

# *Ricky Buys A Soda*

## by Jeff Valure

"What the?"

"What's the matter?"

"The register went dead."

"So?"

"I'm going to have to get a manager over here."

"What?! I don't have time to stand around."

"It will only take a second. Let me just pick up the intercom. What the?"

"What's the matter?!"

"The intercom's dead. Now what am I going to do?"

"Here, the soda's seventy-five cents."

"The scanner's not working."

"There's a price on the bottle. It says seventy-five cents."

"But there's tax."

"There's no tax on food."

"There's tax on soda."

"What's the tax?"

"I don't know. Like seven something."

*"Excuse me, tax is seven and a quarter percent."*

"Thank you, ma'am. Tax is seven and a quarter percent."

"So what's that make?"

"You're the cashier, you tell me."

"I don't know. Let me try the intercom again. Maybe if I bang it against the register, one of them will start working."

"Here's eighty-five cents. Okay? I'm leaving."

"Wait! There's also a deposit..."

### **The Question.**

Did Ricky give the cashier enough money to cover the soda, the tax, and the deposit? Prove your answer.  
(Hint: There's no tax on the deposit.)