

# Maddy and Mia's Party Business

Story by Pamela Rushby

Illustrations by Rebecca Willoway



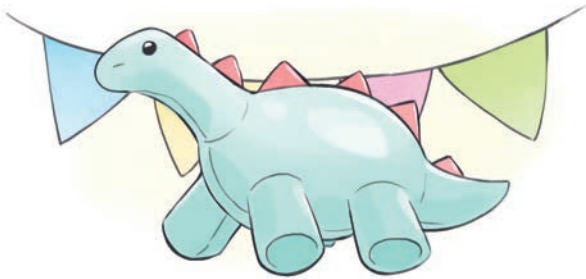
PM

# Contents

|           |                                           |    |
|-----------|-------------------------------------------|----|
| Chapter 1 | We Need a Business Idea                   | 4  |
| Chapter 2 | A Plan for a Party                        | 11 |
| Chapter 3 | Daisy and Jake's<br><i>Roarsome</i> Party | 18 |
| Chapter 4 | Our First Party Booking                   | 24 |
| Chapter 5 | Everything Is Not All Right!              | 29 |
| Chapter 6 | A Huge Success                            | 36 |
| Chapter 7 | Awesome Parties!                          | 42 |

## Chapter 1

# We Need a Business Idea



I was wearing a one-piece dinosaur outfit. It was bright green, with a tail. I had three five-year-old kids hanging off me, clinging closer than koalas, and they were all laughing and squealing and shrieking their heads off. (At least they're having a good time, I thought.) And I was doing all this in a park, in public, right in front of a group of the coolest kids in school. What was I doing there?

That's a good question – a very good question. It all started with two things: Mr Lee's latest assignment for us at school, and my little sister and brother Daisy and Jake's fifth birthday party.



Every year, Mr Lee's class raises money to help support an animal shelter in our neighbourhood. This year, he had a new idea for how we could do it. We were all happy to help – especially my best friend, Mia, and me. We love animals!

Mr Lee explained. "I want you to work in groups and think of a small business that you could set up to raise some money for the shelter. And I want you to make a business plan."

"What's a business plan, Mr Lee?" I asked.

"Good question, Maddy," said Mr Lee. "A business plan shows how a business will make a profit. All businesses must try to make a profit."

He continued, "Say you decide to sell lemonade at a stall. Your profit is the amount of money you make from selling the lemonade, after subtracting the cost of buying the ingredients and advertising the stall." Mr Lee went on, "So, once you've thought of an idea for a business, you will need to plan how you will advertise it and think about any set-up costs, in order to make a profit."

We all nodded. "Let's work together!" Mia said to me. "We could do something like dog walking, or gardening."

"Or putting the bins out on rubbish collection days for people who can't manage it?" I suggested.





The other kids in the class started organising themselves into groups, too. But then Mr Lee walked up to our table. He had the new boy, Ned, with him. Ned hadn't been at our school for very long.

"You're the smallest group," Mr Lee said to Mia and me. "And Ned doesn't have a group, so I'd like him to work with the two of you."

Mia and I looked at each other. We'd rather have worked by ourselves, but Ned needed a group, so we smiled at him and made room at our table.

"Now, start to think of the kind of business you might run," said Mr Lee to the class. "You have a week to come up with an idea."

Mia and I told Ned about the ideas we'd had.

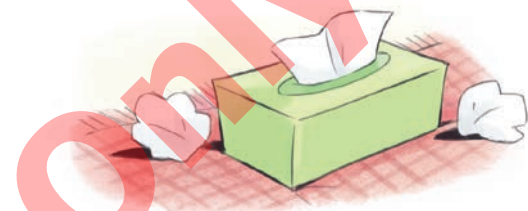
Ned had some ideas, too.

"We could wash cars," he suggested. They were all good ideas, but we could hear that other groups had already chosen most of them. Mia, Ned and I agreed to think of some more ideas over the weekend and talk about them next week.

I walked home, thinking all the way about small business ideas. But when I got home, I forgot all about them at once – because Mum wasn't feeling well.

## Chapter 2

# A Plan for a Party



We all sat on the end of Mum's bed: Daisy, Jake and me – but not too close, because we were pretty sure Mum was contagious. Her eyes were red-rimmed and watery. Her nose was red and swollen, too. Her voice sounded as if she was trying to talk from underwater. Her face screwed up and we could see she was trying to tell us something. We leant in closer. What was she trying to say? Was it something really important?

"Maddy, pass me the tissues!"

I passed them.

"Ahh – ahh – ahh – CHOO!"

Mum certainly had a case of the flu, in the worst way. I could see she was feeling terrible. But it wasn't just the flu that was making Mum feel terrible. It was what she had to tell my almost-five-years-old sister and brother.