

Chapter 5

competition

competition (kŏm'pĭ-tĭsh'ən) n. Rivalry in the marketplace.

Dinner that night at the Treskis' was quiet. So the explosion that followed seemed *especially* loud.

It was Jessie's turn to clear and scrape the dishes, Evan's turn to wash and stack. Evan looked at the pile of dirty plates on his left. Jessie was ahead. She was always ahead when it was her turn to clear, but tonight it felt like she was taunting him. To Evan, every plate-scraping sounded like "Can't keep up. Can't keep up."

Evan was scrubbing the casserole pan when

Jessie stacked the last dirty dish by his elbow. Then she stuck her hands under the faucet to rinse without even saying excuse me and shook her hands *practically right in Evan's face* and said, "So how much money did you make?"

That was it! He couldn't hold it in any longer!

"Why'd you do it, huh? Why'd you have to ruin the one thing I had going?" For a second, Evan wasn't sure if he meant the lemonade stand or Megan Moriarty. In a mixed-up way, he meant both.

And there was *no way* he was going to tell Jessie that after paying back his mother for the four cans of lemonade, one can of grape juice, and one bottle of ginger ale (she'd been pretty irritated when she came down from the office and there wasn't a single cold drink in the house), he had walked away with two dollars and eleven cents. On top of that, he was pretty sure Scott had kept the five-dollar bill they'd earned. Well, what was Evan supposed to do? Ask Scott to turn his pockets inside out? Evan hadn't kept track of the sales, so he couldn't be sure.

"Why'd *I* do it? Why'd *you* do it? Why'd you invite that *jerk* over for a lemonade stand?" shouted Jessie. "And how come you wouldn't let me play? You're the one who was mean."

"You're such a showoff," said Evan. "You always have to let everyone know that you're the smart one."

"I wasn't showing off. I was just trying to have a little fun. Is that against the law? You won't do a lemonade stand with me. Then I won't do a lemonade stand with you. I'll do one with my friend Megan, instead."

"You can-*not* be her friend. You can-*not* be her friend!" shouted Evan.

"Why not?"

"Because you're a little kid. You don't even belong in the fourth grade. And because you're just an annoying showoff pest and no one likes you!"

The words felt like disgusting spiders running out of his mouth. They were horrible. But it felt so *good* to get rid of them.

Then Evan saw Jessie's lip tremble. Uh-oh. Jessie was a howler. She didn't cry often and she didn't cry

long. But when she did, it was loud. Mom would come down from her office. Evan would catch the blame. *Unfair*.

But Jessie didn't let loose. Instead, she stood as tall as her runty height would allow and said, "Megan likes me. She invited me over to her house tomorrow. We're going to make another lemonade stand and earn *twice* what we did today."

Oh, that was *it!* She was going to ruin everything. Show him up right in front of Megan. Even before the school year started! Make Megan think he was just some stupid loser who couldn't even beat out his baby sister at a lemonade stand. Evan boiled over.

"I wouldn't count on it, *Juicy*," he said. Jessie hated that nickname, and Evan only used it when he had to. "I'm going to have a lemonade stand every day until school starts. And I'm going to earn a hundred bucks by the end of the summer. Enough for an iPod."

"Oh, *please*. Like you *could* if you even wanted to," said Jessie. "Megan and I already made twelve

bucks each today. We could have a hundred dollars like *that*." Jessie snapped her fingers.

"And then what?" said Evan. "You'd lock it up in your lock box and save it 'til you were fifty years old. You're the biggest miser on this planet."

Jessie stiffened up. Her mouth made a funny O. But then she put a hand on her hip and smirked at Evan. "For your information, I'm going to make a one-hundred-dollar donation to a *charity*."

Evan snorted. "Yeah, right. What charity?"

There was a long pause. And then Jessie said, as smooth as whipped cream, "The Animal Rescue League. Megan and I talked about it today."

"You don't even like animals," said Evan.

"Everybody likes animals!" shouted Jessie. "And I'm going to give them a hundred dollars. So you can't *ever* call me a miser again."

"I hope I never have to *talk* to you again," shouted Evan.

"Hey!" a sharp voice called from the stairs. Mrs. Treski had a pencil stuck in her hair and a worried look on her face. "I could hear you two all the way

in the attic. With the air conditioner on high. What's up?"

Evan looked at Jessie. Jessie looked at Evan.

They had taken a vow. A spit vow.

Ever since Dad had gone, they had vowed not to fight in front of Mom. It made her sad. Sadder, even, than when Dad left.

"Nothing," said Evan.

"Nothing," said Jessie.

Mrs. Treski looked at the two of them. "Come on. Out with it. What are you two yelling about?"

"It wasn't a fight, Mom," said Evan. "We were just joking around."

"Yeah," said Jessie. "We were goofing. Sorry we got you out of your office."

Mrs. Treski looked at both of them with her laser eyes. Jessie hung the dishtowel on the oven handle and fiddled with it until it was perfectly straight. Evan bent over the casserole pan and scrubbed as if his life depended on it. He scrubbed so hard, his elbow bumped the fruit bowl. A cloud of fruit flies rose into the air and then settled back down.

"Oh, God," said Mrs. Treski. "Would you look at those fruit flies!" Her shoulders slumped. "All right. Well, I'm going back up. Can you guys handle showers and reading, and then I'll be down to tuck and turn off lights?"

"Sure, Mom," said Jessie.

"No problem," said Evan.

Mrs. Treski disappeared upstairs. Jessie turned to Evan at the sink.

"Let's make a bet," she said. "Whoever earns a hundred dollars wins. And the *loser* has to give all their earnings to the winner."

Evan shook his head. "Not fair," he said. "You've already got money saved up."

"That money doesn't count," said Jessie. "We'll start with today's earnings. And it's *all* got to be from selling lemonade. No mowing lawns or sweeping out the garage or anything else."

"Aw, what if neither one of us makes a hundred?" said Evan, not liking the sound of this deal.

"Then whoever makes the closest to a hundred wins. And even if we *both* make over a hundred,

whoever makes the most money wins the bet."

"When do we count up the money?" asked Evan.

Jessie thought about that. "Sunday night. Right before the fireworks." She looked straight at Evan. "Huh? Whaddya say?"

Evan didn't like bets. He really wasn't that into competition. He loved to play basketball and always gave it his all. But winning or losing—it didn't make much difference to him. He just liked to play.

But this. This was different. This mattered. If he didn't beat Jessie at this bet, if he couldn't win against his little sister in a lemonade war, then—Evan thought of the school year stretching in front of him—it was all over. He might as well just give up on everything right now.

"It's a bet. A hundred bucks by Sunday night. Winner takes all." He shook his wet hands over the sink, dried them on the dishtowel, and gave Jessie his most menacing look. "You better pray for mercy."

