

Monday, March 23, 2020

This week's lessons will be different than last week's lessons.

Monday Math 7th and 8th, *Please take the Diagnostic for math only on IXL.... Possible only on a computer. If using tablet or phone, then do one section of math. Example is 7th grade: F.1 and 8th grade D.1*

For Science this week, pick a topic you are interested from 6th, 7th, or 8th grade and do a section per day or more...just have fun with learning.

7th Grade: Learn your bones from the bones page...we will do quizzes on Friday at 11 am, I will email you with the code.

Then Monday through Friday, you will read the passage posted for the **Book Rich Dad Poor Dad.**

Take some time to think about your answers to the questions at the end of each day's reading passage.

Please reply to my e-mail with your answers.

Rich Dad Poor Dad by **Robert Kiyosaki**....his personal story. Things you won't learn in a classroom.

Lesson 1: The Rich Don't Work for Money

The poor and the middle class work for money. The rich have money work for them.

"Dad, can you tell me how to get rich?"

My dad put down the evening paper. "Why do you want to get rich Son?"

"Because today Jimmy's mom drove up in their new Cadillac, and they were going to their beach house for the weekend. He took three of his friends, but Mike and I weren't invited. They told us we weren't invited because we were poor kids."

"They did?" my dad asked incredulously.

"Yeah, they did," I replied in a hurt tone.

My dad silently shook his head, pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose, and went back to reading the newspaper. I stood waiting for an answer.

The year was 1956. I was nine years old. By some twist of fate, I attended the same public school where the rich people sent their kids. We were primarily a sugar-plantation town in Hawaii. The managers of the plantation and the other affluent people, such as doctors, business owners, and bankers, sent their children to this public elementary school. After grade six, their children were generally sent off to private schools. Because my family lived on one side of the street, I went to this school. Had I lived on the other side of the street, I would have gone to a different school with the kids from families more like mine. After grade six, these kids and I would go on to the public intermediate and high school. There was no private school for them or for me.

My dad finally put down the paper. I could tell he was thinking.

“Well, Son..., “he began slowly. “If you want to be rich, you have to learn to make money.”

“How do I make money?” I asked.

“Well, use your head, Son,” he said, smiling. Even then I knew that really meant, “That’s all I’m going to tell you,” or “I don’t know the answer, so don’t embarrass me.”

3/23/20 Question: What are some ideas that you have about making money at your current age?

Be sure to email your response. For those who have done so...thank you!!!

Tuesday, March 24, 2020

Good Morning Everyone,

This is day 6 of our new normal for a few more weeks as least. I hope you are well and thinking of all the positives...one good thing is you can sleep in and do school in your pajamas and no one will ever know. Keep thinking good thoughts.

Yesterday I assigned diagnostic without realizing that those who are using smart phones to get their work done cannot access diagnostic on IXL...my apologies for not catching that sooner. For those with smart and tablets phones only, you can do one section. A section contains a letter, a dot, and a number...for example D.1 is a section. So a section will earn you a day’s credit of math. Since fractions seems to be a weakness for a majority of you that would be a great starting point.

7th grade can start with F.1, F.2...and so on for the week.

8th grade can start with D.1, D.2 ...and so on for the week.

If you are able to keep doing diagnostic, then continue with that because then you will be able to access the recommendations and fill in the gaps that have developed over the years and strengthen your understanding of math by developing math skill based on recommendations from the diagnostic.

For Science...pick a topic in Science this week, and do at least five sections. Pick whatever you are interested in for 6th, 7th or 8th grade. Have fun with learning!

This is today’s reading...don’t worry...it has to do with math and life and learning about money. Please respond with a paragraph giving detail to your thoughts.

Have a happy Tuesday each one, I am thinking of you.

Mrs. Roberts

A Partnership is Formed

The next morning, I told my best friend, Mike, what my dad had said. As best as I could tell, Mike and I were the only poor kids in this school. Mike was also in this school by a twist of fate. Someone had drawn a jog in the line for the school district, and we wound up in school with the rich kids. We weren't really poor, but we felt as if we were because all the other boys had new baseball gloves, new bicycles, new everything.

Mom and Dad provided us with the basics, like food, shelter, and clothes. But that was about it. My dad used to say, "If you want something, work for it," We wanted things, but there was not much work available for nine year old boys.

"So what do we do to make money?" Mike asked.

"I don't know," I said. "But do you want to be my partner?"

