

Blog Post Sample

Excerpt from **A Tale of Two Post Offices**

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One of the reasons I love long stay travel is because you get to experience everyday procedures in a different country you may not have otherwise done. Such as going to a post office!

The post offices in Taiwan have multiple stalls, all numbered. When you arrive, you get a number (like in a deli), and you wait for your number to be called, which is then matched with an available stall. There are lights above each numbered stall, with the number of the customer above it. There is a huge board that shows not only the number being called but which stall they should go to and how many people are in line. Everything is also translated into English.

Every time I have gone to the post office, the person at the desk has spoken English with me, been incredibly helpful and kind, and I was out within minutes. I even had one individual show me how to take a number and remind me when I was next. Everyone goes out of their way to help me despite me not speaking the language of the country.

The post office is super efficient and quick. I've mailed postcards multiple times and even a 5 lb package to America and still the longest I had to wait EVER was 20 minutes and that was because I missed my own number being called and had to pull a new one.

All of the post offices here are also banks (and from the looks of it, notaries, but I could be wrong). The bank services are run in the same organized way. All in one place.

I want to also say that whenever I go to the post office, there is someone to check my temperature when I enter the building and there is alcohol spray to use. Everyone is wearing a mask at all times.

Now, I don't need to tell my American friends what the American post office is like but let me describe to you just one trip to the post office I did back in January.

This was the post office in Atlanta on 14th and West Peachtree Street in Midtown. There was exactly one person working that day. The line was about 10 people long and it took us over an hour to get through. Tape is not provided, a hassle for most. I saw a supervisor come in and check on the one lady working, see the line, and leave. The sole employee worked her ass off and was incredible (I've been helped by her multiple times). The most I have ever seen is three people working there. The place was a mess and disorganized and all of the people in line were incredibly rude to her. They acted like it was her fault this was taking forever, they were entitled to tape and had attitudes. Some people left in a huff and others took their anger out on an innocent woman.

And I am going to pressure Americans here on our lack of Spanish and Spanish speaking services at places like a Post Office.