Chapter 6

underselling

underselling (un'dər-sěl'ing) v. Pricing the same goods for less than the competition.

Jessie knew that Evan was up to something. First of all, there were all those phone calls last night. At least ten of them.

Then, he'd come knocking on her door this morning, asking if he could have the pieces of foam core she had leaning against her bedroom wall.

"No way," she'd answered. "That's for my Labor Day display."

"Oh, give it up. Today's Thursday. The contest is on Monday, and you don't even have an idea," Evan said.

"I do too have an idea. I'm just not telling *you*." Jessie still didn't have a clue about her Labor Day project, but she wasn't going to give Evan the satisfaction of knowing that.

"Then how come you haven't done anything?" Evan said, pointing at the blank foam core and the bags of untouched art supplies. "You're supposed to have pictures and typed-up information and a big title. It's supposed to be like a school report."

Jessie scrunched her eyes and pursed her lips in a you're-such-an-idiot look. "Don't worry. It's going to be great, and it's going to win first prize. And anyway, Mom bought all those supplies for *me*, and I'm not giving anything to *you*."

Jessie heard Evan mutter, "Miser," just as she slammed the door in his face.

And now three of Evan's friends were over—Paul, Jack, and Ryan. And all three had shown up with paper bags. And they were all in the garage making a lot of noise, with a big KEEP OUT sign taped to the door. Not that Jessie would have gone in there anyway. Who cares what a bunch of boys

are doing? But she wished Megan had invited her to come over before lunch instead of after.

Jessie went into the kitchen to make a turkey sandwich. The boys had left a slimy mess of peanut butter, Doritos, and—yes—sticky puddles of lemonade mix. Jessie quickly looked in the trash can under the kitchen sink. There were twelve empty cans of frozen lemonade mix. Twelve! That was ninety-six cups' worth of lemonade. Ninety-six possible sales. Holy cow!

Where had Evan gotten the lemonade? He hadn't gone to the store, and he didn't have any money anyway. Then Jessie remembered the paper bags that Paul, Ryan, and Jack had carried in. She bet the boys had all raided their freezers and brought over a stash.

That didn't seem fair! She and Megan had to buy their lemonade today, using the money they'd made yesterday. How were they going to stay ahead of the game if the boys had free lemonade to sell?

"Think, Jessie, think," she whispered to herself. She couldn't let those boys win.

By the time she finished her lunch and cleaned up her mess (she wasn't going to lift a *finger* to clean up the boys' mess), she had the beginning of a plan in her head.

Which is why she found it doubly confusing when she knocked on Megan's screen and Carly Brownell came to the door. Jessie'd been all ready to say, "I've got a great idea." But then there was Carly, looking down at her like she was an earwig.

"Um, is Megan home?" asked Jessie.

Carly didn't open the screen door as she looked left and right behind Jessie. "Where's Evan?"

"Huh?" said Jessie.

Megan came running down the stairs carrying bottles of nail polish. "Oh, hi, Jessie," she said, opening the door. She poked her head out and looked around. "Where's Evan?"

"He's at home. Why?" asked Jessie. Carly made a noise like a snorting hippopotamus.

"I thought you said he was coming," said Megan.

"No, I didn't," said Jessie. "You said it would be fun to make a lemonade stand with all three of us,

and I said, yeah, that would be fun.”

“So, didn’t he want to?” asked Megan.

“I never asked him,” said Jessie.

“Oh. I thought you were going to,” said Megan.

“Then you should have said, ‘Hey, Jessie. Ask Evan if he wants to make a lemonade stand tomorrow.’ And then I would have asked him.” This was exactly what drove Jessie crazy about girls. They always said things halfway and then expected you to get the other half. And Jessie never got the other half.

Carly gave Megan a look. Jessie wasn’t positive what the look meant, but she was pretty sure it wasn’t a nice one.

That was the other thing that Jessie hated about girls. They were always giving looks. Looks that contained all kinds of strange and complicated messages.

Last year, in second grade, there had been four girls who were always exchanging looks with one another—Becky Baker, Lorelei Sun, Andrea Hennessey, and Eileen Garrett. Jessie watched them and knew that Evan was right: They talked without

words. They used their eyes to pass secret messages. She also knew they didn't like her, but only because Evan had finally explained it to her over Christmas vacation. Jessie was surprised when he told her this. They laughed so much—how could they be mean?

They were the four who started the club: the Wild Hot Jellybeans Club. Or, as they called it, the WHJ Club. Becky was president, and she was always telling the others what to do. They made signs and paper buttons and membership cards. The teacher, Mrs. Soren, didn't usually allow clubs in the classroom, but she made an exception, telling the girls, "I'll let you wear your buttons in class, but only if you let all the other kids join—if they want to." By the end of the day, every kid in class was wearing a WHJ button—even Jessie, who'd never belonged to a club before.

It had seemed like Becky was being so nice to her. "That should have been your first clue," Evan told Jessie later. Becky made extra buttons for Jessie and even helped tape them all over her shirt. And she made a special membership card for her and even a

WHJ sign that she helped Jessie glue onto her Writers' Workshop folder.

Jessie remembered all the girls laughing and Jessie laughing, too. And all those strange looks that Becky and Lorelei and Andrea and Eileen kept flashing back and forth, like secret notes passed in class that Jessie could never read.

The very next day, Mrs. Soren collected all the buttons, gathered up all the membership cards, and even replaced Jessie's Writers' Workshop folder. "No clubs in the classroom," she said. "I made a bad choice by allowing it, even for one day."

On the playground, Jessie went up to Becky. "Why is she breaking up the club?" she asked.

Becky gave her a sour look. She'd been grumpy all morning. "Don't you get it, you dummy? WHJ doesn't stand for Wild Hot Jellybeans. We just said that to Mrs. Soren. It stands for We Hate Jessie. It's the We Hate Jessie Club, and everyone in the class is a member."

Jessie stared at Becky. Why did they hate her? What had she ever done to them? It didn't make

sense. And then Lorelei, Andrea, and Eileen had laughed, and even Becky had managed a smirky grin.

"Jerks," Evan said later, when Jessie told him the whole story. "They've got rocks for brains. But Jess, you gotta be on the lookout for girls like that."

Standing in Megan's front hall, Jessie stared at Carly. Something inside told her Carly was a "girl like that."

"Look," said Jessie. "It doesn't matter. Evan can't come over. He's busy. And we've got to get going on our lemonade stand. I've got a great idea."

"We don't want to do a lemonade stand," said Carly.

Jessie looked at Megan.

"It's just that . . ." Megan fiddled with the bottles of nail polish in her hand the same way she'd fiddled with her band bracelets the day before. "It's kind of hot. And we did the lemonade thing already. And now Carly is over. So. Ya know?"

