
THE LITTLE BOOKS OF BIG BUSINESS



BOOK #4
NICK FRANK TURNS CARPENTRY INTO CASH

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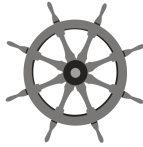
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First Printing, 2022

To my husband, life partner and favorite carpenter.



My name is Nick Frank, and I'm twelve years old. Right now, I am on the ferry headed for the island. I live on the mainland during the school year, but my family crosses the water to South Sound Island to stay for the whole summer. We are in our van, loaded with a suitcase for each of us, plus supplies for my dad's barbeque restaurant.

Both of my parents are professors. My mom teaches math at the university, and my dad teaches culinary arts at the technical college. They teach during the school year and have summers off. Living in a different place for the three summer months is easy and fun.

My dad grew up on the island, and my grandpa still lives there in a cottage house on a bluff overlooking the water. Behind it is an oversized garage and workshop where he does woodworking. My parents own a cabin three houses down from my grandpa. Our cabin is nestled among a grove of apple trees.

I said goodbye to my best friends Cat, Emma, and Max yesterday at Winner. (When we were young, we couldn't say Wednesday dinner, so we called it "Winner.") Our four families have had dinner together every Wednesday since we were little. My friends each started their own business over the last year, and I learned a lot by watching them. It will be lonely without them on the island, so starting my own business could be a good way to keep busy.

CHAPTER 1

I see the island getting bigger as the ferry gets closer. People in small boats fish in the distance, and one boat lowers a crab pot into the water.

My dad started his barbeque restaurant on the island near the ferry dock three years ago. It looks more like a shack, so he calls it the BBQ Shack. In front of it are six picnic tables under red umbrellas. My dad's dad, my grandpa, helped him build the shack out of aged wood so it has a rustic old boat feel. He opens the restaurant on Memorial Day weekend every May, just as the island fills up with vacationers coming for the summer.

Today is Thursday, and as we drive onto the island, we head straight for the shack. My dad wants to stock the shelves with food and supplies to prepare for the big weekend. We unload the restaurant supplies, and my mom drives the van to the cabin to open it up and get it ready for the summer.

My job is to put the supplies in the shed behind the building. We brought a lot of tomato sauce and spices for my dad to make his secret barbeque sauce. Dad only uses his sauce at the shack, and he sells bottles of it for people to take home. Mom says his sauce is "world-famous" because a well-known food critic came to the island the first year the restaurant was open and ordered

a plate of barbeque ribs. The critic wrote a review in the paper, and my dad started getting orders for his BBQ Shack Sauce from people around the world.

As I stacked the canned goods, I saw the lady that runs the ice cream shop across the street wave and motion for me to come over. She was sitting on one of her white iron chairs outside her shop. As I got closer, I saw that her leg was propped up on a chair and in a large cast.

“Hi, Mrs. Hanes,” I said. “What happened to your leg?”

“Oh, I had a little fall off a step at home and broke it,” she replied. “It was such bad timing as I have so much to do to get ready for the weekend. I need some help building a new ice cream counter. Could you find your grandpa and ask him to come by?” she asked. “I could use his expertise.”

“Sure,” I said. “He is coming to the restaurant in about an hour with a new picnic table. I will tell him you need help.”

As we talked, I heard a sound coming from a big basket on the deck. It sounded like a little “meow,” but it wasn’t just one; it was a chorus. I stepped toward the sound and looked down to see five baby kittens.

“Mrs. Hanes,” I said with a breathless grin, “did Rainbow have babies?”

“Yes, she did,” smiled Mrs. Hanes. “She had them about eight weeks ago. Aren’t they adorable? You are welcome to pet them.”



As I reached down to pick up a kitten, it climbed my arm to my shoulder and started to purr. Three of the kittens were white and gray like Rainbow, and the other two were white and orange.

“What are their names?” I asked.

“I am having a contest to name them,” she declared. “I like to name animals after flavors of ice cream. My favorite flavor is rainbow sherbet, so that is how mama cat got her name. I’m going to give free ice cream to the winners.”

“I’m going to suggest Mint Chocolate Chip,” I said as I set the kitten back in the basket. “He can be Chip for short.” I wrote the suggestion down on a piece of paper Mrs. Hanes handed me and headed back across the street. As I crossed over, I saw Maria, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martinez, waiting for me by the picnic tables.

