

CHAPTER THREE

FROM DUSK TILL DAWN

IN WHICH ATLANT-M EMPLOYEES DWELL ON THE
HARDSHIPS OF THEIR WORK AND EAGERLY RECALL
ANEKDOTES FROM THE COMPANY'S EVERYDAY LIFE

Vicious Connections

I can hardly recall when exactly it happened but, no doubt, it took place somewhen.

Oleg Naryshkin and Sergey Pushkarev started working as direction managers for Opel and Saab brands almost at the same time. However, they did not happen to meet each other at the personnel department. Their first working day was at the “Avto+Mehanika” exhibition, which was held at the Lenexpo Hall. Freshly appointed managers were provided instructions and sent to represent Atlant-M Baltika at the company's mount. The sales department head recommended besides promoting the mentioned car brands meeting new people in the industry, making new acquaintances at competitors.

They dealt with their own directions, didn't see each other and decided to follow the boss's advice at the coffee-break. They set off to establish new connections and met each other:

- Hey! What's your name?
- Oleg and yours?
- Sergey.
- Where do you work?
- I work for Atlant and you?
- And I for Baltika company.

The guys exchanged phone numbers and decided to keep in touch with each other. They were really struck meeting each other in the office after the exhibition and finding out that they were working with the same company.



Odd man out!

Once when Atlant-M Baltika was making its way to the market and was headed by Yuriy Vineaminovich Prikazchikov once an incident happened.

I remember it all quite well. It was Sunday, being in a good mood and

casual clothes I was about to enjoy drinking a cup of coffee and eating my favorite pancakes with meat filling...

The ideal Sunday morning was broken by a call. I was informed that there had been a theft at the enterprise and somebody had stolen two diagnostic devices with software cards installed. It just couldn't get any worse. The company could be closed down for 2 months till new devices were delivered from the USA.

All the office was panicking, Prikazchikov was fretting and fuming. Arriving at the crime scene, I started an investigation of my own. I was constantly disturbed by some senseless calls to present at emergency meetings at the boss's office where different hypothesis were put forth like: "It's surely that mechanic; he has recently got married and is lacking money..." There were different ideas up to competitors' activity and sabotage induced by other GM dealers.

My task was much simpler - I questioned those whom I considered worth it. Five hours later a suspect (by the way, that wasn't the mechanic all the others considered guilty) admitted having stolen the devices. Saying nothing I got into the car, went at the address I had fished out of him and got the device. Then I went to his henchman and took another device which wasn't ours, by the way. After that I went to the place where the stolen things were flogged out which turned out to be a Saab maintenance station and after a short talk got our second diagnostic device. So, I called Yuriy Vineaminovich:

- I've bitten the target, and found our devices and one at that!

- Thanks to God! - Prikazchikov gave a sigh of relief. - Kolya, tell nobody. I'll sort it out myself. Let's meet at Saltykovskaya Road. Bring the devices.

- OK. Whatever you say.

An hour later I put the found devices into Prikazchikov's car, we shook hands and I set off home to finish my breakfast. Oh! Supper, to be more precise. The weekend was over.

The next morning going along the corridor, I heard Sergey Lysenko tell the maintenance station workers:

- Prikazchikov has found the diagnostic devices, even three of them! He says in the morning he was going to work and was stopped by two druggies who proposed buying the devices. He kicked their asses and took the devices. So, guys keep on working!

- Such a luck! It's unbelievable! - I couldn't but make a remark. - I am glad about Yuriy Veniaminovich. Go on working, folk!

I thought to myself, though, that being deprived of public applause I would like at least some financial bonuses.

...We parted with phony employees. The third device turned out to have been stolen at their previous job. Of course, we returned it to the happy owner.

“Das ist VAZ”

It was in 1994. Atlant-M won a tender to get a dealership contract with Volkswagen. The representatives of the German corporation arrived in Minsk for the first time. I remember meeting the guests at the airport and putting them into a Zhiguli 7, recklessly delivered by Sergey Savitsky. Seeing the car Volkmar Sering, rested speechless for some seconds and then asked:

- Was ist das?!?!

- Das ist WAZ, - answered Savitsky proudly.

Irina KURAEVA,
ZAO MTB, Minsk



It's All “Dvornik's” Fault

Valentin Trizno, an employee of ours went on a business trip to the Ukraine to help set financial accounting. Managing the papers Valentin asked employees different questions about the papers, business processes and always got almost the same answer: “Dvornik¹ knows that, but he hasn't arrived yet”, “You should ask Dvornik about it”. So, Valentin got an impression that the most powerful person responsible for all the important issues was some dvornik.

Leaving the office Valentin noticed that there was litter scattered around and thought: “Damn that dvornik who is engaged in everything except for his primary task of cleaning around.”

Having returned to Minsk Valentin shared his indignation with his colleagues that dvornik had been nowhere to find, nothing had been done, and the premises had been covered with litter. The office burst out laughing. Only then the colleagues explained to Valentin who that mysterious Dvornik was.

What a Score!

Funny anecdotes connected with last names are quite often in the company. At the very beginning when the company office was in Partizansky Ave, we all occupied the same room and were called Atlant-M Brokerage House there was an employee Sasha Evushko. He was often called on the landline. They called and asked:

- Can I speak to Evushko? (the last name sounds quite similar to the Russian word “devushka”, which means a “girl”)

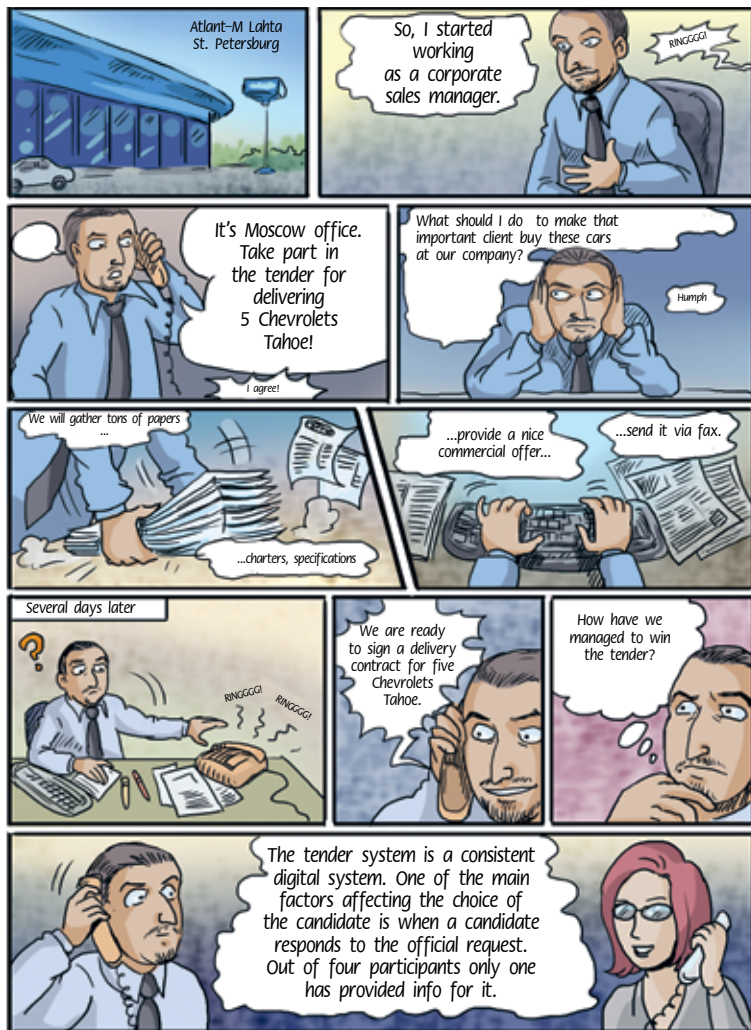
The answer always was: “What girl? There are many of them here.”

- I need Evushko, E-V-U-S-H-K-O!

- I got it but what's the girl name?

Usually it happened several times a day.

¹ - Besides being a last name the word also means a yard keeper in Russian.



Deadhead

I started working as a corporate sales manager at Atlant-M Baltika in March 2004.

For probation I was set precise goals and given distinct tasks, including the exact number of cars I was to sell to some place. That's why when I

Evgeniy
PEKARSKIY,
Atlant-M Lahta,
GM official dealer
in St. Petersburg

was called from our Moscow office (I should note that Atlant-M Baltika is in St. Petersburg) and offered to take part in the tender for delivering five Chevrolets Tahoe to a Moscow office of Philip Morris, I eagerly agreed. I realized quite well that our participation was quite putative, as according to the legislation there should be five tender participants. However, just nominal participation was not that I really needed and I began brooding cunning ideas about what I should do to make that important client buy these cars at our company. The fact that in Moscow there were plenty dealerships which could provide these Chevrolets didn't in the least shake my determination. I considered the matter for quite a while but unfortunately no brilliant idea struck me. Alas! I had nothing up my sleeve. Nothing at all. Even the price couldn't be of advantage as Philip Morris got such a price from the manufacturer that if it were decreased even more it would get us in red.

With great pains I faced the rough reality: our dealership would be a deadhead. We would gather tons of papers, charters, specifications, would provide a nice commercial offer etc. All that would be done just to help our Moscow dealer sell five Chevrolets Tahoe. However, I had promised to participate, so, several kilos of the corresponding papers with beautiful signatures, stamps and all the other necessary features were properly sent by fax the next day. Yes, by fax, which was the client's request. The papers were sent to Moscow with wishes to a lucky company out of four Moscow participants for which all that had been arranged.

Three days later I got a call from Philip Morris. The company representatives told me that they were ready to sign a delivery contract for five Chevrolets Tahoe. The guys engaged in tobacco industry weren't kidding. I won't describe all the process from signing a contract to delivering the cars which, in fact, took time. I'll just say that everything was cool. Five Philip Morris managers were lucky to get the cars which are that appealing to different security services and just good guys all over the world!

It seemed that I should have been glad, should give a sign of relief and keep on working. In fact, I was just dying of curiosity: "How have we managed to win the tender, our offer being the same as those of

**Evgeniy
PEKARSKIY,**
Atlant-M Lahta,
GM official dealer
in St. Petersburg

our Moscow competitors? Besides, we were 800 kilometers away". I mustered up the nerve and called the client asking that stupid question. They explained everything to me... The tender system turned out to be a consistent digital system which had been nursed in the company for years. All the tender information is loaded there. One of the main factors affecting the choice of the candidate is when a candidate responds to the official request, whether that response includes all the details and whether the candidate provides all the necessary documents. Out of four Moscow participants only two had responded to the official request, only one had provided the full answer and nobody had submitted all the papers.

I have been on good terms with Philip Morris for 7 years already.

The phrase "Ordnung über alles" ("Order above all") hasn't been invented for nothing, I think.

Client Focus



Alexey SHABROV
Senior manager
at the spare-
parts warehouse,
Atlant-M Baltika,
GM official dealer
in St. Petersburg

Senior manager at the spare-parts warehouse, Atlant-M Baltika, GM official dealer in St. Petersburg

The story happened to a spare-parts sales manager at Atlant-M Baltika.

It was a usual working day. A client arrived at the showroom to get some advice and maybe buy some items of spare parts. He was met by Alexander, one of our best and most experienced retail sales managers.

- Hello, how can I help you?

- Hey, do you have the next items...?

The client started enumerating the items he was interested in. Alexander listened to him carefully, looked through the catalogues and checked the SAP base.

“Yes. Everything is available,” - answered he, told the final price and offered to process the purchasing.

The client thought for a while and enquired:

“Could you provide me with parts numbers from the catalogue?”

Alex knew that it was confidential info and he couldn't reveal it without a reason at the same time a client is always right and he had to manage the situation somehow. So, he explained that it couldn't be done hinting that a client could see the numbers if he bought the parts. The client, however, insisted. He twigged on that he could ask to see the parts. However, Alexander wasn't at a loss either. He promised to bring everything and went to the warehouse. There with the help of stockmen he gathered all the parts, took them out of packaging, put into plastic bags with the company logo and brought to the showroom. There he put the spare parts on the table for the client to examine them. The latter didn't expect that - everything he had ordered was in front of him but without numbers (they are set at the packaging).

“Excuse me; I'd like to see how these spare parts are packed.” - the client was not about to give up.

“All these items are sold in the original plant packaging. We will gladly pack them for you if you buy them at our dealership,” - politely answered Alexander trying to hide his satisfaction.

He was an experienced sales manager and learnt that the client was about to buy nothing and just wanted to get some info about the parts. He might want to order those items in some other dealership or it may be

inner control of service quality. Let it remain a mystery. What matters, is that the manager worked with the client at a highest level. It's an example to follow.

The Gift of Life

This story happened to me in autumn 2009. I am a sales manager at Atlant-M Holpi in Minsk. At that period there were neither calls, nor clients at the showroom and my birthday was coming.

Once a colleague from the logistics department met me in the corridor and asked:

- How is it going? Do you sell anything? I see. There are few clients, little work.

- Hah! It's all about crisis, - complained I.

- I bet you fancy somebody calling and saying: "I want to buy five cars at yours" and you'll be madly happy, - the colleague kept mocking at me.

- It would be nice, - agreed I with a smile and went to my desk.

