

Harry came to his mother one morning while she was having her breakfast, and said to her, 'No one at my school likes me, Mother. The teachers don't, and the children don't. Even the cleaners and the bus drivers hate me.'

'Well, Harry,' his mother answered, 'perhaps you aren't very nice to them. If a few people don't like a person, he or she may not be responsible for that; but if a lot of people don't, there's usually something wrong, and that person really needs to change.'

'I'm too old to change,' Harry said, 'I don't want to go to school.'

'Don't be silly, Harry,' his mother said, going towards the garage to get the car out. 'You have to go. You're quite well, and you still have a lot of things to learn. And besides that, you're the headmaster of the school.'