“Hi Nick,” she said. “My parents sent me over to see if you could help us. We ordered a large batch of t-shirts, tote bags, and hats to sell at our gift shop, but my dad has to make two more

trips on the ferry to bring everything over, and my mom and I need help putting together a display shelf.”

“Sure, I can help,” I said. “I just need to watch for my grandpa to get here.”

At the gift shop, Mr. and Mrs. Martinez showed me the set of shelves that needed to be put together, a table with a broken leg that needed repair, and a cabinet door that needed to be reattached. I realized this was more than I could do by myself, so I told them I would ask my grandpa to help out as well.

I returned to the restaurant and found Grandpa unloading a new wooden sign he had made to go over the front door. It was made from an old paddle that he sanded, stained, and polished. It said “BBQ SHACK” in big letters, so you could see it when you drove off the ferry.

I was excited to see him and helped him install the sign by holding it in place while he marked the holes.

“Grandpa,” I said, “Mrs. Hanes needs help with her ice cream counter and wants you to come over. Also, the Martinez family asked me to help them assemble a display shelf and do a few repairs, but I don’t know how to do it myself.” I told him about the repairs, and he listened quietly while he finished hanging the sign.

“It sounds like it might be time for you to become an apprentice,” he said.

“An apprentice?” I asked. “What do you mean?”

“Well, an apprenticeship is on-the-job training many people do when they want to learn a skill or trade. When I was your age, my dad was in the construction industry. I wanted to build a treehouse, so I became his apprentice, and he taught me how to

work with tools. When I was older, I worked at his construction company to learn more skills before I started my own business. It sounds like you have some summer job opportunities. You could learn how to be a carpenter by becoming my apprentice.”

“Yes, Grandpa,” I beamed, “I would love to be your apprentice.”

“All right then,” he replied. “Here’s your first lesson. Hold this tool called a level across the top of the sign so we can see if it is straight.”

I laughed. I already knew how to hold a level. This was going to be easy.

CHAPTER 2

Grandpa and I met with Mrs. Hanes the next day. She wanted a solid wood countertop high enough for people sitting on stools. Grandpa looked at her space, used his tape measure, and wrote down the details in his notebook. Grandpa calls this first step in our project a “walk-through.”

“Next stop is the gift shop,” he said. He had sent me over yesterday to tell Maria and her parents that we would come by on Friday morning. “It’s more efficient to do both walk-throughs on the same day to save time,” Grandpa said. We planned to get all the supplies at the hardware store that morning too.

Grandpa handed me the notebook and pencil as we walked into the shop, then he winked. It was my turn to take notes.

Mrs. Martinez showed us the three projects. Grandpa nodded and told me a few things to write down on his “takeoff list.”

Drill
Screws
Level
Wood Glue
Screwdriver
Wooden Dowels



“We will gather our supplies and do the work this afternoon,” he told Mrs. Martinez.

We climbed into Grandpa’s white pickup truck and pulled into the line at the ferry dock to head to the big hardware store on the mainland. While we were in line, Grandpa reviewed his “takeoff list.” He had notes from two other walk-throughs plus items for my mom, who had found three rotten boards on our cabin deck.

Going to the mainland with Grandpa was always fun. He told me about the bluebirds he found in a nest in his fir tree. He built a birdhouse and hung it up last fall. The birds found it and made it into their home earlier in the spring. He could see them come and go from his living room window but kept away from them, so they had plenty of space to raise their babies.

I told Grandpa about my dad’s fun food-tasting party that he held for his students to celebrate their graduation as new chefs. My dad told them he was planning a new menu for the BBQ Shack and wanted their professional feedback. They had to rate how much they liked each item he served, which would

help him determine if he would add that particular dish to his summer menu.

My mom and I joined the students in the big industrial kitchen at the college. The students were dressed in white chef hats and aprons. They were also holding pens, showing they were ready to take notes.

The first item shared was a simple side dish, french fries with ketchup. My dad only served homemade biscuits and baked beans at the restaurant, so the students were surprised but excited to try his french fry recipe. We all took bites at the same time and realized they weren't fries at all, but deep-fried donut strips. The ketchup was red strawberry jelly. We laughed, ate the "fries," and rated them five stars. They weren't what we expected, but they were tasty.