"You said you wanted to," said Jessie. *And I thought you liked me*, she added in her head. She felt her lower lip tremble. *Not now*, she shouted

inside. *Don't you be a big baby!*

Megan stood there, saying nothing, fiddling with the bottles. Then she turned to Carly. "Aw, c'mon, Carly. It'll be fun. We made a *ton* of money yesterday. And it was really . . . fun."

Carly crossed her arms, tightened her lips, and raised one eyebrow. It was amazing how high she could raise that eyebrow. Jessie had never seen an eyebrow go that high.

"Aw, c'mon, Carly," Megan said again. Carly didn't move a muscle.

"Well, then I guess . . ." Megan's voice trailed off. She clicked one bottle of nail polish against another so that it made a tapping sound that filled the long silence. "I guess me and Jessie will do the lemonade stand alone then."

Carly dropped her eyebrow and her arms. "What-*ever*," she said as she walked out the door. "Spend the day baby-sitting if you want." The screen door slammed, followed by a huge bucketful of silence.

"What-*ever*," said Megan, imitating Carly's voice.

Jessie laughed, even though she was still stinging from the baby-sitting remark. "Thanks for doing the lemonade stand with me," she said.

"Are you kidding?" said Megan. "She's such a stuck-up jerk. I didn't even invite her over. She just rode by, and when I said that you and Evan might be coming over, she just walked into the house."

"Are all the girls in fourth grade like her?" asked Jessie. She tried to sound casual.

"Some are, some aren't," said Megan. She sat down on the stairs and opened a bottle of sky blue nail polish. With quick expert strokes, she started painting her toenails. "Hey, that's right. You're going to be in our class this year. That's so weird. Jumping a grade."

"A lot of people skip a grade," said Jessie.

"Really? I never met one before. Here. Do your toes green and then we'll be coordinated."

Jessie ended up getting more polish on her toes than on her toenails. But by the time they were done, Jessie had explained her plan for the day: Value-added.

"See," she said, pulling *Ten Bright Ideas to Light Up Your Sales* from the back pocket of her shorts. She turned to Bright Idea #2 and pointed with her finger.



VALUE-ADDED: SOMETHING EXTRA (SUCH AS A SPECIAL FEATURE OR ATTRACTIVE PACKAGING) ADDED BY A COMPANY TO A PRODUCT THAT MAKES THE PRODUCT MORE DESIRABLE IN THE MARKETPLACE.

"That means we give customers something extra they didn't expect," explained Jessie. "I mean, anyone can go home and mix up their own batch of lemonade. Right? So if we want them to buy from us, we've got to give them something extra. We *add value*."

"Great," said Megan. "What are we going to add?"

"Well, how about chips? And maybe pretzels. Everyone likes chips and pretzels. We'll just have a bowl on the table, and anyone who buys lemonade can have some free snacks."

"So we're adding value—snacks."

"Yeah, except—" Jessie had stayed up late last night reading her mom's booklet. "You know what we're really adding? Fun. That's the one thing people can't get all by themselves. It *looks* like we're selling lemonade and snacks. But we're really selling fun. And everyone wants fun."

"Wow," said Megan. "That's really smart. It'll be like a party. Who doesn't like a party?"

Jessie nodded her head. She carefully tore out the definition of *value-added* from the booklet and put it in her lock box. Her mother always said: *Some ideas are like money in the bank.*

An hour later, they were all set up. The lemonade stand was newly decorated with streamers and balloons. Three bowls of snacks—Cheetos, potato chips, and pretzels—were set on top. Jessie had lugged Megan's boom box all the way downstairs, and Megan was doing the DJ thing with her CD collection. It looked like a party had somehow sprung up right in the middle of the hot concrete sidewalk. To anyone passing by, the lemonade stand shouted out, "Come over here! This is where the fun is!"

As soon as the music had come on, customers

had started drifting over. One of the moms across the street set up a sprinkler in her front yard, and soon all the kids in the neighborhood were running through the sprinkler and grabbing handfuls of Cheetos. Two women walking their dogs stopped for a nibble and ended up staying an hour. And three or four of the neighborhood mothers set up lawn chairs nearby and talked and ate pretzels while their kids ran through the water.

But Jessie noticed a funny thing. Even though there was an endless buzz of activity around the stand and the chips were flying out of the bowls faster than Megan could restock them, they weren't selling much lemonade.

"Hey, Jordan," said Jessie, as a four-year-old boy ran by in a bathing suit. "Don't you want a cup of lemonade?"

Jordan dive-bombed the pretzel bowl and came up with a fistful. "I had too much already. Four glasses!" and off he ran.

"Four glasses!" said Jessie to Megan. "He didn't buy any! Mrs. Doran, don't you want a cup of lemonade?"

"Sorry, Jessie, I have to pass," said Mrs. Doran. "I had two already, and I'm trying to cut down on sugary drinks."

Where's everybody drinking so much lemonade? wondered Jessie. She looked down the road. *Oh, wait a minute.* "Megan, hold down the fort," said Jessie. "I'll be right back."

"Sure thing," said Megan, dancing to the music. "This lemonade stand was the greatest idea. It's like a birthday for the whole neighborhood!"

Jessie headed down the road. As she rounded the bend, she prepared for the worst: Evan's lemonade stand crowded with customers. But there was nothing. Absolutely nothing. The corner was deserted.

She crossed the street and went into the garage. There was the cooler, dirty and empty. And there were the stacked plastic chairs, four of them this time. And there was—wait a minute. Those were *new* signs.

Jessie pulled out three large pieces of foam core. On the back of each one was part of the penguin

project Evan had done last year in third grade. On the front were big letters:

Slow down!
Cheapest lemonade in
town!
Ahead!

Yesterday's prices!
Today's lemonade!

You won't believe
your eyes!
Icy cold lemonade!
Just 10¢ a cup!

Jessie *couldn't* believe her eyes. *Ten* cents a cup. That was crazy! Even if they sold all ninety-six cups, they'd only make \$9.60. And split four ways—that was just \$2.40 for each boy. Evan was never going to earn a hundred dollars with that kind of profit.

Jessie went down into the basement. Evan and Paul were playing air hockey. *Whashoo*. The puck flew into Evan's goal and Paul threw his arms into the air in a victory V.

"Oh, snap!" said Evan. "You're winning."

"Winning? Winning? Are you kidding me?" said Paul. Then he dropped his voice to a gravelly growl and said, "I don't play to win. I play to *pul-ver-ize*." Just like that muscle-guy actor in *Agent Down*, the movie that all the boys were talking about. Paul was even flexing his muscles like that actor—except that Paul didn't have any muscles. At least none that Jessie could see.

