

mail boxes etc. /1/ the guy

The guy **at** Mail Boxes, Etc. **had owned** the place for 10 years and was a very angry person. You **would** walk **in** the door, the little bell **would** ring and he **would roll his eyes** and **sigh**, “Ugh.” He **would usually** be **on** the phone **screaming at** his cellphone provider, **stabbing** his desk **with** a pen.

Or else he would be **telling off** his **teenage** assistant **for doing something wrong**. “Why are you ringing up those Post-its one by one? I told you **not to do** that, idiot. **I've never worked** with someone so incredibly dumb.”

I went into his store **at least** once a week to use the fax machine. I work from home, and I don't **know how to set up** a home fax machine, and I don't go to the FedEx a mile **away** because I **haven't learned** how to drive yet.

So last week I **headed** myself to the store to **get** a form notarized. I **had seen** a sign on the door **that said**, “Notary comes every day from 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.” After I walked through the door and the bell went off and the guy said, “Ugh,” I asked, “Um, so, do you guys have a notary?” -- “Yes. Can't you read the sign?” -- “I can. May I **have** this notarized **then**?” -- “It's 1:45. He's back after 2. It's the lunch hour.”

I walked **out the door**, **spent** 25 minutes **walking around** and returned at 2:10 p.m. “Is the notary back?” I asked. “What do you need notarized?” I **handed** him the pages. He **picked up** a pen, asked me for my ID and **signed** the paper. For the rest of the evening **all I could do** was **complain** to my friends, “Then **it turned out** that he was **actually** the notary. Can you believe that? And he **had me wait** for thirty minutes **for no reason**.”

Two days **later**, I found that I **had** another insurance form **to fax**. I **headed** to Mail Boxes, Etc. — but this time I **was going to stand up to** the man. I began to **fantasize about telling** him that life was **too short to carry around that** much anger.