

ENTERPRISES

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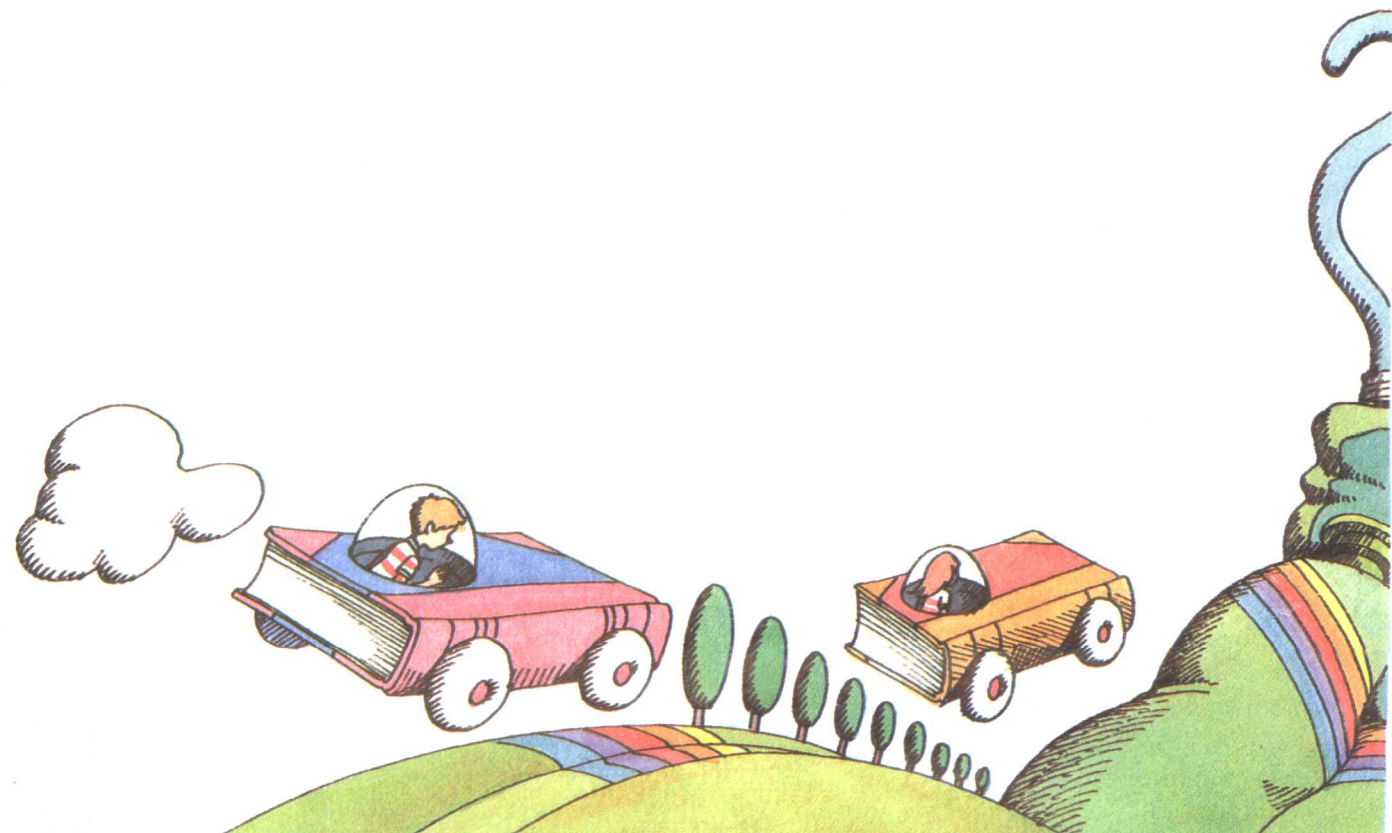
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