

Money Monsters Start Their Own Business





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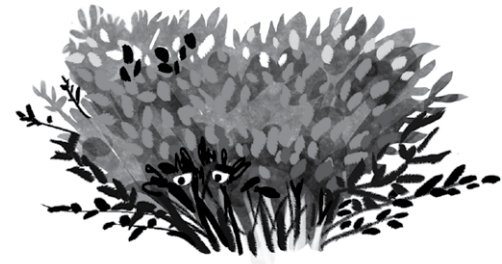
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CHAPTER 1
THE BEST IDEA WINS ...

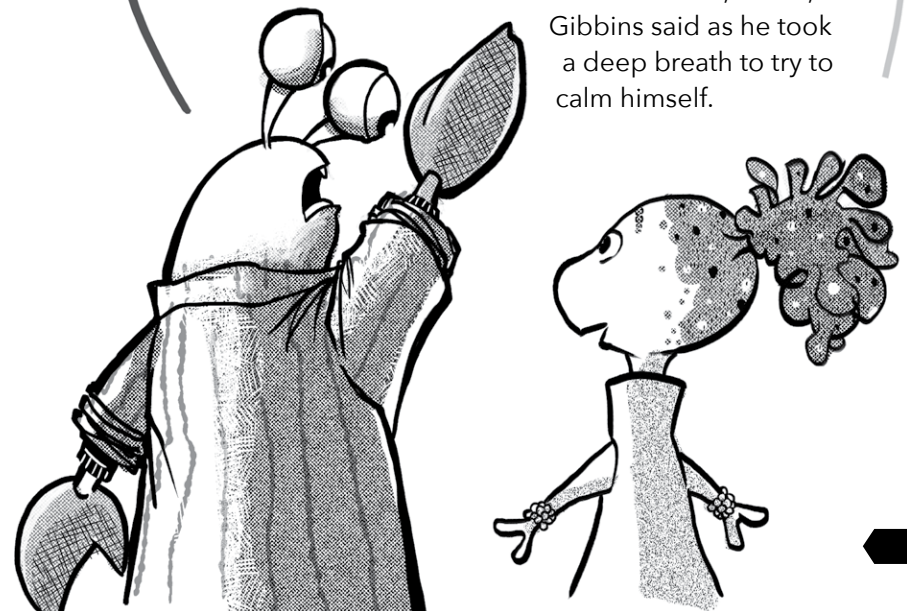
Look over there!

What is it?

"Eyes! I saw some eyes in that bush over there."

"Gibbins, bushes don't have eyes," his Money Monster friend explained.

"The one over there does, Foozil," Gibbins said as he took a deep breath to try to calm himself.



Foozil sighed. Being Money Monsters from another universe meant that she and Gibbins had a lot of things to get used to, but being watched by a bush wasn't one of them. "Bushes don't have eyes in our universe, and they don't have eyes here, Gibbins," she said as she started walking toward the suspect shrub.

"Be careful, Foozil," Gibbins said as he took a couple of steps back. "It might bite!"

"Oh, Gibbins, come and look," Foozil whispered. She knelt in front of the bush and pointed to it.

Gibbins inched closer to inspect the bush more closely. There, huddled under the branches was the dirtiest, skinniest dog they had ever seen. His ribs were showing. His fur was matted and dotted with bald patches. On his front left paw was a streak of dried blood.

"Oh, look at that poor guy," said Gibbins. "What happened to you, puppy?"

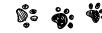
"Kneel down over here and he might come to you, Gibbins," Foozil advised. "Reach out so he can sniff you."

"Yes, we learned all about Earth dogs at the animal shelter," Gibbins said as he knelt next to the dog and slowly reached out his claw. The dog lifted his head. "It's OK, little guy," Gibbins said gently. The dog stood shakily, inched toward Gibbins, and lifted his nose to sniff Gibbins.



"He doesn't have a collar," Foozil said.

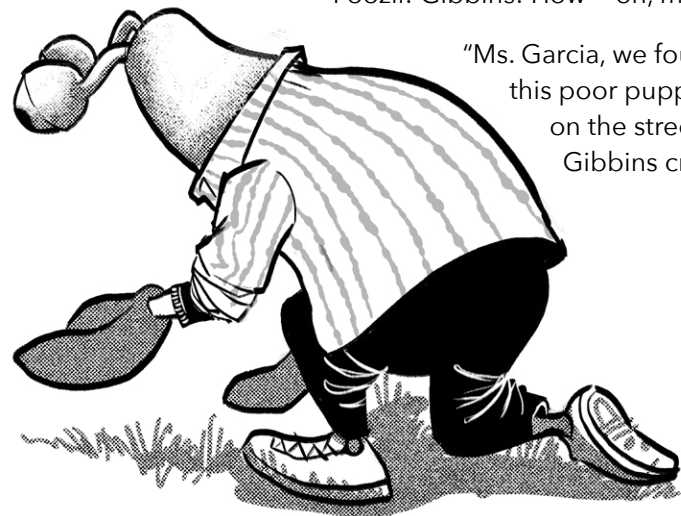
"The animal shelter's not far from here. We should take him there," Gibbins said, keeping his eyes on the dog. "They can check to see if he's lost or if he needs a new home."



Val Garcia heard the animal shelter's front door slam. She looked up from the counter and broke into a big grin when she saw the two friends. People in their neighborhood were surprised when the Money Monsters moved into town. Most of them had never met creatures from another universe before. But Val Garcia knew these young Money Monsters well. She understood that they're kind, gentle, and interested in learning all about how to manage money and how to be a good neighbor. She was really grateful for all of the volunteering they'd done for the animal shelter.

"Foozil! Gibbins! How – oh, my!"

"Ms. Garcia, we found this poor puppy on the street!" Gibbins cried.



"Can you help him?" Foozil asked.

Val kneeled to look the dog over. She pulled a dog treat out of her work apron pocket.

"Here you go, little fella."

The dog gobbled it down.

"Hmm, he's had it rough," she said, examining his injured

paw. "But he's not the worst that I've seen since we started the shelter. I think we can help him. And we'll try to find out if he belongs to anyone."



Gibbins and Foozil were relieved. "Oh, that's great, Ms. Garcia! We were hoping you could help!" Gibbins exclaimed.

"Yeah, thanks!" Foozil said, as the friends turned to leave. "Let us know if there's anything we can do to help!"

"Actually, there is," Val said, stopping Foozil and Gibbins in their tracks. "We're having a fundraiser for the shelter. A lot of people who lost their homes in the flood earlier this year couldn't keep their animals. And in early spring, we got a lot of pets from people who received them as holiday gifts but decided it was too much work to keep them."

"People need to think about how much time and money pets take before they get one," Gibbins frowned.

"That's true. And it's good that people bring the animals here," Val sighed. "But now we have so many that we're running out of money. Would you mind passing out

some of these flyers? If we don't get enough donations, we may have to close in the next few months."

"You can't close!" Gibbins exclaimed. "The animals won't have a place to go!"

"Don't worry, Ms. Garcia," Foozil said, setting her jaw. "We'll pass these around and find other ways to help. We're not going to let the shelter close."

Val smiled. "Thanks, you two. We need all the help we can get. Now let me get this little guy patched up."

When the two friends reached their neighborhood, they handed out flyers to neighbors and put some on nearby cars. "Wow, it's really sad that some pets have to go to the shelter because people can't take care of them," Foozil said as she stuck a flyer in a neighbor's mailbox.

"Yeah, before I could get my cat Tiger, my parents made me think long and hard about the time and money it takes to have a pet," Gibbins said. "I had to think about things like how much cat food costs and how often I'd have to clean her litter box."

"I remember they made you come up with a plan for taking care of her," Foozil replied.

"That's what we need," Gibbins said glumly. "A plan to save the shelter. And soon."



Foozil looked around her room and sighed.

It was another sunny Saturday morning. She had better things to do than clean her room.

Like ride her bike.

Or play with her friends.

Or work on her science team project.

Or save an animal shelter!

"Besides, why clean the room when it's only going to get messy again?" she muttered.

"Because your mom said you have to clean your room before you do anything else today, including playing with me!" a voice from the corner chimed in. It was Oodle, her red and gold Money Monster dog. Like the other dogs from their universe, Oodle can talk.

Resigned, she plopped down next to a pile of papers on the floor near her desk. "You're right, Oodle. Guess I'll start here," she said.

At the top of the mound was a wrinkled yellow piece of paper. "Oh, yeah, the flyer for that business contest at school," she said, quickly scanning the paper. "Whatever. Recycling bin for you."

She started to crumple the paper into a ball but suddenly stopped. "Whoa, did I see what I think I saw?" she thought. She opened the paper and read the flyer. "A \$1,000 prize?"

"That's a lot of money!" Oodle cried.

The wheels began turning in Foozil's mind. "I have to call Gibbins!"

As she stood, her eyes caught a flash of green near the bottom of the paper pile. She bent down to get a better look.

"Oodle, look! Here's the \$5 bill I lost last week!" she exclaimed. She grabbed her phone from her backpack and started dialing. "Wait 'til I tell Gibbins!"

Just as Gibbins answered, Foozil heard a loud "meow" in the background. "Hey, I can't hang out yet," he said. "I have to clean Tiger's litter box and finish some other chores."

"Well, can you talk while you work? I have good news and awesome news!"

"Sure! What's the news?"

"The good news is that I found that \$5 bill I lost! It was under a bunch of papers near my desk."

"Um, that's great, Foozil, but where's the money now?"

"On my desk!"

Gibbins was silent.

"And ... I guess I should put it somewhere safe," she said sheepishly.

"You really need to be extra careful with your money," Gibbins warned. "Remember when you lost your quarters at the amusement park because they were loose in your pocket?"

"You'd think I'd have learned my lesson by now," she smiled, tucking the bill into her wallet.

"So, what's the awesome news?"

"I know how we're going to save the animal shelter!"

"Yeah? How?"

"The young entrepreneur contest at school!"

"Entre- what?"

"Entrepreneur! That's someone who starts their own business. We'll come up with a business idea that will earn money for the shelter. The best idea wins \$1,000. We can use some of the money to start the business and give the rest to the shelter, along with the money we make!"

The best idea wins
\$1000.00!

"That sounds great!" Gibbs replied. "Do you have a business idea?"

"No, WE have a business idea. Remember when we were younger, how we talked about starting a mobile

pet-grooming business that went to people's homes to groom their pets?"

"Yeah, we can do that! But I remember Ms. Garcia said you have to have some training or something to groom pets."

"Well, we could do dog washing!"

"We can call it 'Save the Shelter Dog Washing!' "

"We can make a logo and T-shirts and everything!" Foozil exclaimed. "The contest is on Monday, so I'll start drawing a logo we can use on a poster."



Reflection questions

- Val Garcia said many people gave their pets to the shelter because they later realized it was too much work to take care of them. What kinds of things should people think about before they get a pet?
- Foozil sometimes forgets to keep her money safe. Where are some places people can store their money to keep it safe?

Your turn

- If you could get a pet, what would you like to have? What are some of the costs and responsibilities that come with owning that kind of pet?
- Many people keep their money safe in a savings account at a bank or credit union. Would you like to have your own savings account? Why or why not?



CHAPTER 2

... BUT WE NEED MORE THAN AN IDEA

With the school auditorium buzzing with excitement, the announcer took the stage.

"Welcome to the Young Entrepreneur Contest! Each contestant will present their idea. Three ideas will be chosen for the final round. The best idea will win \$1,000!"

"First, let's welcome our judges: Kira Thompson, head of our town's business association; business professor Julian Nguyen; and our very own Jayquan LaForge, now a high school junior, who created an app that helps kids make good decisions about their money and who played a large part in getting our local credit union to open a branch at our school!"

As the audience applauded for the judges, Gibbins paced backstage, tugging at his tie. "Maybe I should take this off," he said.

