

The Boy Who Believed in the Golden Goose

The Story of Lenny Chase





***“Lenny
loved
Grandpa
Louie’s
stories.
They made
the world
feel
magical.”***

Lenny Chase loved spending time with his Grandpa Louie. Their visits were never dull, whether fishing off the dock, sipping cocoa on cold evenings, or sitting quietly on the porch with the old wooden swing creaking in rhythm to the wind. But what Lenny loved most were the stories.

Grandpa Louie had a way with words. His stories made Lenny feel like he was part of something magical. Some stories were silly, others wise, but they always left Lenny thinking.

One warm afternoon, as the sun painted golden streaks across the front yard, Grandpa leaned over and asked, “Have I ever told you the story of *The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg*?”

Lenny shook his head. “Nope. But it sounds interesting.”

Grandpa began, “Well, once upon a time, there was a poor farmer who discovered one morning that one of his geese had laid a golden egg. He couldn’t believe his eyes. The goose continued to lay golden eggs day after day, and the farmer’s pockets grew heavier with gold. But soon, greed crept in. The farmer didn’t want to wait for one egg a day. He thought he’d find a whole pile of gold inside if he cut the goose open. So, he did. But when he looked inside, there was nothing. No gold. Just regret. He had destroyed the very thing that brought him a fortune.”

Lenny stared at him, wide-eyed. “That was a *terrible* idea!”

Grandpa chuckled. “That’s the point, Lenny. It’s a fable, a lesson. Sometimes, people get impatient. They want success fast. But the things that last take time and care. A golden goose isn’t real... but what it *represents* is. It’s the ability to create something valuable over time. That’s how wealth, *true* wealth, is built.”

That night, Lenny couldn’t stop thinking about it. He imagined finding his very own golden goose. Maybe in the backyard. Maybe in the park. He even peeked under his bed, just in case.

While tying his shoes the following day, he asked Grandpa, “How do I know when I’ve found it?”



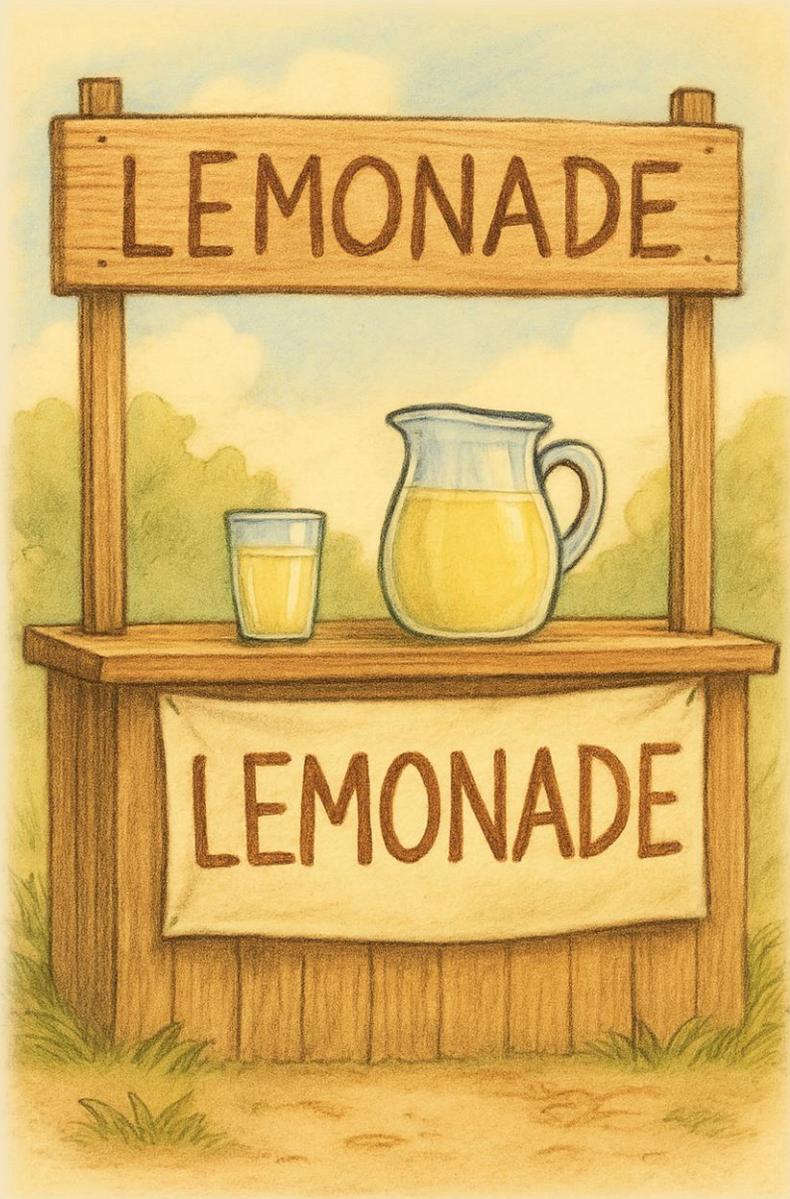
***‘You
don’t find
your
golden
goose;
you grow
it – with
patience,
effort,
and
heart.’***