When Paul saw Jessie, he dropped his arms. "Hey," he said. Paul was Jessie's favorite of Evan's friends. He always joked around with her, but in a

nice way. And he never minded when Evan invited her to come along with them.

"Hey," said Jessie. "What's up?"

Evan turned off the air hockey table. "Nothing," he said. "We were just going out."

Paul dropped his hockey paddle onto the table and followed Evan into the garage. Jessie trailed behind.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Down to the tracks," said Paul as he strapped on his bike helmet. "We put pennies there this morning, so we're gonna get 'em now. Squash! Ya wanna—"

"YO!" shouted Evan.

"My B," muttered Paul. "So, see ya," he said to Jessie.

Jessie hated this feeling of being shut out. Like she wasn't wanted. Evan had never made her feel that way before, even when sometimes he *did* want to be just with his friends. He'd always say things like, "Jess, we're going to go shoot hoops just the two of us, but when we get back we'll play spud

with you.” So that she knew he still liked her, even when she wasn’t invited along.

But this. This was like he hated her. Like he never wanted to play with her again. And Paul was going right along with it.

Jessie scowled. “So you really cleaned up today at the lemonade stand, huh?” she said.

“Yep, we sold out,” said Evan.

“So what did you make, like three dollars?” she asked.

“Actually, we made a ton. What was it, Paul?”

“Forty-five bucks,” said Paul.

Jessie’s mouth went slack. Forty-five dollars! “There’s no way,” she said. “Not at ten cents a cup.”

“Oh, just the little kids paid that,” said Evan. “The grownups all gave us way more. ‘That’s too cheap!’ they said. ‘It’s such a hot day and you’re working so hard. Here, take a dollar. Keep the change.’ It was crazy!”

“Unreal,” said Paul. “They kept pushing all this money at us ’cause they thought it was so sweet we were selling lemonade for a dime. We made a killing.”

Bright Idea #5—Jessie remembered it immediately. “That’s called *goodwill*,” she said slowly, picturing the exact page from her mother’s booklet with the definition on it.



GOODWILL: AN INTANGIBLE BUT RECOGNIZED ASSET THAT RESULTS FROM MAKING/SELLING GOOD PRODUCTS, HAVING GOOD RELATIONSHIPS WITH YOUR CUSTOMERS AND SUPPLIERS, AND BEING WELL REGARDED IN THE COMMUNITY.

“It’s when you do something nice in business and it ends up paying you back with money.” She sighed. Why hadn’t she thought of that? She would be sure to tear out that definition and put it in her lock box when she got back to the lemonade stand.

“Well, whatever. We cleaned up,” said Evan.

“Even so,” said Jessie, trying to find some way to prove that Evan had *not* had a good day selling lemonade. “You had four people working the stand. So if you split forty-five dollars four ways, that’s only eleven twenty-five each.” *Which is still way more*

than I'm going to make today, she thought, since the whole neighborhood has already filled up on cheap lemonade.

"We're not splitting," said Evan. "The guys said I could keep it all."

"Right," said Paul. "All for a good cause!"

"That's not fair!" said Jessie.

"Sure it is," said Evan as he got on his bike and pushed off. "In case you didn't know, that's what it's like to have *friends*." Evan crossed the street.

"Ouch," said Paul. "TTFN, Jess." He followed Evan.

Jessie was left standing alone in the driveway.

Chapter 7

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

location (lō-kā'shən) n. Real estate term that refers to the position of a piece of real estate as it relates to the value of that real estate.

Evan was in trouble. So far, he'd earned forty-seven dollars and eleven cents, which was more money than he'd ever had in his whole life. But today was Friday. There were only three days left. Three days to beat Jessie. He needed to earn almost fifty-three dollars to win the bet. And that meant each day he had to earn—

Evan tried to do the math in his head. Fifty-

three divided by three. Fifty-three divided by three. His brain spun like a top. He didn't know where to begin.

He went to his desk, pulled out a piece of paper—his basketball schedule from last winter—and flipped it over to the back. He found the stub of a pencil in his bottom desk drawer, and on the paper he wrote

$$53 \div 3 =$$

He stared and stared at the equation on the page. The number fifty-three was just too big. He didn't know how to do it.

"Jessie would know how," he muttered, scribbling hard on the page. Jessie could do long division. Jessie had her multiplication facts memorized all the way up to fourteen times fourteen. Jessie would look at a problem like this and just do it in her head. *Snap*.

Evan felt his mouth getting tight, his fingers gripping the pencil too hard, as he scribbled a dark storm cloud on the page. His math papers from school were always covered in X's. Nobody else got

as many X's as he did. Nobody.

Draw a picture. Mrs. DeFazio's voice floated in his head. She had always reminded him to draw a picture when he couldn't figure out how to start a math problem. *A picture of what?* he asked in his head. *Anything,* came the answer.

Anything? Yes, anything, as long as there are fifty-three of them.

Dollar signs. Evan decided to draw dollar signs. He started to draw three rows of dollar signs.

"One, two, three," he counted, as he drew:

\$

\$

\$

"Four, five, six." He drew:

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By the time he reached fifty-three, his page looked like this:

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\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

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There were seventeen dollar signs in each row. And then those two extra dollar signs left over. Evan drew a ring around those two extras.

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Seventeen dollar signs. And two left over. Evan stared at the picture for a long time. He wrote "Friday" next to the first row, "Saturday" next to the second row, and "Sunday" next to the third row.

Friday \$

Saturday \$\$\$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Sunday \$\$\$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Evan looked at the picture. It started to make sense. He needed to make seventeen dollars on Friday, seventeen dollars on Saturday, and seventeen dollars on Sunday. And somewhere over the three days, he needed to make two *extra* bucks in order to earn fifty-three dollars by Sunday evening.

Evan felt his heart jump in his chest. He had done it. He had figured out fifty-three divided by three. That was a *fourth-grade* problem. That was *fourth-grade* math. And he hadn't even started fourth grade! And no one had helped him. Not Mom, not Grandma, not Jessie. He'd done it all by himself. It was like shooting the winning basket in double overtime! He hadn't felt this good since the Lemonade War had begun.

But seventeen dollars a day? How was he going to do that? Yesterday he'd made forty-five dollars,

but that was because he'd had help (and free supplies) from his friends. They weren't going to want to run a lemonade stand every day. Especially on the last days of summer vacation.

He needed a plan. Something that would guarantee good sales. The weather was holding out, that was for sure. It was going to hit 95 degrees today. A real scorcher. People would be thirsty, all right. Evan closed his eyes and imagined a crowd of thirsty people, all waving dollar bills at him. Now where was he going to find a lot of thirsty people with money to spend?

An idea popped into Evan's head. *Yep!* It was perfect. He just needed to find something with wheels to get him there.

It took Evan half an hour to drag his loaded wagon to the town center—a distance he usually traveled in less than five minutes by bike. But once he was there, he knew it was worth it.