A bit later there was a phone call: "Hey, my name is Alexander. I'm calling from Moscow and want to buy five cars". I suspected that these were my colleagues determined to make fun of me. The only thing was that I couldn't get whose voice that was; the client was a bit jarring. I was impressed with my colleagues planning, as they had even thought of a client articulation making it impossible to understand who was pretending the client. However, I kept up the conversation with the "client" and wondered whom the cars were meant for. "I want to present five Mazdas 6 to my nephews in Belarus". I did not hesitate a minute: it was a prank 100 percent! What presents?! What nephews?! Nevertheless, I tried to speak seriously with the customer and at the same time watched the colleagues. All of them kept poker-faces, paying little attention to my conversation. I had a sneaking feeling that everything was real. Who could help laughing for such a long time?! At least somebody would

**Vitaliy
SHARUPICH**
Sales manager at
Atlant-M Holpi,
Mazda and Land
Rover official
dealer in Belarus

give up. Everything was quite ordinary, though. I kept speaking to the customer, reserved five cars for him and decided to take his cell number. If he agreed to provide it, I could call later as if to clarify some detail to prove that he was serious enough. The client left his number, a Russian one, to my surprise. We said good buy to each other and arranged an appointment in a few days in the showroom.

I told the whole story to my colleagues. Everybody started discussing it but nobody believed it: “Vitalik, stop being that naïve! Such things just don’t happen!”

The next day I called the client, he confirmed his arrangements and told that we would meet in the dealership where all the family, nephews, to be precise, would arrive to choose cars and draw up all the papers.

The meeting was arranged for the morning. My colleagues from the sales department bet beer that nobody would come. To tell the truth, I doubted that the meeting would take place till the last moment. I couldn't shake the feeling that all that was just a drawn-out joke. However, deep inside me, I was prepared for the gift of fate as I had a birthday the next day.

So, at the arranged time people began to gather at the showroom. There were about 15 people. They all were standing aside, briefly looking at new cars and whispering among themselves. I decided that all the family had gathered to watch buying new cars. I came up to the crowd and enquired whether I could be of assistance. They answered they were waiting for their relative who was about to come. There were no doubts any more - they were surely my clients. Their respectful uncle was late, they were a bit nervous but it was clear that they were ready to wait for him for ages. So was I.

The uncle arrived soon. Without many words he paid five new identical Mazda cars and lots of additional equipment. Everybody was happy.

The uncle turned out to be an extremely well-provided person from Moscow who decided to make presents for his nephews.

“You know, money will hardly bring them happiness whereas a new car will provide lots of impressions, open new ways and challenges,” -

explained he his decision.

The Muscovite did not have the slightest idea that he had made a present for my birthday as well. Thanks God for the uncle.



Pavel KOZLOV,
Warehouse
specialist,
spare parts and
accessories
department,
Atlant-M
Fahrzeughandel,
Volkswagen
importer in
Belarus

Nobody Knows Anything Here

It was in autumn 2005. My probation as a warehouse specialist ended just a month before. Once when the working day was almost over and all the warehouse fuss calmed down, the phone rang. For a ridic chance the warehouse manager was absent. (Just don't think that our warehouse manager Taras Leonidovich Hadkevich had gone away leaving the warehouse at our cubs' responsibility.)

So, there were only young and wet behind the ears guys in the office at the warehouse when the phone rang. Nobody was eager to pick it up. The calling person was quite persistent, though. It must be somebody from the management. So, I mustered up the nerve and picked up the phone:

- Atlant-M Fahrzeughandel speaking! (I agree the company's name is not a simple one to pronounce and can be a trustworthy alcohol test!)

- Can I speak to Taras?- asked some lordly voice.

- He's away, - mumbled I.

- Has the goods been booked?

- I don't know, - answered I and moving away from the mic wondered whether the goods had been booked. Nobody was in the loop.

- Have the accessories been delivered to Sharangovicha Street? - continued the questioning.

- I don't know either, - answered I and again turned to the guys but the latter gestured and whispered giving me a hint that they knew nothing either.

- When will Taras be back?

- No idea, - replied I sternly and frustrated that nobody knew where the warehouse manager had left added:

- Really, nobody knows anything here.

I put down the phone. There was a pause and deafening silent and everybody burst out laughing!

By the way, my idea that it was some boss calling proved true and it was no laughing matter after all.

Pavel KOZLOV,
Warehouse
specialist,
spare parts and
accessories
department,
Atlant-M
Fahrzeughandel,
Volkswagen
importer in
Belarus

Show the Nipples!

That never-to-be-forgotten story happened in our showroom long time ago.

A girl brought her car for a maintenance service and decided to have the tires fitted. She brought alloy wheels as well. The service advisor told that to the mechanic and the latter engaged in servicing the car.

After the vehicle had been maintained, the mechanic took the wheels and found out that rubber valves used to pump up the tires (“nipples” as mechanics call them) were lacking. Without a second thought, the specialist went into the showroom and asked the owner in a loud voice:

- There are alloy wheels in the trunk but where are your nipples?

Fancy the girl's face!

The story had a happy ending. A sense of humor won. We were lucky the girl had it.

When “Kopets” Arrives

A client brought in his car for computer diagnostics. The service advisor took the car and passed it on to the mechanic describing the client's complaints. The specialist saw to the car and went out to the showroom to tell the service advisor that the work had been completed. The client was in front of the advisor filling in some forms.

The mechanic turned to the advisor saying:

- I finished working with Passat. The fuel flow meter is kopEts (it's toast). It needs replacing.

The client, hearing the familiar word corrected him in an extremely dignified manner:

- Mister, it's not kopEts. It's KOpets! The stress in my last name falls at the first syllable.

There was a pause and when everybody got that the client's last name was KOpets the laughter broke out. It was clear that he was fed up with incorrect pronunciation of his last name.

Alexander
SHNAREVICH
Sales manager,
spare parts
department,
Atlant-M Na
Mashino-
stroiteley,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus

Natasha Informs

Vladimir
VOYTESHONOK
Service
department
manager,
Learning center
head, Atlant-M
Fahrzeughandel,
Volkswagen
importer in
Belarus

It was in 2003. Natasha Pobortseva who used to be the financial department head was showing a new female employee around the company. Entering the maintenance department where only men always worked, Natasha informed the lady:

- Meet employees of the maintenance department. They have never had women.

“Mobster” from Holpi

Minsk, Atlant-M Holpi. 15 years ago I arrived at Holpi to meet the firm’s commercial director. Valeriy Flerjanovich arranged the meeting. He brought me to the shop floor and said: “Our commercial director, Oleg Nichipor is over there. He’ll come to us when he’s done with the client.”

I looked in the direction and saw two mobsters at the shop floor entrance. Both were big, deep-chested, buzzed-head with gold neck chains which could keep a wolf-dog. They were talking about something in the corresponding slang. My jaw dropped and I whispered in astonishment:

- But they are two gangsters!

Valera burst out laughing. While I was looking at his hysterical laughing, the commercial director came up to us.

- Hello, Dmitriy. Sorry, I’ve kept you waiting.

It was one of the mobsters. I forgot to keep a poker face and close the mouth. So, Nichipor smiled and put it mildly:

- So it goes, Dmitriy, we have clients of the kind as well. They are not few, however. We should talk with them in the same language. So that’s it.

Nowadays Nichipor is a prosperous businessman in Russia.

Dmitriy PERLIN
Consultant
of Atlant-M
International
Automobile
Holding

The Right Approach

That story happened at Atlant-M Suharevo.

“VW Polo Classic. A black devil of night roads”. People engaged in car business at those times remember that commercial of 100 hp Polo sedan. It was a cool commercial. I was hooked and went to the dealership at Suharevo.

The car was just fabulous! The more time I spent at it, the more I liked it. A sales manager was keeping aloof but maintained visual. What’s the sense of approaching if everything is clear from the person’s face? On the contrary, pushiness can just hurt... I was developing some kind of respect for the guy.

So, the car was nice, everything was clear with its outside appearance, interior and trunk. Let's pass on to what was written in the advertising leaflet, humph... Seeing a puzzled impression at my face, the manager approached me in an instant.

- What suspension systems are installed in that Polo? What does enhanced suspension mean? What is it enhanced with?

The manager was ready for that question and answered it in common phrases, which are taught at the technical training. Usually they are enough to satisfy clients’ curiosity but I wanted more information:

- Can I have a look at that somehow?

The manager wasn’t ready for that request but that lasted only for 3 seconds: “We can do a test-drive, the answers will be ready when we return.” So, he left to bring the Polo keys.

When we came back, the answer had been thoroughly prepared: copies from technical manuals with constructive schemes of suspension systems, and steering mechanisms with the marked enhancements to adapt Polo to bad roads. So that’s it. Andrey Slezhevsky used to be that manager, now he is the head of the sales department at Atlant-M Borovaya Ford. He hardly remembers that story (I didn’t buy the car as the crisis of 1998 interfered with my plans). How many prospective clients he has seen for all these years! I remember him quite well, though, and respect for the right approach to the customer!

Hallo! It's the Motor Speaking!



The partnership between Atlant-M Holpi and the firm I was managing at that time was in full swing 10 years ago. We sold unoriginal spare parts to our clients, they went to Holpi to have them installed and got the warranty. Everybody was happy. Once I came at Sharangovicha Str, where Mazda dealer was situated at that time and saw that Alexander Petkevich who used to be a service advisor was standing in front of Mazda 323f with an opened hood talking to someone on the phone. I came up closer and heard the following thing:

-Petr Nikolaevich! We've done everything! We've replaced valve seat inserts, rings, valve stem seals as well, grinded the valves... What? Of course, filler blocks are also new. Everything works fine. Petr Nikolaevich, listen how the engine is working!

Saying that, he took the phone to the Mazda working engine. I hardly managed to cover my mouth not to laugh out loud at what I had seen and heard. I had never come across such methods of car

diagnostics before. While I was trying to manage the laughter, Sasha was done with the call and turned to me:

-Why are you roaring, Dima? He told me that he could aurally distinguish an engine performing well. I can not always do it and he is able to... What shall I do? Shall I persuade him that he doesn't get anything and there are no diagnostics and control methods using a phone? The thing is we've done everything and he will be glad.

So that's it.

... Nowadays Alexander Petkevich is a prosperous businessman.

About Lazovsky's Cadillac



It happened in the evening when the dealership was about to close...

At that time sales managers were sent for another coaching session, so there was just nobody to work in the showroom. As if on purpose the showroom was constantly overcrowded with clients. So, there were only chiefs left at Chevrolet and Opel departments while I was responsible for showing used cars to clients. There were plenty of people in the showroom,

Evgeniy HATIN
Trade-in
department head,
Atlant-M Baltika,
GM official dealer
in St. Petersburg

phones kept ringing but there was nobody to answer. Our Sales Director Dmitriy Konstantinovich Lazovsky was famous for his permanent fight for the quality of customer servicing. So, getting aware of the situation, he decided to go downstairs to the showroom and worked as a sales manager.

Lazovsky was a person to remember. He was respectable, successful, grey-haired, always wearing a pair of impeccable trendy shoes. He was just fabulous acting as a sales manager - showing cars, wheedling customers and making agreements. I was busy with my own issues but as my desk was next to his, I heard him communicate with future Opel owners.

One of the buyers was an elderly couple with young children who had chosen Opel Astra station wagon. The family had scrutinized the car, discussed it, bargained a bit and chosen a simpler package.

They were making an agreement. Dmitriy Konstantinovich went to the printer and was kept by a phone call. The buyers were discussing their car. I tried to catch what the parents were saying.

- We are lucky to have such an excellent manager. He has showed and explained everything. It's a pity, that being quite old he still works as a manager. Children, that's not a pattern to follow! To work as a sales manager all the life... Quite sensible, intelligent, and the life was extremely tough for him.

At that very moment a clerk who took cars to washing arrived and put a key from a brand-new Cadillac on the desk. The washed car was at the parking-lot in front of the showroom. The family froze confused. What was going on? It wasn't their Astra key. The washed Cadillac was glistening in the sun and it was hard to take eyes off. The buyers looked at the key, then at the Cadillac, again at the key and again at the Cadillac. At that moment Dmitriy Konstantinovich returned.

- Your car has been washed, the key is on the desk, - reported the clerk quite loudly.

Lazovskiy simply put the key in the pocket and there was a pause. Buyers of a rather cheap Opel were quite confused. They exchanged glances not really getting what that was all about. There was a silent cry in their eyes: "It can't be like that! It's just impossible!" That was a worthy ending of the story.

Yes, guys! Sometimes it does happen that way!

Fishermen & Fish

It happened in 2007. There was a phone call at the department responsible for working with legal entities. I picked up the phone:

- MTBank. Denis speaking. Good afternoon!



I heard an enraged voice of a client:

-I doubt it being good... Switch me to the programmers, please! I can not reach them. I must mention that technical specialists supporting the “Client-Bank” system which manages companies’ payments to the bank are always called programmers. I tried to switch the line to the support service but all the lines were busy. I returned the client call and decided to clear things up:

- I apologize for the inconvenience but all the lines are engaged. Maybe I can be of assistance to you? What seems to be a problem?

- I’m chief accountant of OOO XXX company. I just can not get what’s going on. The other day your specialists installed the “Client-Bank” system to my computer. I left the desktop just for 10 minutes and now there is

Denis
ROZZHALOVETS
ZAO MTBank,
Minsk

some fish rowing at the screen!!!

I almost burst out laughing but managed to contain the laughter and explained to the client that it was not the “Client-Bank” system but the aquarium screen saver installed at the desktop. It was possible to exit it just hitting the Escape button.

- Really?! Thanks a lot, young man!
- We are always happy to be of assistance!

