

THE BULLCRAP BUSTERS

We Take The Bullying By The Horns

GONE POSTAL



PART I

FEATURING  
THE KARMIEL POST OFFICE  
&  
MANAGERS HANANYA & RONI

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By Elana Laham © 2016 Elana Laham

A post office is one of the most important municipalities there is. Without a post office there is NO COUNTRY. So one woulda, shoulda, coulda believe it will conduct itself in an upmost professional manner, especially when dealing with the public.

The following is a real life scenario I call "Gone Postal" illustrating how Karmiel's local post office operates.

INCIDENT #1

One of the services the local post office offers to the public is the ability to pay our local taxes and utility bills thru them. One day we brought our water bill to pay via cash - Israeli shekels. When our number came up, we were directed to Window #6 where a red headed Israeli female waited on us. My spouse proceeded to pay the bill but she told him he was unable to because the bottom half of the bill was missing. My husband assumed she had removed the lower portion of the invoice and blamed her for our inability to pay it. That is, until I told him I had removed it by mistake. I told my spouse to apologized to her for his having wrongfully accused her for the mishap. He did so in English.

- Attention BB Readers
- Attention BB Readers II
- Attention BB Readers III
- UPDATES 1/31/16
- UPDATES 3/8/16
- UPDATES 3/9/16
- UPDATES 3/25/16
- UPDATES 3/28/16
- UPDATES 5/16/16
- UPDATES 6/15/16
- UPDATES 7/21/16
- UPDATES 8/1/16
- UPDATES 8/8/16
- UPDATES 9/7/16
- UPDATES 9/9/16
- UPDATES 10/10/16
- UPDATES 10/23/16
- UPDATES 10/24/16
- UPDATES 10/25/16
- UPDATES 10/26/16
- UPDATES 11/6/16
- UPDATES 12/1/16
- UPDATES 12/3/16
- UPDATES 12/6/16
- UPDATES 12/10/16
- Home
- Songs of Inspiration
- Introduction
- Masks & Faces
- Society's Bully
- Playground Bully
- Enforcer Bully
- Clergy Bully
- Corporate Elite Bully

An after thought came to my mind that we ought to apologize to her in Hebrew to be sure she understood us. So I did. To our utter chagrin she suddenly became irate and told us in Hebrew to stop REPEATING to her that we were SORRY. So I told her in Hebrew, “You are crazy.” And we left.

Imagine it!!! Being attacked for being polite!!!

A couple of weeks later the red headed female sought revenge. All bullies do for being put in their place. We were conducting business at another window. I gave our phone number to the postal clerk. Suddenly, the red headed female came over to where we were and blurted out a lie that I had given the wrong phone number. "No I did not." I told her. "It has all ten digits." I said to her. After that the red headed clerk was silent, lowered her head, and slunk away back to her window.

INCIDENT #2

Another service the local post office offers to the public is the ability to send international insured registered mail. One day we brought six parcels to send to America via insured registered mail. When our number came up, we were directed to Window #2 where a blonde headed Israeli female waited on us. She desired to process all of our packages at one time. However, my spouse wished to process them one at a time in order to keep track of each parcel's assigned tracking number. To our utter chagrin she suddenly became irate and demanded that we do it, not the post office's way, but HER WAY. My spouse proceeded to process our mail HIS WAY, the customer's way. So I told her in Hebrew, "Any and every thing bothers you. You are a baby." And we left.

Imagine it!!! Being attacked for doing what is in your own best interest at no one else's expense!!!

A couple of weeks later the blonde headed female sought revenge. All bullies do for being put in their place. We were conducting business at another window. Suddenly, the blonde headed female came over to where we were and gave me a dirty look. I looked back at her, pointed my finger at her, and laughed at her. She immediately returned to her window with a shocked expression on her face.

INCIDENT #3

Yet another service the local post office offers to the public is the retrieval of international shipped items. I had ordered some pajamas from Macys department store in the United States. The Israeli Post website stated that they were waiting for me at the Karmiel post office. So I came in to intercept them. When our number came up, we were directed to Window #1 where a black headed Israeli female waited on us.

About a week prior to this we were conducting business with this same female when I COMPLIMENTED HER in Hebrew that she looked very pretty. To my utter chagrin she suddenly became irate and 1) laughed at

Elite Bully

How to Fight Back

Cyber Bullying

Physical Bullying

Emotional Bullying

Mental Bullying

Conclusion

Archives



me and 2) in Hebrew complimented how nice my husband's handwriting was. So I told her in Hebrew, "You laugh for nonsensical reasons. Why don't you just say, 'thank you'." And we left.

