

# MADE FROM SCRATCH



...THE CONTINUING  
MISADVENTURES  
OF WOODY AND  
CHLOE

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Woody read you the story.

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## Chapter 5

Thankfully, I landed the last auditioning spot for The Fish Bowl. The show would be filmed at the Community Theater tomorrow. I had to arrive at 9:30 in the morning. I had less than 24 hours to perfect my product.

The show's producer explained the judges would choose the top three inventions they predicted to succeed. If mine was chosen, they would invest in it. I had to ask Dad what that meant.

"It means the judges will give you a large sum of money to help you get the product off the ground," Dad explained.

"Off the ground?" I asked. "I'm not inventing an airplane." I wanted my invention to be a surprise so I hadn't even told my parents what I was doing. Obviously Dad thought I was inventing something that flew, like a hot air balloon.

"'Off the ground' is an expression that means 'to get started,'" Dad said.

"Can I use the investment money to pay off my disco ball?" I asked.

"Absolutely not!" Dad answered. "If your idea passes, the investment money must be used to help your item become a success. And just so you know, the agreement will require that you give the investors a percentage of your profit."

"It does?" I asked.

"Well, of course. These judges are investors. Investors put money toward an idea or a project that they expect will produce a return," Dad explained. "They aren't just giving you money. They are saying, for example, 'I'm going to give you five thousand dollars to get your item ready to sell. When it sells, you will pay us 40 percent of the profit you make.'"

"That's taking a lot of my profit," I said.

Dad laughed. "Well, you don't have to agree to it, but they won't provide the front money. Besides, you need to be preparing your presentation, not worrying about your profit." Dad was correct. I had hours of work ahead of me before my big TV appearance.

My first task was to find an empty jar. I needed a container to mix my concoction. Before I presented it on television, I would put it in a pretty little bottle and tie a ribbon around it, but for now, any jar would do. I found an old jelly jar in the cupboard. I grabbed Mom's measuring spoons and a mixing spoon and went in my parents' bathroom to browse around.

I needed some inspirational music, so I turned on disco radio. After sniffing through items, I finally settled on the following: Peppy's Peppermint Perfume, Coba Banana Sunscreen, Lollipops and Lemon Drops Lip Balm, Manly Man Aftershave, Wipe Out Wrinkles Face Cream, and a bottle of Minty Mouth Fresh Breath Rinse.

I took each item and carefully measured one tablespoon of each. I put all six items in the jar and mixed them together. I listened to a song called I Will Survive. As I danced to the music, I put my nose to the jar and took in a big whiff— a masterpiece if I did say so myself.

I couldn't wait to present the first official bottle of Woody's Bathe No More Body Rub on national TV tomorrow. I knew the judges would be amazed. I knew I needed to work on my business plan but I before I did, I wanted to take one more sniff to make sure it didn't need tweaking. Ahh — a

deliciously clean aroma. I wanted to rub it all over my body, but not wanting to waste it, I decided to rub it on my lips as a lip balm instead. It felt like a family of butterflies were dancing across my lips. I was sure my breath was minty fresh. Maybe I would invent Woody's Brush Your Teeth No More Balm next. I cleaned up my mess, put the product in a pretty little jar and went to work on the presentation. "Woody, do you want to give your presentation to me?" Chloe asked. "It might help to rehearse." Though I wanted it to be a surprise to everyone, I wanted to be prepared, so I accepted Chloe's offer. She sat in the chair while I stood in our room and presented my sales pitch.

"Is your life so busy that sometimes it's a chore to bathe?" My first sentence had to grab their attention.

"Would you like to save money on your water bill by never having to wun baf water again? If so, I have the pwordut dat will change your wife."

What was wrong with me? I couldn't open my mouth and my words were slurring. I also felt like my nose was growing as big as Pinocchio. I couldn't get sick. I had to be on TV in less than 24 hours!



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