Three In One



Leaving my boss's office I came across one of the Koreans who had arrived at our company to discuss some issues about aftersales service. We exchanged glances and it all was a bit awkward. So, to save the situation I stretched out a hand. He smiled, greeted me with a horrible accent, we shook hands and channeled off. The same day

Maxim IVIN,
Atlant-M
Borovaya, Kia
official dealer in
Belarus

another Korean came up to me and asked to open a door at the cash center. In order not to break the tradition I stretched out a hand and after shaking it the Korean went where he was to go while I returned to my desk.

After the lunch break I went to our management part again and met another Korean. Deciding that it was the third Korean whom I hadn't greeted yet I stretched out my hand again. The guy shook it a bit nervously. The target had been hit and all the guests from Korea had been greeted.

I would live in that blissful ignorance for quite a long time if I did not learn the next morning that there were just two Koreans at the company, while the third had been sent somewhere.

I decided that I needed to improve my physiognomy skills. Can I distinguish one Korean from another? It might have been the same person all three times!

Women's Fears

The story happened in those old times when there was no payment processing office at the showroom and we had to take cash from customers. I was working with coming clients at the spare parts department.

Once a pretty girl looked in. We managed to select the necessary part and I was about to take her to the payment office. The trouble was she didn't have Belarusian rubles on her so I asked the cashier to take dollars instead which, in fact, is strictly prohibited. The cashier agreed and I brought the girl there. The girl enquired:

- Can I pay in dollars?

The cashier raised the head and wondered:

- Aren't you afraid of getting screwed?

The girl sighed and said:

- Unfortunately, there are no volunteers.

Oleg
ARTYUSHKEVICH
Head of wholesale
trade sector,
spare parts
department,
Atlant-M
Fahrzeughandel,
Volkswagen
general importer
in Belarus



The Most Original Original

Mikhail OSTAPOV

Sales manager,
spare parts
department,
Atlant-M
Borovaya, Ford
official dealer in
Belarus

We had a sale of spare parts for Chinese cars. A client arrived to buy a timing belt for a “fabulous” Chinese car of Geeli brand. I brought him that part. Once again, it was a Chinese belt for a Chinese car, priced at about 3 dollars. My client scrutinized it for quite a while and after that asked just a killing question:

- Is it original?
- It's the most original original you can find.

A Creative Client

Andrey ZHILKO

Atlant-M Suharevo,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus

It happened six years ago when Anatoliy Jarmolenko, the head of the famous “Syabry” band and a talented singer himself arrived at our showroom to buy VW Caravelle. Certainly being quite well-known he asked for a discount. Unfortunately, there was no discount paragraph in the agreement with the



importer. What was I to do? The client was anything but simple and I was eager to arrange a discount...

What happened later can be told by clients who came to choose a car that day and got at Jarmolenko's concert instead:

Alesya, Alesya, Alesya!
 Tak ptitsy krichat,
 Tak ptitsy krichat,
 Tak ptitsy krichat v podnebesje
 Alesya, Alesya, Alesya.
 Ostanjsya so mnoyu Alesya,

Kak skazka, kak chudo, kak pesnya... - sang like a nightingale the celebrity in the sales department. Of course, he got a discount and became our standing customer. By the way, now he is waiting for Amarok.

Volkswagen - Mercedes

Andrey ZHILKO
 Atlant-M Suharevo,
 Volkswagen
 official dealer in
 Belarus

One of my clients is the owner of the company engaged in funeral services. It is the largest in Belarus, by the way. The guy is an extremely merry and optimistic person, everybody at Atlant-M Suharevo sales



department knows him. If there is any trouble in relations or a car delivery process, he begins to propose discounts for a coffin or a floral tribute to decorate the grave. He calls the deceased his clients and often mocks at them. Such a “merry chap”!

He always ordered VW Crafters which were used either as funeral hearses or to carry relatives of the deceased. The last Crafter arrived in Minsk carrying a Volkswagen front emblem badge while a trunk one was of Mercedes. Cars of these brands are assembled at the same line in Düsseldorf, so it was no surprise.

As the delivery was delayed for 6 months, when that wonder-car arrived at last, all the dealership was already panicking. What were we to do? And there the client was and asked to show him the car. Showing the vehicle to the client I paid his attention to the fact that he could park the Crafter different ways - one day front bumper facing the office and the next day - vice versa. His competitors passing by and seeing the car would think that he had two funeral hearses - a Volkswagen and a Mercedes. The idea appealed to him.

The car found its owner while my client still keeps thanking me for these two badges. His competitors haven't got the hang of his trick and respect him a lot.



A Test Joy-Ride

Andrey ZHILKO
Atlant-M Suharevo,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus

Once on a Saturday when I was on duty at the showroom, a client arrived. His name was Viktor Petrovich L. (Vitek, as he preferred to be called). Vitek turned out to be an extremely eccentric person lacking two front teeth knocked out by Special Forces guys. He unloaded me

with tons of different stuff, promising to buy the toughest multivan with the most powerful engine. He arrived for the first time, then for the second and then asked for a test-drive. During the first two visits I managed to turn his requests down as there was something fishy about him. He always kept talking how he had cut somebody at some creep. However, once in the middle of the week when the showroom was overcrowded he raised a stink that he wanted a test-drive immediately! It was impossible to refuse him. He had a temporary driving permit instead of the driving license. According to the rules of the dealership I must provide a test-drive to all clients at their request. So, I had to keep to the rules and we got into the multivan.

Vitek fastened his seatbelt, then checked mine, asked whether I believed in God, blessed me and rushed from the showroom to the loop road at 80 kilometers per hour. In an instant the speed rose to 190 km/h. Maneuvering among cars we flew past the road police station. Nobody even noticed us there.

I could do nothing at such a speed. If I pulled the driver, he might hit a post. If I called... but whom? The police? The dealership? What would I say? That we were flying past the 4th, 5th, 6th kilometer of the loop? It was impossible to define our position as a speedy multivan drilled past one district after another. At last not decreasing the speed Vitek quitted hold of the steering wheel and showing me his sweaty palms began to tell how cool that was. He took a phone and started calling his friend Kolyan:

- Hey homes, what up ese? I met a hortical dude Andrey and we're rolling to you to Chizhovka.

- I can't... or I will be fired for such trips, - I tried to cool down my freshly-made friend's enthusiasm.

- I take you on, don't fret! I'll pay you four times more.

And he kept telling Kolyan:

- Kolyan, fetch better pussies and let's take Andrey to sauna. We have a dope car, I swiped it.

- Er, - I was shocked at what I heard. - In fact, ...er...I don't feel like going to sauna. You'd better bring me back to the showroom...

- I told you don't fret, we'll flog it and we'll have enough money for everything. I say, we go to sauna, with Kolyan, pussies, vodka and dope. Were you to Italy? Let's go there together.

All that was at 190km/h. In 4 minutes we were in Chizhovka, parked at the bus terminal and started waiting for Kolyan, whom Vitek had met at the penal colony. We waited for 10 minutes, 20, 30. To tell the truth, I was lucky. I talked Vitek into scheduling the sauna for another day and returning the car to the showroom. I remembered that test-drive for ever, though. I had the time of my life.

A Touareg Not a Toilet

An anxious client in the showroom asked a sales manager:

- Where is the toilet?

The manager told the client that he had to climb the stairs, waved in that direction and left feeling that the duty had been done.

On climbing the stairs, the client looked into the director's outer office and asked me:

- Could you tell me where I can have a look at a new Touareg?

I proudly waved in the direction of the showroom:

- Just in the showroom, there are no show cars on the second floor.

- Say, how's that? I asked a sales manager where I can see a Touareg and she told me to go upstairs. I've been wandering here for five minutes already and see nothing resembling it.

- Oh, all the show cars are in the show room! Do you see that girl over there in the showroom? She will help you and answer any your question concerning the chosen car. - I pointed at the direction of the sales manager.

The client was blowing his stack:

- That lady has just sent me upstairs.

We laughed for a while when learnt that the manager hadn't heard distinctly the client's question .

By the way, some time later the story with Touareg and toilet repeated, though, with another manager and another client.

A Lesson From O.I.

Vladimir
PROTCHENKO,
Development
Director, Atlant
Telecom,
Minsk

It was in distant 2000 when a new Atlant Telecom department had just been organized in the holding. The first budget was being made up; managers were preparing their proposals and taking them to the director.

At that time Atlant Telecom was headed by Oleg Husaenov.

At the meeting the director was analyzing the info he had got and once besides furniture, desktops, phones etc he came across something interesting in the “Expenses” section in the “Working Places Arrangement” paragraph. Oleg Ilgizovich asked:

- What’s that?

The manager looked in the paper and answered:

- A shredding machine.

- What for?

- What do you mean? If there is any confidential info printed on some paper, and we need to get rid of it, we’ll put it through the paper shredder and ...

- Now I’ll show you how it works!

Saying that Husaenov took a sheet of paper, tore it to pieces and asked:

- Does it work?

Since that, the device has never been included in the “Expenses” section in Atlant Telecom.

Sex and Its Consequences

The story I am about to tell you hasn’t finished yet.

I have been working in department 142 since 2002. The company is engaged in wholesale trading of oils and lubricants. Besides the central office in Minsk, there are small offices in every province. There are two employees in every provincial office: a sales manager (usually a man) and an office manager (a woman as a rule). Since

Svetlana RYZHIK,
Senior sales
manager, Atlant-M
Konel, official
importer of
Mobil and Esso in
Belarus.



2006 I have been occupying the “male” position in Vitebsk office. Even at that time the top managers were wondering whether to keep just a female staff was safe accounting for continuity of business processes. The time has provided the answer to that question. That’s what our story is about.

We worked peacefully and there were no omens of the coming “disaster”. We had to move to another office that year and that was the beginning. In spring 2007 our office manager Elena told that she was expecting a baby. Their family had been looking forward to that event for a long time, so everybody was happy for them and we started looking for another office-manager. In September we hired Olga who was young, pretty, married and so far without children. When asked: “Are you planning children?” she kept silent for a while, though her gaze became moony and a bit sad. We didn’t push her.

In spring 2008 I got pregnant as well. I don’t know what the main

Svetlana RYZHIK,
Senior sales
manager, Atlant-M
Konel, official
importer of
Mobil and Esso in
Belarus.

reason was but I decided to keep working instead of going on maternity leave. When I arranged all that with the director, at first he was a bit afraid but decided to believe in my strengths. Five months later Olga declared being expectant as well! Employees began kidding about the productivity of Vitebsk office. We asked Lena to return to work earlier. So, she gave the son to the nursery when he was just a year and two months and started working while Olga went on maternity leave. It was in January 2009 and in June Lena was happy as she was in the family way again. While compiling a staff report to the director we laughed ourselves to death and wanted to see his face when he was reading the letter. Jokes about the office “productivity” and a virus of unknown nature nourishing in the office boiled over into proposals to open a new business direction. I think the EF center would have to pull all its resources to manage our competition.

However, back to our mutttons. The jokes were not that merry as I had a 4-month baby while Olga was about to deliver one. In brief, there were nobody to work and we decided to look for another employee. In October 2009 we hired Julia and worked smoothly for half a year. In July Julia got married and I was expectant again. I decided to keep working again, though. Now in May 2011 my junior is 2 months old and our Julia is expecting a baby. The director is still in blissful ignorance. I can imagine his happiness. We hope that Olga will have enough time to give her daughter to the nursery and replace Julia for her maternity leave.

Thus, Julia’s baby will be the sixth child born at two positions for 4 years. The employees’ contribution to improvement of the demographic situation in the country is undeniable and one to admire.

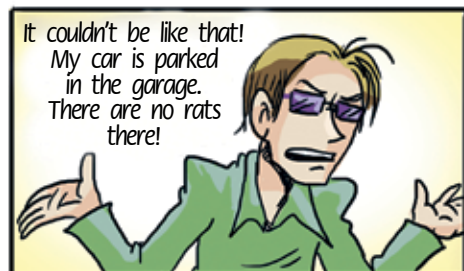
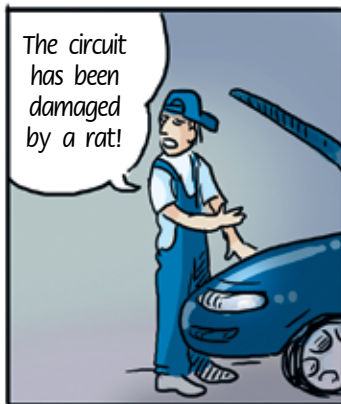
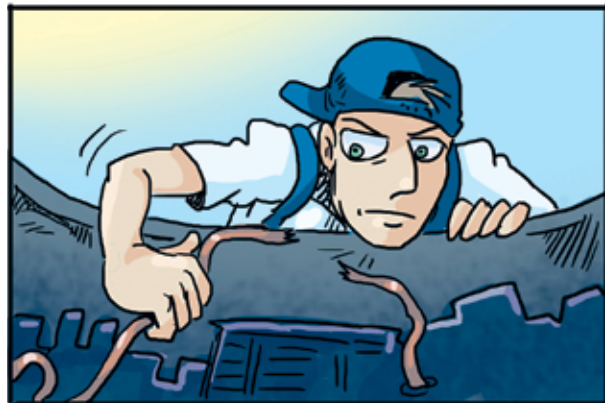
It’s clear that a baby is always lots of happiness but maybe it’s time to change the office as I already have three sons and if it keeps going like that I am afraid I will have a reason to visit my favorite maternity hospital once again.

Andrey
TSEHOVOY
Director assistant
responsible for
aftersales service,
Atlant-M Holpi,
official dealer of
Mazda and Land
Rover in Belarus

A Rat At Mazda

It happened when our department # 120 (at that time it was called TKP Holpi) occupied a small car center at Sharangovicha Str, 1.

