

Once in a village called Homar there lived a girl named Grace Start, and lived with her brother, Garrett Start, and her two parents, David and Cynthia Start. With their cat, Marble.

One day her father said "We need a vacation". Her mother added "We should all have to work for it, to get the money". "Let's collect the money, and put it in this box". She said. She held up a Nike shoe box.

The next day Grace went next door to her neighbor Mr. Howeir. He was very good friends with the Starts. He was 63 years old, and he was very nice. He came over for dinner often. "Come in". he said. "You can clean the living room." "Please". His dog, Hermes gave her a big lick. He was a yellow lab. "Right this way." Mr. Howeir said. He led her into a big room with glass windows, and a table with things everywhere.

Grace looked around the room. She thought she should start by cleaning off the table.

She took the books that were on the table and put them on the shelf, and arranged them in alphabetical order. She put the drinks in the sink, and the one that Mr. Howeir was still drinking, on a coaster. Next, she worked on the floor. She picked up the remains of the toys Hermes had chewed up, and the newspaper Mr. Howeir had been reading. Then she vacuumed up the hair Hermes had shed. Then she worked on the couch and chairs.

She puffed the pillows, and took the blankets that were on the ground, and folded them. She wiped the table, and at the end of a hour and a half, the living room was looking pretty good. "Thank you so much!" said Mr. Howeir. "And you are only ten!" He gave her fifteen dollars. "Just a little tip" he said. Grace smiled. "Thank you" she said as she walked out the door. "Come back soon!" Mr. Howeir yelled as he waved good bye. When she got home, she put the money in the box.

Garrett sat on the couch thinking of what he could do to help raise money. "After all, I *am* only five" he thought. Then he got an idea. He got his dad to carry out a table into the front yard. He got a table cloth too. He found a pitcher, and his mom walked him next door to Mr. Howier's house.

"Can I pick a few lemons?" he asked. "Be my guest". Mr. Howeir said. "But I am your guest." Garrett said. Hermes licked him and his mom. Garrett laughed. His mom giggled.

"You can pick an extra lemon, If I can treat you to drinks" he said petting Hermes. Then Hermes gave him a lick. Garrett looked at his mom with small, sad brown eyes, his mom calls it the Puss and Boots look from Shrek. His mom nodded. Garrett smiled. While the adults went inside, Garrett walked to the lemon tree.

Mr. Howeir had the best backyard in the world! That's why the kids love to come

over so much all the time. It was the size of a football field, with a swimming pool and a tennis court, which nobody used. It had a lot of trees and plants which made it feel like the middle of nowhere, and once they even saw a rabbit hop through the bushes. Now whenever the kids come over they bring a carrot.

There is flowers all around. When Grace was little she called it the magical wonderland.

Garrett walked over to the lemon trees and picked seven lemons. Then he walked inside and pulled on his mothers sleeve. "Let's go." He whispered. "I got to go," his mother said. "We will visit soon, though." "Bye!" Garrett called. When they got home, Garrett made lemonade.

Garrett loved to open the top of the juicer, then pull it down again. Grace had to cut them in half, though. Then Garrett took a chair and put it outside, then he went back inside and made a label out of green construction paper. He wrote "Money" on it with a red marker. Then he taped it to an old pickle jar and threw the pickles into the sink.

He got out a piece of cardboard and wrote "Lemonade for Sale! Only 50¢ a cup!" He got the pitcher of lemonade and then went outside and put the jar, pitcher, and sign on the table. His mother saw him alone out there, and called Grace to go outside with him. "Okay" Grace said. She got an extra chair and went outside.

"I'm working the money" she said. "Okay" said Garrett. "But I get to give them their lemonade". "Fine" said Grace, "But I have to help you pour." "Deal." said Garrett. They shook hands. Then they waited.

Once their parents came outside and asked if they could get two cups, but Garrett and Grace said no, because they would be taking money from there family, and they wanted to make more money for their family.

Mr. Howeir then came into sight. About once a day he goes on a walk. He says it helps his muscles because he's getting old. He stopped by the lemonade stand. "Can I have a cup of lemonade please?" Mr. Howeir asked. Garrett nodded. "Yes." He said. Grace held on to the bottom of the pitcher while Garrett poured. Mr. Howeir gave Grace a dollar. "Would you like a tip?" Garrett asked. "I want donate for your hard work." He said. "Thanks!" Garrett and Grace said.

Garrett took the money from Grace and put it in the jar. Then their neighbors from across the street came. There was a little girl that was three, and a little boy that was six months old. They were with their nanny. The nanny bought one for the little girl. "Yay!" she said.

Three houses down, there was a house under construction. The workers were very thirsty. They walked up to the stand. "Five cups please." Said one of the workers. Garrett and Grace high-fived. Garrett read the man's name tag. It said Sam. "Sure,

Sam.” Said Garrett. He poured five cups.

By the end of the day they had earned four dollars.

Garret dropped the money into the box.

Cynthia writes books, and she said that the money she made in the book event she went to, she would put towards the vacation. The next day, she went to the book event, and brought her kids.

She’s a very good cook. The book she had written was a cookbook. It was all about desserts.

The place where the book reading was held was a cooking store. Not ingredients, but things to cook with.

While the kids looked around, Cynthia started talking to people.

When it was time for the reading, Cynthia sat down in the highest chair. Facing her were five rows of chairs. The people there took a seat. She began the reading. ”Yay, that’s our mom!” Grace and Garrett cheered.

”Oh, those are such sweet kids.” Grace and Garrett heard. They quickly became quiet. Their mom started reading the authors page. ”I, Cynthia May Start, grew up in Boston, Massachusetts. I lived with my father and mother, Ted and Laurie May. I had two brothers, Todd and William. One was older, and one was younger. I am the middle child. Now, I live in Homar, with my husband, David Start, and two kids. My daughter, Grace, and my son, Garrett. And my cat Marble.” Grace and Garrett smiled really big, and everyone was clapping.

She started to talk about the book. ”It’s all about desserts, there’s sections about cakes, muffins, donuts, cupcakes, and brownies.” There is a recipe of chocolate, vanilla, strawberry...” She read on and on.

When the reading was over, they piled into the car. They had sold thirty copies of the book. They had earned a lot of money. Cynthia put the money in the box.

Their dad worked at an office, he edited scripts of movies, and TV shows. He got a new show called “The Kinbezal family.” It was about two girls and two boys, two parents, and two dogs. It was a comedy.

Their father started coming home at seven, then eight, then nine, and then ten! And when he got home, he was always tired. Then one day, he got home at five! ”I finished the show!” he said, and put it into the player.

Grace and Garrett loved it. The family had two dogs, that were always there in

random times, and the family kept tripping over the dogs, and then when the people were on the ground, the dogs started barking, and then licking them. When it was over, their dad said “ I made a lot of money doing that too!” He put the money into the box.

And guess what? They had a great time in Hawaii.

THE END!