

“Since I am **the major breadwinner** in the house.” said Grandpa Finkley, “I think I have the right to be called **the greatest thing since sliced bread.**” The rest of the family felt that this was **food for thought**, but eventually decided that Grandpa was too much of a **tough cookie** to compare him to sliced bread. That would be **comparing apples to oranges!** “Fine!” snarled Grandpa, “If **that's the way the cookie crumbles** around here, I'm leaving! Let's see how long you can afford your **daily bread!**” And with that, he stalked out.

“Oh dear.” said Dad. “We're **in a bit of a pickle** now, aren't we?” The rest of the family nodded. “But **there's no use crying over spilled milk!**” cried Mom, “We've got rid of that **bad apple!** I swear, he was **rotten to the core.**”

“How will we make our money?” asked Lucy. “**When life gives you lemons, make lemonade!**” quoted Dad. “We'll start a lemonade business, lower our prices to put all other lemonade stands out of commission, and soon we'll be **raking in the dough!**”

And soon they were. Indeed, the Finkley family was **on the gravy train.** Their glass that was **half-empty was now half-full**, and soon became overflowing. Everyone who wanted lemonade in a radius of fifteen miles had to come to their stand. “**How do you like them apples?**” snickered Jimmy when he thought of Grandpa.

Meanwhile, Grandpa was staying in a crummy little boarding house that was costing him most of his remaining funds, wondering if he had **bit off more than he could chew.** But hey, he thought, **you can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs.** They shouldn't have **bit the hand that fed them.** They **put all their eggs in one basket.** They're probably **living on bread and water now!**

When Grandpa got hungry, he spent his last few dollars on a hot dog that he later found was stuffed with sawdust. “That was **like taking candy from a baby!**” snickered the hot dog salesman.

Soon grandpa began to hear stories of the Finkey Lemonade Business **through the grapevine.** Their lemonade was **selling like hotcakes.** **To rub salt in his wounds,** they had bought a big mansion.

Grandpa trudged up the long driveway of the Finkley Estates and rang the door bell of the mansion. A portly butler ushered him inside, and offered him a meal good enough **to make one's mouth water.** The rest of the family welcomed him with open arms, and **in a nutshell,** all was well in the Finkley family.