I was doing well as a maintenance center service advisor and once took



in a Mazda Xedos 6 sedan of dark blue metallic color. Its owner was a born Austrian who didn't speak a word in Russian. To be more precise, he spoke neither Russian nor German. He was interpreted by a young girl who didn't understand anything in cars.

We understood the reason of their visit quite quickly: left headlight, parking light and ABS didn't work. The client left the car at our station and went away by taxi.

Volodya, our electrical technician, started to look for the reason of these troubles and soon found the suspect which turned to be a simple rodent, most likely a rat. The circuit had to be restored, it took some time but when the foreigner arrived, everything had already been done. The car was left with an opened hood in front of the entrance.

The owner and its interpreter were ready to learn our verdict. I invited them to the car as we would certainly have to explain something in lay terms just showing it in the car. So, I explained that the failure had been from a damaged circuit and we had repaired it without replacing any details. The girl interpreted my speech and the owner asked:

- Who has damaged the circuit?

I reported that it was a rat's fault. Being a bit suspicious the girl interpreted that, though she had asked several times whether I was sure. The Austrian waved hands in response and was really confused with my explanation:

- It couldn't be like that! My car is parked in the garage. There are no rats there, - interpreted the lady.

I might have persuaded the Austrian for quite a long time but... A grey rat of medium size got out of the bottom of the car onto the intake manifold and started washing its snout with front paws as all rodents do. The Austrian fell silent while the lady turning pale demanded to "get that gross out of the car". Unfortunately that gross dived inside the engine area and we didn't see it any more. However hard we tried to please the client, whatever we did to wipe out the saboteur from the vehicle, we didn't succeed in it. Alas!

So, they left in three: the Austrian, the interpreter and the rat.

**Andrey
TSEHOVOY**
Director assistant
responsible for
aftersales service,
Atlant-M Holpi,
official dealer of
Mazda and Land
Rover in Belarus

Stopped Short Of Getting Married!



Recently I have managed to talk a company into partnering with us. When we were arranging the papers I was in contact with their chief accountant, a friendly woman of about 60 with a languishing but very cheerful voice. We were in contact just on phone. Once I needed a certain paper. I needed it urgently and the working day was almost over. Elena Nikolaevna, that was the name of the chief accountant was about to leave the office and couldn't look in at the bank.

- Unfortunately, I'm late for my fitness classes, come up with something yourself, - whispered she on the phone.

It couldn't be helped, so I offered her to take the paper with her and promised to call her when I was free, arriving and taking the paper after that. At about 6 o'clock I called Elena Nikolaevna and asked where it would be better for us to meet. She answered quite merrily:

Ivan LAGUTIN,
Corporate
business
department, ZAO
MTBank, Minsk

- Ivan, the fitness training has ended earlier and I am at my friend's. We are hanging new curtains and drinking coffee! Come here! - she told the address of a block of flats in Vesnyanka. I was a bit nervous about the enthusiasm in her voice. Nevertheless, I arrived and waited downstairs as she had left the paper in the car. There arrived Elena Nikolaevna. The appearance of that 60-year old lady made me gasp: she was blonde, with some weird hair-cut, bright-groomed, richly bronzed as a hot mulatto, wearing a glossy pink lipstick and dressed in varnished high heeled boots, tight leather pants, a figure-hugging Versace jacket, some strange but seemingly fashionable scarf and sun-glasses added to the outfit. She unlocked a new BMW-3, took a paper and gave it to me saying:

- Ivan, I'm so glad to meet you at last. Let's go upstairs for a cup of coffee, I'll introduce you to my friend!

I was at a loss and couldn't find a proper answer. As a result I was introduced to her friend, a woman of the same age sharing the same ideas about fashion and style. Arriving of the second "biscuit" made me even more confused. The ladies used it to link their arms through mine and take me to the kitchen. I was realizing that the situation was going out of control. Complaining of a terrible haste I managed to back out of drinking coffee but the ladies insisted on "casting a glance at the curtains we have hung" and pulled me to the bed-room!!!

I couldn't believe all that was real. We entered the bedroom and I saw a huge bed in the centre of the room and a large mirror at the ceiling above it!

"Run Ivan, Run, "- was a single thought that came to my mind.

- Elena Nikolaevna, -started I.

- Call me just Elena.

- Elena, I'm really late for the cinema, - I snapped out the first idea that came to me. The next question put me at a stand:

- What film?

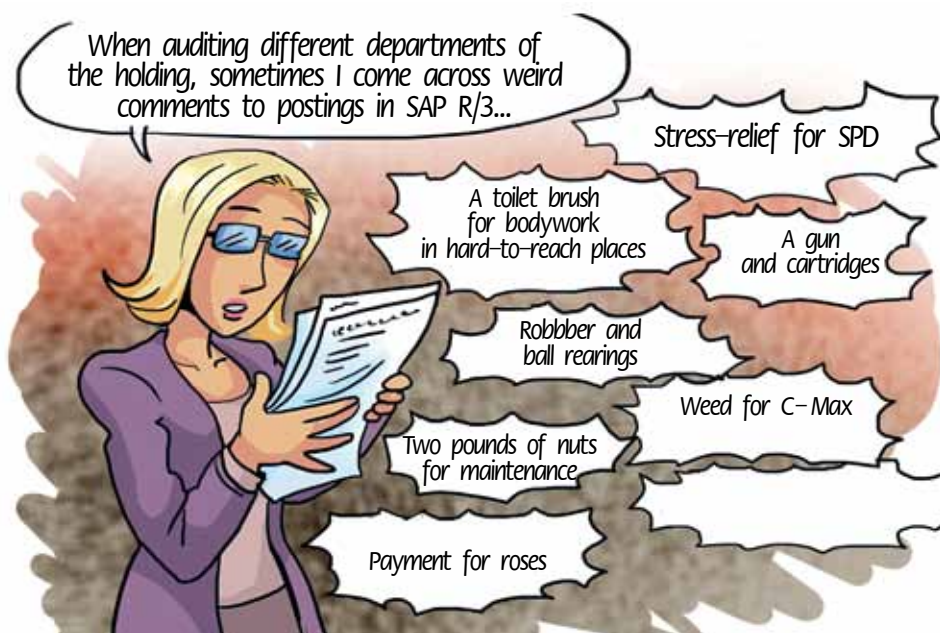
I couldn't think of anything better than "Pirates of the Caribbean - 4". I was lucky that the ladies weren't following film news as precisely as fashion trends ("Pirates" weren't in the cinema yet), so it was fine with them. Saved! The ladies saw me off to the hall demonstrating the best of the

flat - a bathroom with a jetted shower cabin meant for two persons. That option was highlighted by Elena Petrovna which only increased my speed. Saying goodbye and promising to call her the next day to deal with some documents I left the flat.

Only in the car, running through the whole scene in my head I made a conclusion that it had been well done. Ladies of their age hadn't lost grip! I wondered how many male "victims" had seen their reflection in that mirror.

I have been calling Elena Nikolaevna just Elena since then.

A Toilet Brush, A Gun and Two Pounds of Nuts



When auditing different departments of the holding sometimes I have to go through notes to postings in SAP R/3 and some of them are quite weird...

"Rubbish removal, to divide for all the departments".

"A jacket for MS taken from SPD".

"A knee broken because of our negligence".
 "A toilet brush for bodywork in hard-to-reach places".
 "Stress-relief for SPD".
 "A gun and cartridges".
 "Repair of the bumper torn off while washing the car"
 "Robber and ball rearings"
 "Kudryavtsev celebrates his son birthday! Yippee!"
 "Weed for C-Max"
 "Two pounds of nuts for maintenance"
 "Boozing at MTB"
 "Payment for roses"
 "Charitable givings to our brave police"
 "Cigarettes for jakeys for cleaning the premises"
 "Cigarettes for arrested snow cleaners"

The Sixth Sense



Alexander
 KAYDAK
 Atlant-M
 Fahrzeughandel,
 Volkswagen
 general importer
 in Belarus.

A call to the maintenance service. A bitchy female voice:
 - Is my husband (tells the last name of our standing client) at the

maintenance?

My sixth sense prompted the answer:

- Yes, he has just been here and has gone to the sales department. He must be choosing a car.

The next day the client arrived at the showroom in Sharangovicha Street being quite glad. We've been the best maintenance service for him since then.

Guys! Hold on!



- Hullo, is that technical support service?
- It's Atlant Telecom call center.
- I see, moral support is of vital importance but I would prefer a bit of actual help.

From a client's application request for breaking the Internet service contract: "The Web interferes with my personal life. I've got a showdown from the husband." We kept the client offering another tariff with a lesser traffic volume so that there would be enough time for the spouse. What one can make up to improve the demographic situation in the country!

Clients' Calls

- I've lost my individual account number... The mother has done the flat!

- I want to change my individual account number!
- What for?
- You see, when I opened that account instead of the proposed number I chose the phone number of my girlfriend. Now we have broken up and it just irritates me!



Give Me a Discount!

A customer called the spare parts department:

- How much are front brake pads for my Audi A6?
- 500 000 Belarusian rubles.
- And with a discount?
- You must provide some reason for a discount...
- I have a golden card!

Andrey
CHUMACHENKO
Atlant-M Suharevo,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus

- You might have a golden card from an Audi dealership whereas we represent Volkswagen brand...

- No, I have an Opel golden card; I was given it in Germany. What's the difference? Both brands are German...

Silver Metallic!

That short story needs a bit of explanation. It concerns engine oil pressure switch, which depending on the face value has different colors of insulation: blue - 0,25 bar, white - 1,8 bar, black - 1,4 bar etc.

The dialogue with the client was as follows:

- Hello, I need an oil pressure switch for my Golf. I've unscrewed it and it leaks.

- What pressure is it meant for? There is a face value beaten out on it.

- I don't know. I haven't looked at it and haven't taken it with me...

- What color is it?

- (Sceptically) I doubt that information will be of use to you.

- Believe me, it is. Depending on the color their pressure limits differ.

- Are you kidding?!

- Not in the least. Just believe...

- (Proudly) Silver metallic!

A "Transit" Client

Some notes before the story: a transit account of the legal entity is an account opened by the legal entity's bank if the entity gets revenues from abroad and the entity has a current account with that bank.

Now the story itself.

It was the end of the working day. Almost everybody left and there was a call at the department of legal entities servicing. I picked up the phone and didn't have time to call my name as a hasty demanding voice asked:

- Is it Minsk Transit Bank?

- Yes, can I help you?

- Oh yes! Open me a transit account!

- Please, tell me whether you are a physical or a legal entity? Do you have an account at our bank?

- I'm a representative of a legal entity and I don't have an account. However, I want to become your client if you set up a transit account for me.

- We can open a transit account for you only if you are our client and you've got revenues in foreign currency from abroad, - explained I.

- What revenues from abroad? You are Transit Bank, right? - sounded off the client.

- Yes, Minsk Transit Bank

- So, open me a transit account!

How Many Members Are There in Your Family?

The client:

I have a life credo: a Russian wife and a German car

The call center agent:

- How did you hear about us? Have you turned to us earlier?

The client:

- Can you provide me with answer options?

The client:

- I'm interested in a worn-out car

The call center agent:

- Hello! Atlant-M Suharevo, my name is Tatyana, can I help you?

The phone call was disrupted and the client called again; there was another call-center agent answering the call:

- Hello! Atlant-M Suharevo, my name is Julia, can I help you?

The client:

- I've just talked to Tatyana Suhareva, not it is Julia Suhareva, are you sisters? How many members are there in you family?



The call-center agent:

Please, specify, are you a legal or a physical entity?

The client:

I am a physical entity of the Russian citizenship, living in the Urals in the famous city of Yekaterinburg, married, have two children and love Minsk-city!

The client:

- Hey! I'm interested in Teddy

The call-center agent:

- Could you be more precise? What would you like to learn?

The client:

- You have it, what's its name... Teddy, Faddy...something like that!

The call-center agent:

- You mean Volkswagen Caddy?

- OK, let it be Caddy.

Agniya LOYKO
Promotion and
PR specialist,
Atlant-M Suharevo
car dealership,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus
Extracts from
phone calls
between clients
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agents at Atlant-M
Suharevo

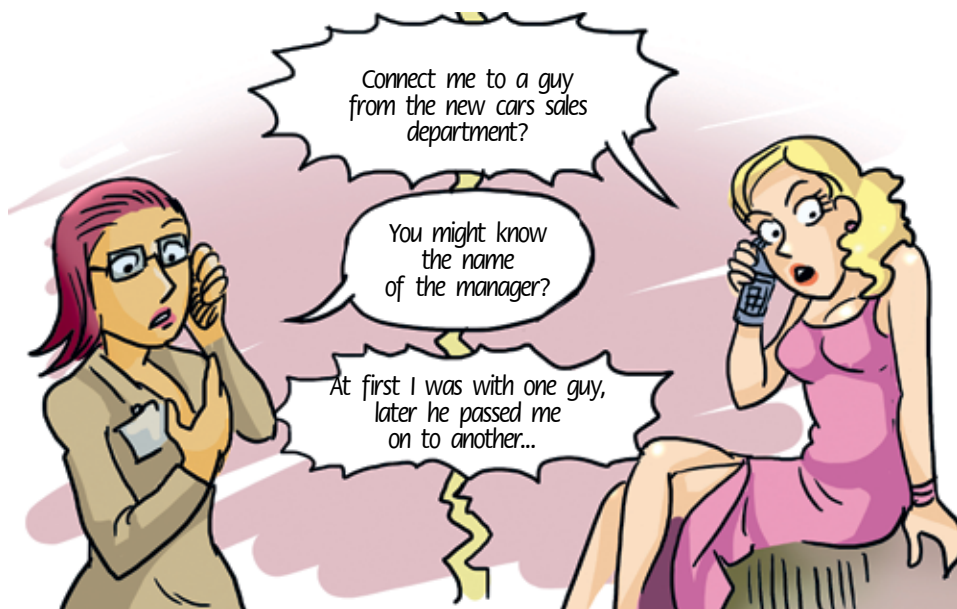
After service call-down

The call-center agent:

- You might have some comments or recommendations concerning our service?

