

## **Tough Quota this year**

He enjoyed his job, he'd been doing it for so many years he couldn't remember his start date. He took pride that he treated everyone the same, whatever their background, calmly, with compassion and gentleness. It was hard sometimes, due to his client's circumstances but he'd been trained well in an age-old skill, filled with tradition and longevity, "job for life for the right person" his boss said!

This year's quota had surprised him, so much bigger than previous years and he felt exhausted but the deadline was in reach, just a few more clients before the end of the year. This week's appointments were a very mixed bag...some would be harder deals than others. They had no choice other than to comply but the process could be made easier with a little faith on both sides. He realised that faith was so important in his line of work and it was never too late to show his clients that all would work out for the best eventually with faith, patience and support (he prided himself on his aftercare service which he'd started from scratch and perfected over the years).

He also realised that he'd be meeting his trainee in the New Year. He was excited to have the opportunity to pass his trade on and even more excited that he'd finally have all the time in the world to spend with his beloved family and so many friends and favourite clients that he'd lost touch with over the years.

So, one last push and he hoped that next year's quota was smaller and more manageable, it's not always about the money eh?

He checked his appointment book and as usual his clients had him travelling the length and breadth of his region and some odd meeting places but as his boss always reminded him, customer is King:

1. London Bridge
2. 5 home visits
3. Junction 6 on the M25
4. 102 hospital visits
5. Pedestrian crossing on Blossom Street
6. The White Horse pub

He re checked his schedule, he was well aware timing was everything in his job. Bad time keeping made for stressed clients and stressed clients made contract signing a real challenge. Luckily, he'd not lost a contract yet...except for one man years ago who was determined to sign with a competitor. He really hated that one blot on his copy book and always wondered what he could have done to get a better deal for the client. Oh well, enough dilly dallying, time waits for no man as they say.

He let out a big sigh, reminded himself that his job, if done well, can make a huge difference to someone's life....and death.

He buttoned his cloak, put his hood up and picked up his scythe, it was going to be a long day.