

From: [REDACTED].com [mailto:[REDACTED].com] On Behalf Of G Michael Guy
Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2008 8:08 PM
To: Stephen Hershkowitz
Subject: My move...

Dear Flatrate Moving,

Today was moving day. But before today, it was planning day. I'm a new plant in NYC, and this was my first (of many, I'm sure) crosstown moves. I was absolutely terrified of the moving process. As if finding an apartment in NYC weren't hard enough, the process of selecting one of the seemingly hundreds of movers who crisscross the streets daily to do my move was daunting indeed. I called Flatrate Moving after seeing their trucks on the streets because they always looked much cleaner than the other trucks. Somehow it just seemed to be higher quality. But I was skeptical.

I made my initial call and spoke with Stephen H. He was friendly, helpful, and asked lots of questions to help me figure out my move. We agreed on a price, time and locations.

My inventory list changed probably a dozen times after our initial conversation because I was uncertain if I trusted Flatrate with all of my valuables. As a result, I removed many of the items from the list to move myself. Every time I called Stephen I was sure he was going to be annoyed with my changes. Instead, he was friendly, helpful and didn't seem the least bit bothered. I spoke with him the day before my move to make one last change. I was sure he would really be bothered this time, but instead he wasn't the least bit bothered and even joked that we had spoken so many times that he felt like I was family.

So I was all set. The inventory was finalized and the times were confirmed. Talking is easy, I thought. The move would still be a disaster I was sure.

The movers were to arrive between 12-2pm. That means 3:30pm at the earliest—I was sure. But I had all my things ready to be moved by 11:00am so that whenever Hector called and asked if he could come early, I was more than glad to accommodate. The doorbell rang, and I was greeted with a friendly mover, Hector, wanting to check my inventory and make sure all was in order. Of course, it was in order, and I signed a gazillion papers confirming all of the information Stephen and I had discussed in advance.

A few moments later a couple helpers arrived to begin moving my things. I was sure this was the part where things would get broken, dropped, damaged or lost. Instead, they moved my things with greater care than I had initially packed them. My sofa was wrapped up in protective wrap that certainly must have been worth more than the free sofa I acquired when I first moved to Manhattan. I took a picture, which I attached, since I found it so comical that my dingy sofa was being handled so carefully. My things were whisked away to the elevator to bring down to the truck and across town they went.

They arrived at my new place in short order. Elevator building this was not. Two long flights of stairs awaited. I knew this was an arduous task as I had moved my TV and other valuables I didn't trust Flatrate with earlier in the week. So they will just toss my things up and bounce them up the stairs, I was sure. But no. They carried each and every box up, again with more care than I certainly would have. At one point I even picked up a few things to bring up the stairs only to be scolded that I should put them back since they would bring them up for me. That was nonsense as there was no way I was going to walk up those stairs empty handed. On the way up, I passed another mover who also insisted I drop the things, and let him do it. The thought was appreciated, but I was afraid I could not comply.

To make my long story shorter, let me just say that I was shocked, amazed and so pleasantly surprised at how fantastically everything went. All that service, quality and follow through for a great value.

Three things are for sure: 1) I will move again. 2) I will call Flatrate to do my move. 3) Next time, I'm trusting Flatrate with all my valuables and not wasting time myself.

Sincerely,
G. Michael Guy