Imagine it!!! Being attacked for being nice!!!

About a week later we were conducting business at another window when the black headed female entered the front office of the post office from the back office. So I took the opportunity to say something to her that I had forgotten to say before regarding her reciprocity to my kindness with her cruelty. I said to her in Hebrew, "Excuse me." She turned and faced me. Then, I told her in Hebrew, "You are crazy." After that, I put my hands around my face in a gesture of "Oh My God" and I laughed at her. She just stared at me not knowing what to say or do with a poker face trying to hide her upset and tight angry lips. After a long pause of silence she turned away from me and laughed, again trying to hide her upset. I laughed back at her laughter. Immediately in silence she exited the front office of the post office and went back to the back office. After she was gone, I suddenly realised that I had upset her so much that she had forgotten what she had come into the front office of the post office to do.

Now instead of locating my parcel and giving it to me the black headed female sought revenge. All bullies do for being put in their place. She lied that it was not in the computer and so had not been delivered to the post office. She told me to leave and started assisting another customer but I refused to go away and demanded to speak to a manager.

Ten minutes later, Roni, the manager of this post office, arrived and ushered me in to his private office. Devoid of any manners in a surly fashion he told me in English that he located my package in the computer, and that my package was in the back office, but my package had not gotten sorted yet. I informed him that the female black haired clerk had told me that there was no package in the computer and so it had not been delivered to the post office. He ignored what I said. Instead he told me that I was to wait until I received a text message on my phone before I was able to come back and get my package. So I told the so- called rough and tough as sandpaper male Israeli who didn't bother to apologize for my inconvenience in Hebrew, "Thank you very much Elana Laham." All he was able to do was say back to me in Hebrew, "You are welcome." And we left.

Afterwards, I returned to the black headed female, while she was with another customer, and told her in Hebrew, "You speak nonsense. Your manager, named Roni, said my package is in the computer so it has been delivered to the post office." And we left.

That same day, I got a text from the Israel Post all prim and proper that my parcel was ready for me to pick up. But I had to go to Oryon another branch to get it. From time to time some of my packages do end up there. But this parcel ought not have gone over there for the simple reason that it had already arrived at the Karmiel branch. So I had to take a slightly longer walk to get it. In addition, the Israel Post text was accompanied by another text with no name on it that I was not able to send a reply to. So I did NOT read the text and deleted the text but

preserved the unknown number on a piece of paper.

I retrieved my package. Then I went over to the black headed female and asked her if she knew what the number 0008263 was? This was the unknown phone number I had found in my cell phone along with the Israeli Post text. She said she did not know what the number was with her mouth but her body language begged to differ as she shook her head from side to side without making any eye contact with me. So I told her in Hebrew, "I did not read the text because it is an unknown number and since I do not read texts from unknown numbers." After that, I waved my parcel in front of her face and told her cheerfully in Hebrew, "I got my package." She put on a happy face and said in Hebrew, "Yes" but asked me three times, "Did you have to go to Oryon to get it?" My reply three times back to her in a chirpy tone of voice in Hebrew was, "I got it here at the Post Office. Have a nice day." And I left.

#### INCIDENT#4

The post office also provides safety services. There is a guard who works at this post office named Gabriel. He checks peoples' belongings for terrorist bombs. Initially, he appeared to be sociable. But with each chit chat we had he became more and more toxic.

Imagine it!!! Being attacked for being friendly!!!

Finally, it reached a crescendo when he called me "touchy". So I told him, "You are the one who is touchy, you are bothered by me being bothered by you." Now he started bull crapping me, yelling at me, and interrupting me. So I told him in Hebrew, "You are full of nonsense." A moment later he was touching his cell phone. Now keep in mind guards in Israel unlike the United States carry side arms – pistols. Gabriel was the one and only guard who worked there. Yet he was such a bully coward he had contacted the Posse just for our exchange of WORDS. So I told him in Hebrew, "You are afraid of me...five foot two eyes of blue." Then I smiled. After that, I laughed. And we left.

[Reader's Note: Whenever and wherever I confront bullying I notice the bully who appears to be ten feet tall suddenly shrinks into a coward who seems to be one inch small].

On our way out, we saw that Gabriel was gone and what looked like some sort of supervising guard by the looks of his uniform was there instead. No doubt it was a set up to get us into trouble, not for threatening anyone, not for beating anybody, not for vandalising property. Only for being a BullCrap Buster who gave the bully cowards back their own medicine. We will not go back to this post office ever again. It is UNSAFE for us to.

[See the web page entitled "Gone Postal Part II Updates 12/3/16" of the BullCrap Busters website for the continuation of this write up].