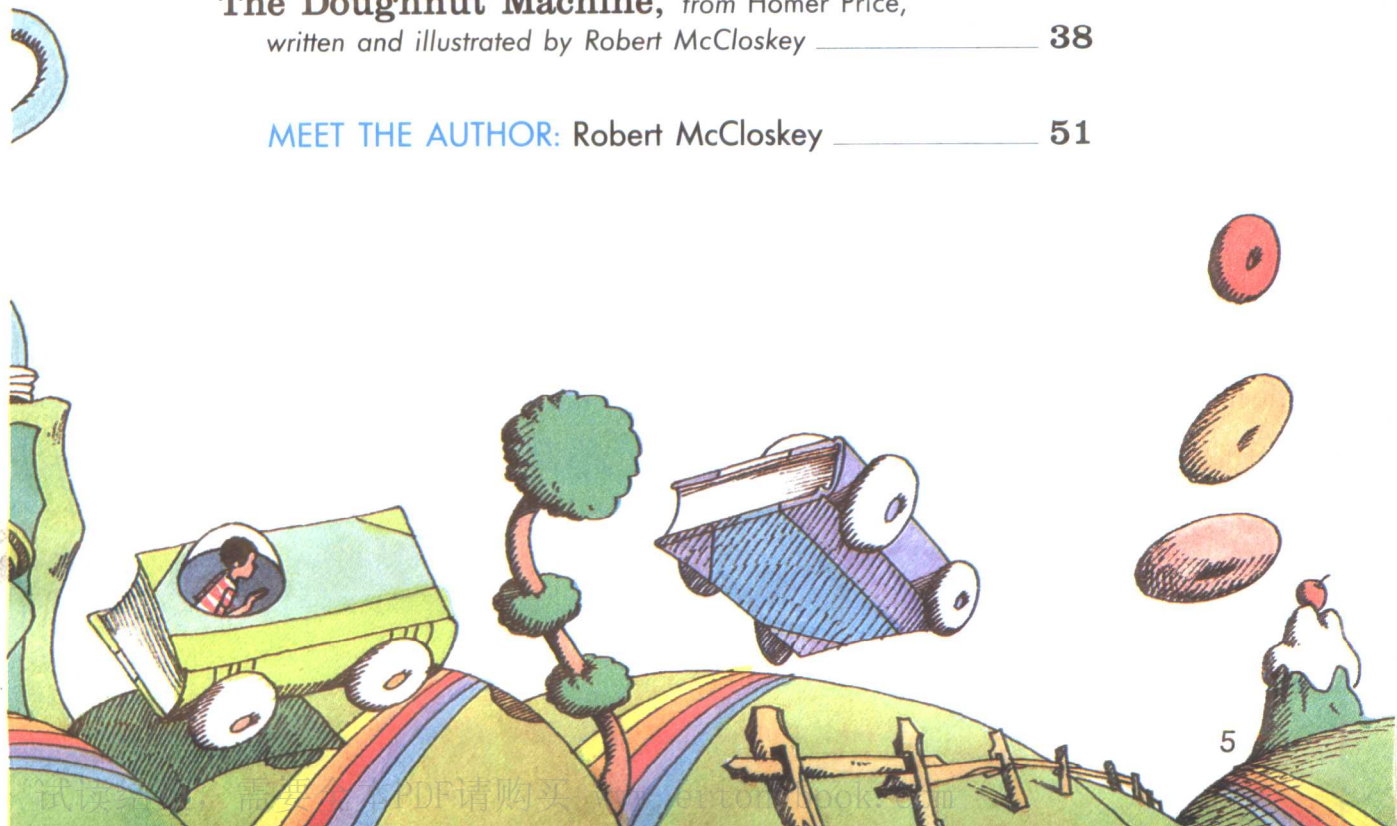
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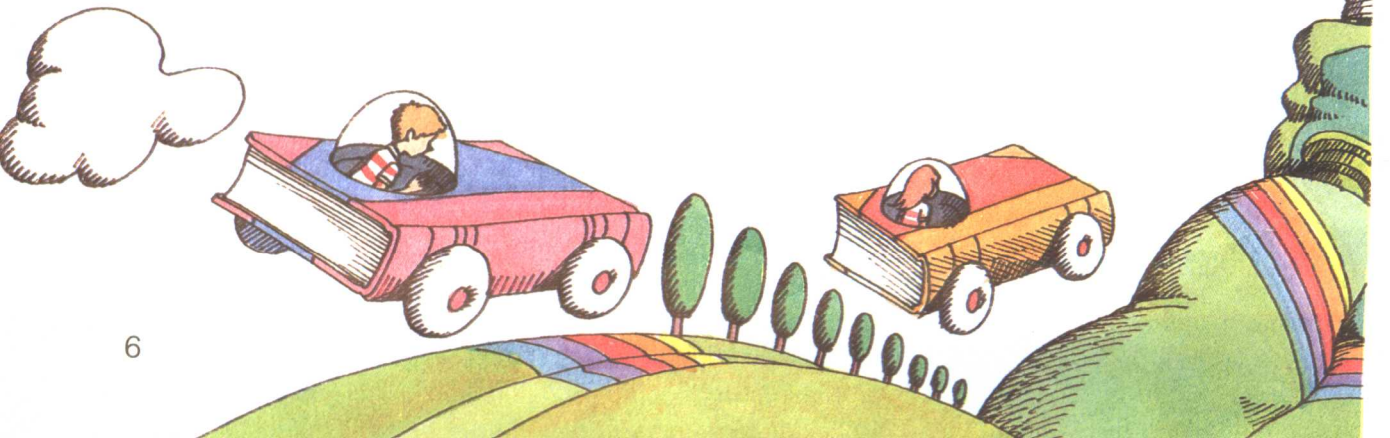
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