



Mr Grocer scaled the ladder once more. This time he showed her two other brands of marmalade and she bought one of them. She had bad manners. She didn't say a single please or thank you.

"Excuse me," I said, looking up at her. "You should say please when you want something and thank you when you receive it."

The woman appeared to notice me for the first time and looked at me as if I were a piece of week-old fish. "Little girl," she said, screwing up her face, "it is none of your business what I say and do not say. The grocer is doing his job. I am helping him to make money. I do not need to thank him. He should thank *me*."

I opened my mouth to speak, but Mr Grocer got in first. “And I was just about to thank you, madam. Enjoy this stunning day.”

I thought Mr Grocer would thank me for sticking up for him, but he was frowning. “I’d rather you didn’t speak to my customers, Millie. This is not the first time you’ve opened your mouth and upset someone. It’s bad for trade. Nobody wants to be told off when they come in to buy a pot of jam.”