He agreed, and so on that Saturday morning, Mike became my first business partner. We spent all morning coming up with ideas on how to make money. Occasionally we talked about all the 'cool guys' at Jimmy's beach house having fun. It hurt a little, but that hurt was good, because it inspired us to keep thinking of a way to make money. Finally, that afternoon, a bolt of lightning struck. It was an idea Mike got from a science book he had read. Excitedly, we shook hands, and the partnership now had a business.

For the next several weeks, Mike and I ran around our neighborhood, knocking on doors and asking our neighbors if they would save their toothpaste tubes for us. With puzzle looks, most adults consented with a smile. Some asked us what we were doing, to which we replied, "We can't tell you. It's a business secret."

My mom grew distressed as the weeks wore on. We had selected a site next to her washing machine as the place we would stockpile our raw materials. In a brown cardboard box that at one time held catsup bottles, our little pile of used toothpaste tubes began to grow.

Finally my mom put her foot down. The sight of her neighbors' messy, crumpled, used toothpaste tubes had gotten to her. "What are you boys doing?" She asked. "And I don't want to hear again that it's a business secret. Do something with this mess, or I'm going to throw it out."

Mike and I pleaded and begged, explaining that we would soon have enough and then we would begin production. We informed her that we were waiting on a couple of neighbors to finish their toothpaste so we could have their tubes. Mom granted us a one-week extension.

The date to begin production was moved up, and the pressure was on. My first partnership was already being threatened with an eviction notice by my own mom! It became Mike's job to tell the neighbors to quickly use up their toothpaste, saying their dentist wanted them to brush more often anyway. I began to put together the production line.

One day my dad drove up with a friend to see two nine-year-old boys in the driveway with a production line operating at full speed. There was fine white powder everywhere. On a long table were small mild cartons from school, and our family's hibachi grill (small BBQ) was glowing with red-hot coals at maximum heat.

Dad walked up cautiously, having to park the car at the base of the driveway since the production line blocked the carport. As he and his friend got closer, they saw a steel pot sitting on top of the coals in which the toothpaste tubes were being melted down. In those days, toothpaste did not come in plastic tubes. The tubes were made of lead. So once the paint was burned off, the tubes were dropped in the small steel pot. They melted until they became liquid, and with my mom's pot holders, we poured the lead through a small hole in the top of the mild cartons.

The milk cartons were filled with plaster of Paris: White powder was everywhere. In my haste, I had knocked the bag over, and the entire area looked like it had been hit by a snowstorm. The milk cartons were the outer containers for plaster of Paris molds.

My dad and his friend watched as we carefully poured the molten lead through a small hole in the top of the plaster of Paris cube.

"Careful," my dad said.

I nodded without looking up.

Finally, once the pouring was through, I put the steel pot down and smiled at my dad.

"What are you boys doing?" he asked with a cautious smile.

"We're doing what you told me to do. We're going to be rich," I said.

"Yup," said Mike, grinning and nodding his head. "We're partners."

"And what is in those plaster molds?" my dad asked.

"Watch," I said. "This should be a good batch."

With a small hammer, I tapped at the seal that divided the cube in half. Cautiously, I pulled up the top half of the plaster mold and a lead nickel fell out.

"Oh, no!" my dad exclaimed. "You're casting nickels out of lead!"

"That's right," Mike said. "We're doing as you told us to do. We're making money."

My dad's friend turned and burst into laughter. My dad smiled and shook his head. Along with a fire and a box of spent toothpaste tubes, in front of him were two little boys covered with white dust smiling from ear to ear.

3/24/20 Question: What would you do? Would you be smiling from ear to ear having discovered a way to make money in a clever, skillful way? Do you think Mike and Robert's plan will work? Why or why not? As you can see, Robert is the one telling his story.

Wednesday, March 25, 2020

Hello,

1. I hope that you are keeping up with the routine of school-at-home. Continue with Math and Science on IXL.
2. Read and answer with a paragraph this part of Rich Dad Poor Dad. I hope you are enjoying this journey of how to make money. ~ Mrs. Roberts

Rich Dad Poor Dad

He asked us to put everything down and sit with him on the front step of our house. With a smile, he gently explained what the word 'counterfeiting' meant.

Our dreams were dashed. "You mean this is illegal?" asked Mike in a quivering voice.

"Let them go," my dad's friend said, "They might be developing a natural talent."

My dad glared at him.

"Yes it is illegal," my dad said gently. "But you boys have shown great creativity and original thought. Keep going. I'm really proud of you!"