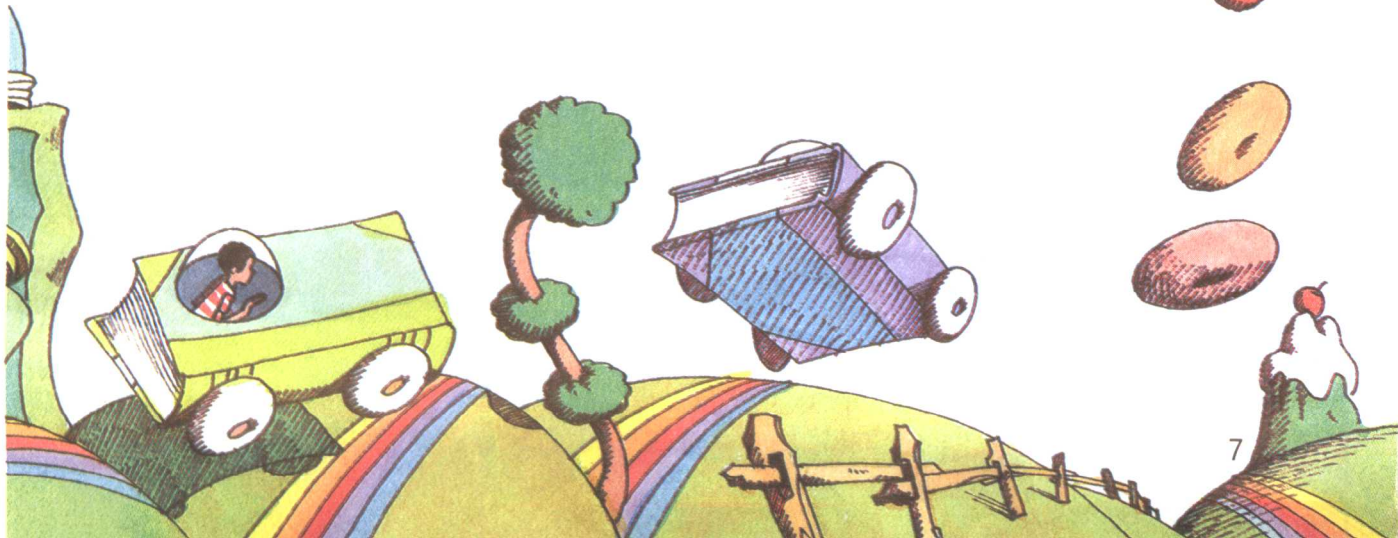
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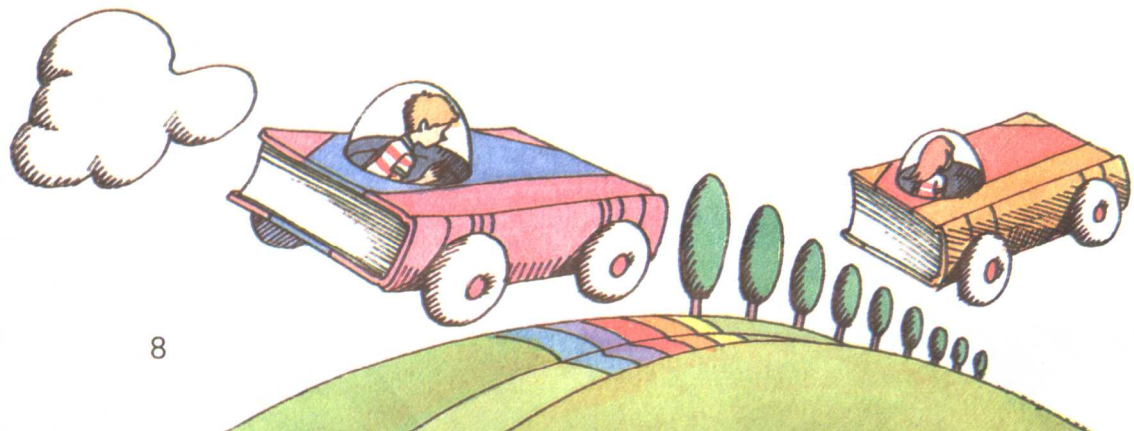
