my name on it!*

To my surprise, Ms. Tori, the guidance
counselor was there too, sitting on the
visitor's couch.

Why?

This made it much harder to gauge things. I
scratched my head.

They're both looking at me.

It is usually *not good* to be called out of class
to meet with the Principal.

"Relax and have a seat." he said, pointing to
the seat directly in front of him. His chair let
out a "squeeeeeek".

"Chris, it has come to our attention that ..."

I remembered how it all started ...

We hope that you enjoyed the first chapter! Don't forget to visit us on the web and check out our other books!