

# Skit for VAFMA Vendor Relations Section

*based on the classic award-winning book behind the major motion picture,  
"Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day," by Judith Viorst.*

We all know as market managers, we wear a number of different hats, which may change through the season. While we all know that fabulous market managers are the key element to the success of a market, we also understand that HAPPY VENDORS make for a HAPPY MANAGER!

Let's take a look at Maisie the Market Manager and a day in the life of her market, then we'll break into groups to discuss some vendor scenarios and come back together at the end with some solutions we can share with the group.

## **Maisie the Market Manager and the Crazy, Chaotic, Challenging, By-The-Seat-Of-Her-Pants Kind of Market Day.**

My alarm didn't go off and I ran out of coffee and my shirt has a stain on it and I hit every light on the way to the market and I could tell it was going to be a crazy, chaotic, challenging, by-the-seat-of-my-pants kind of market day.

As soon as I arrived a first-time vendor was grouchy and rude because he had arrived extra early and had been waiting for me to set up, had prevented other people from setting up, and his tent was new and he didn't know how it worked and he was making a scene.

Two of my favorite vendors are fighting and they both want to move for multiple reasons that I can't comprehend and there is nowhere else to put them so they are both unhappy and rude and I still haven't had any coffee.

The most popular market vendor had a babysitter issue so while she is busy setting up, her four children are running wild in the parking lot and climbing all over other vendors tables and wreaking havoc – I know because my cell phone has blown up with 6 different texts from the other vendors worried about the crazy drivers running over the kids.

I think I will start looking into Caribbean cruise prices.

Another vendor just couldn't understand why I had assigned him a different stall space although I had explained four times about the band setting up and the food truck called in with a flat tire for the third time this season.

Another vendor forgot her tent so she borrowed one of mine and she didn't know how to set it up correctly, so she broke the leg by forcing it and decided to leave because she refused to set up without a tent. She left without paying any fees and now there is a prime empty spot.

This was definitely shaping into a crazy, chaotic, challenging, by-the-seat-of-my-pants kind of market day.

The market finally opened and I realized my EBT machine had a dead battery and I only had a few manual vouchers left. While I am trying to come up with a plan B the Health Department inspector comes for the cooking demo and informs me the hot water isn't hot enough and we are out of pH test strips. The chef had a meltdown and left.

Yep. A crazy, chaotic, challenging, by-the-seat-of-my-pants kind of market day.

Oh good. The political protestors have ramped it up a notch this week with posters, signage, and literature to hand out to people so now there is trash on the ground and the near-by vendors are sure they are losing business due to customers trying to avoid the area completely.

Now I think the pork vendor is upset because I let someone else sell pork and he looks mad and now I don't think I'll get a discount on bacon.

Which reminds me the food truck finally showed up and I am starving, but by the time I got to them they were out of coffee and only had crab cakes left and I'm allergic to shellfish.

I would call this a full-blown crazy, chaotic challenging, by-the-seat-of-my-pants kind of market day.

As I finally settle into my market routine and think I could probably grab a snack, a customer complains about how I didn't post that her favorite vendor would not be at market that day and I wasted her time by not getting something current on social media. Little does she know how I harassed my vendors all week for updates on who was coming and what they were bringing, but got zero response, so I listen politely and apologize.

I didn't realize a vendor was waiting behind me, just to let me know his annoying neighbor spent the entire morning speaking very loudly on her cell phone about her crazy nephew's uncle's sister-in-law's daughter who is getting married this afternoon, the family feud will be a disaster and she didn't have time to shave and she hoped her dress would still fit and because of her loud conversation this vendor had very little sales and he refuses to pay his stall fee.

Will this crazy, chaotic, challenging, by-the-seat-of-my-pants kind of market day ever end?

The corn was gone by the time I could do my shopping. The Weather App showed a big red blob heading our way, it was hot, I forgot to wear sunscreen, and I still never got my coffee.

When the market was over a vendor had left me some peaches but they were rotten.

I went to pick up the trash but we ran out of trash bags.

On my way home a vendor texted me to let me know they were missing their sunglasses and that it sure looked like my volunteer was wearing a very similar pair that day, and wasn't that a coincidence?

Whew! What a crazy, chaotic, challenging, by-the-seat-of-my-pants kind of market day! After a snack and an afternoon nap I think I will go ahead and book that Caribbean cruise... the sooner the better!