

*Making
Cents*

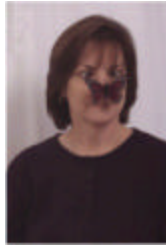
*By
Dotti Enderle*

Making Cents

An e-book that counts!

By
Dotti Enderle

About the Author



Expect the Unexpected

Dotti Enderle

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Dotti Enderle refuses to grow up! (Much to the embarrassment of family and friends.) She is the author of the *Fortune Tellers Club* series (Llewellyn Worldwide Ltd.) and a kazillion other stories and poems for kids. She lives in Texas with her husband, two daughters and a fat lazy cat named Oliver.

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Dad gave me a piggy bank for my birthday. Soon, I saved five pennies. I took them out and counted them. “One – two – three – four – five!”



“I’ll give you a nickel for those five pennies,” Dad said. He fished one out of his pocket.

“But that’s just one!” I shouted. “I already have *five*.”

He laughed. “It’s okay. Five pennies are equal to one nickel.”

So we traded.



The next day I found another nickel lying on the ground. I showed it to Dad.

“I’ll give you a dime for your two nickels,” he said, holding out a tiny silver coin.

“Dad! That’s not even as big as one nickel!”

“It’s okay,” he said. “Two nickels are equal to one dime.”



I kept saving my money. Pretty soon I had two dimes and a nickel. Dad grinned when he saw me counting them.

“I’ll give you a quarter for those,” he said.

He showed me the quarter – big and shiny. But it was just *one* coin.

“It’s okay,” he said. “Two dimes and a nickel are equal to one quarter.”

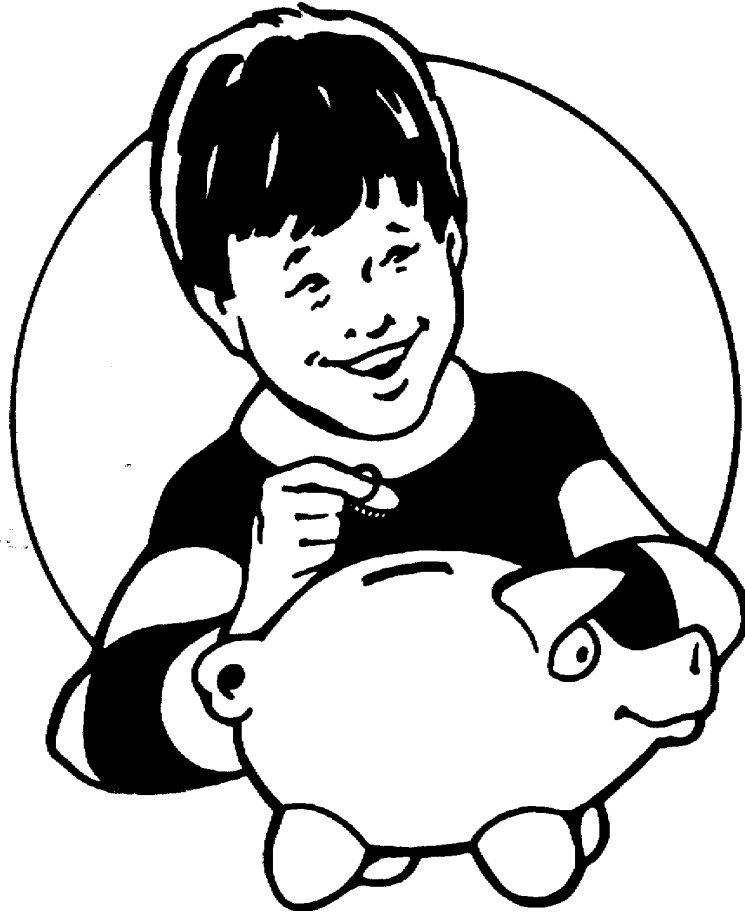


Before I knew it, I had four quarters. I counted them in front of Dad to show how proud I was.

“I’ll trade you a dollar for those quarters,” he said. He unfolded his wallet and pulled out a crisp one-dollar bill. It was big and smooth and looked important.

“Do four quarters equal one dollar?” I asked.

“Yep,” Dad said, handing it over.



I rolled the dollar up like a tube and pushed it into my piggy bank. Then I walked back to my room. But something didn't seem right. I thought about it for a while, then went back to see Dad. "Can I have my coins back?" I handed him the one-dollar bill.

“Why?” Dad asked, looking puzzled.

“If they equal one dollar, then it doesn’t matter if they’re coins or a bill, right?”

“True,” Dad said. “Here are three quarters, two dimes, and a nickel.”

I dropped the coins one by one into my piggy bank.

“But why did you want the coins?” Dad asked.

I shook the piggy bank – *jing* – *ching* – *jing*. “I just like the sound.” *Jing* – *ching* – *jing!*