

Millionaires Lucy and Madeline



“Everyone keeps on saying that there’s not enough money,” Madeline thought one morning. “How can there not be enough money when you can print it? You can print more money, just like cinema tickets. You could give everyone a bagful of money and they would all be happy!”

“Yes, you can print it, but that doesn’t mean money is given to everyone,” Lucy explained.



“Money is given for work. Or something, I don’t really know that well either.”

“But let’s make a lot of money for ourselves!” Madeline suggested. “Let’s make a huge pile of money! And then let’s play that we are very rich people!”

“But we can’t buy anything for the money

we've made ourselves," Lucy hesitated.

"It doesn't matter, as long as we have loads of money and we feel really good about ourselves!"

Now Lucy started to like this idea of making money.

"I know a way we can have loads and loads of money!" she looked at Madeline cunningly.

"Yes?" Madeline was all excited.



"Let's get these old newspapers from the shed and let's cut banknotes out of them!"

So that's what they did – got a several packs of newspapers from the shed and started cutting them.

“Put tenners here,” Lucy showed Madeline, looking all important, “hundred notes here and five hundred notes here.” Madeline kept on cutting and Lucy wrote numbers on the money. Then it was Lucy's turn to cut and Madeline's to write.



In the beginning, Tim was observing everything calmly but once the banknotes were cove-

ring the entire floor, he tried to mix the stacks with his foot. The girls gave up on stopping him because eventually everything would have been mixed anyway. In an hour, they had blisters on their thumbs from all this cutting.

“Making money is quite hard,” Madeline figured. “I should be wearing gloves.”

“I have a better idea!” Lucy said and got a few band-aids from the cupboard.

Another hour passed and the pile of money grew larger and larger. A hundred note, a five hundred note, a hundred note, a five hundred note. There seemed no point in making smaller notes anymore.



“Hey, isn’t there too much of it already?” Madeline asked.

“No way,” Lucy figured. “There has to be enough money to throw it up in the air and wallow in it!”

“But let’s make enough to jump in!” Madeline got an idea. “So that we could entirely get lost in money!”



“Alright,” Lucy agreed, “but then let’s not write numbers any more, let’s just cut.”

“Yes,” Madeline nodded, “because with all that money, you don’t really look at the numbers anymore...”

In the end, the room was full of money. But there wasn't enough for them to hide inside the pile. Tim had put most of the notes under the bed and now tried really hard to shovel it out from there. Luckily Mum called him so that he could have his nap.

“I have an idea!” Lucy announced. “Let's put the money in the bathtub, so that it wouldn't be all over the place!”



They carried all their hard work into the bathtub, and indeed, the bathtub was entirely filled with money! Lucy stood in front of the bath, hands on her hips, and figured:

“We could fit here, I suppose, but if Mum or Dad sat in the bath then it would probably flow over.”

“Let’s try!” shouted Madeline and stepped inside the money.

“Wow!” She was looking all comfortable and patted the notes gently. Then she sat inside the money, so that only her head was sticking out.

“I’m rich!”



Lucy also got into the bath and started shoveling bank notes on her head.

“We are millionaires!”

In the end they had a money war. They threw five hundred notes at each other and scratched the money with their legs, like dogs do.



“Millionaires!” Madeline screeched.

“Billionaires!” shouted Lucy.

When Mum opened the bathroom door, at first she understood nothing. “What is this all about then?” she asked, staring at the bathful of newspaper cuttings and excited children.

“This is money, Mum!” Lucy announced.

“Loads of money!” Madeline added.

“Come and have try, Mum!” Girls climbed out of the bath and pushed Mum towards the bathtub.

“Have you completely lost it?” Mum resisted. “Totally mad!”

“But at least give it a try!” children kept on pushing her, and in the end, Mum gave in. She climbed into the bath and just sat there for a while.

She read the numbers on the notes and smiled to herself. Then she got a funny look in her eyes and she started throwing the notes up in the air with both hands. The notes fell on her head and she threw them up again.

In the end she lied down in the money, so that only the knees could be seen.

Mum was moving her hands, as if she was swimming backwards. Once she surfaced again, she was looking really pleased with herself.

“This is not such a bad idea after all,” she said, smiling, and washed her face with money.

“I feel quite rich!”



“Do we have to shovel it all into the fireplace now?” Lucy asked.