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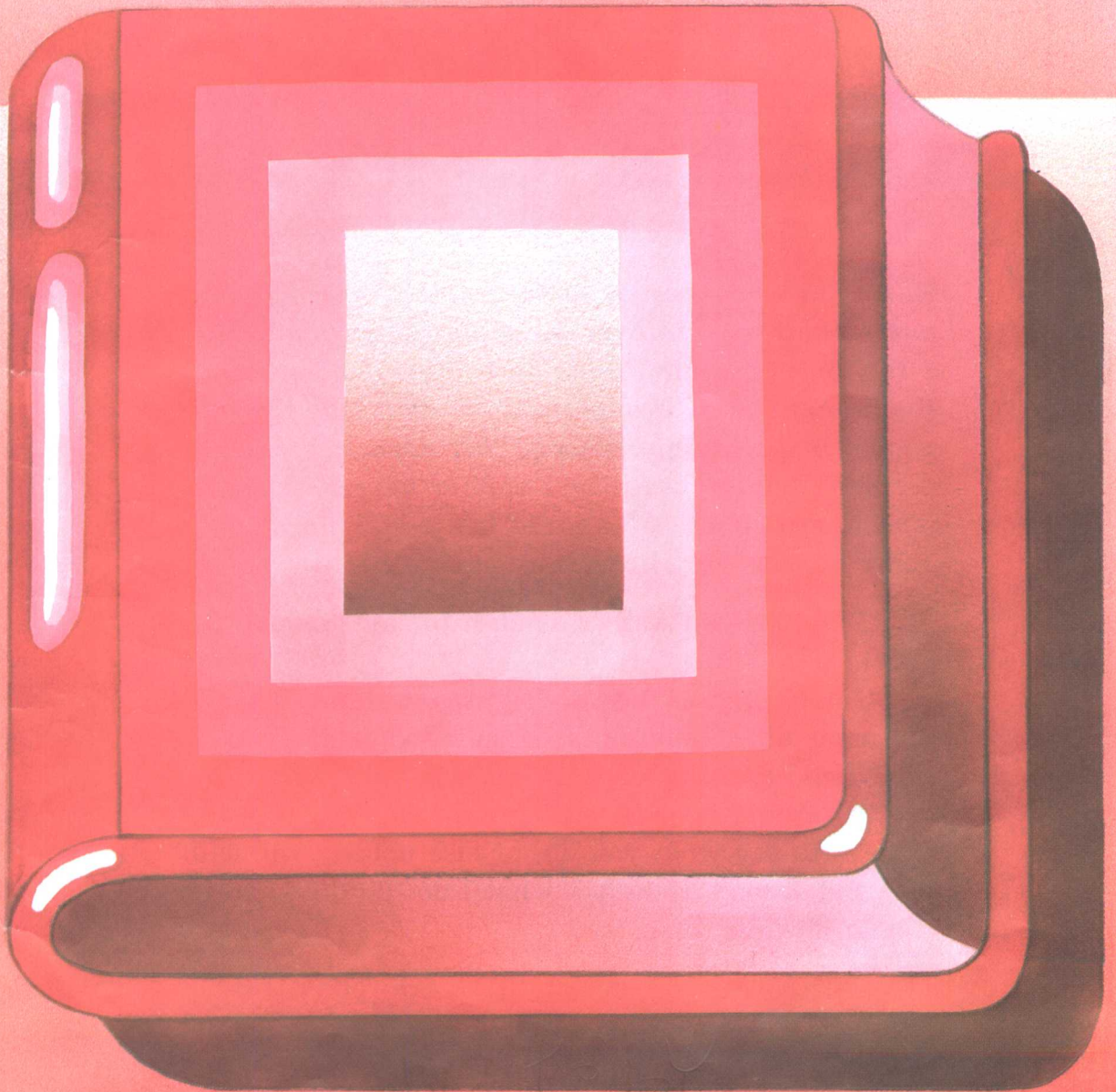
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Introducing Level 11
Unit 1

