

## WORK SAMPLE: BLOG POST

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### Just Pick Up Your Damned Phone

Everybody's looking for ways to make more money. You're out there with your business card quick-draw at networking events. You're reading books by billionaires. You're throwing up a Facebook page and waiting for it to work its magic.

Well here's a revenue-boosting tip I never thought I'd need to offer. People, *just pick up your damned phone.*

Last week I was working on a book launch event and I needed a large, free-standing cardboard character cut-out, plus some signs. I was on a tight schedule, but at the same time, I had enough of a budget to pay rush fees if necessary. I went online and found ten different providers of die-cut standees. I reached out to all of them.

8 out of 10 actually answered their phone. And really, I didn't mind the voicemail so much at first. Many of us work these days without a receptionist and rely on voicemail to capture calls when we're otherwise occupied. I do it myself. So I left messages.

But by the sixth voicemail I was getting a little irritated. I found myself making the decision to give the job to whatever company would actually pick up the phone and let me talk to a human being. I wanted to feel like I was *getting somewhere* with this urgent task. And didn't *anyone* want this \$1,500 burning a hole in my pocket?

It turns out the first printer to pick up the phone didn't get my business after all. Why? Because they had some complicated, cockamamie self-serve process for ordering standees. The customer service rep directed me to hang up the phone, go to a particular web page, upload my artwork and place my own order. And the URL she gave me was complicated and hard to remember.

Their idea of customer service was something closer to non-service.

My agitation increased. I moved to the next company on the list.

The tenth company I called was also the last, because someone picked up the phone – a very pleasant receptionist whose voice put me instantly at ease. I explained to her what I needed, and she replied, “Sure! If you wouldn't mind holding just a moment, I'll put you through to Craig.”

Would I mind holding a moment? I almost cackled with joy. Are you kidding? I would freaking *love* to hold a moment for Craig, provided he has a pulse!

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Craig turned out to be my hero. His company, Digital Impact from just outside of Philadelphia, took care of me. Not only did I get exactly what I needed when I needed it, but this guy was actually gracious enough to meet me in my home state of New Jersey so I could save the hefty shipping fees. Dude, seriously – *thank you*.

Digital Impact answered their phone, and a human being lifted my worries out of my arms like a gentle nursemaid tending to a squalling infant, and transformed them into a big, bold checkmark on my to-do list.

Now here's the punchline: out of the eight voicemails I left for those other companies, how many do you think called me back?

Zero.