"Hey, you're the one who decided to wear a tie!" Foozil laughed as she adjusted the large easel holding the Save the Shelter Dog Washing poster she and Gibbins made over the weekend.

"I wanted to look like a business person, I guess. Now I'm nervous AND uncomfortable!"

Gibbs, you look great, and we got this! Besides, you only have that one line and we practiced, so you'll be great!

Um, OK.

But he didn't feel any calmer, especially when he saw who walked into the auditorium.

Oh, no!

It's Marco, Jaden, and Scott!

Foozil looked toward the door and groaned.

Those guys are always making fun of what I wear.

Those guys are just mean.

"Besides," Foozil said as she took in the stylish jackets the three boys wore, "do you really like the kind of clothes they wear? I'm not sure that's your style."

"It's not at all," Gibbins said. "I like my clothes. I even like this tie. But I did think about earning some money to buy something that would help me fit in."

"Um, yeah, you could," Foozil said thoughtfully. "But do you really want to spend your money on clothes you don't even like just to make other people like you?"

"No, I guess not," Gibbins sighed. "I want to spend it on something that's important to me, not somebody else."

"That's a good idea, Gibbs," Foozil replied.

"First up, ladies and gentlemen, MJS!" the announcer said.

Marco, Jaden, and Scott bounded onto the stage. Scott was pushing a cart with a large touchscreen monitor showing a logo with the letters "MJS" and the slogan "Bringing the cool to school."

"Judges, we're MJS, and as you can see, we're about to bring the cool to our school!" Marco crowed.

Foozil rolled her eyes. "More like bringing the fool to school," she muttered.

"Say, Jaden?" Marco called.

"Yes, Marco?" Jaden replied.

"Are you tired of seeing kids wearing clothes that are ugly, uncool, and just plain lame?"

"I sure am, Marco."

"Well, WE have the solution!" Scott chimed in.

"Presenting 24 Karat Snark T-shirts!" Marco announced. The boys stripped off their jackets to reveal their new product.

The judges were startled. Gasps and snickers rippled through the audience.

Marco's shirt read: "What brand are YOU wearing? Hot Mess?"

Jaden's shirt read: "My sneakers cost more than your whole wardrobe."

Scott's shirt read: "You WISH you were this cool."

"Those slogans aren't very nice," Gibbins whispered, frowning. "And not very cool either," Foozil replied.

Ms. Thompson raised an eyebrow. "24 Karat Snark, huh? OK, boys. We have a lot of questions."

"No problem, judge. We have a lot of answers," Marco said smugly.

The judges peppered the boys with questions. "How much does it cost to make the shirts, and how much will you sell them for?" asked Professor Nguyen. "Yeah, and who do you expect will buy the shirts?" Jayquan asked. "Where will you sell them?"

Marco smirked. "Show 'em, Scott."

Scott tapped the monitor screen and swiped through a series of charts and graphs. "So, here's what it costs to make the shirts and here's what we'll sell them for," he explained. "We'll start selling them to kids at our middle school and then to other middle schoolers and high schoolers in town. ... This chart shows how many shirts we believe we'll sell, based on the percentage of middle schoolers and high schoolers in town who we think are cool enough to buy the shirts. ... This chart shows how much money we expect to make in six months.

"And as you see from this last chart," Scott exclaimed, "the coolness factor at this school alone will double!"

Marco beamed. "Any other questions, judges?"

"Um, I don't think so," Ms. Thompson said, frowning. "Judges, shall we confer?"



The three judges huddled for about a minute and then turned to the boys.

"Well, gentlemen, you clearly came up with a thorough business plan – " Ms. Thompson started.

Marco, Jaden, and Scott whooped and high-fived each other.

"Wait a minute, boys," Professor Nguyen said. "We're not crazy about your product."

"What?!" Marco exclaimed.

"Guys, what a person wears might seem like it matters, but it really doesn't," Jayquan said. "And we don't think you have to say mean things to be cool."

"So instead of supporting 24 Karat Snark, we'd rather support young entrepreneurs who want to start a business that's just plain old nice," Ms. Thompson said. "Thank you, boys."

Marco was stunned. "But, but – " he stammered.

"Thank you, boys," Ms. Thompson interrupted. "Good luck."

The announcer stepped onto the stage to usher the boys off. "Ladies and gentlemen, MJS!" There was a smattering of polite applause.

The boys stormed off the stage as the judges shook their heads. "This contest is stupid anyway!" Marco muttered as they headed for the backstage exit.

"See, Gibbs? Having cool clothes didn't help those guys much, did it?" Foozil whispered after the boys walked past them.

"It sure didn't," Gibbins replied. "But their presentation was cool. They had charts and numbers and everything!"

"Everything but a good idea, Gibbs," Foozil assured him. "Their idea was mean. WE have a good idea *and* it's for a good cause! We'll be fine."

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, Foozil and Gibbins!"

Foozil picked up the easel and strode toward the stage. Gibbins gulped and followed, again straightening his tie.

"Hello, judges," Foozil smiled. "Thank you for the chance to share our business idea."

"You're more than welcome," Ms. Thompson smiled back. "What's your idea?"

Foozil threw off the tablecloth covering the poster. "Judges, we present to you ...

Silence.

"Gibbs!" she whispered. "That's your cue!"

"Oh! Save, uh, Save the Shelter Dog Washing, the pet care service that comes to you!" Gibbins stammered.

Foozil went on. "We'd have a van with all the dog-washing supplies in it, and we'd go to people's houses to wash their dogs. And there's more. All the money we make will go to the animal shelter so it can stay open

and keep rescuing animals who are in trouble. We want to donate at least \$1,000."

"What a lovely idea!" Ms. Thompson said.

"Yes, and what a good cause!" Professor Nguyen said.

Foozil's smile widened. Gibbins looked relieved.

"Just a couple of questions," the professor went on. "So you'll use a van. You're a little young to own one. Do you have access to a van?"

Now it was Foozil's turn to be flustered. "Um, uh, no."

The judges looked at each other. "I see," Ms. Thompson said. "Let's say you somehow get access to a van. Do you know how much it might cost to use it? And do you know how much your supplies would cost?"

"No, we don't really know," Foozil said.

"Hmm, if you're working from a van, where would you get the water to wash the pets?" Jayquan asked.

Foozil looked at Gibbins. "Wow, we didn't think about that."

"Ah," Ms. Thompson said. "Judges, shall we confer?"

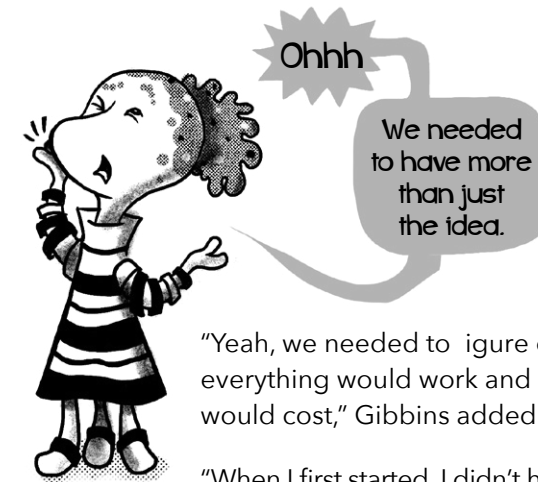
The judges whispered to one another briefly and then turned to the two friends.

"Foozil, Gibbins, we're so sorry," the professor said, "but we can't support your business idea right now."

The two friends were stunned. "But ... but ... we really want to help the shelter!" Gibbins blurted.

"Didn't you say it was a good idea?" Foozil asked, puzzled.

"Yes, Foozil, it's a very good idea. And it's a very noble cause. But even the best ideas need a plan," Ms. Thompson gently replied.



"Yeah, we needed to figure out how everything would work and what it would cost," Gibbins added.

"When I first started, I didn't have a plan, either," Jayquan offered. "It took me a while and I failed a lot, but I learned. You can, too!"

"Take some time to think about what you'll need to create your business and keep it going," the professor said. "And please try again next year. This is a good idea, and we know you'll do great!" The other judges nodded and smiled.

"OK, judges, thank you very much for the advice," Foozil said sadly. "We'll try again."

Jayquan watched the two crestfallen friends leave the stage. He stood and turned to the audience. "Hey, give it up for these middle schoolers who want to save the animal shelter!" he said. The audience clapped and whistled with approval.

But Foozil and Gibbins still felt terrible.

"We blew it," Foozil moaned softly as they found seats at the back of the auditorium where, they hoped, no one would see them. Gibbins sunk into his seat, hung his head, and said nothing.

Hey kids.

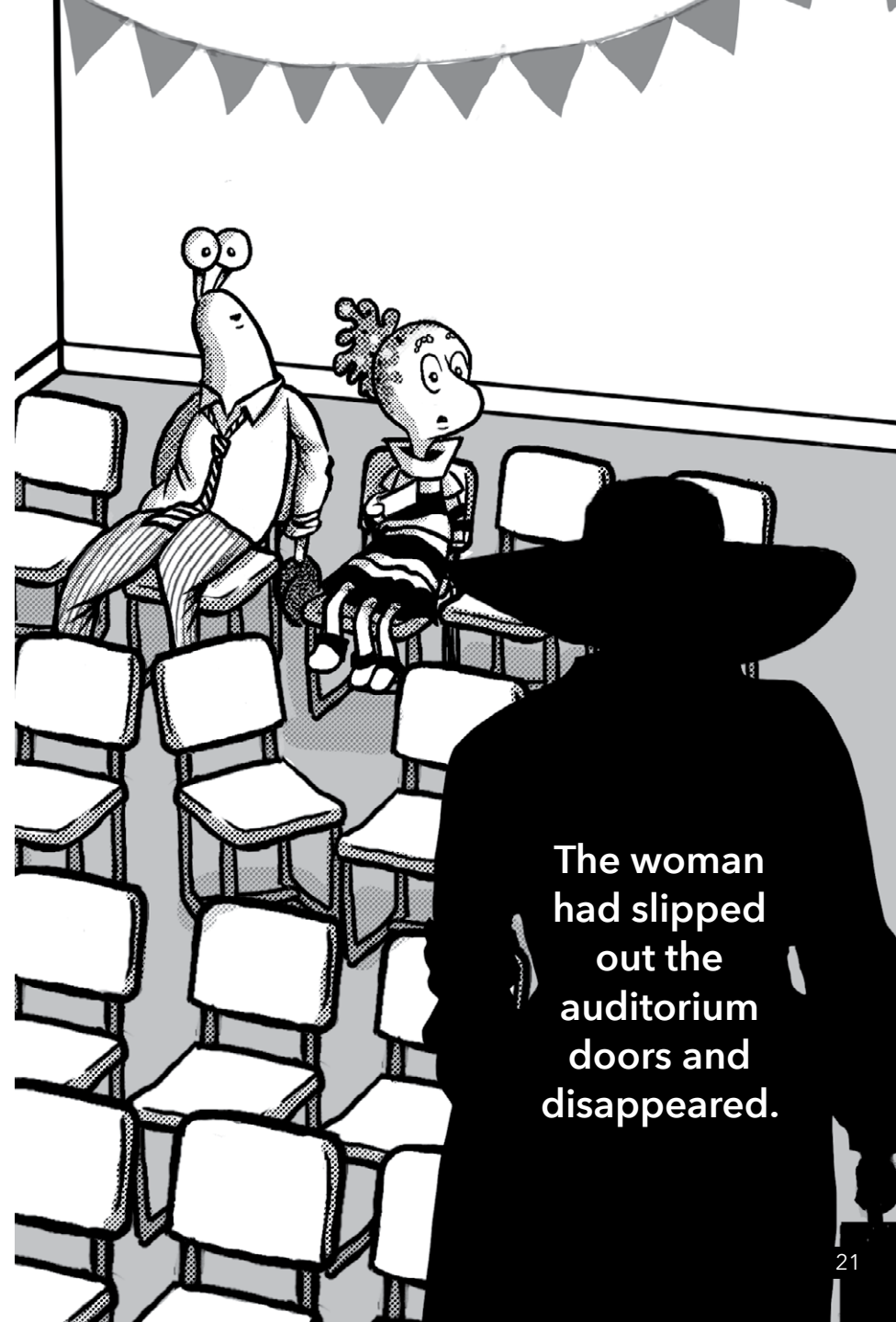
Startled, the two friends turned. There stood a woman, dressed in black and wearing a large black hat and dark glasses that almost covered her face.

