

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Manners

David stood up and smiled at the older lady who was coming down the aisle of the bus, letting her know that he was giving her his seat. She thanked him and sat down, setting her grocery bags on the floor in front of her.

"Thank you, young man," she said. "Where did you learn such nice manners?" "My parents, I guess," said David.

"Well, they taught you well," observed the lady. "What's your name?"

"David, ma'am."

"You even say ma'am!" she exclaimed. "I'm Mrs. Watson. Pleased to meet you, David." "You, too, ma'am," answered David.

At the next stop, several people got off the bus, including the person sitting next to Mrs. Watson. "Here, son," she said to David. "Have a seat. There are plenty of seats now."

Once David was seated, Mrs. Watson looked at him and asked, "What else did your parents teach you about manners?"

"They taught me about saying yes, ma'am and no, sir—and please and thank you and you're welcome, of course," replied David. "And they taught me to address grown-ups by their last names, like Mr. or Mrs. Smith."

"Good," said Mrs. Watson, nodding her head in approval. "Did they teach you about opening doors for other people?"

"Yes, ma'am, they did," said David. "The other kids look at me funny sometimes when I open doors for them, but I don't mind. Grown-ups always like it."

"Well, you keep opening doors for the other kids, David," said Mrs. Watson. "You're setting a good example for them."



The next bus stop was in front of the city library. "This is where I get off," said David, standing up. "It was nice to meet you." A young woman came down the aisle toward the back exit, and David stepped aside to let her pass.

"Thank you," said the woman. "You're welcome," said David.

"This is my stop, too," said Mrs. Watson, gathering up her grocery bags. "I live just a short distance from the library. It's nice for a book lover like me!"

As Mrs. Watson stood to move into the aisle, she stumbled a bit, and grabbed the back of the seat to catch herself.

"May I hold your bags while you get off the bus?" asked David, stepping forward to help. "That would be very nice. Thank you, David," said Mrs. Watson.

David took the bags with one hand, stepped off the bus, and turned to give his hand to Mrs. Watson as she came down the steps.

"Thank you, son," said Mrs. Watson. "I'm not as steady on my feet as I was when I was young."

"Neither is my grandmother," said David. "She uses a walking cane, but I think it makes her feel better to hold my arm when we walk."

"You're a good grandson," said Mrs. Watson, reaching for her grocery bags. "Here, I'll take those now."

"I'll be glad to carry them to your house for you, Mrs. Watson," said David. "It's not that far."

Mrs. Watson smiled at David and nodded her head. "It's very nice of you to offer," she said, "and I gladly accept! Thank you."

They began to walk in the direction of Mrs. Watson's house, and David changed his usually fast walk to match Mrs. Watson's slower pace.

"So, David, what do you do when you're not helping ladies carry their groceries?" asked Mrs. Watson.

1. Sequence the events in from the story, using 1,2,3 4,5,6.

\_\_\_\_\_ I' ll be glad to carry them to your house for you Mrs. Watson.

\_\_\_\_\_ There are plenty seats now.

\_\_\_\_\_ you're setting a good example for them.

\_\_\_\_\_ May I hold your bags while you get off the bus.

\_\_\_\_\_ Letting her know he was giving her his seat.

\_\_\_\_\_ When I open doors for them.

2. What is the setting of the story?

\_\_\_\_\_ In the park      \_\_\_\_\_ at the library      \_\_\_\_\_ on the bus      \_\_\_\_\_ at the lady's house

3. Who are the characters? \_\_\_\_\_

4. What is the theme of the story?

Not everyone is your friend.

Manners helps you in life.

To obey is best.

Nothing is free in life.