Disappointed, Mike and I sat in silence for about twenty minutes before we began cleaning up our mess. The business was over on opening day. Sweeping the powder up, I looked at Mike and said, "I guess Jimmy and his friends are right. We are poor."

My father was just leaving as I said that. "Boys," he said. "You're only poor if you give up. The most important thing is that you did something. Most people only talk and dream of getting rich. You've done something. I'm very proud of the two of you. I will say it again: Keep going. Don't quit."

Mike and I stood there in silence. They were nice words, but we still did not know what to do.

"So how come you're not rich, Dad?" I asked.

"Because I chose to be a schoolteacher. Schoolteachers really don't think about being rich. We just like to teach. I wish I could help you, but I really don't know how to make money."

Mike and I turned and continued our cleanup.

"I know," said my dad. "If you boys want to learn how to be rich, don't ask me. Talk to your dad, Mike."

"My dad?" asked Mike with a scrunched-up face.

"Yeah, your dad," repeated my dad with a smile. "Your dad and I have the same banker, and he raves about your father. He's told me several times that your father is brilliant when it comes to making money."

"My dad?" Mike asked again in disbelief. "Then how come we don't have a nice car and a nice house like the rich kids at school?"

“A nice car and a nice house don’t necessarily mean you’re rich or you know how to make money,” my dad replied. “Jimmy’s dad works for the sugar plantation. He’s not much different from me. He works for a company, and I work for the government. The company buys the car for him. The sugar company is in financial trouble, and Jimmy’s dad may soon have nothing. Your dad is different, Mike. He seems to be building an empire, and I suspect in a few years he will be a very rich man.”

With than, Mike and I got excited again. With new vigor, we began cleaning up the mess caused by our now-defunct first business. As we were cleaning, we made plans for how and when to talk to Mike’s dad. The problem was that Mike’s dad worked long hours and often did not come home until late. His father owned warehoused, a construction company, a chain of stores, and three restaurants. It was the restaurants that kept him out late.

Mike caught the bus home after we had finished cleaning up. He was going to talk to his dad when he got home that night and ask him if he would teach us how to become rich. Mike promised to call as soon as he had talked to his dad, even if it was late.

The phone rang at 8:30 p.m.

“Okay,” I said. “Next Saturday.” I put the phone down. “Mike’s dad had agreed to meet with us.

On Saturday I caught the 7:30 a.m. bus to the poor side of town.

3/25/20 Question: What would you do? Would you get up really early on a Saturday to meet with Mike’s dad about learning how to make money? Would this be important to you, why or why not?

Thursday, March 26, 2020

- 1. Please keep up the good work on Math and Science**
- 2. Enjoy reading Rich Dad Poor Dad, and please respond with an email**

Rich Dad Poor Dad

The Lessons Begin

Mike and I met with his dad that morning at eight o’clock. He was already busy, having been at work for more than an hour. His construction supervisor was just leaving in his pickup truck as I walked up to his simple, small, and tidy home. Mike met me at the door.

“Dad’s on the phone, and he said to wait on the back porch,” Mike said as he opened the door.

The old wooden floor creaked as I stepped across the threshold of the aging house. There was a cheap mat just inside the door. The mat was there to hide the years of wear from countless footsteps that the floor had supported. Although clean, it needed to be replaced.

I felt claustrophobic as I entered the narrow living room that was filled with old musty overstuffed furniture that today would be collector’s items. Sitting on the couch were two women, both a little older

than my mom. Across from the women sat a man in workman's clothes. He wore Khaki slacks and a khaki shirt, neatly pressed but without starch, and polished work boots. He was about ten years older than my dad. They smiled as Mike and I walked past them toward the back porch. I smiled back slyly.

"Who are those people?" I asked.

"Oh, they work for my dad. The older man runs his warehouses, and the women are the managers of the restaurants. And as you arrived, you saw the construction supervisor who is working on a road project about 50 miles from here. His other supervisor, who is building a track of houses, left before you got here.

"Does this go on all the time?" I asked.

"Not always, but quite often," said Mike, smiling as he pulled up a chair to sit down next to me.

"I asked my dad if he would teach us to make money," Mike said.

"Oh, and what did he say to that?" I asked with cautious curiosity.

"Well, he had a funny look on his face at first, and then he said he would make us an offer."

"Oh," I said, rocking my chair back against the wall. I sat there perched on two rear legs of the chair.