She stuck a business card into Foozil's hand.

I like your idea. You and your parents should call me.

Thank you

but who are - ?



The woman had slipped out the auditorium doors and disappeared.

Reflection questions

- Some people start a business based on an idea, talent, skill, or passion that they have. What are some businesses or products you like?

Your turn

- What are your ideas, talents, skills, and passions?



CHAPTER 3 A MIND MAP SHOWS THE WAY

The morning sun streamed through Gibbins's bedroom window. Tiger leapt onto his bed and nuzzled his face, purring. Gibbins opened his eyes and smiled.


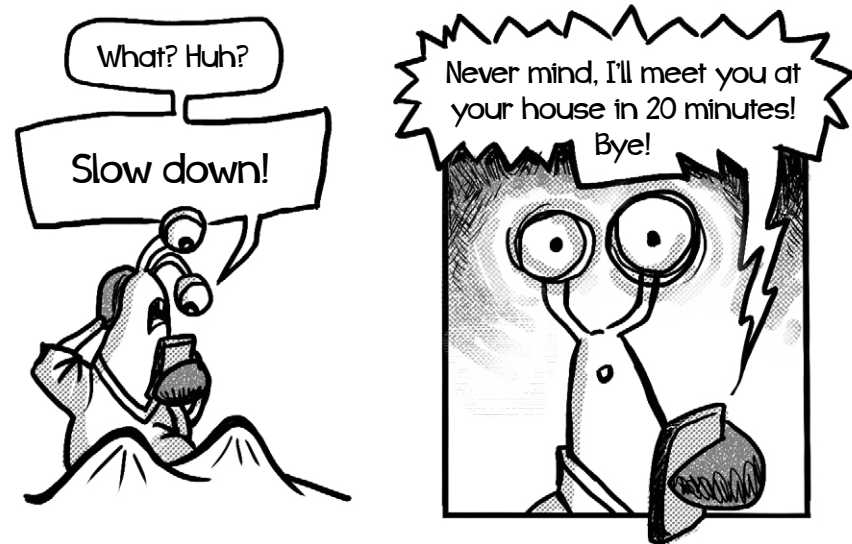
"Oh, it was just a bad dream," he yawned.

Then his eyes landed on the Save the Shelter Dog Washing poster leaning against the wall.

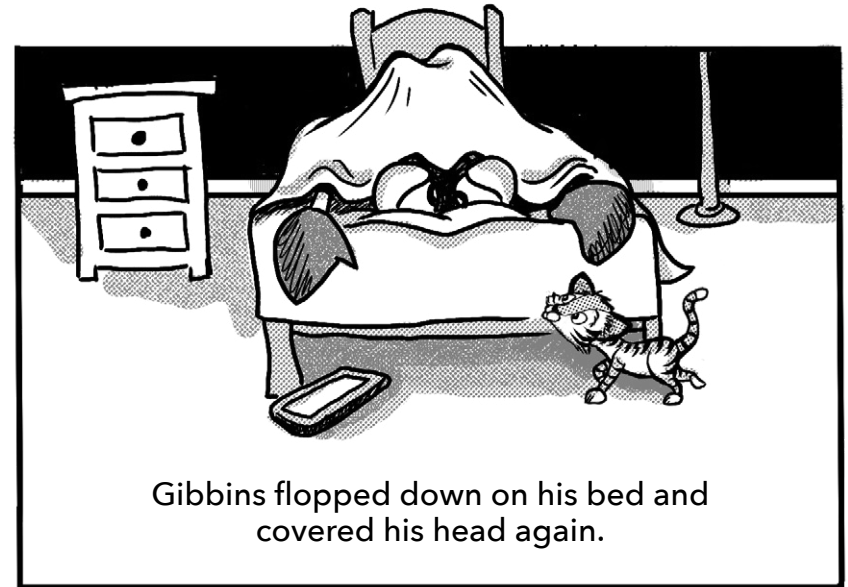
"Oh, no." He yanked the covers over his head. "I can't go to school today! Everyone will laugh at us for messing up at the contest!" he thought. "Maybe I'm sick." He felt his forehead. "Ugh, no fever! What am I going to do?" he groaned.



As if on cue, his phone rang. Gibbins sat up and picked up his phone.

A small cartoon illustration of Gibbins speaking, positioned at the start of a large, jagged speech bubble.

"Gibbs! I know it's early, but I couldn't call last night because it was late! You won't believe this! The woman who gave us the card, E.G. Patel? She's a really successful entrepreneur with her own tech company! My parents told me about her and said there's a rumor she might be from here and they talked to her last night and she wants to help us and my parents said it was OK with them and they'll talk to your parents to see if it's OK with them and if they're OK, we can talk to the woman tonight about how she can help us start the business and save the shelter, OK?"





Later that day, the two friends sat at Foozil's dining table and stared at the laptop screen nervously, waiting for the video chat to start.

"Ms. Patel will be with you in a moment," they heard her assistant say.

"Thank you," Foozil said. "Here goes!" she whispered to Gibbins.

A dark-haired woman appeared on the screen. "Hi, Foozil. Hi, Gibbins. Good to see you again."

"Hi, Ms. Patel! It's nice to meet you – I mean, see you again!" Gibbins stammered.

"Please, call me E.G. I look a lot different without the hat and glasses, don't I?" E.G. chuckled. "How did it go at school today?"

"I was really worried, but it went OK!" Gibbins volunteered. "A couple of kids teased us about the contest –"

"You mean, a couple of rude kids," Foozil rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, but most kids and a bunch of teachers congratulated us and said we had a great idea!" Gibbins smiled.

"It IS a great idea," E.G. said. "But an idea without a plan is like a car without an engine. It –"

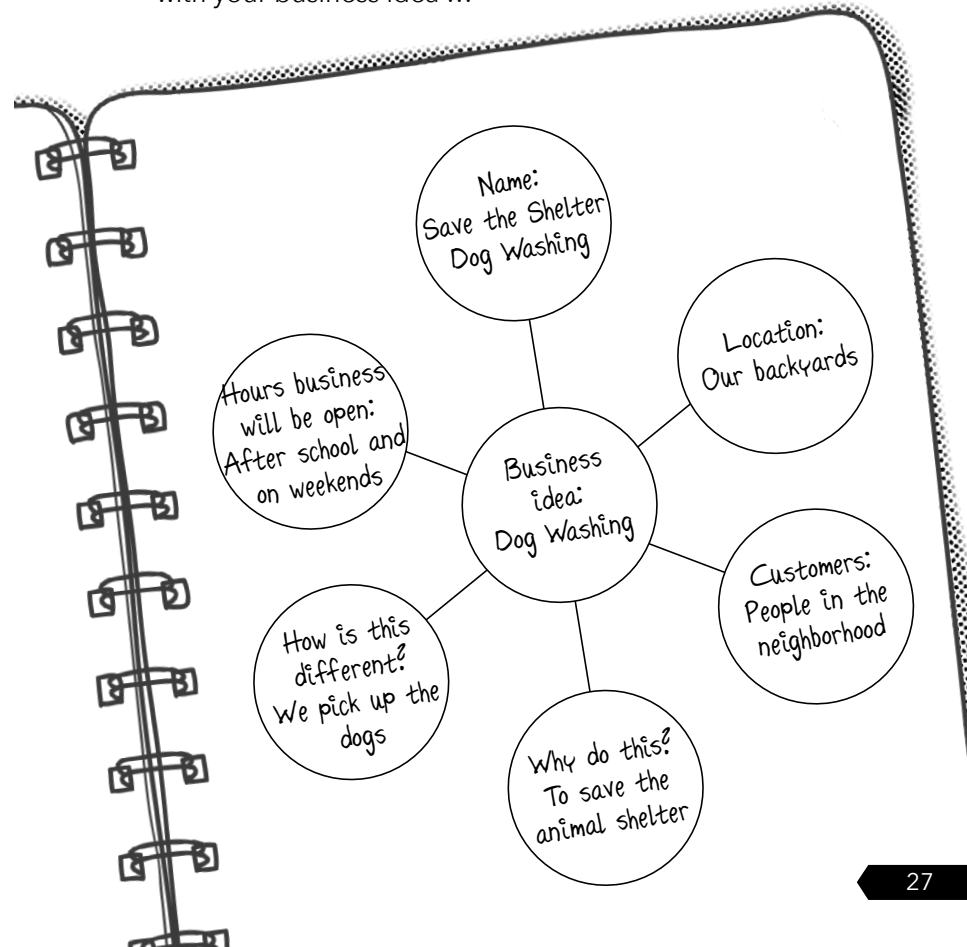


" – won't go anywhere," Foozil nodded thoughtfully.

E.G. smiled at Foozil. "Right! Now, let's think about what you need to put your idea in action. I like to start with a mind map."

"A mind map?" Foozil asked, grabbing her notebook.

"It's kind of a diagram for figuring things out. Here, let me share my screen." E.G. began typing. "We'll start with your business idea ..."





An hour later, the mind map was done and so was Gibbins. He rested his head on the table.

Foozil nudged her friend. "Gibbs, are you OK?"

"This mind map wore my mind out!" he groaned.

E.G. grinned. "I'll bet it did! There's a lot to think about when you're planning a business. But you've got a good start, and you can always expand from here."

"Yeah, Gibbs, we figured out that we can stay in our neighborhood and use your old wagon to pick up the pets so that we don't need a van right now," Foozil said. "We can start doing this on weekends and then add after-school time later if we can."

"And you'll talk to your parents first about washing the pets in your backyards," E.G. reminded them.

"Sure will!" Foozil said.

"Great! So after you talk to your parents, research your costs and send them to me. We'll go over your numbers and come up with a budget when we talk on Friday."

"E.G.?" E.G.'s assistant interrupted in the background. "It's almost time for your meeting with the investor group."

"Thanks, Maya. I have to run, you two."

"Thanks, E.G.!" Foozil said. "With your help, I know we can raise at least \$1,000 in time for the shelter's fundraiser!"

"Yeah, thanks!" Gibbins said. "Wait 'til the shelter hears that you're –"

"No! No one at the shelter can know!" E.G. blurted. Foozil and Gibbins were wide-eyed.

E.G. took a breath. "I mean, I, uh, really don't want anyone to know that I'm helping, not even the shelter," she said. "I don't do this often. If word gets out, then everyone will be asking for help."

"Oh, we get it, E.G.!" Foozil said.

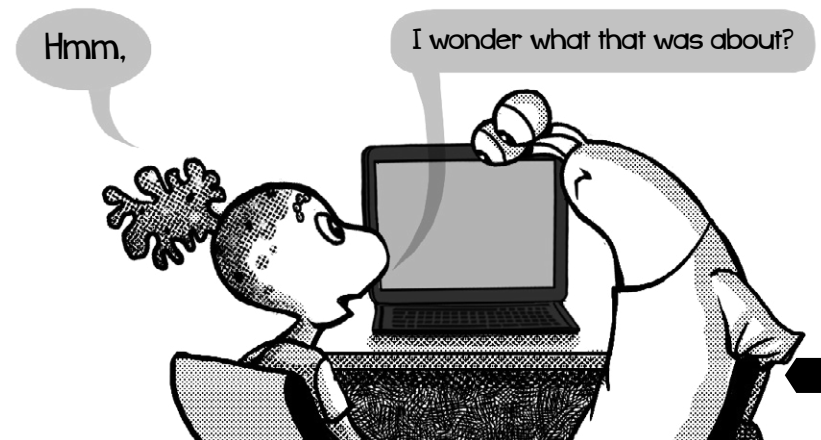
"We'll only talk to our parents about how you're helping!" Gibbins promised.

