

# MADE FROM SCRATCH



...THE CONTINUING  
MISADVENTURES  
OF WOODY AND  
CHLOE

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## Chapter 2

"What should I do, Chloe? I'm one hundred, forty eight dollars short," I said, my heart pounding.

"And fifty cents," said the cashier.

"Excuse me?" I asked, confused.

"You're one hundred, forty eight dollars and fifty cents short," she repeated.

I felt a tear sting my eye. The cashier, who was wearing a tag that read, "Hi, I'm Lizzie," said, "I'll help you," as she pulled out a form.

"This is a promissory note," Miss Lizzie explained, turning the paper so I could see it. "It states that you'll pay the balance of one hundred, forty eight dollars and fifty cents within 30 days, interest free.

If you are unable to pay the balance within 30 days, you will charged interest at 6 percent. Please sign here, here, and initial here."

I knew I shouldn't sign anything without Mom and Dad reading it first, but I shouldn't have purchased anything without them either. I would have to pay the consequences.

In my best handwriting I signed Mr. Dogwood "Woody" Furr before adding "DWF" to the other line. Miss Lizzie handed me two pieces of paper.

"Here's a copy of the promissory note you just signed and here's your ticket for your purchase. Take it to the Merchandise Pick-Up table and you'll receive your item."

"No thank you," I replied. "Dad says we shouldn't buy anything on credit. If we can't pay for it up front, we don't need it. We can pick up our new ball after I've paid in full."

"That's a good rule, but this note says that you promise to pay for it. You just have to keep your promise," Miss Lizzie explained.

"Cross my heart," I said, looking her in the eye.

"Dad says we always have to keep our word, and you have my word, Miss Lizzie." I gave her a firm

handshake, something else Dad taught us.

"My tummy feels funny about taking our ball home since we haven't paid for it," I said, walking to the table. "And who ever heard of a ball costing one hundred and fifty dollars? It must roll fast and bounce high."

I hoped Mom and Dad would understand and go easy on me, especially since I was thinking of giving it to Chloe anyway.

We handed the ticket to a man at the table. He left for a second and returned carrying a something big and round that looked like a mirror. "Here you go, Mr. Dogwood," he said, holding the biggest and heaviest object I'd ever seen.

"What's this, Mister?" I asked.

"It's your disco ball."

"Won't it break if we roll it or bounce it?"

"Of course!" he answered, smiling. "It's not a basketball. It's a disco ball."

"We don't know how to play disco. Is it hard to learn?"

He shook his head and smiled. "Your parents can explain what a disco ball is," he replied. Chloe and I thanked him. We had to walk on our hind legs and use our front legs to carry our new ball. Finally, we arrived home safely without losing our balance or dropping it. We'd just placed it on the couch when Mom and Dad walked in.

"Hey Pups! How was your, WOW! Where did you get THAT?" Dad asked, looking back and forth between the ball and Mom.

"Oh, I always wanted a disco ball for my room when I was a teenager," Mom said, before I had the opportunity to explain.

"Do you two know how to play disco?" I asked, feeling hopeful Mom could teach us how to play.

"Play disco?" Mom repeated.

"Yes, how do you play — on teams or

alone?" Mom and Dad laughed.

"Disco isn't a game, son" Dad answered. "It's a type of music — a mix of pop and soul — that was really popular in the 1970s, which was called the disco era. At dances, there'd be disco balls mounted to the ceiling. The ball would spin and produce colored lights. Who gave you this?"

I swallowed hard and said "I bought it from an oxen in our neighborhood."

"A what?" Mom asked.

"An ox-en," I said, pronouncing the word slowly.

"It's like a yard sale where people bid on the items."

"Ah, an auction," Mom replied, winking at Dad.

"How much did you pay for it?" Dad asked.

"I only paid one dollar and fifty cents, but I signed a promise note for the rest."

"How much was the rest?" Dad asked.

"One hundred, forty eight dollars," I said timidly.

"And fifty cents," Chloe added.

The look on Dad's face was a mixture of shock and confusion. Mom tilted her head like Chloe does when she hears a siren.

I had a feeling I'd be back in the doghouse. I hoped I'd be out before Chloe's birthday.

