

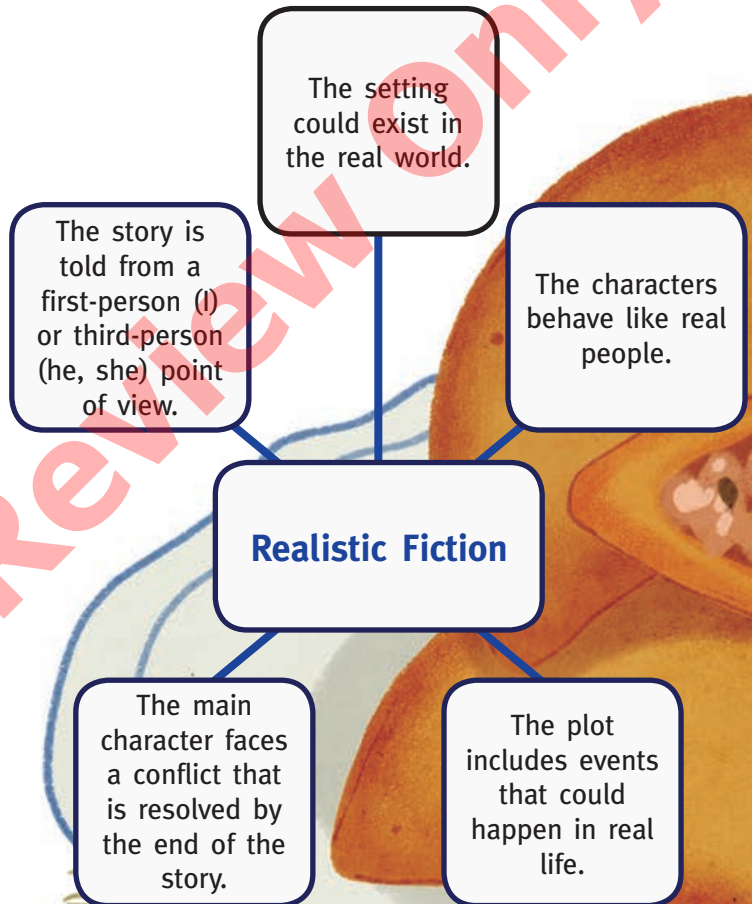
A Recipe for Success

by Juan Campos • illustrated
by Beatriz Castro



Realistic Fiction

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Tito's Tasty Assignment

“All right, everyone,” Ms. Park said. “We’ve been learning about small **businesses**. Our next project is for you to come up with your own small **business** ideas.” The children perked up to listen.

“Work together on a plan. You can make something to sell. Maybe you can **provide** a **service** to make money. Be creative! Think about all the things a new business needs. We’ll talk about the details next week. Good luck!”

Tito Alvarez swung around to his two best friends, Emilio and Sara. Right away he thought of his family's dream of owning a food truck.

“Want to be partners for the project?” he asked.

“Yes!” replied Emilio.

“Definitely,” said Sara. “This is going to be one of the most exciting projects we’ve done all year. We get to plan our own business!”

Tito and his friends discussed their plans on the bus ride home. He waited and listened to some ideas before suggesting his own.

“Let’s make bracelets,” said Sara, showing her own beaded bracelet. “We can get the supplies at the craft warehouse downtown.”

Emilio wrinkled his nose. “How about hats?”

“Listen, guys,” said Tito. “Both ideas are fine, but what if we cooked something? My grandma’s empanadas are the perfect thing to make. My whole family always thought we should open a business that sells them. You should come over to my house and try them.”

“All right!” they agreed.

“Abuelita, I’m home!” said Tito as they all entered the house. “And I brought some friends with me.”

Sara and Emilio smiled as Tito’s grandmother came into the kitchen.

“*Hola, mijo,*” his grandmother said. “*Tienen hambre?*”

“Actually, Abuelita, yes, we are hungry,” Tito answered. “Could you make some of your amazing empanadas? I’d love for my friends to try them.” His grandmother smiled and opened the refrigerator. All three children watched in awe as she worked, mixing spices and vegetables with meat and spreading it into dough.

“Do you think we can do that?” asked Sara with a worried look. “She’s so good at it.”

“*Pruébala,*” Tito’s grandmother said to Sara as she held the first empanada out.

“She says ‘try it,’” said Emilio. “My grandmother speaks Spanish too sometimes,” he smiled.



Sara's eyes widened as she chewed. After just one bite, the business "Abuelita's Empanadas" was born.

That Saturday morning, Tito, Emilio, and Sara began to write down their **business plan**. They knew it was too soon for a food truck, but they knew their **product**: empanadas. And they knew their product was good!

"So how are we going to sell these empanadas before having a truck?" asked Sara. The three kids looked at one another around the table. They looked unsure.

"Well, maybe we can sell them frozen at grocery stores," said Tito. Sara nodded, and Emilio began to write. But Tito still looked glum.

“I was sort of hoping we could somehow sell them to people ourselves,” Tito said. “It’s what my family always talked about. I want to meet our customers.” The kids grew silent.

“I have an idea!” Sara almost yelped with excitement. “We can sell the food at the local high school football games. People are always doing that!”

“Sara, you’re a genius!” exclaimed Tito.

Later that day, they went to the market with Tito’s grandmother to pick up ingredients.

“My abuelita is helping pay for the first batch,” said Tito. “We’ll use the money we earn to pay her back and buy more.”

“I hope so,” said Sara as she gazed into the cart filled with ingredients.

Back at Tito’s home, the kids listened to his grandmother give directions.

“Watch out!” yelled Sara. It was too late. The bag of flour had slipped from Emilio’s grasp. It landed on the floor. A big cloud of flour filled the room.

Both Emilio and Sara stood there, as if frozen. They were covered in flour from head to toe.

“Ay no!” cried Tito’s grandmother. But Tito started laughing. He couldn’t help himself.

“You guys really get into your work,” Tito joked. Pretty soon, everyone was giggling.



On their second attempt, things went much more smoothly. Tito cut the peppers and onions. Emilio measured the flour and poured it into a bowl, while Sara mixed the flour into a dough. Tito's grandmother cooked the meat on the stove.

The new young business owners even got into a rhythm. Chop, spice, knead. Assemble, fry, cool. Repeat. They worked all afternoon and into the evening.

"*Maravilloso, niños!*" said Tito's grandmother proudly. Her family recipe would soon be turned into a business venture. She was beaming.

Before the evening ended, Sara painted a banner to hang across their selling table at the game.



“Que linda!” Tito’s grandmother exclaimed.
“How pretty!”

The banner had yellow, blue, and red stripes. These were the colors of the Colombian flag. Tito had picked these colors as a tribute to his grandmother and her empanada recipe. Next to the flag were two perfect, hand-painted empanadas.

“It’s almost game time. Where is he?” Tito asked while pacing back and forth. Tito’s uncle Miguel was going to help the kids bring their empanadas to the game and sell them.

Just then, the door opened.

“Hola, Miguel,” Tito’s grandmother said, and Miguel gave her a big, hearty hug.

“Okay, kids, all set?”

For the next half hour, everyone was focused on loading up the car. Finally, Tito, Emilio, and Sara were in their seats waving goodbye.

“Buena suerte!” Tito’s grandmother waved from the door, wishing them all luck.