The client:

- Oh! Sure! I wish your Svetlana who handles payments would deliver the cars herself. She could go for a test-drive with clients as well. Think it over!



Agniya LOYKO
Promotion and
PR specialist,
Atlant-M Suharevo
car dealership,
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official dealer in
Belarus
Extracts from
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The client:

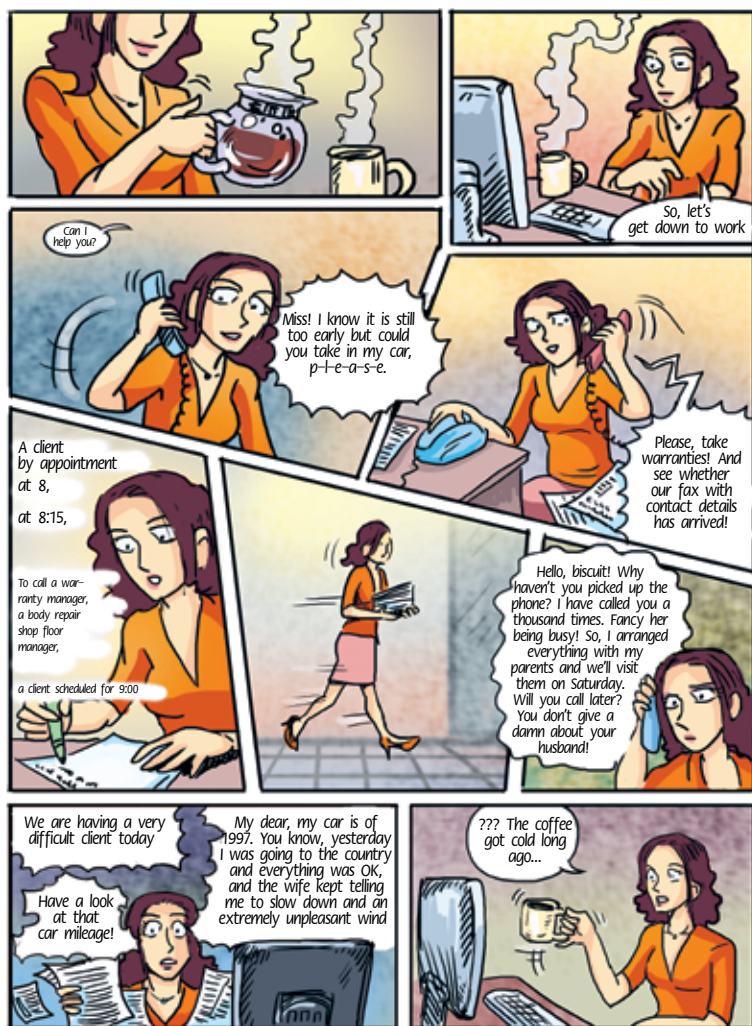
- Could you connect me to a guy from the new cars sales department?
I've just chatted with him...

The call-center agent:

- You might know the name of the manager you've been talking with?

The client:

- At first I was with one guy, later he passed me on to another...



A Never-Ending Cup of Coffee

I like when a day starts with a cup of hot and tasty coffee. I come to work, run SAP, open Lotus and wait my coffee to cool a little breathing in its rich flavor.

- Good morning, Miss! I know it is still too early and you haven't opened yet, but could you take in my car, p-l-e-a-s-e. I need to be at work at 8. Please!

Here it is. What time is it? 20 minutes to 8? When does the working day

Anna PADUTOVA
Payment
manager, Atlant-M
Borovaya, Kia
official dealer in
Belarus

start? At eight. Nicely done, Anya. Let's come to work at half past 7 and start working immediately! Can't you spend that time at home? I wonder if some maintenance counsel has already arrived.

Anya, how on earth can I take in a car if I've just entered the maintenance station? Oh, well. We'll manage it. Tell the client at the reception to wait for me!

Excellent! What would we do without Yura! M-m-m...Where is my tasty coffee? Oops! A call.

- Hello Anya, it's Tanya from the call-center calling. I know that it is still 15 minutes to 8 but the client wants it badly...

I don't like such activity from the very morning. It's a bad sign.

Anya, please, take a call. The client has a warranty car.

A call, another call, the client by appointment at 8, at 8:15, at 10 o'clock who, nevertheless, arrived at 8:30 (hoping for a gap in our timetable). To call a warranty manager, a body repair shopfloor manager, one more call, a client scheduled for 9:00.

- Miss, we need to schedule a maintenance service...

- Miss, we're paying by bank transfer, should we mention that we are a legal entity?

- Anya, I can not take any more cars, talk to Miranovich.

- Anyuta, I have too many cars already, call Voytovich.

- Anya, it's not a warranty car, send it to mechanics.

A call, another call. It is 10 o'clock already? Just half an hour seems to have flown since the beginning of the day. My coffee! Whoops! The coffee has got cold.

- Anya, have you sent an invoice to, what's their name, oh, Ostrovki? They are asking another one!

- Miss! Why can't we pay upon the delivery? We'll transfer the money afterwards. My word!

I can tell you a million reasons why legal entities do not transfer the payments later. The most popular are "We've paid, there is a mistake at your base", "Send us a reconciliation report, everything is correct", "It's none of my business, call the chief accountant", "The issue is a task of Vladimir Stepanovich", "The director is on vacations, I know nothing about it", "We'll pay at the end of the month", "We'll pay at the end of next

moth", "We won't pay, there is no money", "The driver promised to pay, it's his problems", "Neither I get a salary".

A call, a client by appointment, to stamp papers and to sign a contract. Idea, when I go to stamp them, I will take my cup to wash it and make myself a fresh coffee.

- Anya! Are you going to the accountants? Please, take warranties for Philipchenko! And have a look whether our fax with contact details has arrived!

- Hello, honey! Why haven't you picked up the phone? I have called you a thousand times. Fancy her being busy! So, I arranged everything with my parents and we'll visit them on Saturday. Will you call later? Oh, that's always the same story. You don't give a damn about your husband. Buy!

My mind is reeling. Why is he constantly nagging at me when I am at work?? It's just...

- Anya, lets make as follows. I will go for lunch now and you at 2 o'clock?

It's really 1 o'clock? Oh, my God. When my colleague leaves for lunch, it gets hot in here.

- Miss, it's accountants of Ostrovki.

- Anya, open a warranty for that car.

- Anya, I can't wait, proceed with this client!

- Anya! I say, we are having a very difficult client today. Please, treat him with distinguished respect.

- Anya, please have a look at that car mileage. Anya, did anybody replace the brakes system to that car last time? Please, find it out now! It's urgent!

Anya, Anya, Anya. A-a-a-a! What did they tell us at the training seminars? To leave the room and breathe in and out for several minutes, then take a deep breath and return to work? How can I do it if I can not leave the office for a moment?

- I've had lunch. How are the things going here?

Thanks to God! It'll be easier now! I need a bit of coffee. Where is my cup? Damn, I must have forgotten it in the accountants' office when I was stamping the docs. OK, I'll go for a lunch and will drink coffee later with something tasty. I need to call Ilya. He's so upset. A visit to in-laws

on Saturday. Well, where's my working schedule? Oh my God. I work this Saturday! I am taking the phone, the hand is trembling.

- I've arranged everything! I asked you yesterday whether you work on Saturday! Mixed it up? You know what? I Don't Even Have The Words!!! Do what you like, babe!

He's hung up on me, I'm gonna cry. Breathe in, breathe out. I don't feel like eating my lunch any more. I'd rather return to work. I've returned to the same mad-house, I left. OK, let's get started.

A client by appointment, a client to learn the time when he can take his car, a client to schedule an appointment, another one to tweak his scheduled time. Appointment time! I have forgotten that we haven't made a call down yet. That's another task left. Besides that, I need to send invoices to enterprises, prepare docs for the maintenance service for tomorrow, put the docs to the archive, upload the registry, call back all the issues from the call-center, and this, and that and... Saying nothing of closing down workshop orders and processing clients' payments.

It's 5 in the evening and we have loads of work to do. People around are like sucked oranges.

- My dear, my car is of 1997. You know yesterday I was going to the country and everything was OK, and the wife kept telling me to slow down and an extremely unpleasant wind was blowing and it looked like it was going to rain. I was going quite carefully and a light at the dashboard turned on, and we kept going and the light was on but nothing happened, and the wife told...

Relax, Anya, just relax, I've forgotten to do something today. I wanted to drink coffee! I need to go and bring my cup.

- Anya! It's Ostrovki calling. They say they have made the payment and faxed the payment obligation to the accountants.

Ok, I will take it together with my cup. Why are there so many people in the hall... with balloons? Oh, It's a birthday of an employee at the marketing department and everybody was to meet in the hall at 17:30 and I'm just in time.

- Hey, Anya, I've brought your obligation. I knew you would come. Here it is!

That's nice! I don't have to climb the stairs! So, what's there outside

the building? A wrecker has arrived. It's another car which doesn't start. Let's take care of it.

So, the files have been done, one car has been left in the workshop, the registry has been uploaded. So, in 15 minutes I will be able to leave. Oh yes, it is 20:30. It's high time we finished.

- Hello, biscuit! Still working? Don't get crossed with me. The thing is I have arranged everything and suddenly the plans have been changed and I've shouted at you. I lo... you so much and I am waiting for you at home. Let's go to my parents on Sunday. That suits them, too.

Thanks to God, everything is good at our relations. It has taken a load off my mind. I can start leaving the office.

- Anya, I say, I was washing my cup and found yours at the sink. You must have forgotten it there. There was cold coffee in it, so I pour it away and washed it as well. You'll make yourself fresh coffee in the morning.

I Love You

There are days when I don't want to go outdoors. It is raining or snowing. It is cold. The wind is bending down trees and lifting some black birds into the sky. It's nice if that's a day-off. The time passes slowly and quite unexpectedly the evening comes. Everything is in darkness and I feel sorry for another day of my life passing away.

Once when I was still in the University, a German couple visited my family. We went about the city with a camera, shooting just everything, even the Presidential Palace. There we were met by a person in the uniform who demanded to look through our shots and copied my passport details. After that we went to the Circus across which there was a stand with Atlant-M ad. My uncle told Germans: "That's of Minsk Refrigerator Plant" and I objected proudly: No, it's not. It's Atlant-M. They sell Volkswagen cars and I work there. The German couple smiled and my uncle said: "You've been fired already as they have already been reported that you are a spy."

Eleven years have passed since that time.

At first our office was in Mashinostroiteley Str. together with the Volkswagen importer. There was an air of a living freedom. Once, somebody bought folding kick scooters and we happily rushed on the second floor at

**Evgeniya
KUPREEVA**
Head of financial
department,
Atlant-M Uruchje,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus.



quite significant speed.

In general, the importer of that time was merry and creative. The importer team was the tenth squadron at Iyunka (an annual corporate holiday, a creative tourist gathering from all the Atlanters which is held at the beginning of June). Everybody remembered their team fight songs, neck-ties, drums and marching step early in the morning while many other teams were still feeling sick. The next summer holiday devoted to murrain, was also organized with a certain swing.

Evgeniya KUPREEVA
Head of financial department, Atlant-M Uruchje, Volkswagen official dealer in Belarus.

We lived with the importer's employees in perfect harmony. We made friends and sincerely argued with them. Dima Lazovskiy and Serezha Gavrilko are said to have had a fight once. So what? They were young. I believe in it. I believe that Gavrilko has won.

Sergey Gavrilko was a great man. We could keep silent for 3 days and I even do not remember what the reason for that was. The reports were done in Excel at that time; once I couldn't balance the accounts. I was almost crying in despair. He came up to me and said: "Deduct the capital, the cash and add the credit assets". He told the figures. The discrepancy declined to 2 dollars. He laughed: "That's what you'll be fired for". I thought what a clever man he was and stopped wailing. Even now, though many years have passed since then sometimes I write to him complaining of the end of the world. He encourages me with practical recommendations. Though now he is Sergey Ivanovich, nevertheless, he is still young and caring and never lets his team down.

When he brought me up a bit and I became a financial officer, Lena Kanunnikova started working as an accountant. She's such a brilliant person; she is always spoken highly of. That's because she keeps to every old regulation and even creates new ones. Once she worked out and sent out a regulation on how fixed assets should be recorded. It said that the person receiving some fixed asset should take a number for it during the next three days. Almost at once audit of accounts started so, she was loaded with work. Our extremely responsible employee Anatoliy Ivanovich Sitkevich, getting fixed assets began to look in at our office to get the numbers for them. She couldn't find time for that and kept asking to come later. Finally she couldn't stand more and complained: "I'm very tired, so much work, so many questions from auditors and Sitkevich keeps looking in. All the month! Give me the numbers! Give me the numbers!" A bit later Fidel Castro was broadcast to have fallen from the rostrum and being completely exhausted Lena said: "It's about to start. In the holding accountants are so overloaded with work that they don't give a damn about Fidel. Cubans should take care of their Fidel themselves".

