

MADE FROM SCRATCH



...THE CONTINUING
MISADVENTURES
OF WOODY AND
CHLOE

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written by **Leigh Anne Florence** and illustrated by **Chris Ware**

Chapter 3

"The North Pole?" I answered.

"I'll give you a hint," Chloe said, looking like she was going to explode from excitement. "It was made in the city that is known for the most exciting two minutes in sports."

"Louisville, Kentucky?" I questioned.

"Exactly," Chloe said.

"That's impossible. It says here on the internet that it was invented by two brothers in England."

"There's a difference between inventing and producing," Dad explained. "Inventing means creating something nobody has ever thought of. Producing is making a batch of that invention so people can purchase. So the disco ball was invented in England but produced in Louisville, Kentucky."

"Are there things that people here in Kentucky have invented?" I asked.

"Sure!" Mom answered. I wondered where my favorite things like beef jerky and squeak toys were invented, when Chloe announced she'd located the serial number that she typed in the search engine. "Look!" Chloe said, turning the computer screen in my direction.

"Disco From Daylight to Dusk?" I asked. "Chloe, we'd never even heard the word 'disco' until this morning. I hardly think we're ready for a disco marathon."

"Here is the serial number of our disco ball," Chloe pointed out. "Now look at the price underneath."

"Dad, may I see if the people are still at the auction?" I asked. "It says our disco ball is worth \$250. I actually owe \$248.00!"

"And fifty cents," Chloe added.

"Hold it, Hot Shot," Dad called. "Woody, the auctioneer knew when he sold you that item that it could be worth more, or it could be less; that's a chance you both take. Some people make a living by purchasing old stuff at a good price, cleaning it up, restoring it,

selling it, and making a profit."

"A profit?" I repeated.

"Yes, a profit. The disco ball cost you \$150. Let's pretend you sell it for \$250. In the end, you walk away with an extra \$100. That's a profit."

"We saw a television show about that one time," Chloe said. "Remember the two guys who went around the United States and bought old stuff out of people's barns, cleaned it, sold it, and made money?"

"I'd rather invent my own stuff than sell other people's stuff," I said. "Let's just sell this disco ball since we can't play catch with it."

"Maybe it didn't turn out to be what you thought, but that doesn't mean you kick it to the curb," Dad explained. "You might find out that you can use it after all."

"But Dad, I've never discoed," I said.

"I never said you'd use it to disco," Dad said.

"Maybe you'll repurpose it — meaning maybe you'll take the disco ball and use it for something other than what it was intended. Your first priority is paying for the disco ball. But who knows — this may help you become an entrepreneur."

I didn't know what an entrepreneur was, but I knew I had to do whatever it took to pay for this disco ball. I had an idea. It was far-fetched but it just might work!



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