

# Where Did Mrs. Hooper Go Wrong?

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My sixth grade teacher came from Great Britain.

We learned our manners, spoken and written.

She taught that two words must follow thank you,  
always "you're welcome," no others would do.

But thank you today gets a strange retort:  
no problem, de nada or even a snort.

Waitress and catsup are heading my way.

It's been a long wait, but, "thank you", I say.

"No problem" she says, while taking her leave.

And under my breath I quietly grieve.

Of course no problem, it's a routine task.

If I thought it were, I'd never have asked.

We live in an age where grammar's for naught.

It's all one can do to live as once taught.

Then one day last week, I heard a thank you.

How "no problem" slipped out, I haven't a clue.

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