At that time the spare parts department head was Sergey Murashko. He used to argue on a range of issues with the financial department. There was a big safe near the accountant department.

**Evgeniya
KUPREEVA**
Head of financial
department,
Atlant-M Uruchje,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus.

I hid there and released emotions. Five years later when we had tweaked all the business processes to perfection we made friends for life. Now he is a director's deputy responsible for after-sales servicing and likes to ask his dependants: "When were you at the reception desk last time? You need to go downstairs oftener to see the dealership real life!" He is a real fighter and he bears more than just his department.

A lot in the sales department depends on Petr Sposob. In fact, he's the head of the logistics service. That department has consisted just of its head for many years. When he goes on vacations, he is always preoccupied with the dealership's future and always offers to shut the dealership down while he is away. He always has lots of rational proposals. We are both "full-sized" as we don't like the word "overweight" and that's just not about us. Once we danced together a bit. Because of that "a bit" we tore off a hem of the gown of some lady from the importer. She forgave us as she is very kind. In Atlant-M I met a guy whom I still admire - Sasha Kuvshinnikov. It was extremely hard sometimes and I was about to leave the company and he kept telling me: "Where are you going? To N company? What for? Think it over. You work at Atlant-M Holding. It's that prestigious and promising!" Later he was pulled down for company disloyalty and he quitted the company.

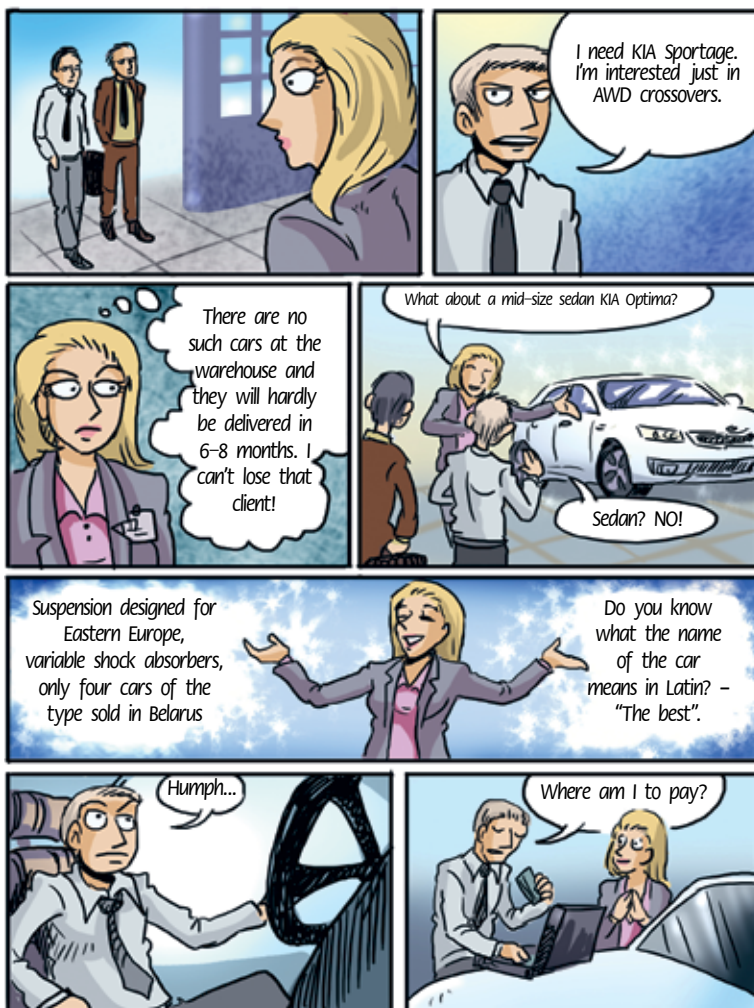
Unfortunately, sometimes there is some disbalance.

I love my work so much. I like the stairs to the second floor in Mashinostroiteley Str. which I have been climbing for 10 years every day. It is like going to school in childhood. I like Kazintsa Square where I used to go to discuss issues with the financial department. I like arguing desperately with colleagues knowing that there will be a way-out and compromise found at the very end. I like it as it is better here than wherever else. Every day here is filled with sense.

**Evgeniya
KUPREEVA**
Head of financial
department,
Atlant-M Uruchje,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus.

A Teller's Talent

I am a sales manager at the KIA dealership. Once I had a day-off but nevertheless decided to go to work. I called the clients, arranged meetings and solved all the issues. It was almost evening. So, I was



in “off-hour” mood already and about to leave the showroom. I was standing at the entrance and suddenly two men came up to me and asked to help them choose a car. I had to change my plans. The men were interested in Kia Sportage - a city crossover. I sighed faintly feeling disappointed as there were no such cars at the warehouse and they wouldn’t be delivered in the next 6-8 months. However, the man and his friend thoroughly examined the car from outside and then inside asking millions of questions. They were interested only in an all-wheel drive

**Alesya
BRUSHKOVSKAYA**
Sales manager,
Atlant-M
Borovaya, KIA
official dealer in
Belarus

crossover. Then we went outside where there was another Sportage in a more refined package than that displayed inside the showroom. The clients were pleased with everything, it was clear they liked the car, the eyes glowing - they would hardly give up the idea of buying that particular model! We returned to the showroom where I would have to tell the clients about the delivery terms. However, hardly had we opened the entrance door, a mid-size sedan KIA Optima met my eyes. "Why not try?" - thought I. It was a new and interesting model; the delivery was scheduled for July. I desperately rushed to the car and started the presentation. The puzzled men looked at me. What was that? They were almost about to buy a roadster and I was proposing a sedan to them! They were switching their gazes from me to the car not really understanding what I meant. I offered the client to get into the car. At first he denied, saying that he had already found a sedan at a Toyota dealership, moreover, he had been promised 500\$ discount there. I rushed to get the Optima's key and proposed to see the internal light, interior design, Bluetooth, music. The client got in and started winding and turning everything, pushing buttons and asking questions. I enjoyed answering them hoping that finally he would buy that car. When we were leaving the car, the client seemed to be in a better mood, so I kept on: "Suspension designed for Eastern Europe, variable shock absorbers, only four cars of the type sold in Belarus. And, finally, do you know what the name of the car means in Latin? - "The best"".

There was a pause. After that the client opened its case, took out four packs of 100-dollar banknotes and asked me decisively: "Where am I to pay for it?"

The deal was made!

As I learnt later, my client was a much esteemed person, the Turkmenistan ambassador in Belarus.

A Night On Wheels

At that time Dima Levkovich (who was my colleague and friend) and I worked at the crisis-management department. At the end of 2007 the holding was buying a range of dealerships at Borovaya. We got at the



start-up project which was to deal with Ford. The project was extremely interesting, lots of events and stories are connected with it but one of them turned out to be extremely popular with the employees.

It happened in February 2008, when the start-up was in full swing. There was much work and the deadline was approaching. One day we reached the deadline. Deciding not to put off till the next day what we could finish then, we indulged into working. It was 5 o'clock in the morning and the work had been done! At the same time we felt totally exhausted. Leaving the dealership we went through the showroom and saw a brand-new Ford S-Max, we looked at each other and in just several minutes turned a quite spacious saloon into a bedroom. A few seconds later we were sacking out.

I won't tell lies as cocks weren't heard at the dusk. We were woken up by the cleaner polishing the showroom floor in the morning. It meant it was time we got up. Although it was just 7 o'clock we had got enough sleep.

Our unscheduled overnight accommodation was the main news at the dealership that day. At noon it was added juicy details. For example, Sergey Elistratov (the director of the Ford dealership) called us to find out why we had fallen asleep in the car being completely drunk and having flipped off the security.

Besides, sales managers took that story on board and soon the car found its owner - a person who liked to spend nights in cars.

Aleksey
KARENSKIY
Financial
manager, Atlant-
Konsalt, Minsk

A Sales manager's Dream

It was morning. A new year has arrived and has brought a terrible hangover.

My life provides me with new cities every day. Minsk for today, Munich for tomorrow. The day starts through the window of a long distance train and finishes with a bright smile of a stewardess. Tea in a tea-glass holder under the rumor of wheels, a flavor of a heated lunch and a plane roar. Economy class compartments, first class compartments, carriages and hotels. I hardly remember the smell of another world!

My patronymic name is Viktorovich, which means my father is Viktor. When you are 16, you don't give a damn about it. When you are 26, you start growing your own tree - you grow up without soil or fertilizers. In an empty tub of childish recollections there is a warm parents' bed, a lollipop wrapped in red, plastic cars and a sweet apple pie.

As a Chinese philosopher said: "We are born naked, wet and hungry. Then things get worse". It's a bullshit, I think! The most interesting things start from that very moment!

The life winks at you quite mischievously, providing chaos in legislation, crises and other financial disasters.

An Interview in the Recruiting Department

- Our main job requirement is a client-focused approach.
- No problem, I am the most client-focused person in the world (Damn, what are they talking about?)
- So, do you think you'll manage it? Are you ready?
- I'm totally ready! I have sold everything from rusty nails to second-hand cars! A client is the only thing I have! I am lonely and useless without them!
- We'll take you on probation! I hope you'll do your best!

Two weeks later I found out what a client-focused approach really meant. Er... my friends, it wasn't started and ended with a regular smile and showing a manager's favorable attitude to the client. All the theory vanishes, there were situations when the head of the department stayed late in the office to make a client's day selling a liter of screen washer

fluid. I almost cried with tenderness. I had never seen things of the kind before.

Such examples pile up in your head as if assembling the famous Rubik's Cube. They are hulking up and become something solid and you haven't got the slightest idea about that.

Once arriving home you nail a coat rack to the wall, which your girlfriend has been asking to do for ages. As a result she remains crossed with you: "I thought it would be in some other place".

I haven't thought over the issue where the place for a coat rack should be according to Feng Shui or some other ideas ladies keep to at all. However, I am a client-focused guy! That's why I answer: "Don't you like it? Then let's hang a mirror where you choose to as a bonus".

Next morning:

- So, you are buying those tires. What else do you need? Humph... you know, we have excellent alloy wheels.

Fridge Magnetism

Why do you need a fridge? It's clear that it ensures preservation of sausages, freshness of cucumbers and well-being of yoghurt bacteria. What else? You'll be surprised to learn that it's an excellent place for magnets. I am totally sure that it's the main reason why fridges aren't made of wood. It's hardly possible to find a kitchen with no magnets from different cities and countries stuck to the fridge. There are 183 magnets in our family, not counting doubles. 52 countries. Every magnet and every country have a story of their own. Their own recollections. Their own impressions. Let's come closer and I'll tell you.

A wooden magnet "Minsk" of handwork, which was done several years ago by a Minsk artist. There were no manufactured magnets "Minsk" at that time.

A magnet from the Principality of Liechtenstein; the magnet and the country being almost of the same size.

Jena, a German town, - quite a plain one, though it keeps five bright months of my life.

Nice, which is remembered for the expected luxury and a camera which was stolen by my some guys from my fellow traveller.



Egypt. I walked about its capital without any company the whole day and didn't see a single white face. Nothing happened to me despite numerous warnings of possible troubles.

Beijing hutongs, the labyrinth of which I wandered about on a gloomy day - it was a very depressing but extremely penetrating impression.

Jerusalem, where I stood with my cap on at the Wailing Wall and Atlanta which I observed from a skyscraper and couldn't see the whole of it. Bulgaria, where I left a part of my heart and Belarus where there is the rest of it. France, where one of my closest friends live (he didn't emigrate there, he was born there, he is a French) and Cuba, where I have never been but my pulse has been tapping in accordance with its rhythm for a year already.

The fridge brings a cold wind of Norwegian fiords and hot breath of Jordanian ruins, adhans of Baku muazzins and precise pitches of Japanese melodies, flavors of Canadian maple syrup and Moldavian wine, diversity of the Maldives and absorption of Estonia, immensity of Russia and cosiness of Luxembourg. There is a vase with apples from Andorra and a shell from Turkey, Thai elephants and Kansas sand, a roulette table from Monte Carlo and a fork from Crete, a piece of Berlin Wall and a weird thermometer at a magnet from Moscow. The Taj Mahal and Baikal, Tiananmen Square

and the Niagara Falls, the Leaning Tower of Pisa and Eiffel Tower, the Guggenheim Museum in New-York, Dneprostoi Dam. They all have found their places here, in a common Minsk kitchen in Kosmonavtov Str. If bored with symbolism one can learn true and unbiased geography using tiny magnet maps of mixed Switzerland and proud Poland, smiling Denmark and staid Lithuania, the mysterious Bermudas and friendly Vietnam.

You will ask me:

- Where does Atlant-M come in?

There is such a company. A good one. A very good one. I have already been working there for seven years and a half.

It helps me with magnets as well.

For example, Dubai is from the director, Kaliningrad from my boss, Dominican Republic from a colleague.

Nevertheless you wouldn't believe me if said that I work with it just craving for new magnets.

Of course, not. It's just a good company.

CHAPTER FOUR

PIONEERS

THE CHAPTER IN WHICH EMPLOYEES WORKING
AT ATLANT-M HOLDING FROM THE VERY FIRST DAYS
TAKE THE FLOOR

1. What comes to mind when you hear somebody mention Atlant-M?
2. What's your biggest sacrifice to Atlant-M?
3. What character traits help to survive at the holding?
4. Your "dying wish"? What would you like to ask the holding for?