"Great, thanks," E.G. said, relieved. "We'll talk on Friday. Bye!"

"Bye, E.G.!" the two friends said. The screen went dark.

"This is awesome!" Foozil said. "We're getting help from a real entrepreneur!"

Gibbins frowned. "Yeah, but did you notice how she looked when I mentioned telling the shelter?"

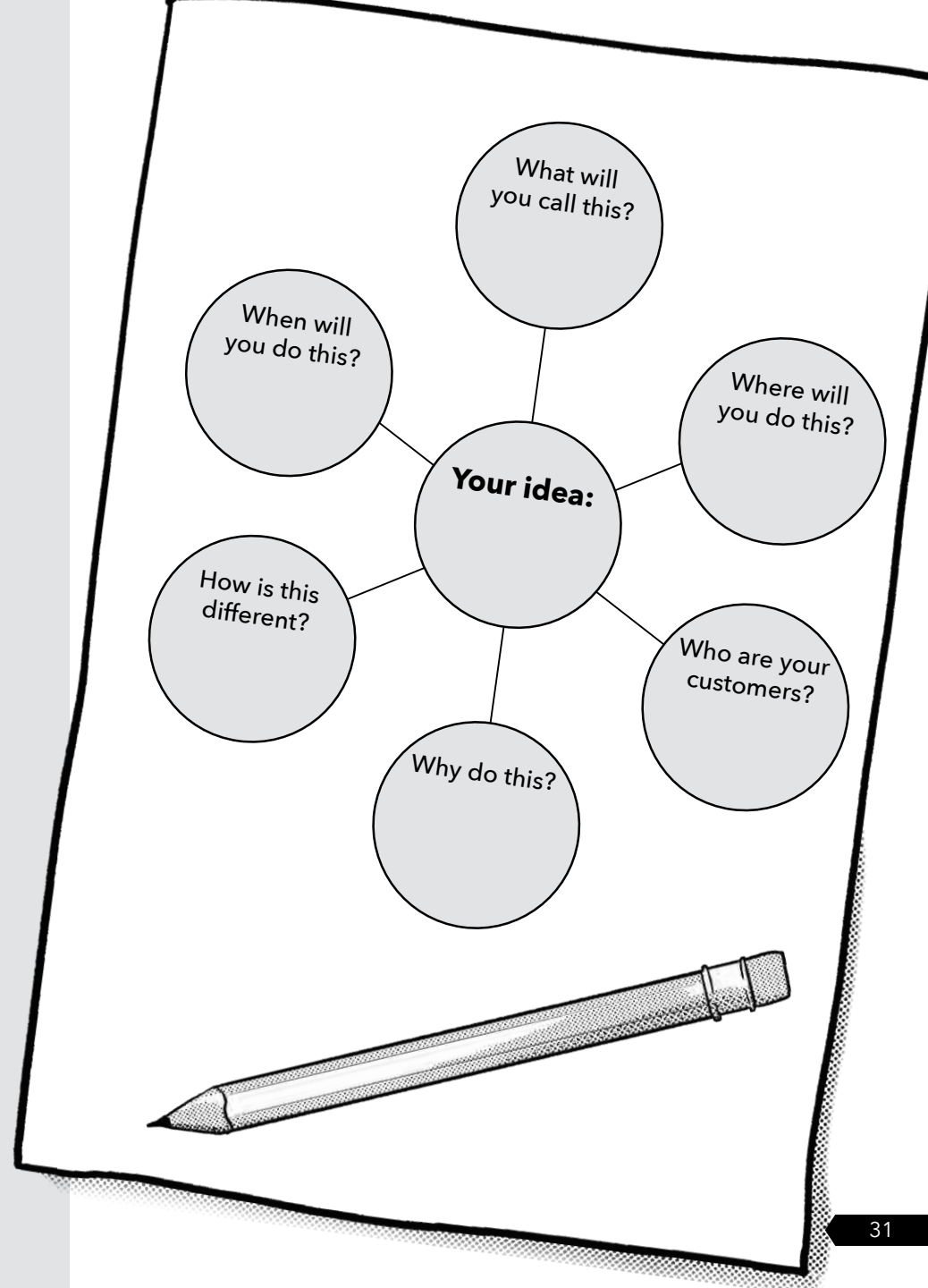


Reflection questions

- How did creating a mind map help Foozil and Gibbins plan their business?

Your turn

- Think of your ideas, talents, and passions. How can you use them to start a business or create a new product? Complete this mind map to help you plan.





CHAPTER 4 WHY BUDGETING RULES RULE

It was nine o'clock on Saturday morning. Gibbins yawned as he answered the door. "Foozil, I thought we said we'd meet at ten."

"Gibbs, check it out!" Foozil held up a colorful "Save the Shelter Dog Washing" flyer from the stack.

"That looks great!"

"Thanks!" Foozil stepped inside and set the flyers on the coffee table. She reached into her backpack and handed Gibbins a sheet of paper. "I also finished writing up the budget we worked out with E.G."

"Putting together that budget with E.G. last night was a lot of work – just like the mind map was."

"Yeah, we had to figure out what we were going to need and find out what everything would cost – plus find the best prices on the stuff we need."

Gibbins grinned. "My parents use a budget to plan how to use the money they earn to pay bills and save money. Figuring out our budget made me feel like my dad!"

Save the Shelter Dog Washing Business Budget #1

How much should we charge?
\$10 for every dog

Earnings goal: \$1,000.

Number of dogs we need to wash to meet our goal: 100
(+13 to pay back our parents)

What will cost to start?

Start-up supplies	How many?	Cost	Total
Dog shampoo	10 bottles	10.39 for one bottle	103.90
Dog conditioner	10 bottles	10.45 for one bottle	104.50
Brushes	2	6.49 for one brush	12.98
Towels	6 big ones	17.49 for a 3 pack	34.98
Hair dryer	1	24.99	24.99
			281.35

How much do we need to borrow?

Total costs to start	281.35
Money from our savings	158.35
How much we need to borrow	123.00
How many dogs do we need to wash before we can pay back the money we borrowed?	13

"Well, it's a good thing our parents are letting us use our backyards, our old kiddie pools, and their water for now."

"Yeah, I was surprised when E.G. told us that our parents pay for the water we use. I thought it was free!"

"My parents let us use their printer, paper, and ink to make these flyers, so that saved us some money, too."

"I'm just glad we had E.G.'s help with figuring all that stuff out. Remember how she talked about her budgeting rule?"

"Yeah, her parents taught her to use 50 percent of what she earned for things she needs, 30 percent for things she wants, and 20 percent for saving for emergencies or for stuff she might want or need later. She said having a budgeting rule like that helped her save enough to start her business."

"I wish we had had a budgeting rule for ourselves. We might have saved more money, and we wouldn't have to borrow anything to start our business. We're lucky they like Earth animals and wanted to help us help the shelter."

"We sure are. And we'll pay them back in no time, Gibbs!" Foozil headed for the door. "Now, let's get these flyers to the customers!"

"OK, but remember, we only give the flyers to neighbors we know," Gibbins cautioned.

"Yep, my parents made that clear!"

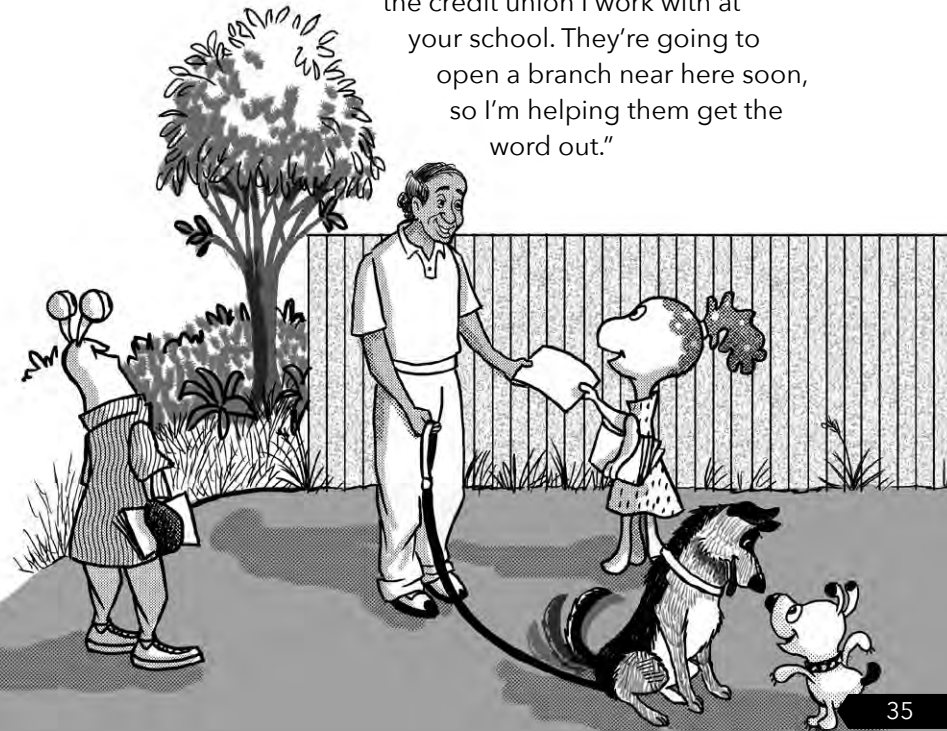
The first neighbor they spotted was an elderly man walking his German shepherd. "Hi, Mr. Martinez!" Foozil

called. "We have a dog-washing business. Please take one of our flyers! We'll do a great job with your dog Sarge!" Mr. Martinez smiled and took the flyer.

"Hey, it's my favorite kid entrepreneurs!" The two friends turned to see Jayquan walking toward them, also holding a stack of flyers.

"Hi, Jayquan!" Foozil smiled. "Thanks again for being so nice to us at the contest!" Gibbins looked nervously at Jayquan's flyers. "Are you starting another business in our neighborhood?"

Jayquan laughed. "No worries, Gibbins, I'm not competing with you guys. I'm passing out flyers about the credit union I work with at your school. They're going to open a branch near here soon, so I'm helping them get the word out."



"You mean, a branch for adults? Don't adults already keep their money in a bank or a credit union?" Gibbins asked.

"Actually, a lot of adults don't have a bank or credit union account," Jayquan explained.

"Really?" asked Gibbins. "Why not?"

"Sometimes they don't have an account because the bank or credit union is too far away," said Jayquan. "That's why it's great that the credit union will be near our neighborhood soon. Some adults don't have an account because they think they have to have a driver's license or be a U.S. citizen. You do need a form of ID with a photo, but it doesn't have to be a driver's license."

"Maybe we should get an account for our business," Foozil mused.

"I wanted to talk to you guys about that. Have you thought about how you'll keep the money you get from your customers safe?"

Gibbins's ears perked up. "No, we hadn't. I guess we just thought we'd keep it with us while we were washing the pets and then keep it at home."

"Well, why not use a payment app that puts the money directly into your account?" Jayquan said. "You'd need your parents to help you open an account, and they'd have to sign up for the app. But that way, you don't have to worry about handling any cash."



"Or losing it," Gibbins grinned at Foozil. She laughed. "Yeah, that would definitely solve my money-losing problem!"

"It also would help you keep track of your money," Jayquan offered. "That'll help you know whether your business is making a profit, you know, the money left over after you pay all your expenses."

"Now you sound like E. —" Gibbins started.

Foozil cut him off. "That's a really good point, Jayquan!" she exclaimed.

Puzzled, Jayquan stared at the two friends briefly. "Um, OK, well, talk to your folks about it. It would be great if you opened a free student account at the credit union at school and used their payment app."

"We'll definitely talk to our parents about this! Thanks, Jayquan!" Foozil said.

"No problem! Let me know if I can help with anything," he smiled as he started off. "Later!"

"Later!" Gibbins called.