Next, my dad brought out a pepperoni pizza. He said the islanders had been begging him to add pizza to the menu, so this was his proposal for a BBQ Shack pizza. We each took a slice and soon realized something was different. The pizza was one big sugar cookie crust with red frosting for the sauce and white chocolate shavings sprinkled over the top like cheese. The pepperoni was actually fruit rollups cut in circles. I made a mental note to have my dad teach me how to make this dessert. My friends would love a cookie pizza.

We all knew something would be wrong with the third dish, and we were right! The final side dish of mashed potatoes was served in individual bowls. After one bite, everyone realized it was vanilla ice cream, with little bits of sugar cookie crumbles stirred in to make it lumpy. Even though it looked like mashed potatoes, it was a delicious dessert.

Dad then treated all of us to a full BBQ Shack meal, including his secret sauce. He enjoyed coming up with recipes for the fun celebration, but little did he know how much they would love the fake fries and ketchup. The following week he had so many requests for the donut and jam recipe that he decided to add it to the summer menu at the restaurant. It would be a treat for customers waiting for the ferry or a dessert after a barbecue meal.

Grandpa and I purchased our supplies at the hardware store and headed back to the island. We ate our lunch on the ferry and talked through our plan of action for when the ferry docked. We would start at the gift shop since they planned to open on Saturday.

Back on the island, we put together the tall shelf and attached it to the wall for safety. We flipped the table upside down, and Grandpa fixed the leg. I ran out to the truck and got Grandpa's clamps, and we secured them around the table leg to hold it in place while the glue dried.

We finished our work by attaching the hinges to the cabinet door. Maria was already stacking the shelves with hats and bags.

Grandpa gave the glue and dowel receipt to Mrs. Martinez, and she wrote a check to reimburse him for the supplies. He wouldn't let her pay him for our work on all the tasks since he was "teaching his apprentice," so she gave me an island t-shirt and Grandpa a baseball cap.

When we got back in the truck, Grandpa explained that now that he is retired, he likes to help his fellow islanders. He prefers to trade for things rather than charge a fee. He gets a free haircut every month from Mac, the barber. He made Mac a barber sign for his front door and a counter for his register.

Mrs. Hanes gives him free ice cream whenever he wants, and he is always helping her improve the ice cream parlor.

“It’s important to have an ice cream shop by the ferry,” Grandpa said. “In my opinion, that lets everyone know we are a friendly island. Everyone loves ice cream!”

“What about me, Grandpa? I asked. “I’d like to make some money this summer. Can I charge people for helping them? I’d like to have my own business like Cat, Emma, and Max.”

“I think that can be arranged,” he said. So, we came up with a plan.

CHAPTER 3

While we talked, we went back to Grandpa's workshop and unloaded the wood we bought for the ice cream shop counter. Grandpa showed me the correct sandpaper to use and how to run it along the grain. We used a brush to apply a layer of stain and planned to install the counter on Saturday afternoon.

We had one final task scheduled for the day: a window installation at the community hall. The window was made of colorful stained glass that Grandpa had framed in solid oak. We drove to the hall, and I carried in the toolbox while Grandpa unloaded the window. While we were working, several of the ladies meeting downstairs heard us and came up to look.

"What beautiful colors!" exclaimed Mrs. Thomas.

"Indeed," chimed in Mrs. Sweet. "Look how the afternoon sun shines through the glass of the red boat and the blue water. It spreads color throughout the room."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Woodward. "I need some help getting my window shutters and windowsill planter boxes freshened up for the summer. Would that be something you could help me with, young man?"

"Yes," I said slowly. "I could come by and do a walk-through so you could show me the project," I said professionally.

“That would be perfect,” said Mrs. Woodward. “How about Tuesday at ten o’clock?” We agreed on the time, and Grandpa and I headed home. It would be my first job as a carpenter.

I was busy all weekend as I helped Grandpa install the ice cream counter on Saturday afternoon. On Sunday I helped my dad get the restaurant ready so he could have his grand opening on Memorial Day. On Monday, the BBQ Shack had over one hundred people come through the restaurant. A lot of them came for the traditional barbeque meal, but word had also gotten out about Dad’s new dessert. People in the ferry line loved his new basket of “fries” served with a side of strawberry jam. As I wiped off the picnic tables, I could see Mrs. Hanes as she waved from behind her new counter. It was a busy start to the summer, and I was proud to be helping so many businesses.

On Tuesday, I rode my bike down the hill to the Woodward’s house. Mr. Woodward was out on his boat, and Mrs. Woodward showed me her project. I brought my own notebook and pencil and made my own “takeoff list.”