It was lunchtime and the shaded benches on the town green were filled with people sprawling in

the heat. Workers from the nearby stores on their half-hour lunch breaks, moms out with their kids, old people who didn't want to be cooped up in their houses all day. High school kids on skateboards slooshed by. Preschoolers climbed on the life-size sculpture of a circle of children playing ring-around-the-rosey. Dogs lay under trees, their tongues hanging out, *pant, pant, pant*.

Evan surveyed the scene and picked his spot, right in the center of the green where all the paths met. Anyone walking across the green would have to pass his stand. And who could resist lemonade on a day as hot as this?

But first he wheeled his wagon off to the side, parking it halfway under a huge rhododendron. Then he crossed the street and walked into the Big Dipper.

The frozen air felt good on his skin. It was like getting dunked in a vat of just-melted ice cream. And the smells—*mmmmmm*. A mix of vanilla, chocolate, coconut, caramel, and bubblegum. He looked at the tubs of ice cream, all in a row, careful-

ly protected behind a pane of glass. The money in his pocket tingled. He had plenty left over after buying five cans of frozen lemonade mix with his earnings from yesterday. What would it hurt to buy just one cone? Or a milk shake? Or maybe both?

"Can I help you?" asked the woman behind the counter.

"Uh, yeah," said Evan. He stuck his hand in his pocket and felt all the money. Bills and coins ruffled between his fingers. Money was meant to be spent. Why not spend a little?

"I, uh . . ." Evan could just imagine how good the ice cream would feel sliding down his hot throat. Creamy. Sweet. Like cold, golden deliciousness. He let his mind float as he gazed at the swirly buckets of ice cream.

The sound of laughter brought him back to earth in a hurry. He looked around. It was just some girls he didn't know at the water fountain. But it had *sounded* like Megan Moriarty.

"Can you please tell me how much a glass of lemonade costs?"

"Three dollars," said the woman.

"Really?" said Evan. "That much? How big's the cup?"

The woman pulled a plastic cup off a stack and held it up. It wasn't much bigger than the eight-ounce cups Evan had in his wagon.

"Wow. Three bucks. That's a lot," said Evan. "Well, thanks anyway." He started to walk to the door.

"Hey," said the woman, pointing to the ice cream case. "I'm allowed to give you a taste for free."

"Really?" said Evan. "Then, uh, could I taste the Strawberry Slam?" The woman handed him a tiny plastic spoon with three licks' worth of pink ice cream on it. Evan swallowed it all in one gulp. *Aahhh.*

Back outside, he got to work. First he filled his pitchers with water from the drinking fountain. Then he stirred in the mix. Then he pulled out a big blue marker and wrote on a piece of paper, "\$2 per cup. Best price in town."

He'd barely finished setting up when the customers started lining up. And they didn't stop. For

a full hour, he poured lemonade. *The world is a thirsty place*, he thought as he nearly emptied his fourth pitcher of the day. *And I am the Lemonade King.*

(Later, Evan would think of something his grandma said: "Pride goeth before a fall.")

When Evan looked up, there was Officer Ken, his hands on his hips, looking down on him. Evan gulped. He stared at the large holstered gun strapped to Officer Ken's belt.

"Hello," said Officer Ken, not smiling.

"Hi," said Evan. Officer Ken did the Bike Rodeo every year at Evan's school. He was also the cop who had shown up last fall when there was a hurt goose on the recess field. Officer Ken was always smiling. *Why isn't he smiling now?* Evan wondered.

"Do you have a permit?" asked Officer Ken. He had a very deep voice, even when he talked quietly, like he did now.

"You mean, like, a bike permit?" That's what the Rodeo was all about. If they passed the Rodeo, the third-graders got their bike permits, which meant they were allowed to ride to school.

"No. I mean a permit to sell food and beverages in a public space. You need to get a permit from the town hall. And pay a fee for the privilege."

Pay the town hall to run a lemonade stand? Was he kidding? Evan looked at Officer Ken's face. He didn't look like he was kidding.

"I didn't know I needed one," said Evan.

"Sorry, friend," said Officer Ken. "I'm going to have to shut you down. It's the law."

"But . . . but . . . there are lemonade stands all over town," said Evan. He thought of Jessie and Megan's lemonade stand. When he'd wheeled by with his wagon more than an hour ago, their stand had looked like a beehive, with small kids crowding around. He had read the sign over their stand: FREE FACE-PAINTING! NAIL-POLISHING! HAIR-BRAIDING! What a gimmick! But it sure looked like it was working. "You know," said Evan, "there's a stand on Damon Road right now. You should go bust them."

Officer Ken smiled. "We tend to look the other way when it's in a residential neighborhood. But right here, on the town green, we have to enforce

the law. Otherwise we'd have someone selling something every two feet."

"But—" There had to be some way to convince Officer Ken. How could Evan make him understand? "You see, I've got this little sister. And we've got a . . . a . . . competition going. To see who can sell the most lemonade. And I've *got* to win. Because she's . . ." He couldn't explain the rest. About fourth grade. And how embarrassed he was to be in the same class as his kid sister. And how it made him feel like a great big loser.

Evan looked up at Officer Ken. Officer Ken looked down at Evan. It was like Officer Ken was wearing a mask. A no-smiling, I'm-not-your-buddy mask.

Then Officer Ken shook his head and smiled and the mask fell off. "I've got a little sister, too," he said. "Love her to death, *now*, but when we were kids—" Officer Ken sucked in his breath and shook his head again. "*Hooo!*"

Then the mask came back, and Officer Ken looked right at Evan for ten very stern seconds.

"Tell you what," said Officer Ken. "I *do* have to shut you down. The law's the law. But before I do, I'll buy one last glass of lemonade. How's that sound?"

Evan's face fell. "Sure," he said without enthusiasm. He poured an extra-tall cup and gave it to the policeman.

Officer Ken reached into his pocket and handed Evan a five-dollar bill. "Keep the change," he said. "A contribution to the Big Brother Fund. Now clean up your things and don't leave any litter behind." He lifted his cup in a toast as he walked away.

Evan watched him go. *Wow*, he thought. *I just sold the most expensive cup of lemonade in town.*

Evan stared at the five-dollar bill in his hand.

It was funny. Two days ago, he would have felt as rich as a king to have that money in his hands. It was enough to buy two slices of pizza and a soda with his friends. It was enough to rent a video and have a late night at someone's house. It was enough to buy a whole bagful of his favorite candy mix at CVS.

Two days ago, he would have been jumping for joy.

Now he looked at the five dollars and thought, *It's nothing*. Compared to the one hundred dollars he needed to win the war, five dollars was *nothing*. He felt somehow that he'd been robbed of something—maybe the happiness he should have been feeling.

