

Nicholas Katz

Mrs. Rutan

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1-800-225-1180

Twas on a snow day back in 2014, when I went to my fridge and picked out a Stouffer's frozen meal. I walked over to the microwave and proceeded to take the meal out of the package. Just as I was about to insert it into the microwave—I noticed something. The chicken was as dark as the inside of the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel during a power outage. I immediately picked up the box searched for the toll free telephone number. I was an enraged consumer.

“There it is!” I said, to no one in particular.

I then dialed “1-800-225-1180” on the keypad of my phone, and pressed the call button.

“Hello, you have reached Stouffer's, a division of Nestlé USA.” Said a robotic voice. “If you would like to speak to a customer service representative please say ‘customer service’...” And it continued going through more options.

“Customer service!” I replied.

“I’m sorry, I did not understand that. Please speak in a loud and clear tone.”

I followed its instructions, and again shouted “customer service” into the telephone.

“Thank you. A customer service representative will be available shortly.”

Then the hold music came on.

And it was pretty *jazzy*.

After seven minutes listening to some top-notch elevator music, I finally heard a human voice.

“Hello this is Sean from Nestlé’s Wilkes-Barre customer service center. How may I help you today?”

“Hi, I opened up my package of Stouffer’s Chicken Parmesan and I discovered it was burned,” I replied, while having a staring contest with the burned chicken on the counter.

“Well I apologize that you found an inadequate product. Can you describe the condition of your product?”

“Scorched,” I replied bluntly.

I heard a chuckle on the other end of the line, and I figured he was laughing at my response. He then asked for my address and other contact information.

“Alright we will be sending you some coupons right away. Thank you for calling Nestlé USA, bye!”

“Bye,” I responded.

I hung up the phone, and immediately felt redeemed for my tragic loss. I proceeded to my refrigerator, *again*, and prayed to the Food Gods that the next meal wouldn't be charred. I got lucky this time. Let's just say it wasn't a Stouffer's meal.

Several weeks passed by, and I had already forgotten about my burned chicken.

“Here's some mail for you,” my Dad said as he opened the front door. He handed me a letter marked “Nestlé USA” and “Stouffer's.”

My coupons had arrived.

I opened up the letter and was engulfed by numerous Stouffer's product offers, including one free meal. There was also an apology letter from the customer service manager. Although, I

had a bad experience with Stouffer's, I still eat a meal every now-and-then. And if I ever receive a inadequate product again, I will be sure to call customer service.