She asked me to repaint the shutters on each side of the four windows and the flower boxes just below each window. The shutters and boxes were already white, but some of the paint was flaking off the boxes, so they needed to be sanded first and then repainted.

She had an old can of paint with just a little left, so I wrote “white paint” on my list. Since there are many variations of white paint, she pointed out the name on the can was “eggshell,” which I wrote down as well. Next, I added sandpaper to the list and told

her I could get the supplies with my grandfather when I went to the mainland. I estimated that the shutters for each window would take one hour to paint, and since she had four windows. That would be four hours. Each box would take an additional hour to sand and paint.

I explained that I charged “time and materials,” so it would be \$10 per hour for my time plus the cost of the paint, sandpaper, and painter’s tape. She had a small ladder and a paintbrush I could use, and we agreed on the work and price. I planned to work from the top down to paint the shutters on Thursday and return on Friday to do the window boxes.

My parents were encouraging and gave me another job to do for them. We have shutters in front of our cottage, and they hired me to paint them. They liked the idea of adding planter boxes, and Grandpa agreed to help me build them. My parents gave me cash to buy the paint and wood at the hardware store. My mom wanted white shutters like Mrs. Woodward, but after looking at Grandpa’s paint chip samples, she chose “vanilla” white since it reminded her of her favorite flavor of ice cream.

My dad gave me extra money to cover the cost of Mrs. Woodward’s supplies, knowing she would be reimbursing me for them when I finished. He suggested on my next job that I ask for a deposit upfront to have enough to cover any supplies I needed to purchase. That made sense. Grandpa and I headed to the ferry the next day.

On Thursday and Friday, I worked for the Woodwards. I started by carefully laying out some old sheets Mrs. Woodward gave me to protect the deck from paint drips. I sanded the boxes and brushed off all the dust with a dry cloth. Grandpa suggested

I sand the boxes before doing any painting so I wouldn't get any dust in the paint or on freshly painted shutters. Then I poured a small amount of paint from the large can into a small plastic container so I could keep the main paint can covered. I didn't want the paint to dry out.



It took me six hours to finish sanding and painting. I didn't realize how long it would take me to lay out the sheets, tape off the windows, and clean up. After putting the ladder away and taking things to the garage, I wrote down my hours. I arrived at nine o'clock and worked until three-thirty in the afternoon. I took a thirty-minute break to eat my lunch, but I didn't bill her for that time. In total, I charged Mrs. Woodward for six hours of labor.

The next day I arrived again at nine o'clock. I was much quicker with my setup because I knew what I was doing. I got

the window boxes painted in three hours exactly. I ate an apple while I worked to keep going without stopping.

I used up all of Mrs. Woodward's old paint, but some new paint was left in the can, plus a few sheets of sandpaper and a little bit of tape, was left over. Since she was paying for the "materials," I put them on a shelf in the garage. I also cleaned up the brush and put away the ladder as I had done the day before.

I took a sheet out of my notebook and wrote up a bill:

Nick Frank - Carpenter

9 Hours Worked	\$10 per hour	\$90
1 Can of White Paint		\$20
Sandpaper & Tape		\$5
TOTAL		\$115

I knocked on Mrs. Woodward's back door, and she came to look at the finished work. "It looks beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I just can't thank you enough."

I handed her my bill and explained each item. I saved the receipt from the hardware store and showed it to her.

"Very detailed," she nodded. "Let me get my purse."

She gave me six \$20 bills which equaled \$120. I counted the money and realized I owed her \$5 in change.

Before I had a chance to worry, she spoke up. "I would like to give you a \$5 tip for doing such a good job," she said, and I smiled, grateful she didn't need any change back.

"Thank you, Mrs. Woodward," I said, and we shook hands. "Please let me know if you need any other work done."

I put the money in my pocket and headed home. Now that I was in business, I needed a plan to save the money I earned.

CHAPTER 4

I went home and spread the cash on the kitchen table. I exchanged one of the \$20 bills with my mom, who had four \$5 bills in her wallet. I set \$25 aside for my dad to reimburse him for Mrs. Woodward's paint and sandpaper. That left \$95, which I took to my room and tucked in a drawer under my socks.

My mom and I drove to the BBQ Shack to eat dinner and help my dad with a few chores. Maria and her family were closing up the gift shop when we got there, so we invited them over to eat with us. The sun was going down, and the lights twinkled above the picnic tables.

