



Vicki Greendot Lives Here

Written by Andrea Kronshage

Illustrated by Jason MacKay

IN HONOUR OF 150 YEARS serving Canadian business and contributing to our communities, our Deloitte team has created this little book for children in the hopes that by sharing our ethical principles with the very young we can help them create a better world for themselves and this will become part of our legacy for the next 150 years. Feel free to share our little book with anyone you choose — all we ask is that you do not print it so we can also save trees as part of our legacy.

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Vicki Greendot Lives Here

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WICKI GREENDOT STOOD CRYING in a corner of the school yard, and she cried so much there were great big splotches on her velveteen skin. And the big fuzzy pink bow on top of her head was bobbing all over the place every time she sobbed! Her friend, Billy Bluebell, came over and asked her what was wrong and she told him that their kindergarten teacher had yelled at her and told her she had taken her money and then fibbed about it. Billy gasped and paled a little from his normal deep blue colour.

Slowly Vicki stopped crying and explained to Billy what had happened.

Earlier in the day, Mrs. Staghorn, their very mean teacher, had gone into her desk to get some money to buy a caramel macchiato from the coffee shop around the corner from their school and her change purse was gone. Since Vicki was the only one alone in the classroom that morning, Mrs. Staghorn automatically assumed that Vicki had taken her change purse and wouldn't listen to Vicki's explanations. Vicki had ended up running into the schoolyard crying as Mrs. Staghorn stomped off to the principal's office.



Cc

Dd

Ee

Ff

Gg

Hh

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ +1 \\ \hline 2 \end{array}$$



$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ +4 \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ +5 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ +6 \\ \hline 12 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ +7 \\ \hline 14 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \\ +8 \\ \hline 16 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ +9 \\ \hline 18 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ \times 1 \\ \hline 1 \end{array}$$

x

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ \times 3 \\ \hline 9 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline 16 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline 25 \end{array}$$