Enterprises





KID POWER

SUSAN BETH PFEFFER

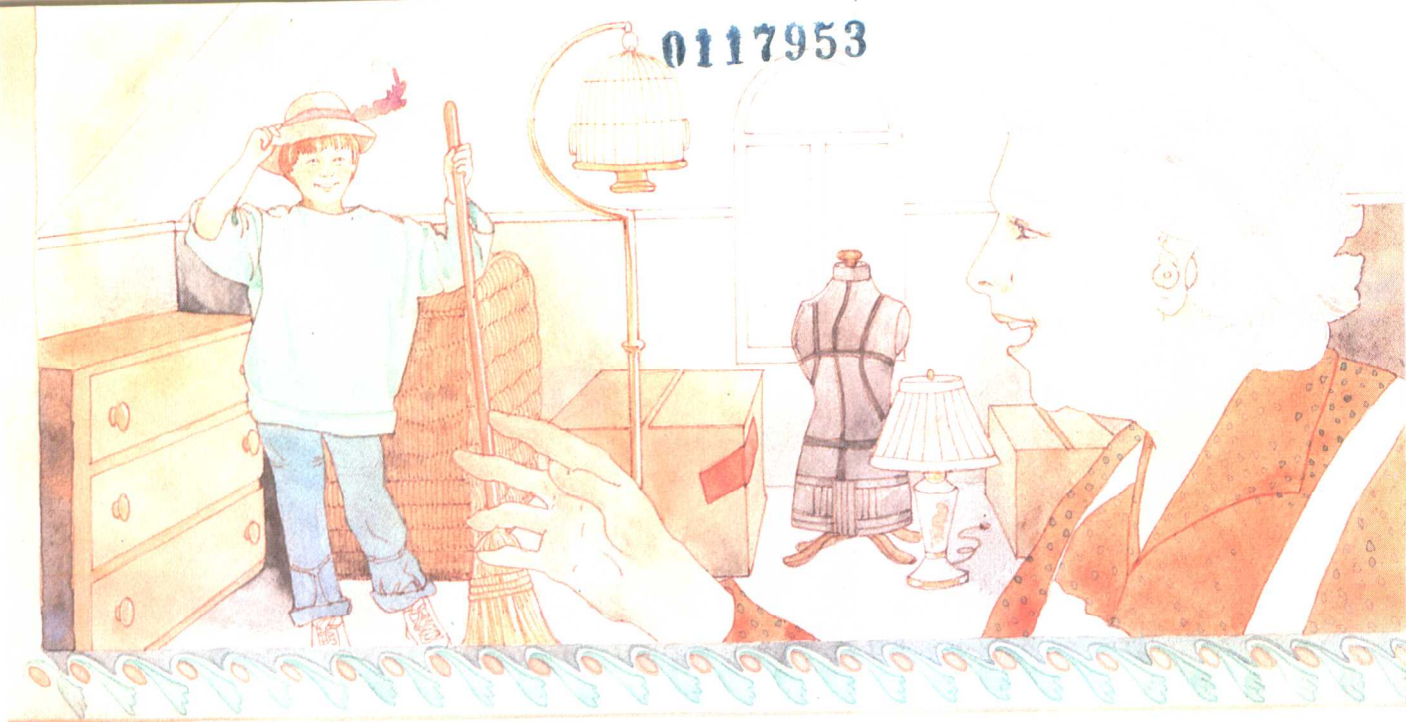
Have you ever wanted to earn money so you could buy something? In this story, Janie wants to buy a ten-speed bicycle. She also would like to earn the money for it. She plans to do odd jobs for the people in her neighborhood. "I'll advertise," she decides. "Before too long I should have plenty of jobs to do." With the help of her sister Carol, Janie begins her enterprise, but will it work?

"What do you want this sign to say?" asked Carol.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess it should have my name and phone number on it, so people will know who to call."

"It's going to need more than that. You're going to have to say what you do, or else nobody will call."

"But I don't know yet what I do. I'll do whatever people hire me to do."



“Then you need some sort of all-purpose name. Something catchy. You need a slogan, too.”

“I figured one out already. ‘No job too big or small.’”

“That’s not bad. You should let everybody know you’re just a kid, too.”

“KID POWER,” I said. “No job too big or small.”

“Perfect!” Carol said. “Kid Power it is.”

That’s how it all started.

First thing next morning, I put my Kid Power sign up on the supermarket bulletin board. I knew people looked there a lot. Then I went home and called Grandma. She said she’d be delighted to have some help with the attic, so I took the bus to her house.

I helped her for three hours, carrying boxes out of the attic and helping her decide what to keep and



what to throw out. I carried practically as much back to the attic as I'd taken out. But Grandma claimed we'd done a lot of good work that day, and insisted on paying me my three dollars. I offered her a special family rate, but she said she wouldn't hear of it.

