



The Post Office Weekly Shoutout



Hey there friends. I hope you had a good week. This week a few people in the post office got a little upset with me.

On Saturday I went with my dad to buy stamps and mail some letters. The line was kind of long. After a few minutes I felt bored standing there, so I started to look around.

There was a rack that had different pieces of paper in it. It looked like the pieces of paper were used when people were mailing special things. I think they would fill out all the boxes and then the papers would stick to the outside of what they're mailing. The papers weren't sorted right. They were all mixed up and messy. I knew that they would want some help sorting them, but the man behind the counter told me to stop playing with the papers. I told him they were messy, and I was straightening them out. Then he smiled and thanked me. That made me feel really good. I knew they'd want me to fix it and I was right.

When I was done fixing the papers, my dad still had two people in front of him. I was looking for something else to do when I saw a lady with some letters in her hand. She was getting ready to drop them in the mail slot. I noticed that the stamps she had on them were not straight. That was just wrong. I told the lady the stamps were crooked, but she just told me they were fine. Then she dropped the letters in the mail slot and walked away.

I couldn't leave those letters like that, so I tried to find a way to get behind the wall where the mail goes. I looked all around and then a door opened and someone who works at the post office came out. That made it easy for me. I just slipped in before the door closed, and he didn't even see me.

Once I was back there, I was surprised at how big the post office is. There were lots of big bins with wheels, and they were filled with letters and packages. I had to find the place where the letters go through the wall. I started to look around and then I saw some letters falling into a bin from a hole in the wall. I was sure that was the place where the lady's letters went.

I went over to the bin that was catching those letters. It was really big, and I couldn't reach into it. I needed something to climb on. I found a stool, and it was perfect. I stood on it, and I could reach into the bin. I started to look for the lady's letters that had the crooked stamps. I wasn't finding them, so I dug deeper in the pile of envelopes. Then I tumbled into the bin.

I was sure that me being in the bin was going to be a problem. I tried to get out quick, before anyone found me in there. When I tried to climb out, I just sunk deeper into the letters. Then I couldn't even reach the top of the bin. I was stuck and in trouble.

Then the bin started moving. I looked up and I saw a man in the post office uniform pushing the bin. He didn't see me. At first, I didn't know what to do. Then I realized that I really had to speak up and let him know I was in the bin. I said hello a few times, but he didn't hear me. Then I said it louder and he jumped. After a minute of looking around he looked down and saw me in the bin, mostly covered with letters.

He asked me how I got in there and I told him I fell in. Then he reached in and took my hands. He tried to pull me up, and it worked pretty good until I got to the top. When he lifted me out, my feet got caught on the edge of the bin and somehow the whole thing spilled over. There were letters all over the floor. I never saw so many letters in one place.

The man was mad, and so were lots of other people that work at the post office. I got scared and tried to run away. I headed to the door that I came through and just then it opened, and my dad was standing there. He saw I was running away from the mess of letters on the floor behind me. My dad looked upset. He asked me if I was the reason the letters were spilled, and I told him I was. Then he made me turn around and help clean them up. He also told me to say I was sorry to the people that work at the post office.

Did you ever have things go wrong when you were just trying to help? Do you think I should have tried to fix the lady's crooked stamps? Do you think my dad did the right thing when he made me help clean up the spilled mail?

I know that I caused a problem in the post office, but I didn't mean to. I was trying to help. My parents always tell me that I shouldn't just help. They say I should ask if the person needs help before I do it. I guess they're right. After all, the lady who was mailing the letters told me not to worry about the crooked stamps. I guess I should have listened to her.

Remember friends, helping is a good thing, but you have to be sure the person you're trying to help wants you to. That's the part I sometimes forget about. I'm going to try and do a better job in remembering that. If you like to be a helper like me, always make sure that it is okay to help by asking first, before doing. If you ask first, you'll be sure to stay out of trouble.

Until next time,

Your pal, Persnickety Pearson 