ALEXEY AFONIN,
Diagnostic engineer, Atlant-M Uruchje, Volkswagen
official dealer in Belarus

1. When I hear "Atlant-M", I literally see the same scene I came across 17 years ago. Imaging a small office in Kazintsa Street on the first floor of a regular block of flats. It was occupied by a small and tight-knit company headed by Oleg Ilgizovich. I also remember a warehouse of Zhiguli cars we sold at that time. It was at the real air-raid shelter! Who could think that I would start my career at such a strange place engaged in preparing Russian cars for further selling? Just later I got at Volkswagen dealership in Mashinostroiteley Str and from there to modern giant Atlant-M Uruchje. However, the first impression about Atlant-M is the brightest and will stay with me for the years to come.

2. Atlant-M has never been a sacrifice place to me. It provided an interesting job and a good salary. What else am I to wish? Moreover, working for Volkswagen I could run a car of any brand. I have stayed with the company for such a long time because I am OK with everything in it.

3. I would mention three traits - patience, hard-working and

a good sense of humor.

4. I am asking for some island in the Caribbean Sea! I would agree even to a small one! That's my pink dream and if a holding realized it I would be the happiest person in the world. I can finance the realization of my other wishes myself.



RAISA ALTYNNOVA

Chief-accountant, Atlat-M Holpi, Mazda and Land-Rover official dealer in Belarus

1. For me it is an image of O.I. Huseenov and VAZ selling. It was in 1993, profits in foreign currency and customers with dollars. I was taking money from Caucasian customers and was praying: "Not to mistake! Not to mistake!" It's impossible to forget.

2. There haven't been any sacrifices. I have presented the holding with myself.

3. One needs to be stress-proof, reliable and initiative. And optimistic as well!

4. I want to be the company's employee even after retirement. I have earned that, I think.



LUDMILA GROMAKOVSKAYA,

Chief-accountant, Atlant-M Na Mashinostroiteley, Volkswagen official dealer in Belarus

1. The first New Year's Day and March, 8 celebrations, the first lyunka, the air-raid shelter in Kazintsa. There was enough time for everything - to work and to have fun.

2. I can not call that a sacrifice, but these were years of sincere work. I devoted little time to my son, though. So he has grown a self-sufficient person.

3. One just needs to work.

4. I ask for a logistics specialist to be hired for our company. I need that badly.

1. What comes to mind when you hear somebody mention Atlant-M?
2. What's your biggest sacrifice to Atlant-M?
3. What character traits help to survive at the holding?
4. Your "dying wish"? What would you like to ask the holding for?



ANDREY KAMYSH,
Service advisor, Atlant-M Suharevo, Volkswagen official
dealer in Belarus

1. The only thought is: "That's a reputable company I work at!"
2. There have been no sacrifices. Just gains: interesting work, experience, knowledge, good friends.
3. To be honest in everything.
4. A gift? Something notable!

NATALYA NOVIKOVA,
Chief-accountant, Atlant-M Fahrzeughandel, Volkswagen
general importer in Belarus



1. Working at Atlant-M I fell in love, got married and delivered a fabulous baby! I was presented with a microwave oven for my wedding. It still works.
2. The daughter's childhood, which I, like most working mommies, have neglected a bit.
3. You need to keep to three commandments: one shall treat others as one would like others to treat oneself, shall not steal, shall not cheat.
4. Come up with some social program focused on respected "war-horses".



LUDMILA BONDAREVA,
Cleaning service specialist, Atlant-M, Minsk

1. The boss - Oleg Ilgizovich Husaenov. Also I remember first lunkas and Alla Timanova crying in some bushes as she thought that the holiday hadn't been a success.
2. I have gone to work feeling really unwell for many times and I do not consider it some kind of a sacrifice. Really there haven't been any sacrifices: Atlant-M has provided me with a chance to come to work enjoying it. I like even getting up early as I am a lark.
3. One needs to treat people with patience as everybody is different.
4. I would ask for the following: "Let the employees' relations be that good and trustworthy."



ALEXANDER GROMAKOVSKY,
Mechanic of the common workshop, Atlant-M Suharevo,
Volkswagen official dealer in Belarus

1. I remember an air-raid shelter in Kazintsa, accompanying cars to the Urals and Kazakhstan. Lot's of adventures
2. No sacrifices.
3. You need to be a workaholic and cool-headed person.
4. I want a watch with an engraving marking Atlant-M's 20th anniversary, so that I could pass it on to my son and being old remember that I have contributed to the company's development.

1. What comes to mind when you hear somebody mention Atlant-M?
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ALEXANDER RASHKEVICH,
Leading specialist at VW dealership network
development, Atlant-M Fahrzeughandel, Volkswagen
general importer in Belarus

1. Atlant-M sticker at the front fenders of cabs in 1991-1992. I saw it being a student and thought it was a transporter company. Atlant-M commercial on TV which resembled the famous show "Pole Chudes", the question being: "A famous Belarusian company, 7 letters." Detraining and running cars at night from the railway station: there were 5 of us - Husaenov, Savitsky, Pyrko, Samoylo and I.
2. It's me as it's all about my personal and professional development as a specialist made in Atlant-M.
3. Patience and tolerance.
4. Rewording a commandment of our "classicist" Carl Sewell ("Customers for Life"): make your employees your partners and treat them as the latter.



NINA LAPPO,
Business-economist, Atlant-M, Minsk

1. At once I recall how I ended up at the holding. My fellow called me and told that a company (without naming it) needed an accountant. I arrived for the interview with the chief-accountant who was Vitaliy Ivanov at that time. After the interview I decided to keep my old job and not switch it for that unknown company. Ivanov, though, turned a straight-forward guy, calling every day and asking to work with them. When looking in at their office which used to be in Partizanskiy Ave, to help a bit I came across a team of young directors and finally remembered the company's name Atlant-M. Going to my main job I always encountered Atlant-M ads: "Atlant-M - timber, oil, paper" at trams, the company's logo at cabs, an add ticker on TV. The company didn't have any big deals at that time, just everything on trifles, different broker deals at the stock. A carriage of paper was the first serious deal and Ivanov used to draw carriages to make everything clear. I remember that quite well. Finally, he talked me into working with them under a contractor's agreement. Later I met O.I.Husaenov.

Also I recall "Isloch" and not just because Iyunka takes place there every year. I recall the Holiday House of the Commonwealth of Letter "Isloch" where Oleg Ilgizovich and I were making up a management report hiding from everyone and everything.

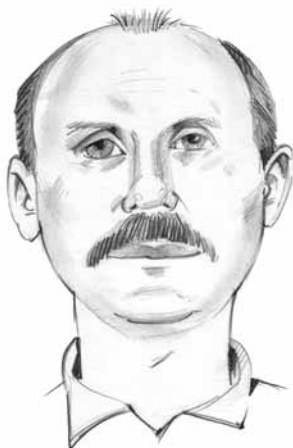
2. It is a usual story - we worked from early in the morning till late in the evening, paid little attention to the family, children were literally abandoned and I had no time even to buy them clothes. The health

- 1. What comes to mind when you hear somebody mention Atlant-M?**
- 2. What's your biggest sacrifice to Atlant-M?**
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has been ruined by numerous audits and inspections from the tax department, from the police etc. However, if I look back I can say I regret nothing. To work with O.I. Huseynov and S.N. Savitsky was quite difficult from the one side but extremely easy from the other.

3. One needs to be a trustworthy and hardworking person, even a workaholic maybe. To be ready to indulge into working even against family interests. To be a quick study, a highly skilled employee. To be easy to deal with. There must be lots of useful traits.

4. I want to say thank you to those people who founded the company, developed it and contributed to its success. If I were to ask for something, I would like the management to remember about me and greet me with holidays, at least sometimes.



VASILY KOSTEL,
International truck driver, Citycar, Atlant-M transport
operator, Minsk

1. Our former small and tight-knit team.
2. Unfortunately, I didn't have enough time for my family
3. To survive at the holding one needs patience, persistence and being a workaholic.
4. I want peace and steadiness



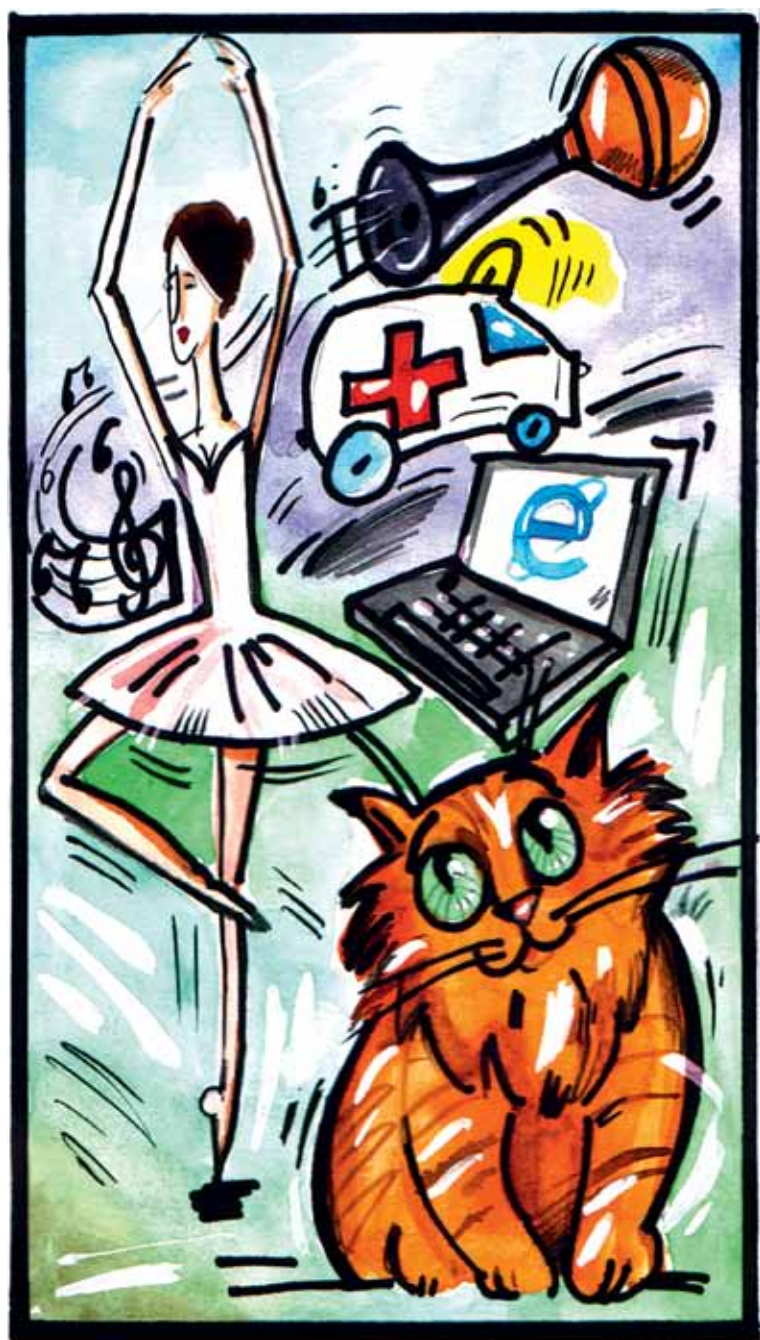
IRINA KURAEVA,
Counselor of the Chairman of ZAO MTB Board of
directors, Minsk

1. «La-la-lala- la-lalala, la-la-lala-la-lalala...» Supreme Ruler and a slogan "Atlant-M Forever!"
2. Oh, it's always like that: the time devoted to the beloved work is inevitably taken from no less beloved family.
3. Intelligence.
4. Long live Atlant-M! Let us be friends forever!

CHAPTER FIVE

CLIENTS WRITE

THE CHAPTER WHICH DELIVERS SUDDEN, FUNNY, USEFUL,
COMPLIMENTARY AND QUITE THE OPPOSITE REVIEWS
ABOUT THE HOLDING ACTIVITIES



I Propose

1. Hello esteemed Atlant-M! I am a designer, photographer and just music addict from Minsk. My name is Denis. I adore that Volkswagen Touareg car of yours. Its new modification with a smooth shape of headlights and a metallic attachment clip in front is just something... Cool work of designers. Thumbs up for them! I have just a question to ask: what the damn melomaniac has come up with that slogan: "To achieve the height of 6 080 kilometers above the sea level, drag 155-ton airplane or enjoy an acoustic concert of Deep Purple together with a new Touareg". I like everything except for the phrase: "... enjoy an acoustic concert of Deep Purple". Being a music addict I feel sorry for Deep Purple. They have never had an acoustic concert!!! Your PR-manager must be crucified for that!

Atlant-M Fahrzeughandel, Minsk

2. Having visited your dealership, I want to propose the following things:

- when asked by clients when the cars will be ready to react reasonably and not to start story-telling that you are not F1 and there is nothing to make haste about. Comrades, please, take care of your clients' time, develop, speed up, drink more coffee in the morning and energy drinks in the afternoon. Reception Office! You must answer clients' questions definitely and distinctly;

- provide your clients with an access to the shop floor! Unfortunately, I wasn't able to see my car bottom side. The typical answers to that request are as follows: "What do you want to see there?", "A bit later" (never, as a matter of fact!) or just roughly "No!". Clients usually think something

like: “They have already broken something” or “They don’t let me in as the car hasn’t been at the shop floor yet. Why have I arrived by 8 in the morning???”

- sort out the mess with information you provide to your clients. For example: I left the car at about 18.00 in the evening to have it undergone diagnostics in the morning.

I arrived at about 8.00: “Mechanics will come at 8.30; wait a bit.” We waited a bit.

