GRAN'S SHOP READING

Read the text and answer the questions on the next page.



On Saturday mornings I worked in the family shop. I started cycling down to the shop with Dad on Saturdays as soon as I was big enough. I thought of it as giving him a hand and so I didn't mind what I did, although it was mostly just fetching and carrying at a run all morning. I managed not to think of it as work and I looked forward to the bar of chocolate my grandmother passed me unsmilingly as I left. I tried not to look at her; I had reason to feel guilty because I'd generally already eaten some dried fruits or a sliver of cheese when no one was looking. As soon as I was fifteen, though, Dad said, "That's it, our Janet. You're of working age now and you're not coming to work unless your grandmother pays you properly." He did his best to make his chin look determined. "I shall speak to her."

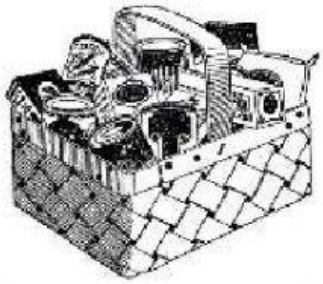
The next Saturday, Gran called me into her little office behind the shop. I always hated going in there. She had an electric heater on full blast, and the windows were always kept tightly closed whatever the weather. There were piles of dusty catalogues and brochures on the floor. "You're wanting to get paid, I hear." Gran said. "Yes, please." I replied. It was rather like visiting the headmistress at school, so I was very quiet and respectful. Gran searched through the mess of papers on her crowded desk, sighing and clicking her tongue. Eventually she produced an official-looking leaflet and ran her fingers along the columns of figures. "How old are you?" "Fifteen....Gran," I added for extra politeness, but she looked at me as if I had been cheeky. "Full-timers at your age get forty pounds for a thirty-five-hour week," she announced in such a way as to leave no doubt that she wasn't in favour of ***this****. "No wonder there's no profit in shopkeeping! So, Janet, what's that per hour?" Questions like that always* ***flustered*** *me. Instead of trying to work them out in my head, I would just stand there, unable to think straight. "I'll get a pencil and paper," I offered. "Don't bother," snapped Gran angrily. "I'll do it myself. I'll give you a pound an hour; take it or leave it." "I'll take it, please." "And I expect real work for it, mind. No standing about, and if I catch you eating any of the stock, there'll be trouble. That'Os theft, and it's a crime."*

From then on, my main job at the shop was filling the selves. This was dull, but I hardly expected to be trusted with handling the money. Once or twice, however, when Dad was extra busy, I'd tried to help him by serving behind the counter. I hated it. It was very difficult to remember the prices of everything and I was particularly hopeless at using the till. Certain customers made unkind remarks about this, increasing my confusion and the chances of making a fool of myself.

It was an old-established village shop, going back 150 years at least and it was really behind the times even then. Dad longed to be able to make the shop more attractive to customers, but Gran wouldn't hear of it. I overheard them once arguing about whether to buy a freezer cabinet. "Our customers want frozen food." Dad said. "They see things advertised and if they can't get them from us, they'll go elsewhere." "Your father always sold fresh food," Gran replied. "People come here for quality, they don't want all that frozen stuff."

Actually, she gave way in the end over the freezer. Mr. Timson, her great rival, installed one in his shop at the other end of the village and customers started making loud comments about how hand it was, being able to get frozen food in the village, and how good Mr. Timson's sausages were. That really upset her because she was proud of her sausages and she ungraciously gave Dad the money to buy the freezer. Within a couple of weeks, she was eating frozen food like the rest of us.

LIVEWORKSHEETS



1 How did Janet feel when she first started her Saturday morning job?

A She enjoyed the work that she was given
B She was pleased to be helping her father.
C She worried that she was not doing it well.
D She was only really interested in the reward.

2 What do we learn about her grandmother's office in the second paragraph?

A It needed decorating.
B It was untidy.
C It had too much furniture in it.
D It was dark.

3. "This" in the second paragraph and highlighted in bold refers to

A shopkeepers' profits.
B a thirty-five-hour week.
C Janet's request
D the recommended wage

4 "Flustered" in the second paragraph and highlighted in bold means

A bored
B angered
C confused
D depressed

5 Why did Janet's grandmother react angrily to her offer to fetch a pencil and paper?

A Janet was unable to answer the question.
B Janet had been unwilling to help her
C Janet had made an unhelpful suggestion
D Janet had answered her rudely.

6 What did Janet's father and grandmother disagree about?

A how to keep customers loyal to the shop
B the type of advertising needed to attract customers
C the type of customers they needed to attract
D how to get new customers to come to the shop

7 What eventually persuaded Janet's grandmother to buy a freezer?

A She found that she liked frozen food after all.
B A new shop opening in the village had one.
C It was suggested that her products weren't fresh.
D. She responded to pressure from her customers.

LIVEWORKSHEETS