I didn't get home until pretty late in the afternoon. When I did, I found Mom in the kitchen.

"There you are," she said. "You got a call for Kid Power. I took the woman's name and number down and said you'd call her back just as soon as you got in."

"Where is it?" I shouted. Somehow a job from your grandmother doesn't count the way a job from a stranger does.

"Calm down," Mom said. "Right here." She handed me a scrap of paper with "Mrs. Dale, 555-4456" written on it.



I called the number, and took a deep breath. That's a trick my father taught me. It makes your voice sound deeper and it relaxes you.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Dale?"

"Speaking."

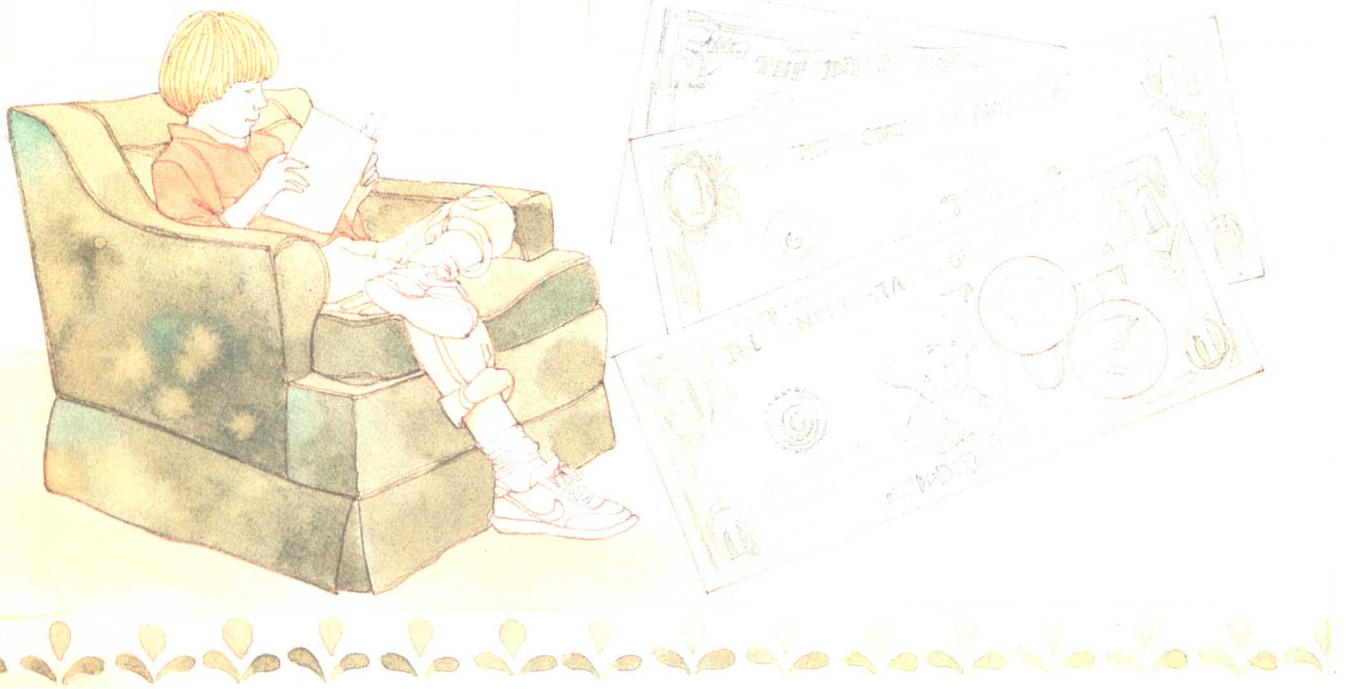
"This is Janie Golden of Kid Power calling."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Dale said. "I saw your poster in the supermarket today, and I was wondering if you could help me. I'm having a yard sale on Saturday. Your sign made me think it would be a good idea if I had someone at the sale just to look after the kids people bring with them."

"Kind of like day-care?" I asked.

"Exactly," Mrs. Dale said. "Do you think you could fit me into your schedule?"

"I'm sure I could," I said, pretending to look at a calendar. "What time would you want me there?"



"The sale is scheduled to start at ten," she said, "which means the first customers will be there by eight-thirty. It's supposed to end at four."

"No problem," I said. "I'll be there at eight-thirty."

"What do you charge?" she asked.

I breathed deeply. "A dollar an hour," I said.

"Oh, that's quite reasonable," Mrs. Dale said.

"I'm sure if someone is there to watch the children, their parents will be more likely to buy things."