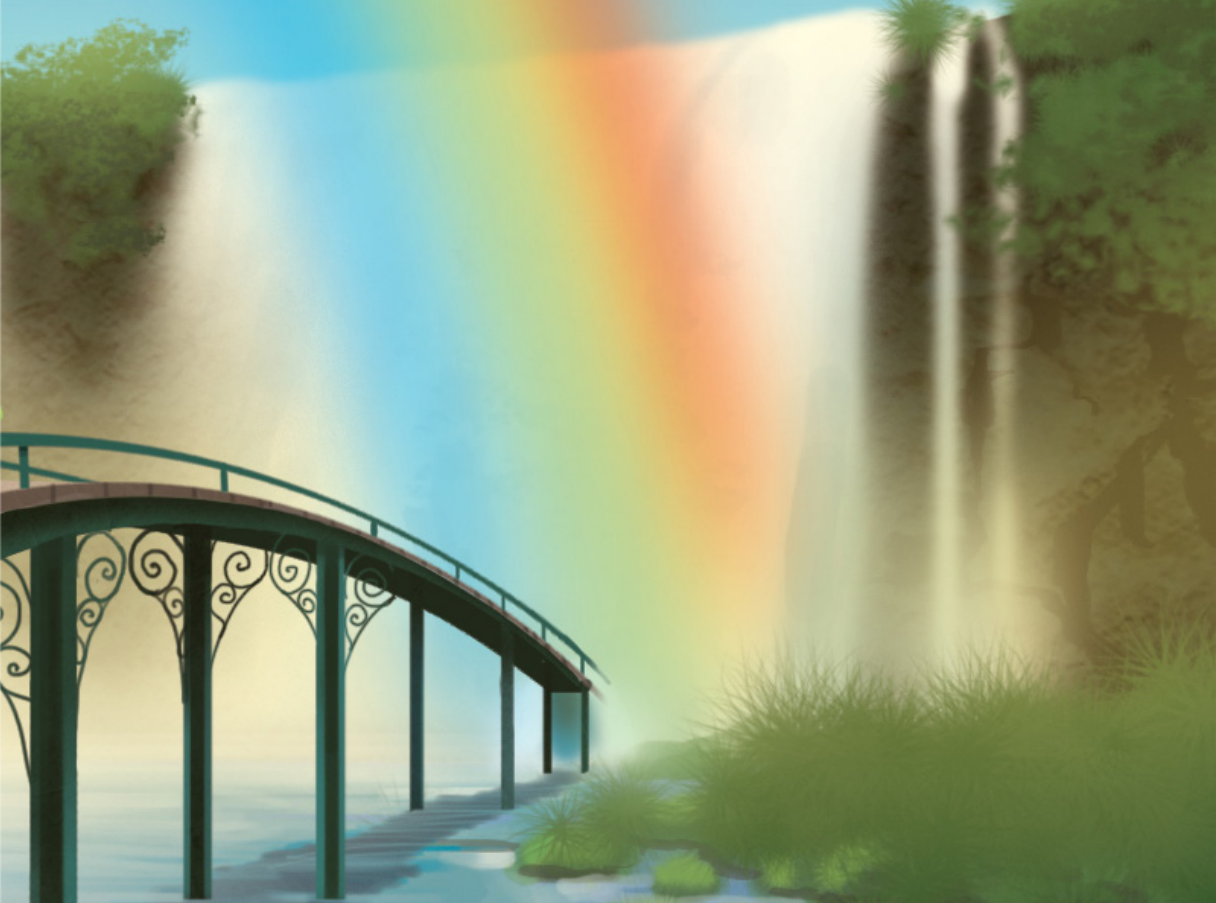




Billy asked Vicki what she was going to do — he knew right down to his bright blue toenails that Vicki would NEVER EVER, EVER tell an untruth, take someone else’s property or cheat and he was worried sick about what Mrs. Staghorn would tell their principal, Mr. Ferretface.



Vicki slowly straightened her shoulders, took Billy's hand, said, "Come with me, I've decided what I need to do to fix this situation" and marched off to her rainbow home at the top of the block. They went under the waterfall and into the front

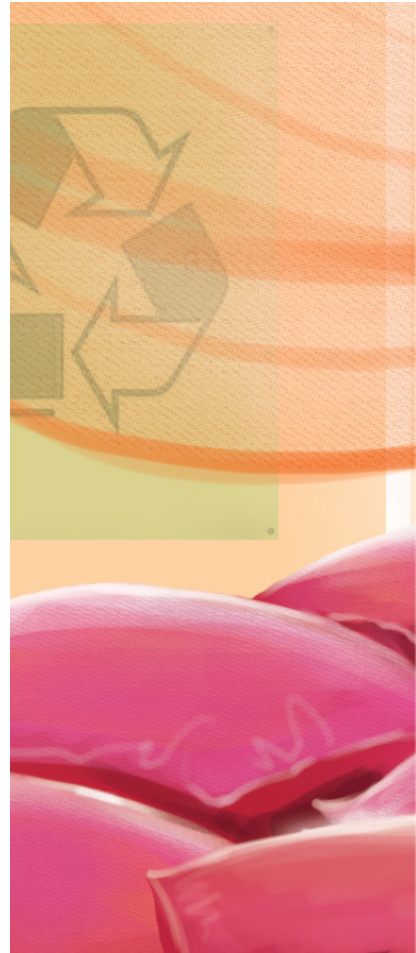


room and up the stairs to Vicki's bedroom where she dove under her huge fluffy pillow bed and pulled out a chest filled with gold coins. Billy's eyes opened so wide his whole body almost fell backwards when he saw all of the gold coins.

“Where did you get all of those gold coins?” he gasped.

“When everyone was playing at Paddlefoot Park all summer, I ran a lemonade stand to save up money for family emergencies but mostly for university in case my parents can’t afford to send all ten of us away to school when we finish high school,” she said proudly.

“But Vicki, you’re only five years old!” Billy said.





