This book is dedicated to you,
because you are AWESOME.

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Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP
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First published 2018

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-274796-9

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in Great Britain

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural,
recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests.
The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental
regulations of the country of origin.



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HOW TO MAKE YOUR BUSINESS AS AWESOME AS IT CAN BE



ENTREPRENEUR—the best word in the English language. I am one of the world's finest entrepreneurs. I started my business selling jeans out of the trunk of my car and now I'm a multi-millionaire selling dreams out of the trunk of my mind. And I'm here to tell you that it can happen for you, too!

Here are three key things you'll need to turn your business from shoestring to **CHA-CHING!**

1 IMAGINATION

You gotta think outside the box and not be afraid to take risks. People laughed when I started yelling positive thoughts into bottles and selling them online, but two million dollars later, the only one laughing is your old buddy, Chuck.

2 A NEVER-SAY-DIE ATTITUDE

The word 'quit' does not even exist to me. This mindset pulled me through after I came down with malaria after being bitten by a mos----o.

3 RUTHLESSNESS

In the cut-throat world of business, it's dog-eat-dog, and you need to be the biggest pooch in the pound. Friends, family, and community are nice ideas, but totally useless in your quest to be the big kahuna. When you're a millionaire, you'll have more friends than you can shake a diamond-encrusted sceptre at.

And that's it! Just follow these three simple rules, and I will be seeing you at the Rich Guy Club in no time. Mine's a slimline soda!

Yours Awesomely,

Chuck

MY FIRST STEP TOWARDS AWESOMENESS

Here we go, the first entry in my Journal of Awesomeness.

If I'm going to get us out of this mess, I'm going to have to become an entrepre . . . an enterpun . . . a businessman. Or at least, Dad is. If I can get an idea off the ground, then get Dad involved, there's no reason we can't succeed. Plus, as a side-effect, it would get him out of his slump.

It didn't get off to the best start. Dad was all 'Leave me alone' and 'I'm not interested' and 'For God's sake, it's 7 a.m. on a Saturday morning'.

When he'd finally got up and had his morning coffee, I tried again.

'I'm serious, Dad,' I said. 'This idea couldn't possibly go wrong.'

Dad didn't look up from his paper, where he was blackening the Prime Minister's teeth with a stubby pencil he'd nicked from Argos. 'Shows what you know, son,' he said. 'Everything can go

wrong. And in my experience, it will.'

My stomach twisted. It's weird seeing Dad so low. He would never dismiss stuff out of hand before. Dad always put a million per cent into everything. I remember when we were on holiday and he bought us a dinghy for the beach and wrote *SS Smallhouse* on the side of it. I mean, yeah, he went a bit too far when he smashed a bottle of champagne on the side and burst it, but that's not the point.

'No, listen,' I said. 'I had this idea just yesterday. See, the offy always has a Choc of the Week, which they sell for 20p each. I say we go in, buy all of them, then sell them on for full price.'

Dad sighed. 'So we make a 30p profit on each bar?'

I nodded.

'And how many bars do they usually stock?'

'About twenty.'

Dad looked up from his paper for the first time. His eyes were as baggy as the swimming trunks I was promised I would grow into.

'We'd make six pounds a week,' he said. 'I don't

think I'll give up the day job just yet.'

Mum slid her bowl of cereal onto the table and sat down. 'Come on, Brian, be nice. That's a lovely idea, Freddie. It shows an enterprising spirit.'

'Thanks,' I said. 'I learned it from Chuck Willard.'

Dad groaned and called you a 'daft old horse-faced huckster', but I ignored him. He'll come around eventually.

Uncle Barry, who until now had been sitting silently, cutting coupons for wiener schnitzels out of a magazine, decided to speak up.

'Do not even think about starting that business, Frederick,' he droned, in a voice that sounded like he permanently had tissue wedged up his nose. 'If you do, you will be contravening Tammerstone Borough Council Business Regulations Section 25, Paragraph 6, and I will have no choice but to issue you with a £30 fine.'