Maria started telling us about their first week of the summer season and how slow their shop had been with very few sales. They had been so excited about being on the island for the summer. They had invested quite a bit of money into their inventory, but there weren't many customers coming to their shop.

As I listened to her story, I had an idea.

"You know," I suggested, "Grandpa made a new sign for the BBQ Shack this year, and it is much easier to see from the ferry now. Maybe we could build you a new sign."

Mrs. Martinez nodded. "We do need to find a better way for customers to know we are open," she said.

"It sounds like you need a marketing plan," volunteered my mom.

"What's a marketing plan?" asked Maria.

"It's a plan to let more customers know about you and encourage them to come into your store," she explained. "Here, let me show you," my mom said as she picked up a white paper napkin from a basket in the center of the table. "First," she said, "you must have a goal. What is your sales goal in the store each week?"

Maria and her parents chatted for a minute, then decided, "We would like to sell \$500 worth of merchandise each week," said Mrs. Martinez.

"Great," my mom said as she wrote down \$500 at the top of the napkin.

"What is your primary type of customer? For example, are they residents who live permanently on the island or visitors who come for a week or weekend over the summer?"

"We are a gift shop," said Maria thoughtfully, "so we mostly sell to people who are visitors who want to take home a souvenir from their vacation."

Mrs. Martinez spoke up. "Usually, the adults buy from us, even though we do sell things children like and t-shirts in children's sizes."

"Wonderful," my mom smiled. "Your target market is adults who are on vacation with their families. Now let's brainstorm some ideas. What would be ways to let those adult visitors know about your shop?"

“Maybe we could have Nick make us a big sign that people can see from the ferry,” said Maria. We all laughed since this was my idea just a few minutes earlier. My mom wrote “signage” on the napkin.

“We could give a few hats and shirts to some local business owners near the dock,” suggested Mrs. Martinez. “People might begin asking where to buy them, and those business owners can point us out.”



“You know,” my dad said as he cleaned a table next to us. “Many people go up to the passenger deck to walk around after parking their cars on the ferry. You can hang a flyer on the bulletin board there.”

Maria was getting excited. “I designed most of the artwork on the t-shirts and hats,” she said. “I could put that same artwork on a small poster, and we can tack it up on the ferry bulletin board.”

My mom wrote down the idea and said, “The ferry line is a good place for marketing as well. A family with younger children might stay in the car while in the ferry line or walk down to the beach while they wait. What if Maria filled a basket with children’s t-shirts and hats and walked around the ferry line? She could go during the busiest times, like Sunday afternoons. I bet many parents would be interested in souvenirs for their kids or gifts for children and grandchildren back home.”

We looked at the marketing plan on the napkin and agreed it was a good start. Then I remembered how my friend Max enlisted and managed his friends and family when he planned his business open house.

“Let’s write down the name of each person who will be taking on a task,” I said. “That way, everyone will know what to do and who is doing what!”

My mom handed a fresh napkin to Maria, and she wrote down:

New sign - Nick (with Grandpa’s help)

Free hats or t-shirts to local business owners - Mrs. Martinez

Poster for the ferry - Maria

Sunday afternoon basket walk-around - Maria & Mr. Martinez

That gave me another idea, but I made a mental note to talk to Grandpa about it later.

CHAPTER 5

Over the weekend, Grandpa and I got busy on the sign. Mr. Martinez had a large piece of wood that we were able to use. After cutting it to the correct size and sanding it smooth, we painted the wood a bright sea blue color and used dark blue paint to spell out Gift Shop.

On Monday, Grandpa went to town, and on his return ferry ride, Maria and I stood on the front porch of the gift shop holding the sign. From the passenger deck of the ferry, Grandpa waved at us and then motioned us to move a little to the left. Maria and I carefully shifted left and saw Grandpa give us a thumbs up. Having worked together to find the most visible location for the sign, we set it down and waited for Grandpa to drive off the ferry so he could come help us install it.

Maria made a poster promoting the gift shop and sent it with Grandpa on another trip to the mainland. He tacked it up on the bulletin board located on the ferry's passenger deck.

Mrs. Martinez gathered adult-sized shirts and hats for my dad, Mrs. Hanes, and the other dockside business owners. She gave each of them a free t-shirt or hat to wear, depending on their preference. Grandpa started wearing his baseball cap from

the gift shop each time he was on the ferry, and two people on the first run asked him where they could buy one.

