

# The Book of L.

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YOREL CAIRO  
THE BOOK OF L.



## Acknowledgments

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To GOD, however I do not pray in the conventional way, I believe that throughout my writing I show my faith in you and that no matter what, I have to go on to make use of my own greatness. You know that I only name you "GOD" because of the way I was brought up but there is no way you can have a name. To me you are creativity who lives in every single human on earth. I want to thank Will Smith, although I do not know you personally, ever since *The Fresh Prince of Bell Air* you have inspired me to combine my passions: writing, film and acting. I am not on that level where you are, I hope to be there one day and like you I am willing to die for it. I truly hope to meet you in person one day.

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*“Greatness lies in all of us”*

-Will Smith-

## Customer service: Part I

The alarm goes off, it is another morning on which I awake at 7am. Each and every day I wake up at the same time. Why? Because just like everybody else, I am obligated to work, so I can pay the government more than I can save for myself. That is the economical system we all live in. We live to work and we work to get by. So sad and grey is our live.

Not even a warm morning shower can wake me up properly: my mind is still dwelling in the freedom of my dream state. The steam is embracing me, trying to keep me away from reality, until the water gets cold and my warm water is used up. Drying myself, I awaken more and more and it gets clearer. I have to rush yet again so I will not arrive late at the office. Quickly I dress myself, fix myself two sandwiches with only peanut butter and jelly, and put on my jacket while stepping out the apartment.

Outside it is already light, people who are heavily riding their bikes, walking their kids to school or drive around in their cars while being sleep-drunk. I walk around the corner of a new building the city build in front of my apartment. The tram stop is already crowded. Guess the tram has a delay, what else is new. It is healthier to walk so why not to do so?

Every morning I try to walk, when it rains I take the tram, who wants to arrive soaking wet at work? Sometimes I do not care and walk through the rain. I may be chocolate but do not melt in the hand. So I keep telling pretty girls I meet when we talk about the weather. Why would you talk about the weather when you try to talk with a girl for the first time you meet her? I'm weird, although the joke often works and breaks the ice. A comedic approach is not to be used without telling a good joke at the right time. Be careful while you use this tactic.

It takes me about twenty minutes to walk from my apartment to work. On this morning journey I always pass by the city zoo. The fa-

mous city zoo, I love being inside the zoo, but passing it is almost the same. The scent of the zoo in the morning reminds me of freedom, even though a zoo and freedom are like a oxymoron, animals caged, denying their freedom, it still triggers that feeling inside of me. Often I wish I'd work at the zoo, think I would feel a lot happier. Although this moment only lasts for thirty seconds, it feels like it lasts for hours.

My walking journey towards work continues and within ten more minutes I'm at the front door of my employer. When I pass through the electrical, revolving door, which only revolves when you scan your company badge, I have to scan my badge again to make use of the elevator. I step in when I hear the beep and the doors open, but not before I grab a free paper.

The third floor is where I step out, the floor where I will work for eight hours, losing my connection with my freedom and be part of this economical prison. Eight hours of being caged, each day, what else is there to do after but eat, sleep and trying to get the energy to work again the next day. I don't even wonder, wish or ask for this day to be different. Why? It's because every working day is the same. What I do is help people who do not know how their computer works. Most of the time the clients I speak with are old, too old to be working with a computer. Old people should not be allowed to use computers. They must only be allowed to use a computer that is real simple to use, like those elderly mobile phones on which you have king size buttons and you can only make a phone call and send a text message. Whish full thinking, it will never happen.

When I get in I have to report with my supervisor, he needs to stripe my name with a color pen so they know I'm in on time and, the most important part, so I can say when I want to take my lunch break. Here in this country we only have a thirty-minute break. Thirty-minute lunch breaks are not long enough, especially when you have to talk to people on the phone all day.

At 9am the first caller comes in. What is wrong with these people, calling at 9am sharp? These customers are so incompetent when it comes to operating their device of navigation. The company should install a mandatory "how to work with this device" tour on their

devices. When you buy one, and you turn it on for the first time, you will not be able to use it unless you have tried all the functions in the demo. It would be off much help and decrease the dumb and meaningless phone calls. The hours pass by slow and when it morning switches to the afternoon rain, the chair becomes most uncomfortable. You turn around in your chair to find a new comfortable spot and when you find one, it becomes not so comfortable after another hour.

A customer calls. By answering I can see he called us before today. This was his fourth time. When someone calls and this customer has a account with us, the customers telephone number will be linked to their account. Before I could ask what the problem is he starts to scream and using strong language. In my most professional manner, keeping in mind this customer is angry with the company and not the agents, I told him: "Because of your foul language I will end this conversation. Nobody wishes to be spoken to like this." Was that wise? At one point you have to let a customer know he is not King. Customers are like celebrities, treat them well but there is a limit. This customer reached his.

I did not read any violent emotions behind his words. We get at least one angry customer per day. We are used to it.

Sometimes it goes awfully wrong. Because it was a very busy day and everyone was on the phone every minute, nobody heard the three gunshots down stairs at the reception. A customer shot dead the security guard, two shots through the body and the receptionist through the head. When he came on our floor he shot the very first customer service agent he got in sight. Then he just started to shoot randomly, like he was just trying to get as many of us as possible. Lucky for some of my colleagues, who were on the other side of the office, our office runs in a U shaped form and has two ways two enter and exit. They ran away and called the authorities. By the time the police surrounded the building and made their way to the third floor, the customer created a blood bath. Blood spatters on the windows and computer monitors dripping on the desks. Dead bodies lying on the floor, drained in their own red water. The customer had no intention

of leaving the building as well. He placed the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. He had achieved his goal. To show the company from who he bought a device, which broke after thirteen months, that no matter the companies factory warranty of one year, he was still entitled of a warranty service because he as a customer expects his device should at least last for three years. Some customers think they are kings and whatever they want they should get. A customer is like a celebrity, we will do whatever we can to please them, but there are limits. Well, this is not my problem anymore since I'm dead.