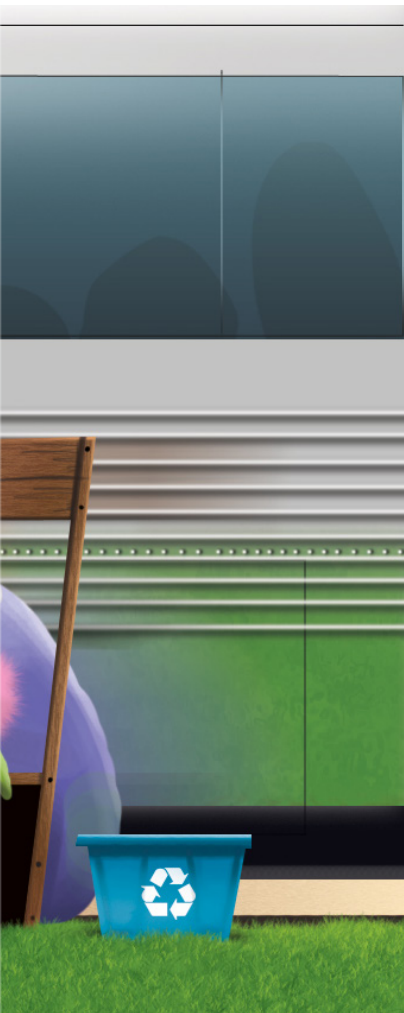




“I know” she said, “but my Grandma and Grandpa always tell me it is never too soon to start earning money fairly and to start saving my money. I got a loan from Mumsy for the first batch of lemonade mix and the pitchers and the glasses (the glasses were the most expensive things of all because I wanted to be sure they really wouldn’t hurt our environment so Poppy had to take me all the way to Canamora on his bicycle to buy them from a special store there), then I mixed the lemonade myself, took a little table out of our den and set myself up at the end of our polka dot driveway. Poppy told me that I needed to charge just enough for each glass to make a small profit on each pitcher and still I was able to pay Mumsy back that very first day.”

“But this is a lot of money, Vicki!” Billy exclaimed.





“Yes, well, after a few days a tour bus passed by and stopped and all of the tourists got off and wanted a glass of lemonade and I gave the driver a free glass because it was so nice of him to let his thirsty passengers get off the bus to buy some lemonade, so every day for the rest of the summer, he stopped his bus, and I had lots and lots of business because I was always there on time for him!” Vicki explained proudly.

“And then I noticed that sometimes when it was really hot, the glasses dribbled, so I asked Poppy to take me on his bicycle to that store in Canamora again so I could buy special napkins that wouldn’t hurt our environment and I only increased the cost of each glass enough to keep my profit the same but my customers



happier...and now I'm thinking about setting up a hot chocolate stand during our winter break to see how I do at that!" at which point Vicki pulled two gold coins from the chest, closed it up and pushed it back under her huge fluffy pillow bed, then grabbed Billy's hand again, and marched back towards the school.







“But I don’t understand what you’re going to do with your money, Vicki?” Billy asked.

“Well, I think Mrs. Staghorn was so upset not just because she lost her money but also because she really wanted a caramel macchiato so I’m going to buy her one and then hopefully we can talk without her yelling at me,” Vicki explained.

So hand in hand they went into the coffee shop, got the caramel macchiato and marched back to the school — and although Billy’s knees were shaking — he stayed with Vicki as she marched right into Mrs. Staghorn’s classroom.

Mrs. Staghorn, with her pointy hair sticking up in all directions was sitting crying at her desk. She looked up when she saw Vicki and Billy come through the door.





“Oh, Vicki,” she whispered.

Vicki marched right up to Mrs. Staghorn’s desk and said, “Mrs. Staghorn, here’s a caramel macchiato for you, and I’m hoping you will now listen to me with courtesy and respect because I did not take your change purse and I don’t think you were being fair to me,” and then Vicki stopped talking because the most extraordinary thing happened — Mrs. Staghorn jumped up from her desk, grabbed Vicki in her arms and kissed her and said, “I’m so sorry, Vicki. I’m so very sorry.



Mr. Ferretface



When I went to Mr. Ferretface’s office to report you, before I could say anything, he handed me my change purse and told me I should take better care of it because I had left it on the counter in the office. Vicki, can you ever forgive me? I haven’t been myself for a long time because my husband is very ill and I’m not always thinking straight — and Mr. Ferretface has told me that a number of parents have complained about the way I treat their children and if there are any more complaints I will lose my job.”

Slowly Vicki nodded, and then she said, “Mrs. Staghorn, we have nothing to complain about.”

And Vicki kept her word, so for over 150 years the Greendot family, the Bluebell family (because Vicki and Billy eventually got married after they graduated from university) and the Staghorn family all trusted each other, worked together to build a better world and that wonderful relationship will last for at least another 150 years.



The end.



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