The Martinez family was all smiles the following week when we met again for dinner. “We have doubled our sales,” said Mrs. Martinez. “We went from \$150 in sales last week to \$300 this week.”

“My dad and I will be walking the ferry line with our basket of goods on Sunday,” Maria said. “Thank you all for helping us with our marketing plan.”

I spoke up. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to go with you when you walk the ferry line. I can wear a t-shirt to help advertise, and I have a basket of my own items to sell,” I said proudly.

I pulled out a small handmade wooden car from my pocket. My grandpa smiled.

“Oh, how cute!” Maria exclaimed.

“I learned to use Grandpa’s jigsaw. I am making these for kids waiting in line.”

I talked to my family after our initial marketing meeting. I explained that I wanted to invest the \$95 I had made working for the Woodwards into growing my own business over the summer.

I took \$10 of the money, bought 3x5 cards and colored markers, and made up some business cards with my name, phone number, and a short list of the types of jobs I could do as a carpenter. Grandpa agreed to continue mentoring me as I picked up new types of work.

I also spent \$19 on a tool belt and \$25 on a hammer and screwdriver kit. The belt would help me be more efficient by allowing me to keep my tools with me while I work. I used \$16

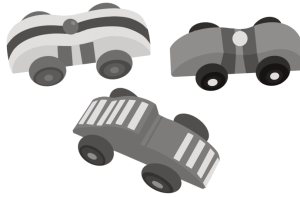
to buy some specialty supplies at the hardware store and put the remaining \$25 back in my sock drawer to save for later.

Over dinner at home, my mom had grabbed a clean napkin from the holder on the counter, and we wrote down “Nick’s Marketing Plan.”

The first item on the list was “Referrals.” Since I had already worked for the Woodwards, my mom encouraged me to let them know I was looking for more business and ask them for a referral if they knew anyone who needed help. I rode my bike to their house and found Mrs. Woodward planting flowers in her window boxes. I gave her two of my cards, and she promised to pass them along to her friends.

Grandpa took one of the cards with him to the barber when he got his haircut the following week. Mac taped my card in his window so people could see it when they walked by. Grandpa also put one of the cards on the ferry bulletin board when he went to town.

I liked the idea of selling products like Maria and her family. I sketched out a small toy car and showed it to Grandpa. We worked at his tool bench to cut out each car together until I got the hang of it by myself. I had used \$16 to buy wood, glue, paint, and wheels. After each car was assembled, I painted it like a race car. Each car cost me \$1 in materials to make, so I was able to make a total of 16 cars.



I put the cars in a shoebox and walked up and down the ferry line with Maria and her dad on Sunday. The cars were popular with the kids waiting for the ferry, and I sold all 16 cars for \$1.25 each within two hours. The initial investment of \$16 got me started in the “car business.” I also started to learn the power of compounding by reinvesting the money into making more cars.

CHAPTER 6

I kept busy helping new customers with projects and learning from my grandpa for the next few weeks. I had so much going on that I almost forgot my Winner friends were coming one Friday afternoon.

Grandpa and I drove home after working a job for the Bowen family that lived on the other side of the island. They wanted a new fence around their backyard so their young kids could play outside safely. We took the job together because, as Grandpa said, “I have the brains, and you have the brawn,” which meant he knew how to install posts and level pickets, and I was young and strong and could do most of the physical labor.

I was tired after a full day’s work when I looked out the truck window and saw Cat, Emma, and Max walking up the road toward Grandpa’s driveway. “Friends!” I yelled out the window and waved.

As soon as Grandpa turned off the truck, I jumped out and ran to meet them. “I forgot you were coming today,” I told them.

“Well, luckily, we didn’t forget,” said Max.

“Yeah,” said Cat. “We’ve been counting down the days to our annual trip to see you and celebrate the Fourth of July! I’ve been

working all week on a huge batch of my Red, White, and Blue Twinkle Bars for the Salmon Bake.”

“She needed help from both of us,” said Emma. “She got an order for 400 brownies from the Island Historical Society. They expect a lot of people to come to the cookout.”

“That sounds about right,” I agreed. “My dad is barbequing all of the salmon this year. He has hundreds of pounds prepped and ready to grill on Sunday.”

We talked nonstop as we walked back to my cabin, and they filled me in on the last six weeks of their summer.