He loaded everything from his stand into the wagon, making sure he didn't leave a scrap of litter behind. He still had a glassful of lemonade left in one pitcher, not to mention another whole pitcher already mixed up and unsold, so he poured himself a full cup. Then, before beginning the long, hot haul back to his house, he found an empty spot on a shaded bench and pulled his earnings out of his pockets.

He counted once. He counted twice. Very slowly.

He had made sixty-five dollars. The cups and lemonade mix had cost nine dollars. When he added in his earnings from Wednesday and Thursday, he had one hundred and three dollars and eleven cents.

Now that's enough, he thought.

Chapter 8

Going Global

global (glō'bəl) adj. Throughout the world; refers to expanding one's market beyond the immediate area of production.

On Saturday morning, Jessie slept in. And even when she opened her eyes—at 9:05!—she still felt tired. *How can I wake up tired?* she wondered as she buried her face in her pillow and dozed off.

Five minutes later she was awake for real, remembering why she was so tired. Yesterday's lemonade stand had been the hardest work of her life. Face painting, hair braiding, nail polishing—it had sounded like such a good idea. Jessie had been sure that every kid in the neighborhood would line up to buy a cup of lemonade.

But that was the problem. Every kid *had* lined up for lemonade—and then wanted face painting *and* hair braiding *and* fingernail polishing *and* toenail polishing. One boy had asked for face paintings on both cheeks, both arms, and his stomach. One girl begged for lots of little braids with ribbons woven in. And the nail polishing! They all wanted different colors and decals, and it was impossible to get them to sit still long enough for the polish to dry.

“We’re going to run out of lemonade,” Megan had said to Jessie at noon, as the line stretched all the way to the street.

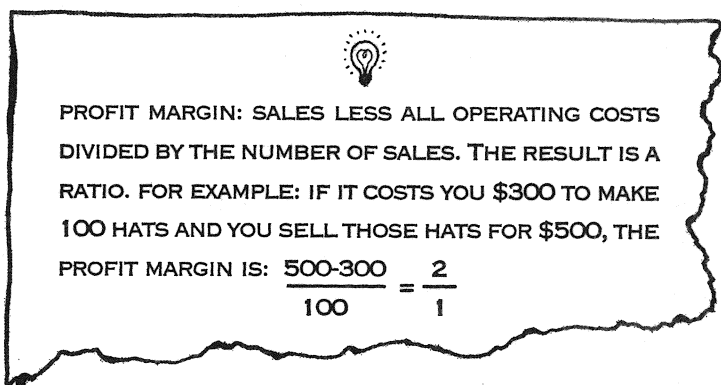
“Pour half-cups instead of full ones,” whispered Jessie. “It has to last.”

Jessie and Megan had each made twenty-four dollars on lemonade, but they’d worked eight hours to do it. At the end of the day, they’d agreed: A good idea, but *not worth it!*

After breakfast, Jessie pulled out her lock box and sat on her bed. She kept the box hidden in her closet on a shelf under some sweaters. She kept the key in a plastic box in her desk drawer. The plastic

box was disguised to look exactly like a pack of gum. You would never know it was hollow and had a secret sliding panel on its side.

Jessie unlocked the box and opened the lid. First she took out the three torn slips of paper. There was one for *value-added* and one for *goodwill*. There was also a new one that Jessie had added last night:



Jessie lined up all three scraps of paper on the bed beside her. She wasn't sure why she was saving these words, but she felt like they belonged in her lock box.

Next, she took out her lemonade earnings. Every day, Megan had squealed over how much money

they'd made. But every day, Jessie had known: *It's not enough. It's not going to be enough to win.*

Jessie counted the money. So far, she had earned forty dollars. It was a lot of money. But it wasn't nearly enough. She still needed to earn sixty more dollars. And today was Saturday. Only two more selling days before she and Evan counted their earnings on Sunday night. How was she going to sell enough lemonade to earn sixty dollars in two days?

She couldn't. That was the problem. No kid could earn a hundred dollars in just five days by selling lemonade. The *profit margin* was too small. She knew because she'd used her calculator to figure it out last night.

The numbers said it all. There was no way two girls in one neighborhood could sell 375 cups of lemonade. Nobody wanted *that* much lemonade, no matter how hot the day was.

Jessie looked at the money in her lock box and the page of calculations on her desk. Any other kid would have quit. But Jessie wasn't a quitter. (On

Profit margin for 1 can of lemonade (8 cups):

Sales

$$8 \text{ cups @ } 50¢/\text{cup} = (8 \times .50) = \$4.00$$

Operating costs

$$\text{Lemonade cost} = \$1.25$$

$$8 \text{ paper cups cost} = \$.15$$

$$\text{Total operating costs} = \$1.40$$

Number of Sales

$$8 \text{ cups} = 8 \text{ Sales}$$

$$\text{Profit margin} = \frac{\$4.00 - \$1.40}{8}$$

$$= \frac{\$2.60}{8} = \frac{.325}{1}$$

So this means that for every 1 cup of lemonade sold, we earn about 32¢. I get half the profit, and Megan gets half the profit. That means I earn about 16¢ for every cup we sell.

I need to earn \$60 to beat Evan.

$$\$60 = 6000¢ \text{ (because } 60 \times 100 = 6000 \text{)}$$

So how many times does 16 go into 6000?

$$6000 \div 16 = \text{how many cups I need to sell} = 375$$

I need to sell 375 cups of lemonade! I am DOOMED!!

good days, Jessie's mom called her *persistent*. On bad days, she told her she *just didn't know when enough was enough*.)

Jessie reached for *Ten Bright Ideas to Light Up Your Sales*. It was on her bedside table, right next to *Charlotte's Web*. Jessie's hand hovered. She looked longingly at Wilbur and Fern, watching Charlotte hanging by a thread.

But this was war, and she couldn't stop to read for fun.

She grabbed the booklet and opened it to Bright Idea #6.

An hour later, she had a new scrap of paper stashed in her lock box and a whole new page of calculations on her desk. It might work. It *could* work. But she and Megan would have to risk everything—*everything* they'd earned over the past three days. And Jessie would have to be braver than she had ever been in her whole life.

Jessie carried her lock box and calculations downstairs. She went into the kitchen and pulled down the school directory, scanning the names of

all the third-grade girls from last year. She knew them all—from Evan, from recess, from the lunchroom. Knew who they were. Knew their faces. Which ones were nice. Which ones were not so nice. But she didn't *really* know any of them. Not enough to call them up. Not enough to say, "Want to do something today?" Not enough to ask, "Would you like to have a lemonade stand with me?"

These girls were going to be her classmates. Jessie felt her face grow hot and her upper lip start to sweat. What was it going to feel like to walk into that classroom on the first day of school with all those eyes looking at her? Would they stare? Would they tease? Would they ignore her, even if she said hi?

