

## **OH WHAT A LOVELY CONSUMER WAR**

Any day I am expecting a man from British Gas to come round and cut off my supply.

1 \_\_\_\_\_ It will be more fun than the time the man from Sainsbury's supermarket implied I was trying to cheat his company out of 30 pounds; better by far than last months coffee and cat food war; and more delightful than my glorious sausage victory in an Ivy restaurant. 2 \_\_\_\_\_ Restaurants are good for this. Supermarkets better.

3 \_\_\_\_\_ I'm sure there have been times in all our lives when we've been dying to tell such organisations where to go. 4 \_\_\_\_\_ When the chips are limped and undercooked, the steak overdone and the salad looks as if it has been scraped off someone else's plate, do we tell the waitress what we think of the chef's food?

5 \_\_\_\_\_ Or what about when, as happened to me, British Gas, sends one of its threatening final demands for a bill we've actually paid? Do we ring and spit with fury at their at their blithering incompetence? 6 \_\_\_\_\_

**A** Nothing, however, quite bits a serious humdinger with a faceless corporate monster like British Gas.

**B** There are few things that give me such pleasure, you see, as a really juicy row about consumer rights.

**C** Only in our dreams.

**D** Of course we don't. 'Very nice,' we say.

**E** I can't wait!

**F** But how many of us have the courage of our convictions?