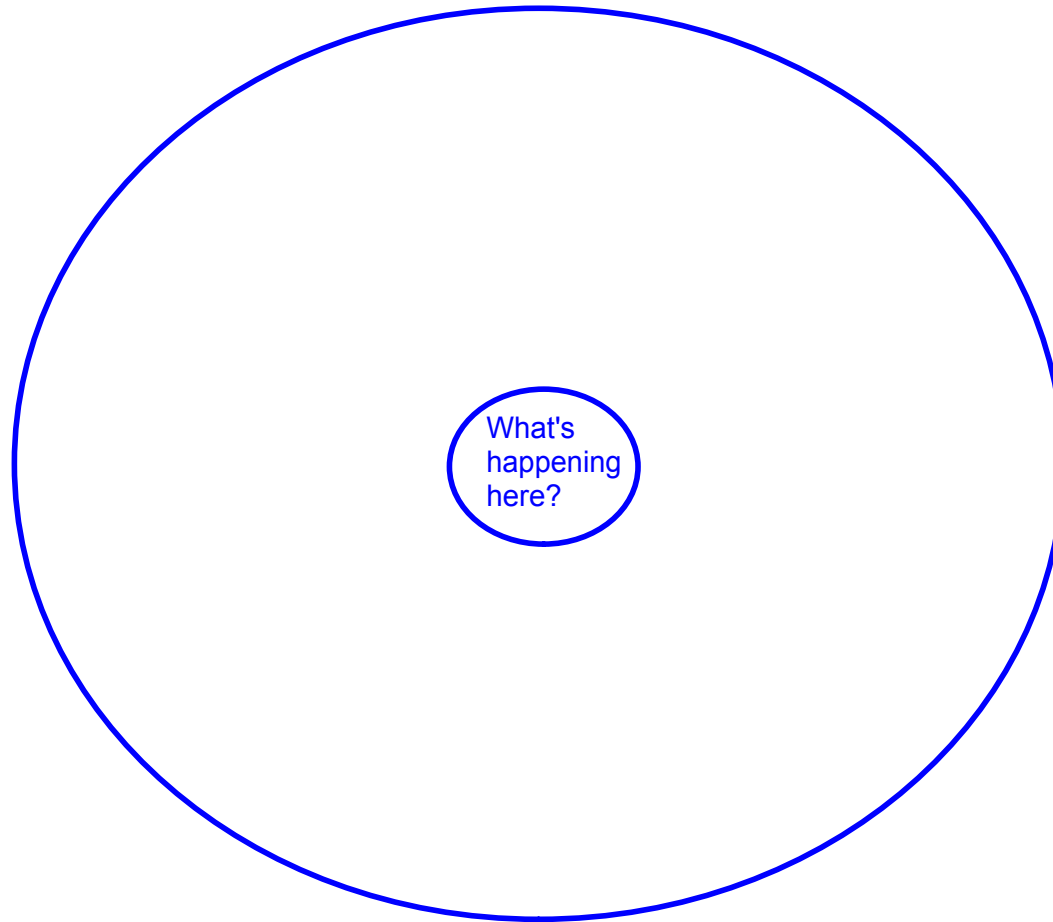


"A Hundred Bucks . . ." Comp Questions



"A Hundred Bucks of Happy" Comprehension Questions

Who are the characters?
What do we know about them?

Chris	Danny	Mom
found the money	asks for a share of the \$	said he should give her the \$
don't have much \$	eats a lot of potato chips	said he should return it
split the money between him and his family	got pimples	can't make nutritious snacks and dinners anymore
older brother	got fat	had to go to work
sarcastic (the way he answers his mom about finding the money's owner)		

"A Hundred Bucks of Happy" Comprehension Questions

ACTIVITY 1.9
continued

The Choices We Make

My Notes

out who lost it."

"What if it belonged to some poor person?" she asked, but I could see she was weakening.

"Poor people don't carry hundred-dollar bills," I replied.

"I bet it's mob money," Danny said. "And when the mob finds out it's missing, they'll hire a hit man to shoot Chris. Terrific!"

"No one's going to shoot me," I told him. "Besides, I intend to spend the money so fast, there won't be anything for the mob to collect. I thought I'd go to the mall tomorrow and pick some stuff up.

"You can't do that," Mom said. "You have to give me the money."

"How do you figure that?" I asked.

"We need it," she said.

"I sure need it," Danny said. "I want my share."

"I'm not sharing," I told him.

"Fine," Mom said. "So you can give it to me." I swear they must send mothers to school somewhere, when they're in an embryonic mother state, kind of like the pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, before they become fully formed humans. At mother school, they're taught how to ignore the obvious to go after what they want.

"If I'm not sharing, I'm not giving," I said. "The money is mine. I found it. There's a lot of stuff I need, and I intend to get myself some of it."

Mom snorted. "Wait until you see how long a hundred dollars lasts," she said.

"I look forward to finding out," I said, trying to sound dignified.

The rest of supper was kind of a drag, with Danny whining and Mom sulking and me thinking about the money sitting on my bed, waiting for the world to come and snatch it. As soon as I could, I went back to my room and shoved the bill into the toe of my boot. Then I hid both boots under my bed. No point taking any chances.

It was positively painful sitting through school the next day. Of course having a hundred-dollar bill shoved inside my boot didn't make things any more comfortable. I kept wiggling my toe around to make sure the money was still there, until my foot started cramping. It's not easy being rich.

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ACTIVITY 19
continued

The Choices We Make

My Notes

I must have walked through that mall a half-dozen times, upstairs and down, trying to find just the right thing to buy. Most of the stuff I looked at I would have killed to own ordinarily, but somehow nothing was special enough to spend my hundred on. And things didn't cost what I thought they did. I finally decided to buy a Walkman, so I went into one of the department stores to price them. Only they had one on sale, AM/FM radio and cassette player for \$29.95. That seemed awfully cheap to me, only there was no point spending more than that for another brand just because it wasn't on sale. So I didn't buy one, and I didn't get any cassettes either. And all the books I used to dream about owning looked like crap, and suddenly I realized there was nothing at the mall I really wanted.

I sat down then, by the fountain, to collect my thoughts. There was no water in the fountain area, because of the water shortage, and its tile floor was littered with pennies and nickels. I couldn't get over how people had just tossed their money away like that, when I couldn't even make myself take my boot off.

It occurred to me then that I could buy a car for a hundred dollars. Maybe not a great car, but a car, nonetheless. I had this entire fantasy about being behind the wheel of my very own car, driving my friends around, parking in the high school lot, going to drive-ins, moving around the way you could if you owned a car. It was a pretty picture, and I was just about ready to spend part of my \$2.35 on a newspaper so I could see what cars were available for a hundred bucks, until common sense made me stop.

The problem wasn't the money for the car, or even the sales tax. I figured I could always argue the owner down the extra couple of bucks. The problem was car insurance. Somehow I didn't think I could count on finding the insurance money on the corner of Maple and Grove every six months. No insurance, no car. No car, no freedom. I still had my money, but the fun was fast going out of it.

Just to show myself that I could, I went into Woolworth's and bought some chewing gum. They were out of my brand, but I bought a package of some other brand, and broke one of my singles. The change jingled as I walked away from the mall, chewing my gum, and limping.

I found myself walking a half block out of my way, to return to the corner of Maple and Grove, but a scary thing happened once I got there. I realized I hadn't gone back to see if there was any more money there but to leave the hundred-dollar bill smack where I'd found it.

You know, I actually wanted the person whose money it was to

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