Jessie looked at the names, then slammed the directory shut. She couldn't do it. She just wasn't brave enough.

Evan walked into the kitchen and grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl. A cloud of fruit flies rose up in the air and settled again. Evan inspected the apple and then bit into it, without washing it first.

Jessie wanted to say something but held her tongue. She looked at him and thought, *It is never going to feel normal, not talking to Evan.*

"Hey," she said.

Evan raised his apple to her, his mouth too stuffed to talk.

"So, is Paul coming over today?" she asked.

Evan shook his head, munching noisily.

"Well, is anyone coming over?" Jessie was curious to see what the enemy was up to today. Yesterday, Evan's smile had told her plenty: He had sold a lot of lemonade. A *lot*. But what was he going to do today?

Evan shrugged his shoulders. He swallowed so hard it looked like he was choking down an ocean liner.

"But you *are* setting up a stand, right?" asked Jessie.

"Nah. I'm good," said Evan, looking closely at his apple. "I'm just gonna take it easy today." He took another enormous bite and walked out of the kitchen and down the basement stairs.

Take it easy? How could he take it easy? You didn't take it easy when you were in the middle of a war.

Unless.

Unless he had already won the war.

Could that be possible?

It was impossible!

There was no way Evan had earned a hundred dollars in just three days of selling lemonade. *No way.*

Jessie's mind skittered like one of those long-legged birds on the beach. Had he? Could he? Were her calculations wrong? Was there some other way? Had she overlooked some detail? Some trick? Was she missing something?

Jessie flipped open the school directory. Maybe he had a hundred dollars. Maybe he didn't. She couldn't take a chance. She started putting pencil check marks next to the names of girls she thought might work out.

She'd gone over the list twice when the doorbell rang. It was Megan.

"I've got a new idea," said Jessie.

"Awww, not more lemonade," said Megan, sinking onto the couch in the family room. "I'm tired of selling lemonade. And it's just too hot. I practically had sunstroke yesterday painting all those faces."

"We're done with that," said Jessie. "No more extra services. Doesn't pay off. But here's an idea—"

"Forget lemonade! Let's go to the 7-Eleven," said Megan. "Is Evan home? We could all go."

"No. He's not home," said Jessie, eyeing the door to the basement. She needed Megan to be on board with her plan. She needed Megan to make the phone calls. "Look. This is great. And *we* don't need to sell the lemonade."

Jessie laid out all the details. She showed Megan the new scrap of paper.



FRANCHISE: THE RIGHT TO SELL A COMPANY'S PRODUCTS AND USE THE COMPANY'S NAME AND LOGO IN A CERTAIN AREA.

Then she showed Megan her page of calculations. At first Megan buried her head under a pillow, but then she poked her head out like a turtle and started to listen for real.

"That sounds like a pretty good plan," she said. "But is it really going to work?"

Jessie looked at her calculations. She'd done them twice. "It should," she said. "I really think it should." She frowned, suddenly not so sure of herself. "It's a big up-front investment. And a lot of work organizing everybody. But once they're set up, we should just be able to sit back and watch the money roll in. The key is spreading everybody out so there'll be plenty of customers. We'll need at least ten girls. Fifteen would be better."

"That's the whole fourth-grade class," said Megan, looking doubtful. "How are we gonna get them to do this?"

"Well, you could phone them all up," said Jessie. She handed Megan the school directory, open to the third-grade page.

"Me?" said Megan. "Why me?"

"Because they know you," said Jessie.

"They know you, too."

"Yeah, but they *like* you."

Megan shook her head. "Not all these girls are my friends."

"Even the ones that aren't your friends, they still like you. *Everybody* likes you, Megan."

Megan looked embarrassed. "Oh, everybody likes you, too," she said.

"No, they don't," said Jessie. "They really don't." There was an uncomfortable silence between the two girls. Then Jessie shrugged her shoulders and said, "I don't know why those girls in my class last year didn't like me. I'm hoping this year will be better."

Megan tapped her fingers on her knees. "You're nervous, huh? About fourth grade?" she asked.

Jessie thought hard. "I'm worried that I won't make any new friends," she said. "You know, that all the kids will think I'm just some puny second-grader and that"—she took a deep breath—"I don't belong."

Megan looked up at the ceiling for a minute. "Do you have an index card?" she asked.

"Huh?"

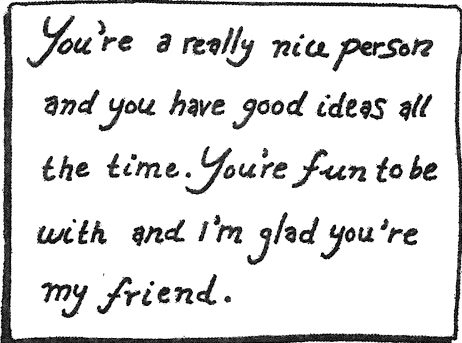
"I need an index card," said Megan. "Do you have one?"

Jessie went to the kitchen desk and got an index card. She handed it to Megan. Megan started to write something on the card.

"What are you doing?" asked Jessie.

"I'm writing a comment card," said Megan. "That's something you're going to miss from third grade. We did it every Friday. We each got assigned a person, and you had to write something positive about that person on an index card. Then it got read out loud." She folded up the card and handed it to Jessie.

Jessie unfolded the card and read what Megan had written.



*You're a really nice person
and you have good ideas all
the time. You're fun to be
with and I'm glad you're
my friend.*

Jessie stared at the index card. She kept reading the words over and over. "Thanks," she whispered.

"You can keep it," said Megan. "That's what I did. I've got all my comment cards in a basket on my desk. And whenever I'm feeling sad or kind of down on myself, I read through them. They really help me feel better."

Jessie folded the index card and put it in her lock box. She was going to save it forever. It was like having a magic charm.

"So, how about I make half the phone calls and you make the other half?" said Jessie.

"Okay," said Megan, jumping up from the couch.

It was surprising how many almost-fourth-grade girls had absolutely nothing to do three days before school started. In less than an hour, Jessie and Megan had thirteen lemonade "franchises" signed up for the day.

The rest of the day was work, but it was fun. Jessie and Megan attached the old baby carrier to Megan's bike, then rode to the grocery store and spent every penny of their earnings on lemonade mix—fifty-two cans. They actually bought out the

store. The four bags of cans filled the carrier like a boxy baby. They also bought five packages of paper cups. When they got back to Megan's house, Jessie tucked the receipt in her lock box, right next to her comment card. Jessie liked receipts: They were precise and complete. A receipt always told the whole story, right down to the very last penny.

