

Arthur's Lemonade Stand

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Submitted: January 16, 2006

Updated: January 16, 2006

Arthur decides to get a lemonade stand to save up some money for a new bike

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Arthur and his lemonade stand

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It was a nice warm day when Arthur was walking down the street, he saw Buster riding a shiny new bike, as he noted that the rubber on the tires was still a dark black.

Arthur was a bit envious, "Hey Buster cool bike!"

"My parents got it for me," Buster explained happily as he did a wheelie, "They both wanted to get me a gift for my birthday and I wanted a new bike as my old one was falling apart."

Arthur smiled at him, it was a nervous smile, "Can I ride it?"

Buster didn't really want anyone to ride it, he didn't want to upset him but it had to be told, "I want to use it myself for a while."

"I wonder when my parents are going to get me a bike," Arthur said aloud, as he shown his jealousy."

"Ask them."

Arthur lowered his head and walked home, he saw Fern and Sue Ellen going for leisurely bike rides; he knew very well they both got new bikes about two weeks ago.

He walked past Prunella's house, and Prunella had noticed Arthur was far from happy.

“What's wrong?”

“Everyone has new bikes,” Arthur paused and stopped to think, “Everyone I saw today has new bikes.”

“Muffy got a really nice bike, she just asked her dad,” Prunella replied.

“But she gets anything she wants,” Arthur replied as he was slightly annoyed due to the fact that Muffy was a spoiled brat who got anything she wanted just by asking, “I can't ask them, because I know they won't buy me a bike.’

Prunella smiled at the aardvark boy as she sat down at the porch step, “What's the worst thing that can happen?”

“They won't buy me one,” Arthur admitted with brutal honesty.

“Exactly, but don't give their brutal responses, any discouragement, it will hurt you,” Prunella warned.

“Thanks,” Arthur then walked home.

When he walked home, he saw D.W. watching Mary Moo Cow in the den, when he walked into the kitchen he saw Mrs. Read feeding Kate some strained peas, and Mr. Read tending to the stove cooking dinner.

Arthur had to put on his best face when doing this, he knew there was no going back, he could feel sweat form on his hands, and the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end when he asked.

Here goes nothing

“Mom, dad, can I get a new bike?”

Mr. Read had smiled at his son, “You know, it might be good if you raised money for a bike, therefore you will appreciate it even more.”

Arthur sighed, this was the type of brutal honesty Prunella warned him about, yet he couldn't argue with the fact that Mr. Read was right. He would appreciate the bike even more because he would be working so hard for it, “What do you mean?”

“I am meaning that you could get a paper route, or start a lemonade stand,” Mr. Read explained, “When I was about your age, I decided to deliver news papers for a little while to save up for my own radio.”

Arthur's response was, “Perhaps I will start a lemonade stand.”

The next day, Arthur decided to set up the stand consisting of a cheaply made sign with green paint, the cost of the lemonade and the stand made out of wicker as he couldn't find anything else at the moment to make a better table with. The wicker box was about three feet high.

Arthur waited and waited for customers, “This is tough...”

Within moments, Mrs. Tibble and the Tibble twins came by; they both said happily, "Lemonade!"

"I would like two glasses," Mrs. Tibble replied.

Arthur set out two Styrofoam glasses and he stirred and poured the transparent yellow liquid into them until they were nearly full.

Tommy and Timmy quickly drank them as Mrs. Tibble gave Arthur 50 cents.

"I think, Tommy and Timmy liked it," Mrs. Tibble observed seeing the bear cub boys smile ever so happily.

As Mrs. Tibble left Tommy and Timmy looked behind the stand and found a bag of sugar, Mrs. Tibble lost track of both of them and she knew they could get into all sorts of trouble, "Come on boys!"

Tommy and Timmy ran to catch up to her. Arthur chuckled, as they ran off.

Within moments Prunella, Sue Ellen and Francine stopped by.

"Arthur what are you doing?" Sue Ellen asked.

"My dad insists on me selling lemonade for a living," Arthur replied in a dull voice.

He didn't really want to do this; he just wanted a new bike but truth to be told that no one wanted to pay a high price for lemonade.

"Lemonade?" Sue Ellen asked as she looked at the fresh lemons in the colander.

"Yea the citrus beverage that people drink in the summer," Arthur replied.

"Well Muffy is doing the same thing," Prunella commented truthfully.

Arthur knew something was up, "Except?"

"She is selling ice cream."

Arthur smiled at the three girls, "Will you three be kind enough to buy my lemonade?"

Sue Ellen smiled her brutal honesty got in the way though, "I am sorry, but I don't have any money."

This had pained Arthur's soul, "Francine?"

"I didn't bring enough change," Francine replied showing a few pennies

"Prunella?"

She bought a glass, it had cheered him up.

"Thanks," Arthur said as he was more ecstatic.

As the days had passed he had eared about \$20 this was due to the fact that Arthur was sitting outside during the long hot days of summer selling lemonade to his friends and neighbors.

It wasn't enough money to buy a new bike, but when he checked his piggy bank he had found about 15 dollars.

Arthur looked at the calendar and it read July, "First week of July," he thought out loud, "I will see how much I can sell, hopefully it is going to be hot outside."

"If you want, how about you buy some ice cream bars and sell them to people?" Mrs. Read asked curiously, "Like buy a box of 24, put them in a cooler and sell them for a dollar each."

A smile formed on the aardvark boys face, "I should."

Mrs. Read took Arthur to the grocery store and he spent some of his money to buy a box of ice cream sandwiches, he went up and paid for them and they both left the store.

When they got home Arthur put the box of ice cream treats in a cooler that he filled up with some ice, he sat out side and waited for customers, there was Buster.

"Want a ice cream sandwich?" Arthur asked curiously.

"Sure," Buster replied happily.

"A dollar please," Arthur said with a glib smile.

Buster's smile faded, "But... I don't have a dollar," and he walked home, he ran back begging on his knees, "Please give me one!"

Arthur sighed feeling sorry for the rabbit boy, he gave him one, "Ok, here you go but don't tell anyone else."

Within moments Sue Ellen and Mrs. Armstrong were walking down the street, they stopped.

Sue Ellen smiled at him, "Hi Arthur."

"Hi..." Arthur replied but was interrupted by Buster.

"Arthur is giving away free ice cream sandwiches!" Buster yelled out.

"Really?"

Arthur sighed, "He wanted one, but they are a dollar."

"I suppose we can spare two dollars," Mrs. Armstrong said kindly as she handed him some spare change.

"Do you want lemonade or an ice cream bar?"

It was very warm that day, Sue Ellen decided on the ice cream bar and Mrs. Armstrong decided on the lemonade.

They both walked away.

Arthur had plenty of customers but ran out of sandwiches, he did have enough for lemonade to last him a few days, but it was diminishing quickly. This day Arthur had made about \$40 dollars easily.

The next day Mrs. Read took him to buy some lemon juice, ice cream sandwiches and sugar, Arthur got home and prepared everything for the busy day ahead of him.

When everything was prepared customers were in need of what Arthur was selling that there was a line up. This had satisfied Arthur greatly.

He was selling the ice cream sandwiches, the lemonade, and was making counts on everything. He had made about \$75 this time around, combined with the earlier \$75 he had \$150 now, it was enough to buy a new bike. Arthur finished the day up as the customers left.

Arthur went back inside to tell his parents he had enough money for a new bike.

The next day his parents took him to the bike shop, he had chosen a nice shiny new bike. Arthur gladly paid for it they took it home. When the Reads came home, Mr. Read took the training wheels off and Arthur rode his bike and joined his friends.

The End.