Foozil pulled her friend over to a nearby tall fence and looked to see if anyone was around. "Gibbs!" she whispered. "You almost said E.G.'s name!"

"I'm so sorry! I'll be more careful! I still don't understand why she doesn't want people to know she's helping us."

"Foozil?" Mr. Martinez and Sarge, back from their walk, approached the two friends. "I think Sarge can use

a bath, and we'd both be happy to help the shelter. When can you wash him?"

Foozil beamed. "We're getting our supplies this morning, but we can pick Sarge up at one o'clock, Mr. Martinez!"

"Good! Sarge and I will see you then."

"Thanks, Mr. Martinez!" Gibbins said.

"Gibbs! Our first customer!" Foozil exclaimed. "Let's finish getting these flyers out and get this business started!" The two friends went back to passing out their flyers.

On the other side of the fence, Marco was listening. A grin spread across his face, and he ran off.



Reflection questions

- E.G. used a budgeting rule to help her plan when she was starting her business. Do you know anyone who has a budgeting rule? Does it help them make decisions and save money?
- Jayquan recommended that Foozil and Gibbins open a bank or credit union account, with their parents' help. Do you think they should open an account? Why or why not?

Your turn

- Foozil and Gibbins borrow money from their parents to start their business. Have you borrowed something from a friend or family member before? What are some things you could do to be a responsible borrower?
- What do you think would be a good budgeting rule for yourself?



PING!
PING!
PING!

CHAPTER 5 COMPETITION AND COMPARISON SHOPPING

"Gibbs! We have more followers on YakGram!"

Gibbins was wet, tired, and up to his elbows in soapy shepherd. Foozil had stopped drying the little terrier in the plastic tub in her backyard and was looking at the social media site on her phone. Again.

Gibbins shook his head. "We have to finish these last two dogs soon, Foozil. Maybe you should do that later."

"Yeah, but this also could mean even more business later!"

"Our parents are checking the site, too. We won't miss anything."

"Yeah, but I want to know when things happen, Gibbs!"

Gibbins sighed. It's been three weeks since they started washing dogs and business was picking up. Word about the dog-washing business spread after students and teachers from their school started following them on YakGram, but Gibbs missed having his weekends free.

"There are so many other things I could be doing today," he thought, looking off into the distance. But when he looked down at the big dog in the kiddie pool in front of him, he remembered what they were working for. "We're saving awesome pets like you, Scout," he whispered to the dog as he rinsed out the shampoo.

"Foozil, can you hand me that towel? Foozil? Foozil!"

"Hmm? Oh, towel! Yes, sorry! Here you go." She slipped her phone into her pocket, tossed the towel to Gibbins, and went back to drying the terrier. "Once we get these dogs home, we need to go to the pet store to get more pet shampoo. But let's take a selfie with this little cutie Winston first so we can post –"

Gibbins looked down at his wet, dirty clothes and then back at his friend.

"... Or I could do that later," Foozil smiled. "We can drop off the dogs, get cleaned up, and then go to the pet store. Besides, I need to get home soon so I can finish my part of the science team project."

"Wait, wasn't that due last week?"

"Yeah, but I've been so busy with the pets. The other kids on the team know we're trying to save the shelter."

Gibbins frowned. "Are you sure they're OK that your part is late?"

"Sure, Gibbs! Nothing to worry about!"



An hour later, Foozil and Gibbins were clean, dry, fur-free, and walking to the pet store.

"Gibbins! Foozil! Wait up!"

It was their Money Monster friends Octa and Moony. Octa, who looked like a fish and could only breathe in water, rolled toward them in a mobile tank. Moony, a jellyfish-type creature, floated next to Octa.

"Where are you guys going?" Octa asked.

"The pet store," Gibbins said.

"Can we come, too?" Moony asked.

"Sure!" Foozil replied.

"Hey, congratulations on the dog-washing business!" Octa said.

"Yeah! We love dogs," Moony said. "But the apartment building where our families live doesn't allow us to have them."

"And because of my tank, I would need some help to have my own dog," Octa added.

"So we don't get to hang out with dogs as much as we want," Moony sighed.

"Hey, we've been meaning to ask you guys," Octa started as the friends continued toward the pet store. "Can we help with your dog-washing business? That would let us get to hang out with dogs more."

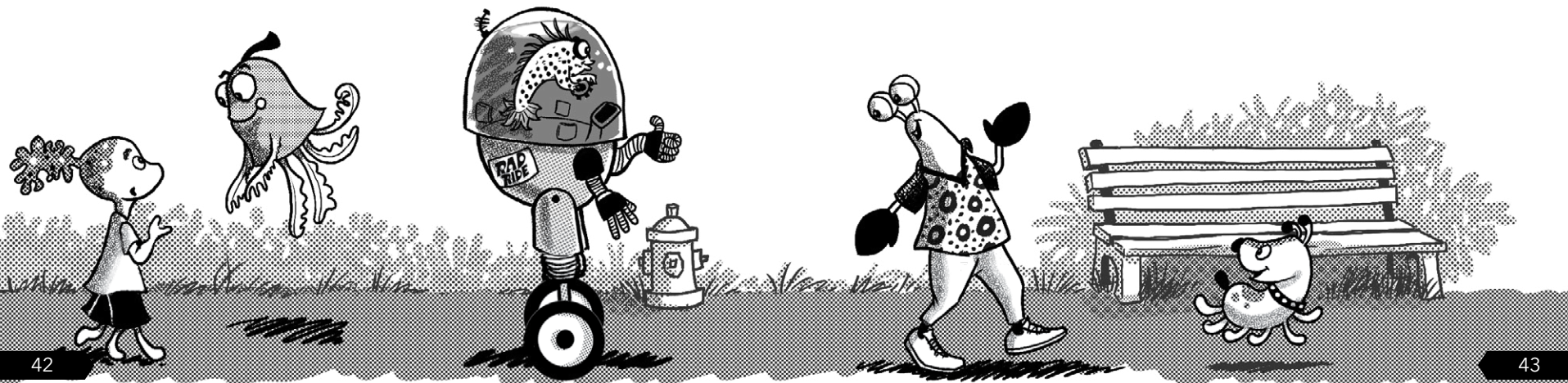
"Thanks, Octa, but I think we've got this right now," Foozil replied. "But we'll let you know if things change."

"Oh, OK," Octa said sadly.

"Maybe you can volunteer at the pet shelter," Foozil offered. "I bet they can use more help!"

"That's a great idea!" Octa brightened.

When the friends arrived at the pet store, Foozil and Gibbins saw the new sign in the window and gasped.



"The pet store is going to start a pet-washing station where people can wash their pets themselves!" Foozil exclaimed.

"What are we going to do?" Gibbins groaned. "If people from our neighborhood start coming here to wash their dogs, they won't need to hire us anymore. They might put us out of business!"

"We'll have to wash as many pets as possible before that happens."

"I don't think I can wash more pets than I already am! I've already given up playing soccer and video games on the weekends and now I'm worried about having enough time to study," Gibbins said, a panicked look on his face. He turned to Foozil and whispered, "I think we need to talk to E.G. about how to manage all of this."

"I think you're right," Foozil whispered back.



Later that day, Foozil and Gibbins had a video chat with E.G. to give her an update.

"It sounds like you're juggling a lot and learning a lot about how to run your business," E.G. said. "Right now, one thing you're learning about is something called opportunity costs."

Gibbins was puzzled. "Opportunity costs? Is that something else we need to add to our budget?"

"Not exactly. Opportunity costs are what you give up when you choose to buy or do one thing instead of another. We can't do everything we want or need to do at the same time. So when you spend time on your business, you have less time for other things, like your science team, studying, or playing with your friends."

"I knew I was going to have to give up some stuff, but I didn't know it was going to be this hard," Gibbins said.

"What kinds of opportunity costs have you had to figure out, E.G.?" Foozil asked.

"Well, building my company kept me so busy that I didn't have enough time to hang out with friends or do other things that are important to me. But you have to figure out what's most important and when, especially if you're an entrepreneur."

"But what if you have two things that are both really important at the same time?" Gibbins asked.

"Ah, another important lesson," E.G. smiled, "is learning when it's time to get some help. When you're an entrepreneur, it's easy to forget that you're not alone."

"Our friends Octa and Moony said they would help us," Gibbins offered. "But Octa is in a tank, and Moony flies and has tentacles, so I'm not sure."

"That's great that they want to help. Talk to them about what they think they would be best at doing," E.G. suggested.

"That's a great idea," Gibbins said.

"Is there anything else that you think would help us, E.G.?" Foozil asked.

"Yes, actually ..."



The next day at school, Foozil and Gibbins were eating lunch with Octa and Moony.

"How's the dog-washing business going?" Moony asked as he floated above the table.

"Well, if you're still interested, it looks like we can use your help after all – but," Foozil took a deep breath before she continued. "Well, we can't pay you. All of the money we make goes to the shelter."

"We'd love to help! What do you need?" asked Octa.

"We were hoping you could tell us what you think you'd be best at," Gibbins said.

"I can pull the wagon," said Octa.

"And I can help open doors and gates so that Octa can get the wagon in," said Moony.

"Sounds like we have a new transportation team!" said Foozil.

"This is great!" Gibbins said as he sighed in relief.



Later that night, Gibbins scratched his head. He was on a video call with Foozil, staring at the file she shared on the screen.

"I know this budget is different from the first one, Gibbs," Foozil said. "Remember E.G. said that when things change, your budget should change? This one has the changes we talked about with E.G., like charging more for each dog and –"

"It just feels like we haven't earned much for the shelter yet," Gibbins frowned.

"I know, but we had to start paying back our parents. Plus, I added an emergency fund in case something we don't expect happens, just like E.G. said we should. When you have a business, it's good to be ready if something doesn't go right."

"I just hope we can earn enough before the self-service station opens."

"Oh and I did something else E.G. suggested. I did some comparison shopping and look what I found!" Foozil held her phone up to the camera and showed Gibbins a large bottle of pet shampoo.

"Did you look at all of the options before you bought this one, like she said?" Gibbins asked.

"No, but this is the same size as the one we use and it's cheaper."

Save the Shelter Dog Washing Business Budget #2

Goal: Give the shelter \$1,000.

Amount we still need to earn $\$1000 - \$227.62 = \$772.62$

Price per dog: \$15

How many dogs do we need to wash before we can pay back the money we borrowed? 4

Supply costs

Start-up supplies	How many?	Cost	Total
Dog shampoo	10 bottles	5.19 for one bottle	51.19
Dog conditioner	10 bottles	5.19 for one bottle	51.19
			102.38

Loan costs

How much we borrowed	\$123
How much we've paid back	\$63
How much we still owe	\$60

Budget

Current earnings	\$430
Emergency fund	- \$40
Total	\$390
Supply costs	- 102.38
Total	287.62
Loan we need to pay back	\$60
Total	\$227.32

"I'm not sure about this, Foozil. Don't we need one that will work for pets with sensitive skin?"

"This will be fine and we'll save money."

"I don't know ..."

"Let's just try it and see."

"Gibbins?" his mother called. "It's getting late. You need to study for that math test."

"OK, Mom." He turned to Foozil. "I hope this works," he sighed.



Ping.

"Save the Shelter Dog Washing now serving our neighbors on Westview Street, starting today!
#HelloWestview #ForTheShelter #SayNoToDirtyDogs
#SorryWeDon'tWashGuanas"

"Well, well, well, look who's coming to Westview," Marco smirked as he looked at his phone.

It was Saturday and Jaden, and Scott were in Marco's spacious backyard, playing with his new high-end drones. "Guys, Gibbins and his little friend are going to pick up someone's dog on our street sometime today."

Jaden scoffed. "Washing dogs on a Saturday? Sounds booooring. I'd rather play video games."

"I've got a great idea for some fun," Marco said.
"We just have to find out whose dog they're going to wash and when. Then we can –"

"Well, hello, boys!"