Salisbury Farms Your Neighborhood Grocery Store 232 Central Ave. 09/01/07 11:42AM	
Store 23	Trans 246
Wkstn sys5002	Cashier KD68VW
Cashier's Name	James
Stock Unit Id	SIAJAMES
Phone Number	800-555-1275
Tastes Right Lemonade	
(52 @ 1.25)	65.00
Pixie paper Cups	
(5 @ 2.85)	14.25
Subtotal	79.25
Tax	0.75
Total	80.00
Cash	80.00
Change due	
Cash	0.00
Number of items sold: 57	
Get all your back-to-school supplies at Salisbury Farms. Happy Labor Day!	

Then they tossed construction paper and art supplies into the carrier and started making the rounds.

First stop, Salley Knight's house. She was ready for them with a table, chair, and empty pitcher all set up. Jessie mixed the lemonade, Megan quickly made a "Lemonade for sale—75¢ a cup" sign, and they left Salley to her business. The deal was that Salley got to keep one-third of the profits and Jessie and Megan got to keep the rest.

After they'd set up all thirteen lemonade stands, each with enough mix to make four pitchers of lemonade, Jessie and Megan hung out at Megan's house, baking brownies and watching TV. Then they hopped on their bikes again and made the rounds.

Jessie and Megan stopped in front of Salley's house first. The lemonade stand was nowhere to be seen.

"Whaddya think is going on?" asked Megan. Jessie had a bad feeling in her stomach. Something must have gone wrong.

They rang the doorbell. Salley came to the door.

"Hurry," she said, grabbing their arms and pulling them inside. "My mom goes totally mental when the AC is on and the door is open."

"Where's your stand?" asked Jessie nervously, feeling goose bumps ripple up her arms because of the suddenly cool air.

Salley waved her hand. "Done," she said. "I sold out in, like, half an hour. It's so darn hot. We made twenty-four dollars, besides tips. Do I get to keep the tips?"

"Sure," said Jessie. Tips! She'd forgotten about those on her calculations page. Salley handed Jessie some crumpled bills and an avalanche of coins: eight dollars for Jessie and Megan, *each*.

"You wanna stay and have some ice cream?" Salley asked.

"Okay," said Megan. "And we brought you a thank-you brownie. You know, for being part of our team." That had been Bright Idea #9.

After a bowl of The Moose Is Loose ice cream, Jessie and Megan headed out. The story was the same at every girl's house: The lemonade had sold

out quickly and the money just kept rolling in.

"I can't believe we made—how much did we make?" squealed Megan once they got back to her house.

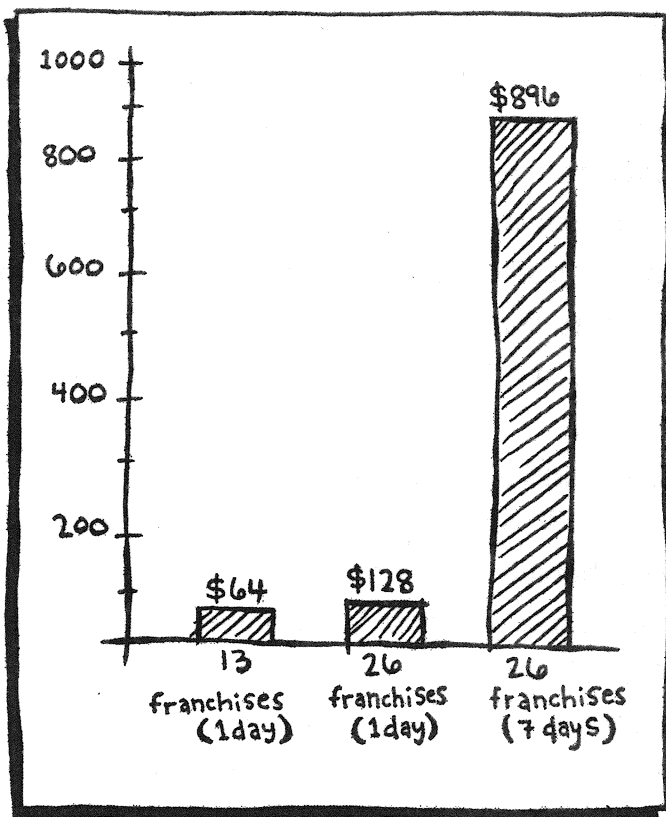
"One hundred and four dollars each. *Each!*" shouted Jessie. She couldn't stop hopping from one foot to the other.

"I've never seen so much money in my life!"

Jessie was already running numbers in her head. Subtracting the eighty dollars that she and Megan had spent on lemonade and cups, each girl had made a profit of sixty-four dollars. If they increased the number of franchises from thirteen to twenty-six, they could each make one hundred and twenty-eight dollars in one day. If they ran the twenty-six franchises every day for one week, they could each make eight hundred and ninety-six dollars! Jessie pulled out a piece of paper and scribbled a graph.

The sky was the limit!

Megan pretended to faint when Jessie showed her the graph. "What are you going to do with your money?" she asked from the floor.



Win the war! thought Jessie. Oops. She couldn't say *that* to Megan. Megan didn't even know about the Lemonade War. After all, Megan *liked* Evan.

Jessie suddenly wondered, *If Megan knew about the war, whose side would she be on?*

All at once, Jessie felt as if Evan were a hawk, circling above, waiting to swoop down and snatch Megan away. Oh, she was so mad at him! He deserved to lose *everything*.

Is one hundred and four dollars enough to win? wondered Jessie. Surely Evan couldn't have earned more than *that*. Still . . . better safe than sorry. She would work all day tomorrow, Sunday, selling lemonade.

"So?" said Megan. "What are you gonna do with the money?" She was kicking off her sneakers and fanning herself with a magazine.

Jessie said, "I'm going to donate all my money to the Animal Rescue League."

Megan stopped waving the magazine. "Oh, that is *so* nice of you. I want to donate my money, too." She dropped the magazine and started shoving her money toward Jessie. "Here. Give mine to the Animal Rescue League, too. On the card, just put both our names."

The money came at her so fast, Jessie didn't know what to say. There it was. Two hundred and

eight dollars. Two hundred and eight dollars! All in her hands.

She had won. She had really and truly won the Lemonade War.

"Just promise me one thing," said Megan. "No lemonade stand tomorrow! Okay?"

"O-*kay*," said Jessie. She didn't need a lemonade stand on Sunday if she had two hundred and eight dollars today!

"My dad said tomorrow's the last day before the heat breaks," said Megan. "So we're going to the beach for the whole day. Wanna come?"

"Sure!" said Jessie.

"Maybe Evan wants to come, too?" said Megan.

Jessie shook her head. "No. Evan's busy all day tomorrow. He told me he's got plans."

Megan shrugged. "Too bad for him."

"Yep," said Jessie, thinking of all that money. "Too bad for him."