



The Lemonade Stand

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My Nanna is 53 and has lived in the same house all her life. She wears reading glasses when she reads which she loves to do. Her favourite colour is violet and Violet is her name. My Nanna loves the lotto and often has scratchies in her bag, along with her script for her medication, sugar for coffee and the keys for her car. I visit my Nanna once a week, ever Wednesday, we go for dinner because we don't feel like cooking. It is great because Wednesday is my homework free night. When I go there it smells good and I love to run my hand over the wall. It feels so smooth. It makes me happy to spend time with my cousin Ryan who lives with my Nanna. I do things with Ryan like playing on the computer, bouncing on the trampoline, helping each other with things we are stuck on, mostly maths, and having fun playing handball. I have lots of toys to play with but I usually play computer games. When Ryan and I want to get out of the house we go out the back. My Nanna's yard has a trampoline, and a little shed that Ryan likes to call the Nightmare Cave because of all the spiders that live there in the backyard. Nanna also has three small lemon trees from which we pick lemons to make juice. One day Ryan, Nanna and I decided to have a lemon squash stand just outside her house. Nanna found she only had \$12 in her bank account, and she needed more money for the groceries. It was my idea to hold the lemonade stand. Ryan and Nanna built the stand out of the spare wood from Ryan's old bed. Ryan got out all the ingredients while Nanna picked the lemons.

There were lots. I made the lemonade. I have known how to make it since I was four, so I was the expert: sugar, water and lemon juice. We got heaps of cups from the cupboard and we took everything down the street. We used a cracked piece of wood to make our sign. \$3 for a cup \$5 for a bottle \$10 for a large jug We waited half an hour, that's 30 minutes for our first customer. It was Flare and Claire our next door neighbours. They wanted lemonade and food. But we didn't have any food. They got angry and almost smashed our glass cups, but Ryan and I caught them before they smashed. They left without anything. The next customers, neighbours again, two doors down for our stand, Calvin and Julie. They are always going to the shops in their funny car with a chicken on the side. Calvin and Julie came over for a drink. They took a big mouthful, almost half a cup and a sour look came over their faces. They swallowed really quickly and ran away without saying anything to us. I thought they looked like they didn't like the taste of it so I had a mouthful to check that it was okay. It was disgusting! I knew straight away that Ryan had given me the salt instead of the sugar. I was angry. I yelled at Ryan and Nanna said that it was clumsy of Ryan. We closed the stall down because it was too late to make lemonade. The next day we set up the stand again, but no one on our streets was home. We took it down and we didn't sell lemonade anymore however we did make \$15 for Nanna from our very first two customers. We still pick Nanna's lemons off the tree but we use the juice for Nanna's delicious morning pancakes.