The boys stood up straight and in unison replied,
"Hello, Mrs. Taylor!"

The elderly woman waved at the boys from her yard next door and clipped a leash to her little dog's collar.
"Some neighborhood kids are going to give my Egbert a bath today. They're picking him up in an hour and then they'll bring him back. It's so convenient! I think they're about your age – maybe you know them?"

"Why no, we don't, Mrs. Taylor," Marco smiled through his lie.

"They're using the money to help the animal shelter stay open. Isn't that just lovely?"

"Oh, yes, it sure is, Mrs. Taylor," Jaden nodded.

"Well, time for our walk, Egbert. You boys have a lovely day! Stay out of trouble!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Taylor! We will!" Marco called after her.

Once she was out of sight, he turned to his friends.
"Gentlemen," he grinned, "here's the plan."

Reflection questions

- Comparison shopping is when you look at similar products and compare their price and features. Foozil used comparison shopping to find a pet shampoo that cost less than the kind they were using before. What else she could have compared besides cost?

Your turn

- Let's say you want to buy a video game system. You can choose between two systems. What kinds of things would you compare to help you decide which one to buy?



CHAPTER 6 OPPORTUNITY COSTS CAN COST A LOT

Later that morning, Foozil and Gibbins emptied the kiddie pool and set out clean towels as they waited for Octa and Moony to bring the next pet on the schedule. The two friends were unusually quiet.

"I'm sorry you didn't do well on the math test, Gibbs," Foozil said finally.

"Yeah, my parents aren't happy with me right now. They won't let me keep working with the business if I don't get my grade up."

Foozil pulled out her phone and tapped on the screen. "Well, at least our customers are happy! Look, ten more likes!"

Gibbins smiled weakly.

Just then, a tall woman headed toward them, carrying a small dog who was scratching his sides.

"Hi, Ms. Romano," Foozil said, puzzled. "Is something wrong?"

"Hi, Foozil. Tyke started itching after you brought him back earlier this morning. He wasn't itching the last time you washed him. Did you change anything?"

Gibbins shot a look at Foozil. "Yes, we used a regular shampoo this time, for pets with normal skin," she said.

"One of the reasons I let you wash Tyke was because you told me you used the shampoo for dogs with sensitive skin. I've been treating his skin, but I can't bring him back to you if you don't use that shampoo."

"We're so sorry, Ms. Romano! We'll buy the other shampoo for Tyke," Foozil promised.

"Thank you, Foozil," Ms. Romano smiled as she left.

"Gibbs, we better get the old shampoo before the other dogs get here."

"But do we have money in the budget for that shampoo?" Gibbins asked.

"I put money in an emergency fund, remember?" said Foozil.

"Oh, right! It's a good thing you did because this is kind of an emergency."

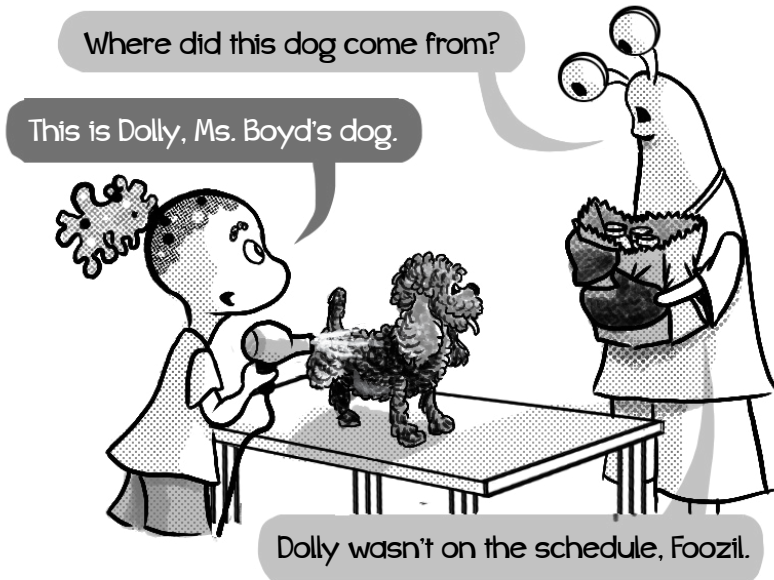
"You ride down there to get the shampoo. I'll stay here and start on Sarge when he shows up. He's the next dog on the schedule."



Gibbins put down the towels and headed for his bike. "I'm glad we don't have to change our budget again, but this is the longest day ever," he thought to himself. Gibbins was worried about how he would have time to get everything done. Actually, he was worried about a lot.



Foozil was blow-drying a dog when Gibbins returned about twenty minutes later. But it wasn't Sarge. It was a poodle with three legs.



"Ms. Boyd came by and said she heard about what a great job we do and that she wanted to help the shelter. So she just dropped Dolly off. I didn't know how to say no to her."

"We had a lot of pets today, Foozil. And we have a lot tomorrow. I really need to make sure I have enough time to study this weekend."

"I know, Gibbs. But I thought we could squeeze one more in."

"Yeah, but – " Foozil's phone rang. "Hi, Mrs. Taylor! How did you like – what?!" Foozil's mouth fell open. "No, Egbert was definitely clean when we sent him back. ... No, I don't know how he would have gotten muddy on your patio. ... No, this wasn't a prank, honest! ... Please, we'll pick him right away and wash him again. ... Thanks, Mrs. Taylor, we'll get there as soon as we can!"

Gibbins was wide-eyed. "What happened?"

"Somehow, Egbert got covered with mud after we sent him back to Mrs. Taylor!"

"What?! How?" Gibbins asked.

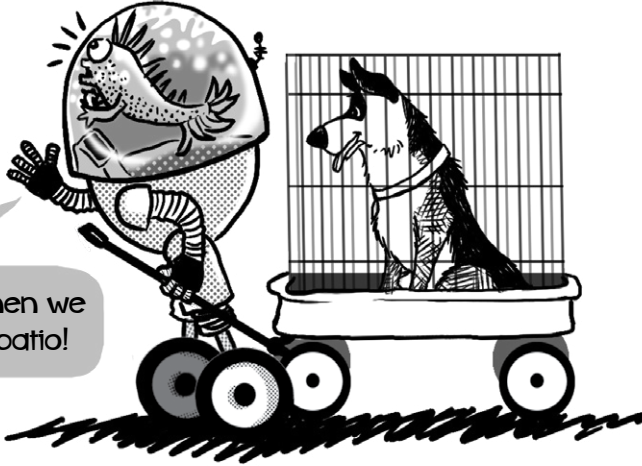
"I don't know!" Foozil cried. "Here's Octa and Moony. Let's ask them what happened."

Octa was pulling the wagon toward them, with Mr. Martinez's German shepherd Sarge in the crate. Moony floated above them.

Guys, Mrs. Taylor just called! She said Egbert was covered with mud!

Huh?!

He was clean when we left him on the patio!



"Can you go back and get him?" Foozil asked as Gibbins led Sarge out of the crate. "We'll have to wash him again."

"We're on it!" Octa and Moony took off.

Gibbins guided Sarge into the kiddie pool and started washing him, getting angrier and angrier.

"Hey, after I'm done with Dolly, I can – "

"You made decisions about the business without talking to me, Foozil!" Gibbins exploded. "Now we have too many dogs, and I won't have enough time to study!"

"Gibbs, I know you're upset, but I – "

"You didn't talk to me about the shampoo before you bought it, either!"

"You're right – "

"Never mind," Gibbins said as he bent down to wash Sarge.

"Gibbs, I was trying to tell you that I can wash Sarge and Egbert. Mrs. Boyd will be here any minute. After she picks up Dolly, why don't you go home so you have enough time to study?"

Gibbins looked down. "Thanks, Foozil," he said quietly. "I'm sorry I yelled at you."

"It's OK, Gibbs. It's been a rough day. Here's hoping things don't get any worse."

Foozil's phone rang. "What now?" She saw who was calling and relaxed. "Whew! It's my science team teacher."

Gibbins was relieved.

"Hi, Ms. Hurley! How are you?"

"Foozil, where are you? We've been waiting for an hour!"

"Oh, no! I completely forgot about the team meeting today!"

"Foozil, this is the third time you've – "

"I know, Ms. Hurley, but we had more dogs to wash and there was a problem with our pet shampoo so we had to get a different one and then another dog got muddy somehow so we have to wash him all over again but we're almost done and I can get there in –"

"Foozil, I understand you've been very busy with the dog-washing business, and I know it's for a good cause. But you've gotten too far behind. I'm afraid you'll have to leave the team for now."

"But Ms. Hurley, I, I can –"

"I'm sorry, Foozil. It wouldn't be fair to the other team members if you can't make the same time commitment. But please sign up again in the fall. You've done great work, and I'd love to have you back."

"OK, well, thanks, Ms. Hurley. I will."

"See you at school, Foozil."

"Bye, Ms. Hurley."



I just got kicked off the science team.

Foozil fought back tears.

I guess things just got **WORSE.**

Reflection questions

- Foozil and Gibbins set aside money in their budget for emergencies, which are unexpected expenses. Do you think that was a good idea? Why or why not?
- What are some unexpected expenses people might have?

Your turn

- Foozil washed Ms. Boyd's dog Dolly even though Dolly wasn't on the schedule. What would you have done and why?



CHAPTER 7 IT'S OK TO ASK FOR HELP

Sunday evening, after a long, dog-filled day, Gibbins sat in front of the laptop, resting his head on his arms. Foozil was slouched in her chair next to him, her hair drooping and damp. The laptop flickered and E.G. appeared on the screen. "Hey, I got your message. What's going – whoa, are you two OK?"

"E.G., things are just terrible!" Gibbins cried.

"We decided to wash more pets so we could make more money sooner," Foozil explained. "Things were fine for a while, but yesterday –"

"Everything went wrong!" Gibbins shook his head.

They told E.G. about the shampoo problem, the itchy dog, the mysteriously muddy dog, and the struggle to keep up with all the pets they had to wash.

"I'm so tired and I failed a math test and I miss playing games with friends and I ... ugh!" Gibbins moaned as he slumped in his seat.

Foozil looked down. "I'm tired, too. Plus, I got kicked off the science team for missing meetings and not finishing my work."

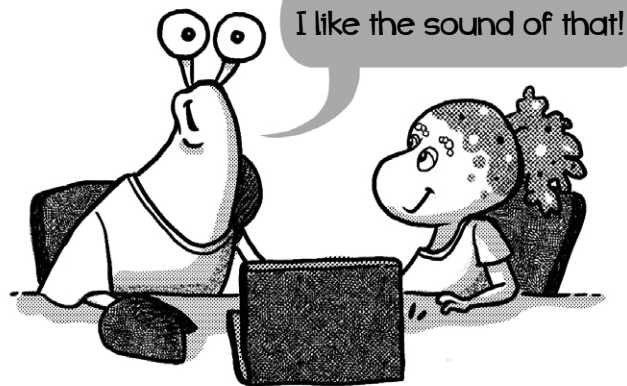
Gibbins's lip trembled as he sat up and looked at the screen. "E.G.," he said, his voice shaking, "I don't think we can do this."

E.G. gave them a soft, knowing smile and said, "Oh, Gibbins, Foozil, I understand! It's been really tough. Remember when we talked about opportunity costs?"

Foozil and Gibbins nodded.

"Just like with your budget, make sure those costs aren't too high. Failing a math test and getting kicked off your science team is not OK. And taking on more work than you can handle might mean that you won't take as much time as you need to with each dog you wash. It's important to find balance," E.G. stressed.

BALANCE



And remember what you're working for. Don't lose sight of your goal.



Foozil was quiet for a moment. "We have to keep going," she said, setting her jaw. "The shelter needs us. Our customers need us."

"Plus, we haven't finished paying our parents back," Gibbins added. "We need to be good borrowers."

"Exactly," E.G. said.



At school the next day, Foozil, Gibbins, Octa, and Moony huddled around a lunchroom table, looking over the new dog-washing schedule Gibbins made.