"There is one more thing," I said.

"Certainly," Mrs. Dale said. "What is it?"

"Kid Power is just getting started, and I could use some free publicity. Would you mind if I put up a little sign at your yard sale?"

"Of course not," Mrs. Dale said, "I like an enterprising young woman. I'll see you Saturday then—120 Woodhaven Road."

"Saturday," I said, writing down the address.



“Thank you, Janie,” she said, and we hung up.

“I got a job!” I hollered, running over to hug Mom. “Eight-thirty to four. At a dollar an hour, that’s \$7.50. And I earned \$3.00 at Grandma’s. I’m going to be rich!”

I spent the rest of the day reading *A Child’s First Book of Investments*, and munching celery. I’d just taken a bite when the phone rang. “Hello,” I said, swallowing rapidly.

“Is this Janie Golden?” the voice asked.

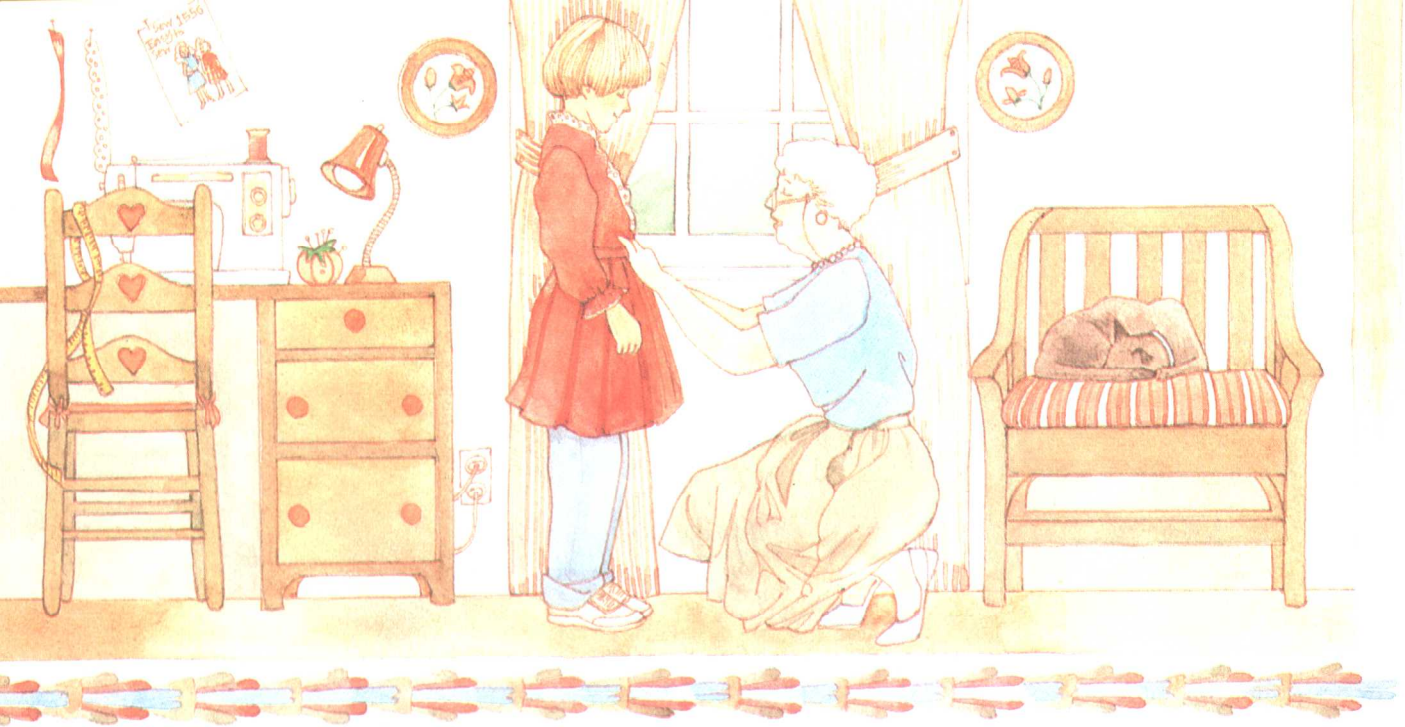
“Yes,” I said.

“This is Emma Marks,” the woman said. “I was wondering if you could tell me what dress size you wear.”

“Size 12,” I said.

“That’s just perfect. I have a little job for you, if you could take it.”

“Sure. What?”



“I have a granddaughter who lives in Oregon. I just love sewing things for her, but it’s not easy since I don’t have her around to try things on. I was wondering if you’d be willing to model the clothes for me while I sew them. How tall are you?”