Mike did the same thing.

"Do you know what the offer is?" I asked.

"No, but we'll soon find out."

Suddenly, Mike's dad burst through the rickety screen door and onto the porch. Mike and I jumped to our feet, not out of respect, but because we were startled.

"Ready boys?" he asked as he pulled up a chair to sit down with us.

We nodded our heads as we pulled our chairs away from the wall to sit in front of him.

He was a big man, about six feet tall and 200 pounds. My dad was taller, about the same weight, and five years older than Mike's dad. They sort of looked alike, though not of the same ethnic make-up. Maybe their energy was similar.

"Mike says you want to learn to make money? Is that correct, Robert?"

I nodded my head quickly, but with a little trepidation. He had a lot of power behind his words and smile.

"Okay, here's my offer. I'll teach you, but I won't do it classroom-style. You don't work for me, I won't teach you. I can teach you faster if you work for me, and I'm wasting my time if you just want to sit and listen like you do in school. That's my offer. Take it or leave it."

"Ah, may I ask a question first?" I asked.

"No. Take it or leave it. I've got too much work to do to waste my time. If you can't make up your mind decisively, then you'll never learn to make money anyway. Opportunities come and go. Being able

to know when to make quick decisions is an important skill. You have the opportunity that you asked for. School is beginning, or it's over in 10 seconds," Mike's dad said with a teasing smile.

"Take it," I said.

"Take it," said Mike.

"Good," said Mike's dad. "Mrs. Martin will be by in 10 minutes. After I'm through talking with her, you'll ride with her to my superette (like a 7-11) and you can begin working. I'll pay you 10 cents an hour, and you'll work three hours every Saturday."

"But I have a softball game today," I said.

Mike's dad lowered his voice to a stern tone. "Take it, or leave it," he said.

"I'll take it," I replied, choosing to work and learn instead of playing

3/26/20 Question: What would you do? Would you give up playing on a sports team or take the job that will help you learn how to make money? Explain, in detail, why.

Friday, March 27, 2020

Today is Friday, so we will just read Rich Dad Poor Dad and respond. Then we will get on **Quizzez** at 11a.m. and have some **fun!!!** together.

Rich Dad Poor Dad

Thirty Cents Later

By 9:00 a.m. that day, Mike and I were working for Mrs. Martin. She was a kind and patient woman. She always said that Mike and I reminded her of her two grown sons. Although kind, she believed in hard work and kept us moving. We spent three hours taking canned goods off the shelves, brushing each can with a feather duster to get the dust off, and then re-stacking them neatly. It was excruciatingly boring work.

Mike's dad, whom I call my rich dad, owned nine of these little superettes, each with a large parking lot. They were the early version of the 7-Eleven convenience stores, little neighborhood grocery stores where people bought items such as milk, and bread, butter. The problem was that this was Hawaii before air-conditioning was widely used, and the stores could not close their doors because of the heat. On two sides of the store, the doors had to be wide open to the road and parking lot. Every time a car drove by or pulled into the parking lot, dust would swirl and settle into the store. We knew we had a job as long as there was no air-conditioning.

For three weeks, Mike and I reported to Mrs. Martin and worked our three hours. By noon, our work was over, and she dropped three little dimes in each of our hands. Now even at the age of nine

in the mid-1950s, 30 cents was not too exciting. Comic books cost 10 cents back then, so I usually spent my money on comic books and went home.

By Wednesday of the fourth week, I was ready to quit. I had agreed to work only because I wanted to learn to make money from Mike's dad, and now I was a slave for 10 cents an hour. On top of that, I had not seen Mike's dad since that first Saturday.

"I'm quitting," I told Mike at lunchtime. School was boring, and now I did not even have my Saturdays to look forward to. But it was the 30 cents that really got to me.

This time Mike smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked with anger and frustration.

"Dad said this would happen. He said to meet with him when you were ready to quit."

"What?" I said indignantly. "He's been waiting for me to get fed up?"

"Sort of," Mike said. "Dad's kind of different. He doesn't teach like your dad. Your mom and dad lecture a lot. My dad is quiet and a man of few words. You just wait till this Saturday. I'll tell him you're ready."

"You mean I've been set up?"

"No, not really, but maybe. Dad will explain on Saturday."

3/27/20 Question: What would you do? Would you quit now or wait until Saturday to see what Mike's dad had to say? Explain why you would do what you do? Can our habits play a part in determining our future?