"I changed our schedule so that we have more balance," Gibbins said. "I was thinking that if you two could help Foozil and me wash the pets next weekend, we could finish them all, not get worn out, and have plenty of time for homework or just for fun."

"I could dry the pets if we have them stand on a table so I can reach them easier," Octa offered.

"And I could hold the hose up so you don't have to," Moony suggested.

"That sounds great, but now we need another way to pick up and drop off the pets," Gibbins said. "Can you help us think of ideas?"

The four friends were silent, deep in thought.

"Hey, guys, what's up?" Jayquan, once again with a handful of flyers from the school credit union, and another older teen boy walked up to the friends' table.

"Hi, Jayquan!" the four friends said in unison.

"This is my cousin Rahim. He's helping me get the word out about the credit union."

"Nice to meet you," Rahim smiled. "I heard about your business. I love animals, and I think it's really cool that you're helping the shelter!"

"Thanks!" Foozil beamed. "We're actually trying to solve a business problem right now."

"Yeah, Octa and Moony were bringing the pets to us and taking them back, but now we're so busy, we need them to help wash the pets," Gibbins said. "So we're trying to figure out what to do."

"Hmm," Rahim mused. "Sounds like you guys could use a driver. My SUV is small, but I'm sure I can fit two dog crates in the back."

"That would be awesome!" Gibbins cried. "Yeah, it would be," Foozil said sadly, "but we can't pay you, Rahim."

"No worries, I can do it for free until summer. Plus, volunteering to help save an animal shelter will look good on my college applications. I can talk to my parents about donating the gas, too; it shouldn't take much."

Foozil's eyes widened. "Wow, really?!"

"Absolutely!" Rahim nodded. "I'd love to help. I'll check with my parents to make sure this is OK. You should, too. If everything works out, I can start helping this weekend."

"Thanks, Rahim!" Gibbins said.

Rahim and Jayquan turned to leave. "Congratulations, guys!" Jayquan smiled. "You're taking your business to the next level!"

"Bye, Jayquan! Bye, Rahim!" the four friends said.

Foozil looked at Gibbins. "Now, just one more problem to solve, right, Gibbs?"

Gibbins hung his head.

"What's wrong?" Octa asked.

"Because I spent so much time on the business, I'm not doing well in math," Gibbins said quietly.



"I, I could really use some help." Gibbins turned to Moony. "I know you're really good at math, Moony. Could you help me study this week?"

Moony brightened. "I'd be happy to, Gibbins!"

Gibbins sighed with relief. "Oh, thanks, Moony! I felt bad asking after everything you're doing for the dog-washing business, but I really appreciate it."

Foozil smiled. "So we have help washing the pets, a faster way to get the pets, and math help, too! Looks like we're all set!"



Foozil's phone chimed as she and Gibbins started home from school that afternoon. She looked at the text and frowned. "That's the fourth new customer to cancel today."

"Did they say why?" Gibbins asked. Foozil shook her head.

Gibbins's phone rang. "Hi, Moony!"

"You two need to check YakGram right away!" Moony said.

Gibbins opened the YakGram app and his face fell. He showed the screen to Foozil. "I guess this is why we're getting all those cancellations."

On Save the Shelter Dog Washing's YakGram feed was a picture of Mrs. Taylor's dog Egbert, covered with mud, with the hashtags: #SaveTheShelterDogWashing #YouCallThisClean? #YouHadOneJob.

Foozil was stunned. "Look who posted the message," Gibbins muttered.

"24 Karat Snark," she groaned. "Marco."



"Those lovely children got you nice and clean last weekend, didn't they, Egbert?" Mrs. Taylor said, rubbing behind her dog's ears while they sat on her patio. She looked around and frowned. "I still haven't figured out how in the world you got all muddy that day. Those children seemed too nice to play a prank like that."

She clapped her hand on her forehead. "Silly me, I forgot about that security camera I had installed in the backyard last month!"

"Come on, Egbert! Let's see if this little mystery was caught on camera!" She went inside, with Egbert scampering behind her.

An hour later, Mrs. Taylor was knocking on her next-door neighbor's door. A woman answered and smiled.

"Mrs. Taylor! How are you doing? How's Egbert?"

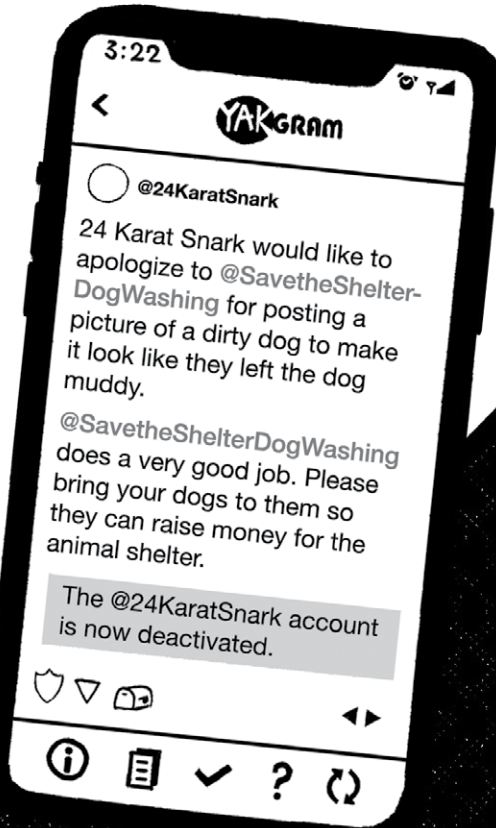
"My dear, I'm afraid we need to talk. About your son, Marco."

"Hey, Mom," a voice called from behind the woman. "Have you seen my –" Marco saw Mrs. Taylor and his mother and froze, mouth open.



Thirty minutes later ...

PING.

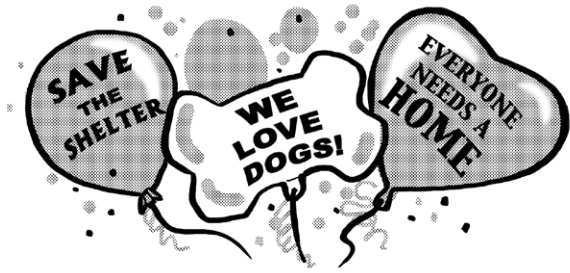


Reflection questions

- Foozil and Gibbins learned that opportunity costs are what we give up when we choose to buy or do one thing instead of another. What are some things Foozil and Gibbins gave up so they could work on the business?
- What are some things you've had to give up so you could do or buy something else?

Your turn

- Foozil and Gibbins asked Octa and Moony for more help with the business. Gibbins asked Moony for help with math. Do you think it's hard to ask someone for help? Why or why not?



CHAPTER 8 A FESTIVAL IN THE PARK

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon. After weeks of hard work, ups and downs, and the occasional grumpy Chihuahua, the day finally had arrived.

Foozil and Oodle were at Gibbins's front door. "This is it, Gibbs!" Foozil said. "Let's get to the fundraiser and show Ms. Garcia how much we raised."

"I sure hope we have enough money to save the shelter, but it's the best we could do before that pet-washing station opens," Gibbins said as he, Foozil, and Oodle headed out to meet up with Octa and Moony at the shelter.

"Plus you had to pay your parents back," Oodle said.

"Yeah, they were really proud of us for being such good borrowers," said Gibbins.

"Hey, congratulations on getting a B+ on the math test, Gibbins!" Foozil said.

Gibbins smiled. "Moony was a great study partner. Thanks for talking me into asking him for help."

"That's what friends do, Gibbs. It's like E.G. said. You don't always have to do hard things alone."

As the shelter came into view, the two friends saw that its entrance was covered with balloons and streamers. The park next to the shelter looked like a festival, with food stands, carnival games, a stage, and crowds of adults, teens, and kids. Many people had their dogs with them and gathered near a stand selling homemade doggie treats.

"Wow, the fundraiser is a festival, This is so cool!" Foozil exclaimed. "With doggie treats!" Oodle cried, wagging his tail.

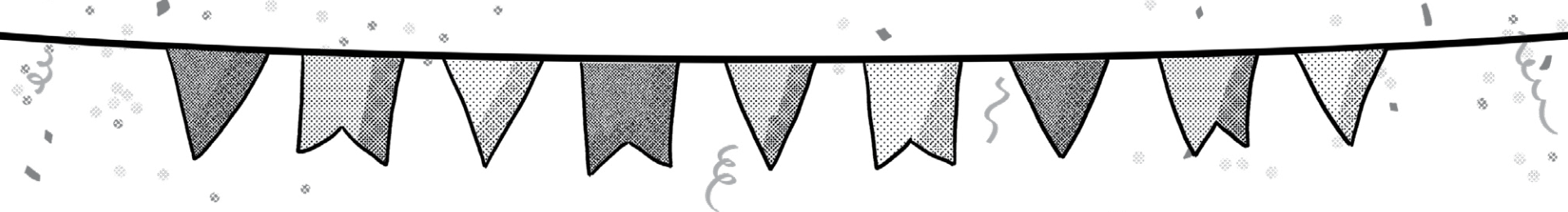
"Hi, Foozil! Hi, Gibbins!" Moony called.

"Look, it's Oodle!" Octa said. "Can he hang out with us?"

"Sure!" Foozil handed Octa Oodle's leash. "We can catch up with you after we find Ms. Garcia."

"It's treat time!" Oodle cried, as he, Octa, and Moony headed for the doggie treat stand.





"Gibbins! Foozil! I was looking for you!"

The two friends turned and saw Val Garcia, who ran the shelter, approaching them.

"Guess what? We raised \$1,000 for the shelter!" Foozil beamed, showing Val the payment app balance on her phone. "Do you think it's enough, Ms. Garcia?" Gibbins asked, worried. "We really don't want the shelter to close!"

Val smiled. "Gibbins, Foozil, you have no idea what a difference you two have made. Let me introduce you to someone."

She walked over to a tall man with a friendly face. "Mr. Hernandez, this is Gibbins and Foozil, the two entrepreneurs you heard about. Gibbins and Foozil, Mr. Hernandez owns the pet store in town."

"Ah, so you're the kids who put me out of the pet-washing business!" Mr. Hernandez laughed.

"How did we do that?" Gibbins asked.

"I was planning to open a self-service pet-washing station at my pet store when I heard you kids were washing pets to raise money for the shelter," Mr. Hernandez said. "I didn't know the shelter was struggling. After I talked with Val, I changed my mind about the pet-washing station. Instead, I decided to donate money to help the shelter buy its own

pet-washing equipment so it can have a way to make money."

"This new way to earn money will help us cover unexpected expenses in the future," Val said.

"We know all about unexpected expenses!" Foozil said.

"We definitely had some of those in our business," Gibbins agreed.

"Yes, it helps to have an emergency fund for that," Val said. "Another thing that helps is that a lot of your customers donated money directly to the shelter. If things go well at today's fundraiser, we'll be able to buy the equipment and renovate a space for the pet-washing station – plus stay open for at least a year!"

Gibbins and Foozil were speechless. "So I'd say you two helped the shelter a lot!" Mr. Hernandez grinned.

Val smiled. "Come on, you two. There's more!" She led the friends onto the stage and picked up the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming to our fundraiser! As many of you know, these two extraordinary young people started a dog-washing business to raise money for the shelter. Their efforts inspired an amazing amount of generosity from our friends and neighbors. Let's hear it for Gibbins and

Foozil!" The crowd clapped and whistled. Foozil put both hands over her mouth and Gibbins blushed.

"Ms. Garcia, can I say something?" Foozil asked. Val handed her the microphone. "Gibbins and I want to thank our friends, Octa, Moony, and Rahim. We couldn't have done it without them!" Octa and Moony beamed as the crowd applauded again.

