

## mail boxes etc. /1/ the guy

■ The guy \_\_\_ Mail Boxes, Etc. \_\_\_\_\_ the place \_\_\_ 10 years and was a very **angry** \_\_\_\_\_. \_\_\_\_\_ walk \_\_\_ the door, the little bell would ring and he would roll his eyes and sigh, "Ugh." He would usually be **on the phone** \_\_\_\_\_ his cellphone provider, stabbing his desk \_\_\_\_\_ a pen.

■ \_\_\_\_\_ he would be \_\_\_\_\_ his \_\_\_\_\_ **assistant** \_\_\_\_\_ something \_\_\_\_\_. "Why are you ringing up those Post-its one by one? I told you \_\_\_\_\_ that, idiot. I've never worked with someone so \_\_\_\_\_."

■ I went into his store \_\_\_\_\_ to use the fax machine. I **work from home**, and I don't \_\_\_\_\_ a home fax machine, and I don't go to the FedEx a mile \_\_\_\_\_ because I \_\_\_\_\_ how to drive yet.

■ So last week I \_\_\_\_\_ to the store to \_\_\_\_\_. I \_\_\_\_\_ sign on the door \_\_\_\_\_, "Notary comes every day from 10 a.m. - 4 p.m."

After I walked \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_?" -- "It's 1:45. He's back after 2. It's the lunch hour."

■ I walked \_\_\_\_\_ door, \_\_\_\_\_ 25 minutes \_\_\_\_\_ and **returned** at 2:10 p.m. "Is the notary back?" I asked. "What do you need notarized?" I \_\_\_\_\_ him the pages. He \_\_\_\_\_ a pen, asked me for my ID and signed the paper. For the rest of the evening \_\_\_\_\_ was **complain** to my friends, "Then \_\_\_\_\_ that he was \_\_\_\_\_ the notary. \_\_\_\_\_? And he \_\_\_\_\_ for thirty minutes \_\_\_\_\_."

■ \_\_\_\_\_, I found that I had another insurance form to fax. I headed to Mail Boxes, Etc. — but **this time** I \_\_\_\_\_ the man. I began to \_\_\_\_\_ him that life was \_\_\_\_\_ short \_\_\_\_\_ anger.