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Opening extract from

Milly Molly Mandy Stories

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1. *Milly-Molly-Mandy Goes Errands*

Once upon a time there was a little girl.

She had a Father, and a Mother, and a Grandpa, and a Grandma, and an Uncle, and an Aunty; and they all lived together in a nice white cottage with a thatched roof.

This little girl had short hair, and short legs, and short frocks (pink-and-white-striped cotton in summer, and red serge in winter). But her name wasn't short at all. It was Millicent Margaret Amanda. But Father and Mother and Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle and Aunty couldn't very well call out 'Millicent Margaret Amanda!' every time they wanted her, so they shortened it to 'Milly-Molly-Mandy,' which is quite easy to say.

Now everybody in the nice white cottage with the thatched roof had some particular job to do – even Milly-Molly-Mandy.

Father grew vegetables in the big garden by the cottage. Mother cooked the dinners and did the washing. Grandpa took the vegetables to market in his little pony-cart. Grandma knitted socks and

mittens and nice warm woollies for them all. Uncle kept cows (to give them milk) and chickens (to give them eggs). Aunty sewed frocks and shirts for them, and did the sweeping and dusting.

And Milly-Molly-Mandy, what did she do?

Well, Milly-Molly-Mandy's legs were short, as I've told you, but they were very lively, just right for running errands. So Milly-Molly-Mandy was quite busy, fetching and carrying things, and taking messages.



One fine day Milly-Molly-Mandy was in the garden playing with Toby the dog, when Father poked his head out from the other side of a big row of beans, and said:

'Milly-Molly-Mandy, run down to Mr Moggs' cottage and ask for the trowel he borrowed of me!'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy said 'Yes, Farver!' and ran in to get her hat.

At the kitchen door was Mother, with a basket of eggs in her hand. And when she saw Milly-Molly-Mandy she said:

'Milly-Molly-Mandy, run down to Mrs Moggs and give her these eggs. She's got visitors.'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy said 'Yes, Muvver!' and took the basket. 'Trowel for Farver, eggs for Muvver,' she thought to herself.

Then Grandpa came up and said:

'Milly-Molly-Mandy, please get me a ball of string from Miss Muggins' shop – here's the penny.'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy said 'Yes, Grandpa!' and took the penny, thinking to herself, 'Trowel for Farver, eggs for Muvver, string for Grandpa.'

As she passed through the kitchen Grandma, who was sitting in her armchair knitting, said:

'Milly-Molly-Mandy, will you get me a skein of red wool? Here's a sixpence.'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy said 'Yes, Grandma!' and took the sixpence. 'Trowel for Farver, eggs for Muvver, string for Grandpa, red wool for Grandma,' she whispered over to herself.

As she went into the passage Uncle came striding up in a hurry.

'Oh, Milly-Molly-Mandy,' said Uncle, 'run like

a good girl to Mr Blunt's shop, and tell him I'm waiting for the chicken-feed he promised to send!'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy said 'Yes, Uncle!' and thought to herself, 'Trowel for Farver, eggs for Muvver, string for Grandpa, red wool for Grandma, chicken-feed for Uncle.'

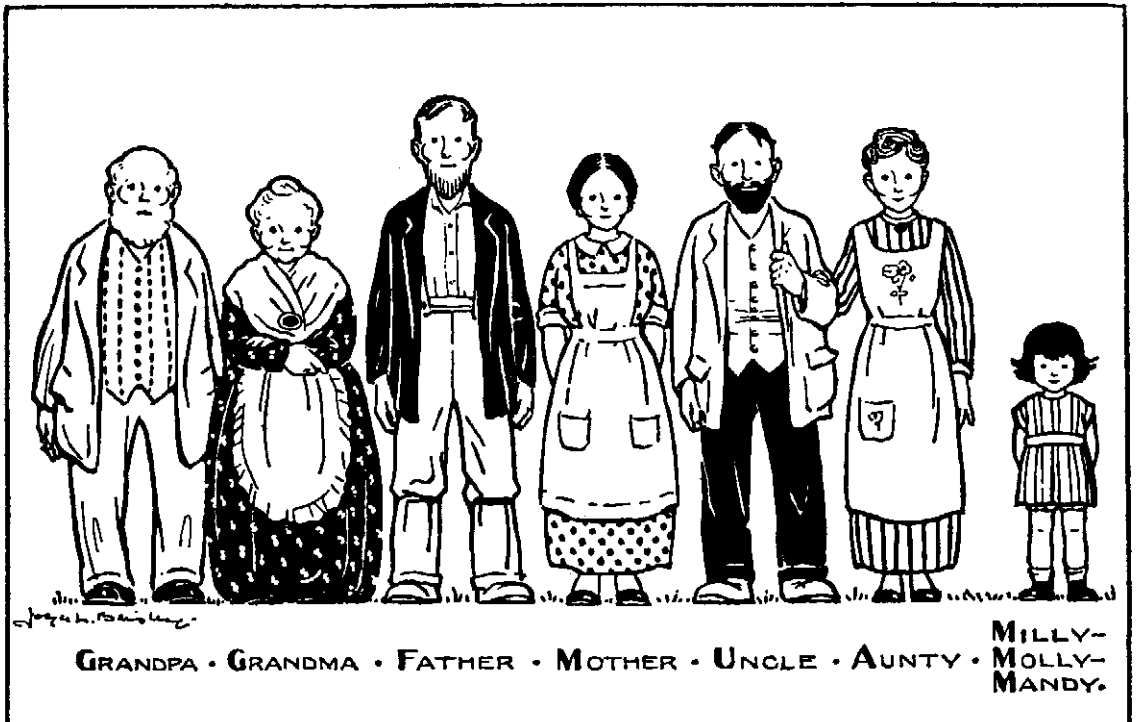
As she got her hat off the peg Aunty called from the parlour where she was dusting:

'Is that Milly-Molly-Mandy? Will you get me a packet of needles, dear? Here's a penny!'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy said 'Yes, Aunty!' and took the penny, thinking to herself, 'Trowel for Farver, eggs for Muvver, string for Grandpa, red wool for Grandma, chicken-feed for Uncle, needles for Aunty, and I do hope there won't be anything more!'

But there was nothing else, so Milly-Molly-Mandy started out down the path. When she came to the gate Toby the dog capered up, looking very excited at the thought of a walk. But Milly-Molly Mandy eyed him solemnly, and said:

'Trowel for Farver, eggs for Muvver, string for Grandpa, red wool for Grandma, chicken-feed for Uncle, needles for Aunty. No, Toby, you musn't come now, I've too much to think about. But I promise to take you for a walk when I come back!'


GRANDPA · GRANDMA · FATHER · MOTHER · UNCLE · AUNTY · MILLY-MOLLY-MANDY.

So she left Toby the other side of the gate, and set off down the road, with the basket and the pennies and the sixpence.

Presently she met a little friend, and the little friend said:

'Hello, Milly-Molly-Mandy! I've got a new see-saw! Do come on it with me!'

But Milly-Molly-Mandy looked at her solemnly and said:

'Trowel for Farver, eggs for Muvver, string for Grandpa, red wool for Grandma, chicken-feed for Uncle, needles for Aunty. No, Susan, I can't come now, I'm busy. But I'd like to come when I get back – after I've taken Toby for a walk.'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy went on her way with the basket and the pennies and the sixpence.

Soon she came to the Moggs' cottage.

'Please, Mrs Moggs, can I have the trowel for Farver? – and here are some eggs from Muvver!' she said.

Mrs Moggs was very much obliged indeed for the eggs, and fetched the trowel and a piece of seed-cake for Milly-Molly-Mandy's own self. And Milly-Molly-Mandy went on her way with the empty basket.

Next she came to Miss Muggins' little shop.

'Please, Miss Muggins, can I have a ball of

string for Grandpa and a skein of red wool for Grandma?'

So Miss Muggins put the string and the wool into Milly-Molly-Mandy's basket, and took a penny and a sixpence in exchange. So that left Milly-Molly-Mandy with one penny. And Milly-Molly-Mandy couldn't remember what that penny was for.

'Sweeties, perhaps?' said Miss Muggins, glancing at the row of glass bottles on the shelf.

But Milly-Molly-Mandy shook her head.

'No,' she said, 'and it can't be chicken-feed for Uncle, because that would be more than a penny, only I haven't got to pay for it.'

'It must be sweeties!' said Miss Muggins.

'No,' said Milly-Molly-Mandy, 'but I'll remember soon. Good morning, Miss Muggins!'

So Milly-Molly-Mandy went on to Mr Blunt's, and gave him Uncle's message, and then she sat down on the doorstep and thought what that penny could be for.

And she couldn't remember.

But she remembered one thing: 'It's for Aunty,' she thought, 'and I love Aunty.' And she thought for just a little while longer. Then suddenly she sprang up and went back to Miss Muggins's shop.

'I've remembered!' she said. 'It's needles for Aunty!'

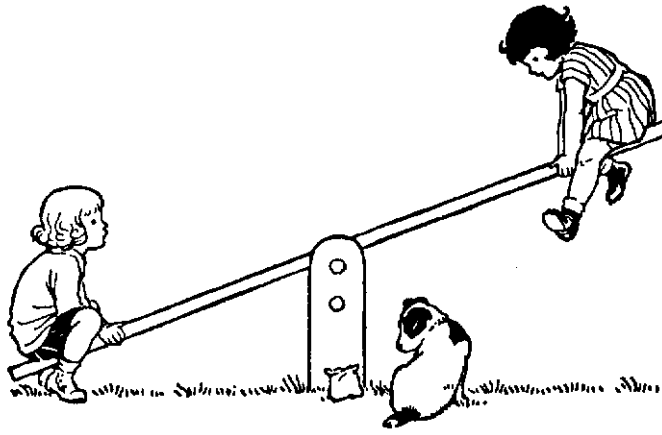
So Miss Muggins put the packet of needles into the basket, and took the penny, and Milly-Molly-Mandy set off for home.

'That's a good little messenger to remember all those things!' said Mother, when she got there. They were just going to begin dinner. 'I thought you were only going with my eggs!'

'She went for my trowel!' said Father.

'And my string!' said Grandpa.

'And my wool!' said Grandma.



'And my chicken-feed!' said Uncle.

'And my needles!' said Aunty.

Then they all laughed; and Grandpa, feeling in his pocket, said:

'Well, here's another errand for you – go and get yourself some sweeties!'

So after dinner Toby had a nice walk and his mistress got her sweets. And then Milly-Molly-Mandy and little-friend-Susan had a lovely time on the see-saw, chatting and eating raspberry-drops, and feeling very happy and contented indeed.