Dad threw his tiny pencil down. 'So that's how you carry on not fixing potholes, is it, Barry? You fine kids?'

Uncle Barry pointed at Dad with his coupon-

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snipping scissors. 'The law is the law, Brian. One must always be diligent in life. If you had, perhaps you wouldn't be in your current situation.'

'Anyway,' Mum chirped, probably sensing that something was going to kick off. 'What's everyone up to today? They're showing a Bond film on TV this afternoon.'

'That's it,' Dad barked, scraping his chair as he stood up. 'I'm going out.'

'But Brian, you're still in your onesie,' said Mum.

Dad yelled 'Whatever', then stomped out of the house, slamming his tiger tail in the front door in the process.



CHUCK'S PEP TALK

When you're a leader, you have to take care of your men.

If one of your troops is off message, you have to inject them with an emergency dose of **AWESOMENESS**.

BAM! Straight into the heart.

LEGAL NOTE: This is a metaphor. Do not inject anyone without their permission.

I pulled on my trainers and ran after Dad. He was halfway up the road by the time I caught up with him.

'Is it OK if I come with you?' I asked him.

He side-eyed me and said, 'OK. I don't know why you'd want to spend time with an old loser like me, though.'

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, Chuck. My dad isn't a loser, he's just unlucky, that's all. That was when I had an idea.

'Shall we go for a game of mini golf?' I said. We always used to go there and Dad loved it. Once we'd had a quick round of that, Dad would be up for joining me on the road to Awesomeness, I knew it.

Half an hour later, he was whacking a giant plaster clown with his club.

'I always used to get a hole-in-one here,' he cried. 'What's happening to me?'

I looked at our score card. I was beating him. And I was eight over par, too.

'It's all right, Dad,' I said. 'It's not the winning, it's the taking part that counts.'

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'Stop trying to make me feel less of a loser, son,' said Dad. 'I know you mean well, but we have to face facts.'

'Smallhouse, is that you?'

Dad screwed his eyes shut and turned around. It was Malvern Pope, a bloke he used to work with at the insurance company. When Dad left, he was promoted to manager. With him was his son, Malvern Pope Junior, the most popular kid in my year. Since we sold our house and moved in with Uncle Barry, he's been winding me up all the time, calling me names like 'Tramp Boy' and 'Bin Dipper' and 'Smallhouse from the small house'. They were wearing matching jogging gear.

'Hello, Malvern,' Dad mumbled. 'Fancy seeing you here.'

'Sorry to hear about the antiques shop, old sport,' said Malvern Senior. 'It's like I told you—not everyone likes crumbly old stuff as much as you do. Nice outfit, by the way.'

Dad looked down as if he was surprised he was wearing the onesie, then blushed. 'This is, um, actually more of an around-the-house thing.'

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Malvern Junior put his hand to his mouth to stop his laughs and with his other, took his phone out of his arm holster and snapped a quick photo of Dad.

'Things are better than ever at MorganKemptonSchneffleBerger,' said Malvern Sr. 'Just got a nice little bonus in the old pay packet.'

'Isn't that something?' Dad grizzled.

'Yep,' Malvern went on. 'That £20k will come in handy when the new Merc is on the market.'

I could actually hear Dad grinding his teeth. That could have been our bonus. And our Merc.

'Great,' said Dad. 'Well, I'll see you around, Malvern.'

'Yeah,' said Malvern Sr. 'Hey, if you ever fancy a round of the real stuff, I'm a member of the Country Club, so I could get you in. Probably best not to dress like Tigger though, eh?'

Then he and Idiot Jr laughed and jogged away.

'So,' I said to Dad, trying to ignore what had just happened. 'What shall we do now?'

Dad ran his hands down his face. 'I think I might go to bed and never get up.'

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CHUCK'S PEP TALK

Remember: If Plan A doesn't work out, make sure you have a Plan B. If Plan B doesn't work out, make sure you have a Plan C. Keep going 'til you reach the end of the Awesome Alphabet, buddy!