

# Rants and Raves: Customer Service Stories

*These are all based on true stories told by customers. Nothing is made up!*

## **RANT #1 Poor service...no purchase**

I took my three teenage daughters into the cool new clothing store at the mall to shop for school clothes. The new store is bright, well laid out, and the variety of clothing is wonderful and so are the prices. But the customer service is shameful. No one acknowledged us at any time when we were in the store for about one hour. No smiles, no offer of help. As a matter of fact, the young staff just walked by us as though we were invisible. The young girl that cashed us out was downright miserable, as if we were imposing upon her. The store was not busy, and therefore no excuses can be made that they were too busy to do their job. All we expected was a simple greeting like "Can I help you?" or "Did you find what you were looking for?" If this store is going to employ young personnel, then train them right! Good customer service will keep us coming back; if not, there are many other clothing stores to choose from that are very willing to take my money.

## **RANT #2 Who's the idiot at the home store?**

I wanted to renovate my kitchen. I decided I would purchase the cabinets from the home store. After ordering the cabinets, doors, shelves and trim, I received a call to say that it had arrived and I went to pick it up. There were quite a lot of boxes, which I expected. The cashier called a sales rep to help load the boxes into the van (well, we had to push the carts out the door and the sales rep just walked beside us). When we arrived at my car, he lit up a cigarette and went to talk to other employees having a smoke not ten feet from my car. He stood there along with the other employees and watched me load my vehicle. When I got to the last box he finally asked if I needed any help! When I got home I opened the cartons to inspect the doors and trim. There were many defects, scratches, gouging, warped doors and color mismatches. I packed up the defective doors and returned to the home store. The returns desk paged the kitchen manager. He came over, looked at the boxes on the cart and without even looking at a single item said "What do you expect? You purchased a crap kitchen, it is substandard in quality. What can I do? You are gonna have to put up with it." After I told him what I thought, he said in a loud voice for all to hear "Not my fault if you're an idiot." Well, to all of you out there thinking of purchasing a kitchen from the home store, you heard it straight from the manager's mouth: "It's crap and substandard" and you are an idiot if you buy it.



### **RANT #3** Harry Potter and the elusive pants

I went into the store to pick up my Harry Potter book. I then decided to look for some school clothes for my two sons. We found four pairs of pants to try on. We proceeded to the men's fitting rooms and rang the bell for service. We waited for a while and rang again; during this time four different employees walked past us but none came in to help. So we decided to go over to the ladies' fitting rooms where there were a few employees standing around and talking. We then had to ring the bell for service there. We waited for a couple of seconds for an employee to come over and unlock the door but when she saw that it was two boys who wanted to try clothes on she refused to let them into the fitting room because of their gender. My sons are 10 and 7 years old...it was not like they were teenagers or grown men! I told her that we had been waiting at the men's fitting room ringing the bell over there. She still would not let them in nor did she offer to take us over the men's area to let them in there. Well let's just say that I lost it and put everything back and lodged a complaint, but that got me nowhere. I will not do any more of my shopping at a store that thinks that little boys are peeping toms. They lost a big supporter of their store and do not even care. I can only say that it is their loss, because I will never shop there again.

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### **RAVE #1** More shoppers for this store

The other day I popped into a local watch shop because I had lost the small piece that clips my watchband together. When I explained the problem, the proprietor said that he thought he might have one lying around. He found it, attached it to my watchband and charged me nothing! Where do you think I'll go when I need a new watchband or even a new watch? And how many people do you think I've told this story to?

### **RAVE #2** Free flour!

I have to follow a special diet and needed some gluten-free flour. I visited a new local store and searched for the flour on the shelves without luck. I gave up and waited at the checkout. Then I saw a manager standing behind the registers and called him over. I asked if he had any of the flour in stock and if not when he would be getting some more. He personally went out to the storeroom to check for me, but sadly came back empty-handed. I paid for my shopping and headed back to the car. Moments later I heard running feet and turned around to see the manager across the parking lot. In his hand he held a packet of flour. He had searched again and found what I needed. He handed me the flour and said "Take it with my compliments." As the flour costs 10 times the price of normal wheat flour that was a generous offer and I was delighted. That store won a regular customer that day!



### **RAVE #3** Key to good service – taking the blame

One morning I needed an extra set of keys to my apartment, so on the way to work, I went to the locksmith around the corner. Thirteen years living in an apartment in New York City has taught me never to trust a locksmith. Half the time their copies don't work. So I went home to test the new keys, and, lo and behold, one didn't work. I took it back to the locksmith. He made it again. I went back home and tested the new copy. It *still* didn't work. Now I was fuming. Squiggly lines were coming up out of my head. I was a half-hour late to work and had to go to the locksmith a *third* time. I was tempted just to give up on him. But I decided to give this loser one more chance. I stomped into the store, ready to unleash my fury. "It *still* doesn't work?" he asked. "Let me see." He looked at it. I was sputtering, trying to figure out how best to express my rage at being forced to spend the morning going back and forth. "Ah. It's my fault," he said. And suddenly, I wasn't mad at all. Mysteriously, the words "it's my fault" completely defused me. That was all it took. He made the key a third time. I wasn't mad any more. The key worked. And, here I was on this planet for forty years, and I couldn't believe how much the three words "it's my fault" had completely changed my emotions in a matter of seconds.

Sources: [www.customerservicepoint.com](http://www.customerservicepoint.com) and [www.joelonsoftware.com](http://www.joelonsoftware.com)