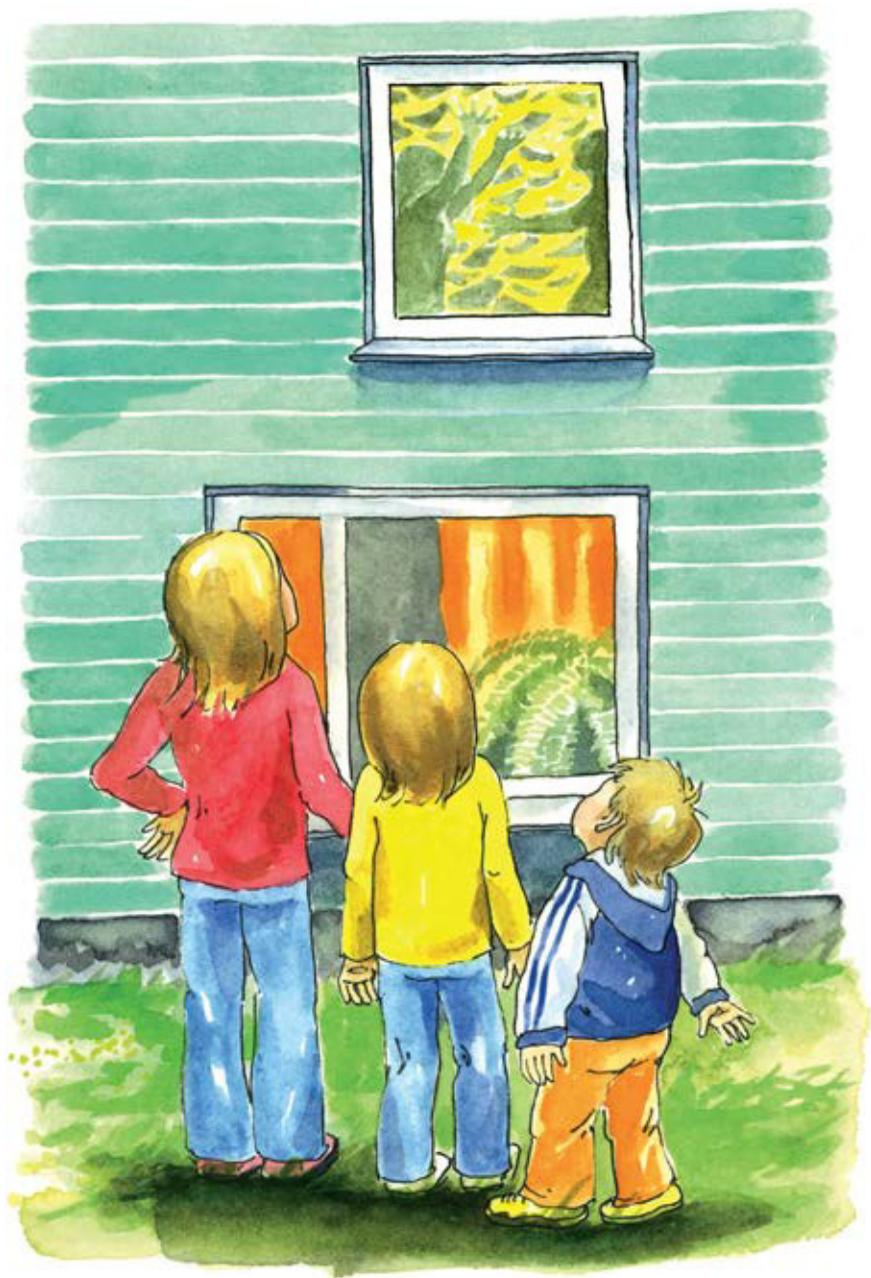
Mum gave it some thought and then said:

“You know, just leave it for now, I’ll clean it up myself. You can go out to play now and get some fresh air, otherwise you’ll grow mouldy inside.”



Girls put their outdoor clothes on and went outside.

In a little while they could hear Mum and Dad laughing through the open bathroom window.



“I’m wondering why they’re always saying that money only brings trouble and money doesn’t matter?” Lucy asked, looking at Madeline. Madeline shrugged her shoulders and after hearing Dad laugh again, started laughing herself. Isn’t it so that laugh is contagious, just like a cold?

In the end, Lucy and Madeline were laughing loudly with Mum and Dad.



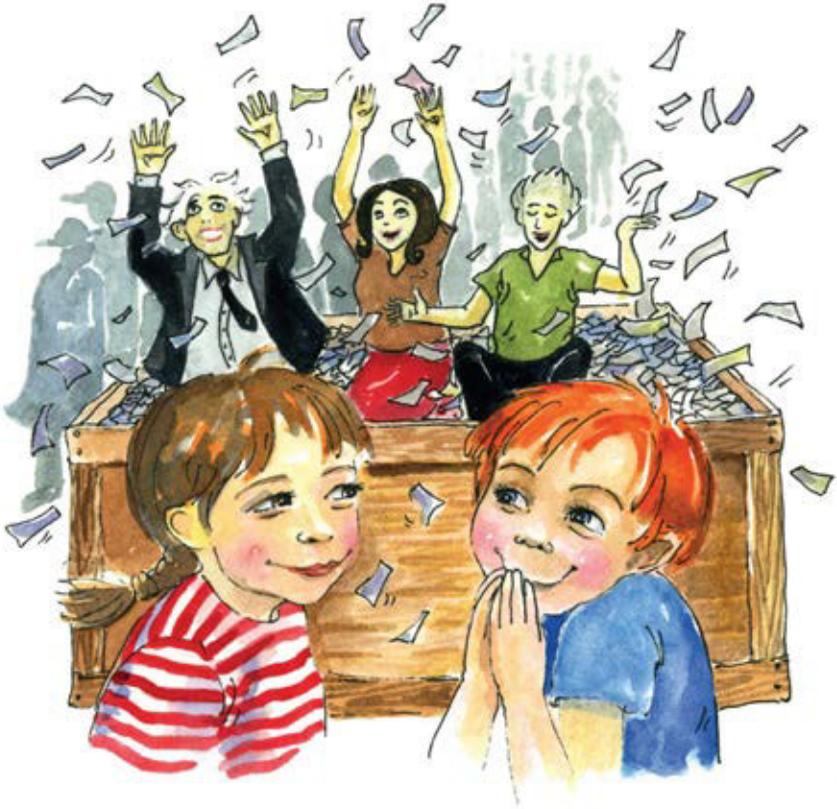
“At least we have heaps of money now!” Madeline felt happy about their day’s work.

“You bet!” Lucy agreed.

“And you know what?” Lucy lifted her finger. “I’ve got another idea!”

“Yes?” Madeline asked.

“The men working in banks could also have large boxes of money in front of banks,” Lucy explained.



“Then people could jump inside money!”
“That’s a really good idea,” Madeline thought.



“That’s actually a great idea! Every time you feel down and don’t have enough money, you just go and jump!”

In the evening, Dad drove to the supermarket and got a huge whipped cream cake. Just like that, for no reason. The millions had been shovelled in the fireplace and lit. The room was cosy and warm and the cake tasted unbelievably delicious.



The End