“I’ve been staying at the Christmas tree farm with my grandparents for the last month,” said Emma. “We’ve been weeding, picking off cones, and getting the trees in top shape to be ready for the holidays. My grandma and I have been putting together a thousand-piece puzzle between tree care and bookkeeping.

“I’ve spent my summer pet sitting a lot of animals while their humans are on vacation,” said Max. “We turned the farm into a summer camp for dogs, and it’s been a whirlwind of fun!”

I smiled at Max when I heard him use the word “farm” to describe his backyard.

Cat chimed back in. “I had a busy June with orders for a few graduation parties, one wedding, and three birthday parties. July is turning out to be my biggest month so far, though. Not only did I make and bring Twinkle Bars for the island event, but Mr. Adams at the Blue Moon Café ordered 500 Fourth of July Twinkle Bars as well.

“We’ve been up to our eyeballs in brownie batter!” said Emma.

“It’s too bad we can’t see the parade on Main Street AND be here on the island,” I said. “But at least we are together for the week.”

On Sunday, we all gathered with the people around the island to celebrate the Fourth of July. The businesses by the ferry dock were closed, but I took my friends by the ice cream shop so they could meet the kittens.

In the afternoon, we volunteered at the Salmon Bake. Cat and Emma handed out Twinkle Bars to each guest who came through the line, and Max and I handed out bowls of baked beans.

We watched the fireworks when the sun went down and sang our favorite Chin-a-kins songs around the campfire on the beach. The Chin-a-kins is our talent show act we do together. We each sit upside down in a chair, so our chins look like the top of our heads. We paint eyes on our chins. We did a little show for our families using the picnic table, and Max did some tricks with his dog Sammy the Smart.



The rest of the week flew by. We rowed boats and floated around in the water. We took turns riding my grandpa's electric scooter, and we went to the ice cream shop every day to try a new flavor and give more suggestions for kitten names.

On the last day of our visit, we went to Maria's family's gift shop so my friends could buy souvenirs to take home. They had met Maria on the Fourth of July. We made her an honorary member of the Chin-a-kins and taught her a few of our songs.

Cat picked out a poster of the island to put up on her bedroom wall. She also bought a charm bracelet with silver shells. Emma liked the bracelet so much that she got one to match and bought t-shirts for her grandma and grandpa. Max bought himself a baseball cap, a box of chocolate candies shaped like ferry boats, and a canvas bag he could use as Sammy's "suitcase" to carry his blanket, bowls, and food. He also had another item

he was taking home as a souvenir from the island, but it wasn't from the gift shop.

Mrs. Hanes was ready to let Rainbow's kittens be adopted. Max and his brother fell in love with one of the kittens named "Cookie Dough," one of the winning names for the kittens. The little guy would officially be Max's brother's new kitten, but we knew Max and the rest of the family would take care of him too.

CHAPTER 7

The rest of the summer sailed by as Grandpa and I finished the Bowen family's fence and picked up several more jobs from island neighbors.

By the end of August, I had sold 92 of my handmade cars. I sold the original 16 cars for \$1.25 each, giving me a revenue of \$20.

I took that \$20 and reinvested it in materials. This time instead of making 16 cars, I made 20 cars (since each car cost me \$1 to make) which increased the inventory of vehicles by 25% (percent).

I walked the ferry line again and sold all 20 cars for \$1.25 each, which meant I made \$25. Each week I reinvested the money I made into making more cars. This meant I was compounding the number of cars I could sell.

By compounding the number of cars I made each time, I increased the inventory in my fleet by 25% each week.

Car Materials Cost \$1

Car Retail Price 1.25

	Money Invested	Number Of Cars Made	Revenue	Profit (In Inventory)
Week 1	\$16	16	\$20	4 cars
Week 2	\$20	20	\$25	5 cars
Week 3	\$25	25	\$31.25	6 cars

My grandpa said that compounding was essential financial knowledge for kids. When he was my age, he started putting \$10 per week into a savings account. Since there are 52 weeks in a year, that was \$520 per year into his account. If he had just put that money in an envelope under his mattress (or in his sock drawer like me) fifty years later, he would have had \$26,000 under the bed.

Instead, he put the money into a savings account at the bank, with an interest rate of 5% per year. He never withdrew any money, and every year he earned 5% interest on the money in the account. The first year he made 5% interest on the \$520, but the second year he made interest on the interest! Each year he added \$520 to the account, and his account continued to compound.

