

The post woman

Our post woman is small, quiet, quick and very determined. She has a bright yellow trolley and she wears her hair tied back in a plait. She also wears a headband, and trainers on her feet, so she can walk faster. She knows where everyone lives / and rings the bell three times, so they know it's her. And she deposits the letters neatly in the right post box. But her favourite place for delivering letters, packages and parcels / is the market. When she's there she can put each person's post straight into their hands. She likes it because she can see their faces, and find out about their lives.

Agneta loves her job. Agneta is...

THE POST WOMAN

Mr Olivella at the deli is getting on a bit. He likes to do everything properly. White trays full of his delicious products gleam on top of the marble counter that he scrubs clean every day. Green olives and black olives, plump and shiny. Red peppers, fresh from the roasting oven; white pickled cauliflower and salty anchovies swimming in oil.

Agneta likes dropping by at his tidy little stall to deliver his parcels. Mr Olivella receives a lot of parcels wrapped in brown paper, but every month, there's one that makes him smile and clap his hands together: a red parcel with a silver ribbon. Agneta knows what's inside but she'd never tell anyone! Here's a clue: Mr Olivella has a very sweet tooth.

Dolça looks like an iced bun, with her lace-trimmed apron and a white bonnet that makes her look much younger than she is. At her stall she sells freshly-made bread and fairy cakes. She loves baking cakes. Hers are so good that she's become famous, and she gets lots of letters asking her for the recipe. Today, Agneta has brought her a tiny envelope, no bigger than the palm of her hand. It's made her letter trolley smell of cakes! Mmmm! What a delicious smell! Agneta can't stop thinking about cakes!

Mariela at the greengrocer's loves colours. She starts with a row of greens, arranged by shade. First, the broccoli, the cabbage and the spring beans. Then the lettuce, which is a little sensitive and will only talk to the asparagus. Mariela's a real chatterbox, and when she gets going, it's "blah, blah, blah – blah, blah, blah."

Agneta tries to visit Mariela mid-morning. / It's better to catch her when she's busy – that way she can't talk so much. She's had the same boyfriend for ten years, but she still blushes bright red whenever she gets a letter, like today. Luckily it makes her happier and bouncier than a haricot bean.

At the butcher's, Rosa always talks about football as she's slicing up steak. / As she describes her team's performance, she waves her knives about so energetically, it looks as if she's going to chop off her customers' heads!

“The referee was a chump!” she exclaims. “If that was a penalty, I’m a vegetarian!”

Rosa's sister lives in Australia and she's always dreamt of visiting her. / They say they have very good meat there, because there's plenty of grass to graze on. She also collects boomerangs and when she gets one, she goes running off to the park. And sometimes she has to come running back, because the boomerang is chasing her!

Tresina Torrons has a stall selling dried fruit and nuts. She's from the country, and every day she raises the shutters on her stall and makes up little bags of walnuts, pistachios and pine nuts. / She sells nine ounce or three ounce bags. / They're small amounts, because no-one can afford to buy nuts by the bucket-load, and this way they keep better too.

Agneta is good friends with Tresina, and they often have coffee together with a bite of chocolate. Tresina crochets, and she often gets balls of thread in the post. At the moment she's making a shawl for Agneta, who has a secret inside her tummy!

Marina Palaia gets up bright and early to go down to the port and buy the freshest fish. When she lays it out on her stall, it's still moving, and she shouts:

“Look, look at them wriggling!”

And she places the catch straight onto the crunchy crushed ice. She has silvery sardines, and shiny-scaled sea bream. There's red tuna, mussels as black as coal and rough-shelled clams.

Marina is a hard worker, and keeps her stall so clean that the only smell is the briny smell of the sea. Marina is from Majorca and every month she receives a parcel from the island. Inside there's a special cake called an ensaïmada, which her family send her to remind her of home.

Stall by stall, Agneta finishes her work and leaves the market feeling a little happier than when she went in. When she gets home, she sits down and wonders what her little one will turn out to be like. Will he be salty and sweet at the same time, like Mr Olivella? Shy and romantic like Mariela? He'd better not like boomerangs, they seem a bit dangerous! / Perhaps he'll like the sea like Marina and end up being a pirate...

Hmmm thinks Agneta. Perhaps this a good time to choose him a name. Names are very important... What about a traditional name, like Joan or Josep? A short name, like Ot or Pep? Or a splendid name like Ramon or Berenguer? Perhaps a friendly name like Manel or Rafel?

Agneta thinks, smiles and dozes off. Tomorrow's another day, for the time being she'll call him Tiny.

Script: Carme Aymerich