“Five feet,” I said.

“Harriet is four-foot-eleven,” she said. “This sounds just ideal. Could you come over tomorrow?”

“Sure,” I said. “What time?”

“How about after lunch? I live at 22 Curry Road.”

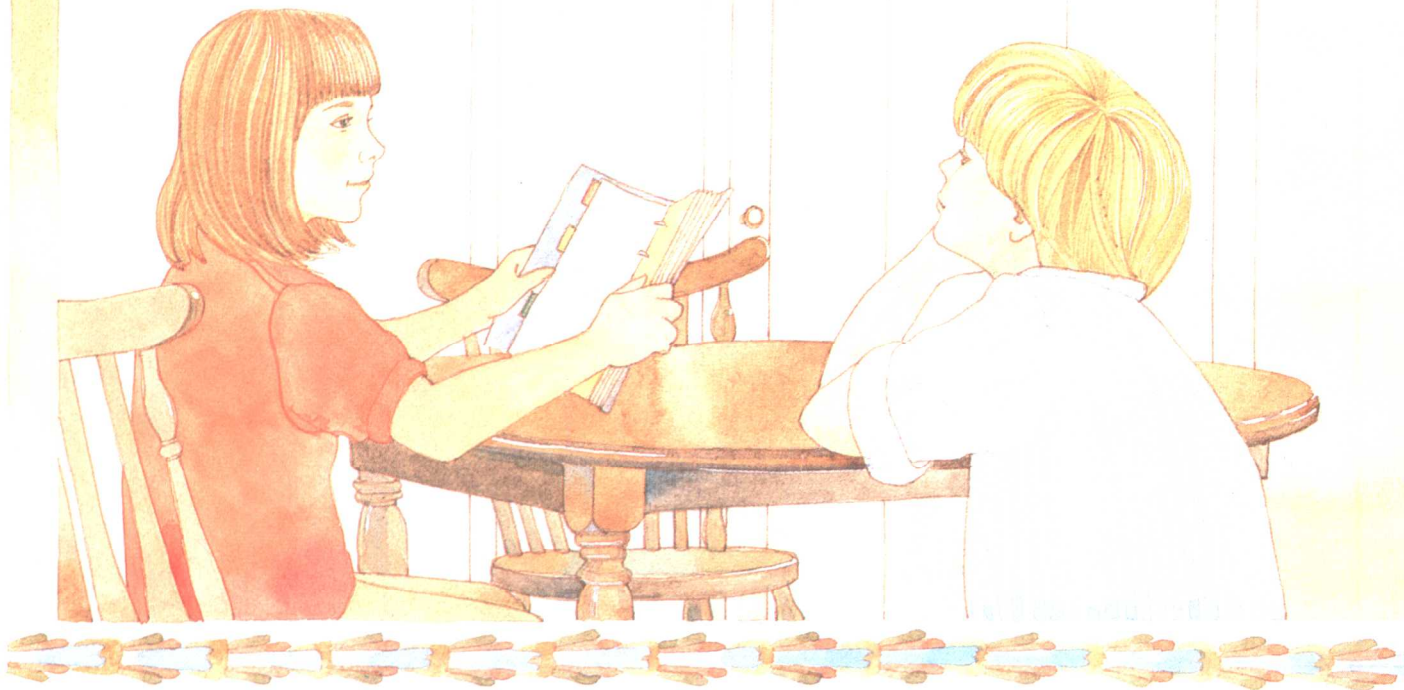
“I know where that is,” I said. “I’ll see you at one then.”

“Fine,” she said. “Thank you, Janie.”

“Thank you,” I said and hung up.

“It certainly sounds like you’re going to have a busy summer,” Mom said.

Cleaning the attic with Grandma was a snap. Even being fitted by Mrs. Marks for dresses for her



granddaughter wasn't too bad. But babysitting for a bunch of kids at a yard sale was my first real challenge. I hoped I was up to it.

First of all I insisted that Carol letter another sign for me, and she did, for a dollar. I wasn't too thrilled about paying her at all, but she pointed out if I wanted to be paid for my labor, so did she.

"You're going to have to spend some money, you know," Carol told me a few nights before the sale.

"Why?" I asked.

"People who are in business always have to spend money. It has to do with gross and net."

"Gross and what?" I asked.

"Gross and net," she said. "That means you have to spend money to make money."

"That doesn't make any sense at all," I said, and walked over to where Dad was reading a book.

"Dad, may I ask you a question?"