Now that he is sixty-one years old (50 years later), his savings account from when he was a boy has grown to approximately \$115,000. That is sure a lot more than the \$26,000 he would have had under his mattress, plus it helped him to retire from his business and do the fun jobs he wants to do.

I plan to follow my grandpa's example and put a portion of the money I earned over the summer into an interest-bearing savings account.

In total, I made \$1,200 in profit over the summer.

An unexpected part of my "car business" was that it helped me meet a lot of people in the ferry line. As we interacted, they would ask me how I learned to make cars, and I explained that I was an apprentice carpenter. Sometimes they had projects they needed help with, so they would ask how to get in touch with me. I always kept some of my business cards in my shoebox.

At home, I had my "napkin" marketing plan tacked up in my room. I added "Networking" to the list because I continued to meet new people and talk about my business.

Mrs. Sweet became a regular client, and I built boxes and planters for her garden. Her neighbor, Mr. Evans, needed help remodeling his attic, so I sanded wood for him in his garage.

While my friends were visiting in July, they showed me their system for budgeting and saving the money they made in their businesses. Rather than just putting \$1,200 in my wallet and spending it during the school year, I divided it into categories.

I used the empty small paint cans from my car business and tapped the lids back on top. My grandpa helped me cut a slot in the lid of each can so that I could drop money into each one, like a piggy bank. Cat, Emma, and Max divide their money into five different "banks," and I decided to copy their system.

- The first can had a red paint label, so I wrote across it in black marker, "Savings." I want to save money every year like my grandpa had done since he was young. I added

\$300 to this can; that is 25% of my \$1,200. When we return to the mainland in the fall, I will put that money into an interest-bearing savings account at the bank.

- I used the green paint can for my second account. This will be my "Personal Fund" for items I want, such as ice cream, games, or movies. I also added \$300 or 25% of \$1,200 to this can.
- My third can is yellow, and I will use it for my "Business Expenses." I added \$300 or 25% of my \$1,200 profit to this can as well. This means that I can get started in business right away next summer. This money can be used to purchase any new tools or supplies I need.
- The fourth can is blue, and I am using it to set aside money for "Donations" A food bank on the island provides food to people who don't have enough. I plan to donate 10% of my profit or \$120 to the food bank.
- My last can is orange, and across it, in big black letters, I wrote "Workshop" This account is for me to invest in myself and my long-term plans to work full-time as a carpenter. I plan to create my own workshop in the back of our garage on the island and build a workbench. I already have two customers scheduled for next Memorial Day weekend. I want to have my workshop up and running as soon as we arrive on the island for the summer next year. I placed \$180 or 15% of my profit into this can.



This summer turned out to be so much more than I expected. I started my own business, learned a trade, and met many nice people.

Now, I am just like my friends on the mainland. We each have our own businesses and know how to make money. There is a lot to learn about business, especially about managing money. I will see my friends next week on Wednesday and am going to suggest we “Winner” friends begin calling ourselves “Business” friends.

All kids should know how to earn, spend, and save money. Maybe our new skills can help other kids learn about business and money.

The Little Books Of Big Business series follows four friends in Main Town, USA, on their journey into business. Cat, Emma, Max and Nick each start their own business and learn key principles along the way. This series is perfect for anyone ages 5 to 105 who aspires to be an entrepreneur.

Book #1 - Cat Casey Turns Brownies Into A Business

Book #2 - Emma Mason Turns Paperwork Into A Profit

Book #3 - Max England Turns A Pet Project Into Pay

Book #4 - Nick Franks Turns Carpentry Into Cash

For more information, activities & worksheets:

www.TheLittleBooksOfBigBusiness.com

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. Business principles are intended for educational purposes only. Consult local laws and regulations for up-to-date business requirements and utilize professional services for legal, tax and monetary guidance.

Author's Note: The Little Books Of Big Business series is intentionally set in a small town where characters can interact with local business owners. While this may not be as easy in today's world, kids can still experiment with business principles in their own neighborhoods, school or local communities. The story purposely leaves out technology like computers and cell phones. Just as it is important to learn to calculate math with a pencil and paper before relying on a calculator, so it is with writing up an invoice, tracking your receipts in an envelope or receiving cash and counting back change.

About the Author

Mara Williams is a Professionally Certified Coach and Business Coaching Specialist. She is passionate about teaching women and kids about money and business principles through stories and fun activities.

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