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MADE FROM

SCRATCH

"Feeling better, Woody?" Chloe asked, as I tried to eat breakfast.

"I am, thanks," I responded.

"Does anything hurt this morning?" Mom asked. "My pride," I answered. "I'm sorry," I said, knowing I needed to explain yesterday's disaster. "I was going to invent Woody's Bathe No More Body Rub. So I collected all the good-smelling stuff from your bathroom and mixed them together. I had planned on putting the potion in a pretty little jar and tying a ribbon around it before the audition. Of course I never planned on having an allergic reaction to the ingredients I mixed together."

"What exactly did you mix together?" Dad asked. "Perfume, mouthwash, and some other things." "Woody!" Mom gasped.

"Thankfully you only sniffed it and didn't rub it all over your body," Dad said. "It's bad enough having swollen lips and a nose that is the size of an elephant's trunk. Can you imagine if your skin had become inflamed?"

"I was sure once the judges smelled Woody's Bathe No More Body Rub they would invest lots of money in it. Now I have fish lips, a nose bigger than a tree trunk, and I have to wear one of these silly pet cones around my neck."

"Hopefully not for long," Mom said. "Dr. Chris said you needed to wear the collar for a while so you wouldn't be tempted to scratch your nose. Already, the medicine Dr. Chris gave you for the swelling has helped. Your nose and lips are smaller. You know, Woody, you can't be gathering potions from the bathroom. Some of those items alone could be incredibly dangerous and hazardous to your health. Secondly, you can never, I repeat NEVER, mix things together. Do you know that if you mix some

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chemicals together they can be deadly? That is why many of the bottles say 'TOXIC! Do Not Ingest.'" "I'm so sorry Mom. I was just trying to be an entrepreneur and take a risk," I explained. "And you took a very dangerous risk," Mom said. "Woody, there's more to inventing than putting things together," Dad said, as he handed me some water. "You can't haphazardly create something and start selling it. It's illegal."

"It is?" I questioned.

"Certainly," Dad answered. "There's a process. You have to apply for a patent and possibly a trademark. If it's something like lotion or medicine you have to have it approved by the FDA, you..."

I hated to interrupt but I had to ask. "What's the FDA?"

"The Food and Drug Administration," Dad answered. "It's a government agency that takes products we use — like food, medicine, lotion, washing powder, soap, anything like that — and tests them to make sure it is safe. They don't want anyone getting sick or having an allergic reaction like you did. After it passes the FDA, you have to create packaging, get a tax ID number, the list is endless."

"The judges will never choose my invention now so the whole conversation is pointless. Besides, I'm not even going to go to the audition without a product and with this silly lampshade on my head."

"Woody, you made a commitment to the producers. It would be rude and disrespectful if you didn't appear," Mom said. "You'll gain more respect if you go to the audition and explain what happened. Besides, it always helps to meet new people. Maybe when you've invented your product they'll say, 'Hey, that's the cute little wiener dog with the fish lips and plastic we met."

"Remember Woody, you don't throw in the towel when things don't go your way," Dad said. "I heard you and Chloe talking about Thomas Edison a few days ago. Do you know that Mr. Edison tried to invent the lightbulb 1,000 times before finally getting it? Colonel Sanders' chicken recipe was rejected 1,009 times before a restaurant accepted it." Already, I felt better. If Thomas Edison and Colonel Sanders succeeded after many failures, then so could I. What was the old saying? "If at first you don't succeed then try, try again!" Today was a brand new day, and I was definitely going to try again. Although I didn't look forward to facing the judges this morning.

Mom helped me wash my face, brush my teeth, and comb my hair. While getting ready, we listened to the disco station. I wanted to wear my blue and white striped bowtie but it didn't fit with my cone of shame. Once I was dressed, Mom, Dad, Chloe and I made the long walk to the TV station. Chloe calmed my nerves as she sang Stayin' Alive. It had become a disco favorite. When we arrived, my knees locked up and my nerves returned when I saw all the hoopla.