As they stepped off the stage, Foozil and Gibbins were close to tears. "Oh, Ms. Garcia, we were so worried the shelter would close and the animals wouldn't have anywhere to go!" Foozil cried. Val frowned and turned to look at them. "Listen, I really, really appreciate what you did. And I'm sorry you felt that saving the shelter was your responsibility," she said. "But you need to understand that it wasn't. It was up to all of us, working together. You don't have to do something this big alone."

The two friends looked as if a weight had been lifted off their shoulders. "Thanks, Ms. Garcia," Foozil said. "We're learning that it's important to get help sometimes, especially when you're an entrepreneur."

Val smiled faintly and looked away. "It sure is." She shook her head as if to dismiss a

thought. "Anyway, I have another surprise for you in the shelter."

Val, Foozil, and Gibbins walked away, unaware that a woman, wearing a large black hat and dark glasses that almost covered her face, had been listening.



Reflection questions

- People often choose to help with a “cause,” which is something (such as an organization, belief, idea, or goal) that people support. What are some ways people can support a cause?
- To persevere means to continue doing something or trying to do something even though it is difficult. Foozil and Gibbins faced a lot of challenges while running their business. Do you think it’s important to persevere when you have a business? Why or why not?

Your turn

- What kinds of causes do you think are important and why?
- If you had a friend who was struggling to reach their goal, what would you say to help your friend?



CHAPTER 9 MEET CHAMP!

His coat was clean, full, and shiny. Foozil and Gibbins almost didn’t recognize him. He jumped up and down in his crate, showing no sign of a limp. His eyes were bright, and his tail wagged furiously. And this time, he was wearing a collar with a tag. He barked happily at Gibbins.

Gibbins’s mouth fell open. “Ms. Garcia, is this – ?”

“Yes, it’s that poor dog you and Foozil found. And the best part? He was adopted! He’s going home with his family today!”

“Oh, that’s great!” Gibbins exclaimed. “Can I pet him before he goes to his new home?”

Val pointed behind them. “Ask his owner.”

Foozil and Gibbins turned around. “Marco?!” they said in unison.

Marco looked at his shoes. “Um, hi, Gibbins. Hi, Foozil,” he said quietly. “Thanks, uh, for rescuing Champ. Well, I mean, he wasn’t Champ when you found him, but that’s what we – you know what I mean. You can pet him if you want to.”

Val opened the crate, and Champ leapt out and began licking Gibbins's face. Gibbins knelt and hugged the dog. "It's good to see you again, Champ!"

Marco began petting the dog. "Gibbins, I, um, I'm really sorry for the stuff I did to you. I was a jerk."

"Thanks, Marco, that means a lot," Gibbins said. "We got our customers back right after you posted that apology."

"It's really awesome how you two helped save the shelter. If you hadn't done that, I wouldn't have met Champ. He's a really good friend."

"Marco is actually one of our best volunteers," Val smiled.

"You're a volunteer?" Foozil was puzzled. "I didn't think that was your thing."

"I know, right?" Marco replied. "We all were grounded and lost our phones for a month because of what we did to you two. On top of that, my parents made me volunteer here to make up for what I did. I hated it at first. But then I met Champ. And I started to see how much help the animals needed and how hard Ms. Garcia works to find them homes. So I didn't mind it so much anymore. It feels kind of good to do some good, you know?"

"It sure does!" Gibbins nodded.



"It's funny, I was saving up for this new leather jacket. You know me, I always want to look cool," Marco rolled his eyes. "But I didn't really need the jacket. So I decided to give money to the shelter instead. The animals need it more than I do."

"Yeah, I'm learning to use my money for things that are really important to me and not for things that are important to someone else."

"That makes sense." His phone chimed. "I bet that's my mom," he said as he clipped a leash to Champ's collar. "I'd better go." He looked at Gibbins. "Hey, maybe you could hang out with me and Champ sometime. I mean, he's your friend, too."

"Yeah, that would be great!" Gibbins smiled.

"Cool!" Marco smiled back. "See you later, Gibbins."



Gibbins helped Val put Champ's old crate up on a shelf, and the three of them headed for the shelter's front door. "I don't know which was the biggest surprise, Champ or Marco!" Gibbins said. They all laughed.

A small pink envelope on the counter caught Val's eye. "Hmm, this wasn't here when we came in," she said, puzzled. She opened it, looked inside, and clapped her hand over her mouth.

"Ms. Garcia, is everything OK?" Gibbins asked.

"Yes, yes, it's fine, it's fine. You guys go on ahead. I'll catch up with you."

Foozil and Gibbins eyed Val for a moment. "Um, OK, we'll see you later," Foozil said.

Once the two friends were gone, Val took the note out and started reading. Her eyes filled with tears. About a minute later, she dashed outside, clutching the note and scanning the crowd.

The woman with the large black hat and dark glasses was making her way through the crowd toward Val. As she got closer, Val peered at her. "Elena?" she whispered. Moments later, the woman stood in front of Val. "Elena?" The woman took off her glasses.

"Elena!"

"Val!"

The two women hugged each other tightly.

"Little sister, it's so good to see you! I missed you!"

"Big sister, I missed you, too!"

"What are you doing in town? Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"I wanted to surprise you. But I had to wait to make sure everything was in place first."

"What do you mean?"

E.G. smiled. "Val, you were there when I was getting started. You were there when I wanted to give up. You helped me achieve my dream. Well, now it's time for you to achieve yours."

Val looked at E.G., puzzled.

"My company just signed a multimillion-dollar deal. So I'm donating enough money for the renovations for the pet-washing station and for you to hire some help so you can get a break!"

Val stared at E.G., her eyes filling with tears. "Oh, Elena, I've had to work so much that I haven't had time for anything else! I've wanted to hire someone for years! Thank you so much!" The sisters hugged each other again.

Val wiped her eyes and took her sister's hand. "I need to introduce you to the kids who started a business to help the shelter. They'd love to meet a successful businessperson like you!"

"Actually Val, I've – "

"Foozil, Gibbins! Over here!"

"Ms. Garcia, is everything – " Foozil's eyes widened. "E.G.?! " Gibbins stared, speechless.

"You know each other?!" Val asked.

E.G. smiled sheepishly. "Um, yeah, we met at the entrepreneur contest at their school a while back."

"You were in town before today?!"

"Yeah, I wanted to check on the shelter without telling you. So I snuck into town one day to see how things were going. I heard about the contest at our old school. I thought it would be interesting to see what kid entrepreneurs are doing, so I stopped by. When I heard Foozil and Gibbins talk about the shelter, I thought I'd help them, too."

So you helped them help me. Thank you, Elena.
And thank you again, Foozil and Gibbins.

What for, Ms. Garcia?

Val looked at E.G. and
squeezed her hand.

For helping my
sister give me the best
surprise ever.



Reflection questions

- Marco was saving for a leather jacket, which was something he wanted but didn't need. Instead, he decided to donate the money to the shelter. Do you think that was a good idea? Why or why not?
- Marco had set a savings goal so he could buy the jacket, even though he changed his mind. Why is it important to have a savings goal?

Your turn

- What's one thing you'd like to save money for?



CHAPTER 10 A NEW GOAL

Foozil, Gibbins, and Oodle sat on Foozil's porch, enjoying the first Sunday they weren't working in a long time. The two friends were wearing the "Pet Hero" T-shirts Val gave them at the fundraiser.

Foozil handed Gibbins a homemade card. "Here's the thank-you card I made for E.G.," she said. "Do you want to add a note in it before I drop it off at the shelter so Ms. Garcia can give it to her?"

"I sure will!" Gibbins replied. "She was so nice. We couldn't have done this without her help."

"We sure couldn't!" Foozil nodded. "And we couldn't have done it without our parents, either!" Then she paused, leaning back on her elbows. "Gibbs, I'm glad we could help the shelter, but I do NOT want to wash another pet again!"

"Works for me! I hate baths," Oodle said.

Foozil and Gibbins laughed. "You'd be one smelly puppy, Oodle!" Gibbins smiled.

"I think I still like the idea of having my own business, though," Foozil mused.

"But you'd just need to do something that lets you do other stuff, like homework and hanging out with friends."

"Plus, I'll want to still have time to volunteer at the shelter."

"Me, too," Gibbins nodded.

"What about dog walking?" Oodle offered.

"Yes!" Foozil exclaimed. "I walked dogs sometimes when I was a kid. That's not as hard as dog washing. I could do that again."

"Just make sure you put your money in a safe place!" Gibbins grinned.

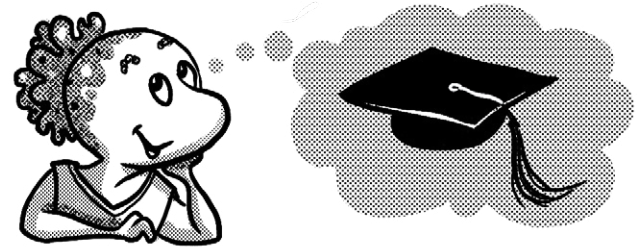
Foozil rolled her eyes. "You're never going to let me forget that, are you?"

"Nope!"

"Well, smart guy, I already have that figured out. I'll get my own savings account at the credit union at school and keep it there!"

"Jayquan would be happy."

"I could come up with a new savings goal. Maybe saving for a new telescope. Or even college!"



"E.G. taught us a lot about making a budget. Maybe you could make one, too."

"Yeah, I'll need one once I start earning money. Good thing we had a lot of practice with budgets because of our business!" Foozil paused and looked at her friend. "What about you, Gibbs?"

He looked down. "Well, I really like the dog walking idea because I like being outside and I like dogs. But that's YOUR idea. You don't need two people for dog walking."

"Gibbs! I won't be able to do that all the time! We could be partners!"

Gibbins brightened. "We could! But this time we need to make sure we have balance."

"For sure," Foozil said. "This time, we'll earn money for ourselves and make sure we don't take on too much work."

"And I'll make sure I still have plenty of time to study, have fun with my friends, and help out at the shelter," Gibbs added.

Foozil's mind began churning.

"Yeah! We can tell our customers that we're in the dog walking business now. We can talk to E.G. to help figure out how much to charge. We can do another mind map to help us figure out what makes us different from other dog walkers ... hmm, maybe we can be dog walkers who also play with the pets or teach them tricks ... I mean, we could work with cats, too ... maybe a cat that thinks it's a dog ..."



Gibbins shook his head and smiled.
"Here we go again."

But with all that they learned, this time,
he wasn't worried.

Wrap-up questions

- Foozil and Gibbins were excited about starting a business to make money for the animal shelter. What are some things they should have thought about before they presented their idea at the competition?
- What is one thing you were surprised that Foozil and Gibbins had to do to run their business?
- Gibbins was worried about having enough time to run the business and still be able to do his schoolwork and things he enjoys. What could Gibbins have done to reduce his opportunity costs?
- What are some things you're good at that you could do to earn money?



Key vocabulary

Budget: A plan that outlines what money you expect to earn or receive (your income) and how you will save it or spend it (your expenses) for a given period of time; also called a spending plan.

Business: The activity of making, buying, or selling goods or providing services in exchange for money.

Business income: The money a business receives for selling its goods and services is its income.

Comparison shopping: The practice of comparing prices, features, benefits, risks, and other characteristics of two or more similar products or services.

Entrepreneur: Someone who organizes, manages, and assumes the risks of a business or enterprise.

Opportunity cost: The cost of the next best use of your money or time when you choose to buy or do one thing rather than another.

Profit: Money that is made in a business after all the costs and expenses are paid.

Savings: Money you have set aside in a secure place, such as in a bank account, that you can use for future emergencies or to make specific purchases.

Savings goal: The amount of money you plan to put aside for a specific purpose.

Notes

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Meet the Money Monsters

The Consumer Financial Protection Bureau (CFPB) created the Money Monsters story series to help young people develop financial literacy skills. The stories focus on important money concepts like borrowing, earning, protecting, saving, and spending.

Explore all of the Money Monster books at www.consumerfinance.gov/money-monsters-stories

The Money Monster stories are part of a larger set of resources you can find at www.consumerfinance.gov/youth-financial-education

