

# Customer Service



We live right around the corner from Walmart. Unfortunately we find ourselves there way more than we should be. We don't particularly love the place; it's just so darn convenient.

Recently however my husband needed to purchase something at Target so bright and early on Saturday morning we ran over there. He won't like that I'm revealing this but it's a crucial detail in my story so I have to be honest – he was buying underwear, well boxers and I guess they qualify as underwear. They certainly aren't underpants. I learned that by the reaction I got as we walked through the door at Target and I said "Let's go find you some underpants."

We were happy to discover that the ones he was after were on sale. There was a big huge sign hanging over them that said 4 for \$20 or \$5.99 each. (Note to self: Always take a picture of the sign.) I love to save money so this was a no brainer. My darling husband (sorry about the underpants remark honey) picked out his four pair and we headed up to the register. That is all we needed so we assumed we'd be out of there quick. I should have known it would not be that easy. Nothing is ever that easy.

Cashier: Hello

Me: Good morning, how are you?

Cashier: Well it must be a good morning since I'm wearing pants.

Me: (awkward silence while my brain tries to process what he just said)

Meanwhile my husband was blissfully unaware of this conversation because he had gone past the end of the check out and was looking at the Starbucks trying to decide if he wanted to pay \$7 for a cup of coffee.

The weird cashier rang up our four pair of boxers, hit the total button and said "That will be \$26.97"

Wait, what? That is not what they should be. The minute I said "that isn't right" the guy behind us with one item switched registers like I'd just skunk stunk the place up. He moved so fast I couldn't identify him in a line up.

Me: That's not right; they are on sale 4 for \$20

Cashier: So do you still want them?

Me: (Inside my head) Are you freaking kidding me?

Me: Yes I still want them but I want them at the right price.

Cashier: (Deep sigh, dramatic eye roll) I'll have to get a manager.

Me: Ok

He must think that will dissuade me. You don't know me pants boy.

What the hell happened to customer service in this country? Why do they act like I'm the one who did something wrong? I know the customer isn't always right but how about at least acting like you care if you even make this sale.

The manager came over and Slacker Number One explained to him our situation. Without even making eye contact with me he got on his walkie talkie and dialed up someone in the men's departments.

Manager: Are there boxers on sale?

Radio Girl: Which ones?

Manager looks at Dumbbell who proceeds to dig them out of the bag.

Manager: Merona

Radio Girl: Yes, the men's Merona single pack novelty boxers are on sale 4 for \$20.

Me: (Loudly to both of them) THANK YOU!

No response.

Manager: Are they novelty?

Cashier: I guess.

Dude, they have little leprechauns holding mugs of beer. ARE THEY NOVELTY?

By this time my husband had wandered back to my side. I kept my eye on him because in situations like this he has frequently said "Forget it; we'll take our business elsewhere." I knew he was just one idiot remark away from blowing out of there. I would have been glad to have joined him.

Long story short the manager put his magic code in the register and adjusted the price. I again thanked them both and again they both ignored me.

Rude, rude, rude.

In stark contrast to this experience, the next day we went to Savers, a local thrift store looking for dishes to take camping. I had a 30% off coupon and when our teenage cashier rang it up the discount didn't come off. He apologized profusely and immediately called for help. He was friendly and courteous the whole time we waited for someone to show him how to do it. Then he thanked me for the opportunity to learn how to ring those coupons.

I want to find that boy's mother and send her flowers.

Guess that's what we get for being uppity and going down the road to buy our underwear.

Yesterday we went to Walmart to get some camping gear. I saw a pregnant teenager with a tramp stamp, a kid riding a bike up and down the aisles and there was a half eaten candy bar on the shelf in the cat food aisle.

Our people.

It feels good to be home.