



# WALANG SANWITS DITO

**I FOUND MYSELF OUT ON THE STREET BY**  
THE FIRST quarter of this year after being part of the IT industry for almost ten years. It was disheartening, especially when the offers started to subside, so I decided it was time to take a different avenue. I had six months to think about what I wanted to do "when I grew up" and I realized I was tired of the corporate politics, and maybe I had an ounce of Lola Luz' business sense, so I went into business. Alex and I recently took over a small franchise called Mail Boxes Etc.(MBE)--a postal and business service center. Alex, however, has kept his day job.

In my research I found that this was a good fit for my skills and experience--it was either this or making sandwiches. Subway is the No.1 franchise in the food service industry; this is No.1 in non-food. The interesting part is that we ended up purchasing a location in Pittsburg, CA right next to the subdivision that was formerly "Laicoville." I've been having a great time with this business although I haven't seen real dollars yet. Hopefully some of Lola Luz's genes are in my bloodstream and I can be as successful as her. By the way, we try to LL be anthrax-free!

by Jovim Laico

"Mailman...where's my CHECK?!"

"You'll be delivering to our home later anyway, so can I have my mail now?"

"Heyyy. Buuddyyy. Pal."

"Give me my f\$%&\*()^%\$n' mail!"

"WOOF WOOF! BOW WOW WOW!!"

"Did you bring me some money?"

"Aaaaaaay...gimme a hug, man..." (from someone who happily just made parole)

Just to name a few common quotes from walking the streets of the diverse demographics of Pittsburg, CA.

Being a mail carrier for the United States Postal Service may seem an easy task. All it seems is to be able to walk up to a box and slam dunk pieces of paper then leave. Looks easy, but there is more to it than that (You can ask Tita Malu, too).

Our training teacher was from the US Marines and acted like it. On the first day, he even lined up the late people in front of the class and questioned their tardiness! Believe me, this is one boring classroom I never dozed off in! He was stern, mean, and straight to the point, "Class, by just the look of you, I know who's gonna make it, and who's not! By the end of your training, only a fourth of this class will make it."

Nowadays, driving those boxy, ugly postal vans is easy. During training, snaking it forward and BACKWARDS through a line of cones was a new and cone-squishing experience.

Reporting for duty: My first day could sum up my life experience at the post office. With over 60 employees working in one big room, you meet a whole lot of characters--that includes the supervisors. In our office, it seems these people--supervisors--came straight out of "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." They usually don't act human! (Ask Tita Malu.) I felt like they had a phone pole shoved up their you-know-what!

"You got to move faster than that!"  
 "You should've gone to the bathroom before you clocked-in!"  
 "You walk like a grandma!"  
 "When walking, make sure there's a 3 foot space between your feet!"  
 "No, we can't give you time off!"  
 "THAT IS A DIRECT ORDER!"

Or, they'll give that silent, stare-you-down look when you try to reason with them.

Two years passed, and I've learned to deal with my superiors, thanks to advice I got from my fellow carriers. I developed the "in one ear and out the other" method, the "Just say YES, NO PROBLEM," the direct number to the UNION office, and the "whatever" method among other things.

When I get out to the streets, it's great! I get paid to exercise! Bosses normally just stay indoors! On good days, I have 2 hour lunches. I get gifts for Christmas. I meet a cast of characters. Etc.

When I get out to the streets, sometimes it's not great. Heavy rain. Blistering sun. Heavy mail. Dog attacks (5 major but no hits). Too tired to

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