Grandpa smiled gently. “You don’t find it, Lenny. You *grow* it. It starts with a thought. A dream. A little idea. Something small, like a seed. You water it with effort, feed it with patience, and protect it with persistence.”

He tapped Lenny’s forehead and then his chest. “You grow it in *here...* and in *here.*”

That stuck.

From that day on, Lenny decided to create his golden goose.



“He started with a table, a pitcher, and a dream. Every smile was a golden seed.”

He started with a lemonade stand. It wasn't much, just a wobbly table, a homemade sign, and a pitcher of lemonade that was a little too tart at first. But people smiled. Some gave him a dollar and told him to keep the change. Lenny learned to mix just the right amount of sugar and greet people with a friendly “Hello!” and a “thank you.”



***“The
mornings
were cold.
But Lenny
kept
going—he
was
growing
something.
”***

That summer, he made enough to buy himself a new pair of sneakers and put the rest in a Golden Goose Fund jar.

Next came a paper route. Early mornings. Rainy days. Cold fingers. But he kept going. He didn't always feel like it, but he remembered what Grandpa said about watering that seed.



***“He worked hard—and then worked smart.
A leader who lifted others.”***

Then came mowing lawns. People noticed how neatly he trimmed the edges and how reliable he was. Soon, there were more lawns than Lenny could handle. So, he asked a couple of friends to help. He paid them fairly and kept a little extra for organizing the work. That’s when Lenny realized—he wasn’t just working hard anymore. He was working *smartly*.

He read books from the library about inventors and entrepreneurs, asked questions, watched how businesses in his neighborhood worked and started thinking differently and bigger.



***“Every
coin was
part of
the
dream.
His
“Golden
Goose
Fund”
was
growing.”***

As the years passed, Lenny continued saving, learning, and growing. His ideas evolved. He noticed things other kids didn’t—like how busy the laundromat near his school always seemed. He thought, *If it’s always full, it must be doing well.*



***“Lenny bought his first laundromat.
He cared for it like Grandpa taught him.”***

Later, when he was old enough, he bought his first laundromat using the money from his Goose Fund. He made sure the place was clean, welcoming, and well-run. Before long, he purchased another laundromat. And then another and hired someone who needed the job.



“His biggest reward? Giving back. Kindness was part of the plan.”

People in town knew Lenny Chase not just as the kid who once sold lemonade on the corner but as a smart, generous young man who gave back, encouraged others and always believed *anything was possible*.

The Moral of the Story

Many people chase their dreams but stop at the chase.

Lenny Chase lived up to his name but went beyond the dream. He took small, **actionable steps** and built upon them, day by day, job by job, idea by idea—until the dream came alive.

He learned that the golden goose isn't something you stumble upon... it's something you create. It starts as a small idea and grows when you care for it.

*Plant your idea.
Water it with effort.
Protect it with patience.
And one day,
You might discover you've been the goose all along.*



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