8.30: the same people around while more clients had arrived: “Wait a bit I will deal with people”. OK, I was not “people” any more. I waited a bit again.

At 9.30 I sheepishly tried to squeeze into the “people’s” category and make somebody pay attention to my car - go to it, start and listen to the engine working. And suddenly: “Your car was diagnosed yesterday, you need to have the following part replaced”.

10.00: I’m FREE! But where have I spent 2 hours of my life if the car turned out to have been done the day before?

Atlant-M Suharevo, Minsk

3. An hour of diagnostics costs about 40 dollars! The working day of about 8 hours brings up to 240 dollars. And the whole month of persistent labor? Guys, haven’t you got vacancies? You need to share your experience at some newspaper for others to follow your example!

Atlant-M Suharevo, Minsk

4. Why not install a locker at the mechanics’ lavatory? Now there is a hole in the door and it’s impossible to enjoy the time there.

Atlant-M Bazhova, Moscow

5. I propose to organize an Internet café at the dealership. I have been waiting for the Dad’s car for ages. I would have enjoyed that time surfing the Net. Besides, I’m going to pull the Dad into the web but we rarely spend much time together. So, it would be great to combine business with pleasure.

Atlant-M Holpi, Minsk

6. Why not organize an emergency aid working at night? Because of the negligence of your specialists' who underdid the car alarm, we had to spend the night in the car. Unfortunately, nobody was able to help us at night.

Atlant-M Balrika, St. Petersburg

7. You should organize some activities for clients waiting at your dealership, for example fancy-dancing, partners being provided, sun-tanning and workout facilities, computer hall with traffic code lessons, lectures on the history of the Partisan movement in Belarus? I was extremely satisfied with the work quality, though.

Atlant-M Lahta, St. Petersburg

8. Why not install a lie buster for all your managers including the head of the sales department?!!!

Atlant-M Lahta, St. Petersburg

9. I would like you to motivate the maintenance specialists for having looked for a kitten in KIA Magentis. The kitten got into the bay of the right fender, spent their two days and went with me 1500 kilometers on my business trips. During that time the kitten behaved properly, just mewed sometimes. Thanks a lot.

Atlant-M Borovaya KIA, Minsk

10. I offer to invite a priest to bless cars.

Atlant-M Lahta, St. Petersburg



I Like To Complain

1. It's a nightmare! You are definitely lacking promptness. To have the car undergone a maintenance service at 16.00, I should have arrived at the opening hours!!! It is warm and there is a TV-set inside, though...

Atlant-M Suharevo, Minsk

2. Your managers could have been merrier. There must be a twinkle in the eyes and there is none of it. It is written all over their faces: "I want to go home" and "I'm fed up with all that".

Atlant-M Lahta, St. Petersburg

3. Your female managers are too beautiful. Clients may forget why they have arrived there.

Atlant-M Lahta, St. Petersburg

4. I have been trying to reach your sales department using all the phone numbers provided at your website. All that time I was enjoying a call minder and long beeps. I came at a sweet guy from the maintenance department three times and the maintenance head once who hopelessly tried to get me in contact with the notorious sales department. In the long run, the sweet guy provided me with an absolutely secret "direct" number of the sales department. Quite surprisingly, somebody picked up the phone there... I demand compensation for physical (a swollen ear) and moral damage (senseless loss of time).

Atlant-M Na Mashinostroiteley, Minsk

5. I was talking to a manager. After asking quite politely: "Where can I see Denis Kozlov?", I was told to get off.

Atlant-M Lahta, St. Petersburg

6. In fact, we are kinda OK with everything, though it is a bit dull at yours. A bar with good-looking waitresses and club music is definitely lacking!

Atlant-M Uruchje, Minsk

7. There is no sport channel on TV. Because of that I have missed Grand Prix Monaco today. I want you to see to it.

Atlant-M Tushino, Moscow

8. Is anybody alive at your spare parts department? Go and see yourselves. Either nobody picks up the phone or the line is engaged all the time. It was much easier to reach the ambulance in the Soviet times than your spare parts department today. Maybe we should send you letters by post? It is becoming a kind of entertainment for our office - to reach your department! We'll propose a kind of lottery for our friends and acquaintances - get Liberty Motors spare parts department on the phone.

Liberty Motors, Minsk

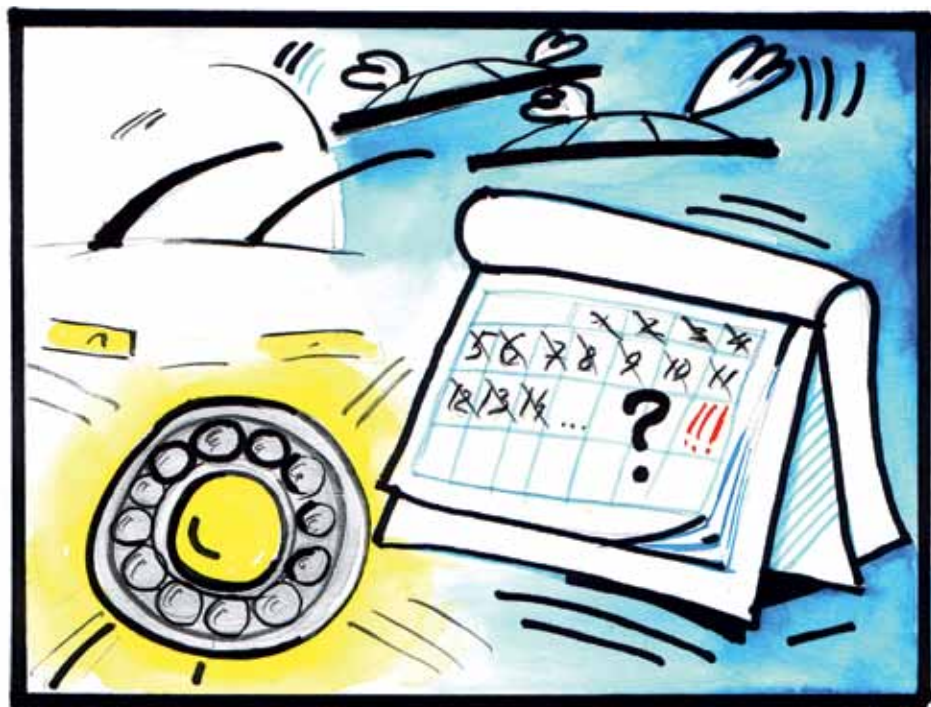
9. Returning on foot to take back my car at the distance of 400 meters from the dealership I saw MY OWN car rushing through all road imperfections at a mad speed driven by two mechanics in their working uniform.

I do not understand who has entitled your mechanics to drive my new car across your dealership along those well-traveled roads? Why haven't I been asked permission? Who has entitled you to manage my property without notifying me?

Liberty Motors, Minsk

10. I pranged my multivan and had it repaired at your facility. Your specialists replaced a left door. However, it was a bit different from the right one. There had to be a weather strip at the left door, while the old right one was lacking it. I bought another weather strip and asked to put it at the right door, so that the doors were the same. They put it but it came unstuck. I asked to glue it back. They asked me to buy a new one as that part can be glued just once. I will certainly buy it and have it glued. Unfortunately, the warranty for such repairs is just 14 days. If it comes unstuck once again, I will have to do without it.

Atlant-M Bazhova, Moscow



I'd Like To Enquire

ARE YOU POKING FUN AT ME?

I want to tell a story about buying a car at your dealership. I ordered Opel, signed an agreement on delivery within 120 days. After that period I was offered to sign it again, now the delivery being within 140 days. During that time I learnt the following things about my car: "It was hailed", later "We have forgotten to order another one", later "Problems in Belgium", later "The plant won't manufacture the car in the chosen package". 140 days later your representative offered either to make an agreement for another term again (however, it didn't mean that I would get my car in the end) or to choose some car from a range of those available. I chose the second way, ordering some additional equipment. When I came to take the car I found out that xenon lights which were to be installed additionally didn't

work properly. Your specialists repaired it. On the way home I found out that a rear windshield wiper had been installed but hadn't been tightened (I was lucky enough not to lose it on the way). Besides that, at the parking lot I found out that the car was lacking a reserve and winter wheels. I managed that as well. However, that wasn't the end of the story. Unfortunately, I bought alloy-wheels from your representative and they turned out not to suit my car. The question is: are you poking fun at me?

Atlant-M Baltika, St. Petersburg

A WONDER BEARING

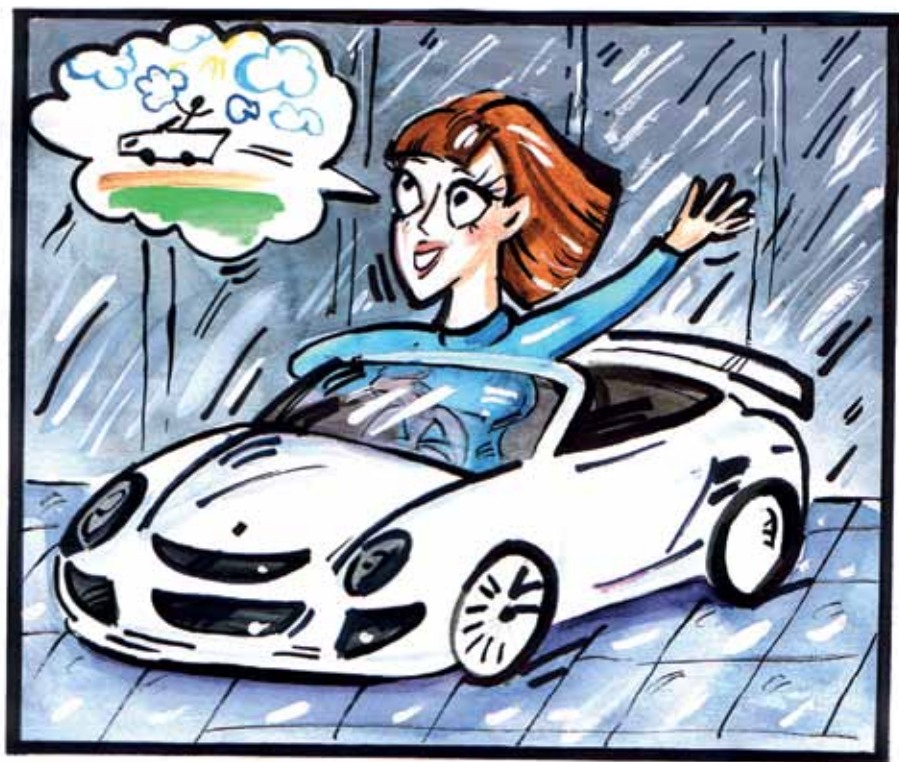
21.02.08. At the spare parts department of your company I asked your representative whether I could buy a hub gear bearing for my Volkswagen Golf. I was asked whether I knew what it looked like. I asked again but the manager repeated his question. I wondered: "So, to get the spare part I need to leave my car at the shop floor, where a mechanic removes the bearing. I come with that bearing to you and you tell me that it needs being ordered and I have to wait for two weeks. After that I return to the mechanic, he puts the bearing back. I wait for two weeks and repeat everything at the shop floor just replacing the old bearing with a new one? Have I got it?" - "You are absolutely right" - answered the man in an impeccable shirt and a tie. Nevertheless, I long for that mysterious bearing and I want to get it at your dealership while leaving the car at the mechanic just once. Please, advice me, if I decide to buy gear box oil, shall I bring the gear with me, too?

Atlant-M Suharevo, Minsk

SEARCHING FOR A LOST FRAME

I live in Odessa which is in the Ukraine. I have recently bought Skoda Superb, not a new one but in a good condition. That car was customized by your company and I'm extremely happy with it. Unfortunately due to some circumstances I damaged the face bumper and broke the plate frame with your contacts. It's impossible to buy such a frame in Odessa and I would like to advertise your company in the Ukraine as well. Where and how can I get a plate frame with your contacts and logo? Best regards, Andrey.

Atlant-M Tushino, Moscow



Thank You

My boyfriend and I have recently been at your showroom. If not for the expert hustle of your managers I wouldn't enjoy such a fab car now. Thanks, guys. Keep it up!

Atlant-M Voiture, Moscow

Thanks so much!!! I've got in the cabriolet for the first time in my life!

Atlant-M Lahta, St. Petersburg

CHAPTER SIX

PHOTO GALLERY

THE CHAPTER WHICH CONTAINS PICTURES TAKEN AT THE
MAJOR EVENTS OF ATLANT-M 20-YEAR DEVELOPMENT

From left to right Dr. Dietmar Prager, Regional Director for Eastern Europe and Central Asia, Volkswagen Group; Oleg Husaenov; Sergey Savitsky; Andrey Budchenko, a co-owner of Atlant-M at that time





The Belarusian
 party from left to
 right: Husaenov;
 Savitsky;
 Budchenko;
 Kuraeva. The
 German party:
 from left to
 right Sering;
 Schteudel;
 Kark Heinz
 Böhm, After-
 Sales Regional
 Director for
 Eastern Europe
 and Central Asia,
 Volkswagen
 Group; Prager
 (second
 from right);
 Settelmeyer (first
 from right)









From left to right Dr. Dietmar Prager, Regional Director for Eastern Europe and Central Asia, Volkswagen Group; Volkmar Sering, Sales Department Director for Eastern Europe and Central Asia, Volkswagen Group; Oleg Husaenov; Andrey Budchenko, a co-owner of Atlant-M at that time; Sergey Savitsky; Irina Kuraeva; Alexander Settelmeyer, Regional Director of Export Spare Parts Department for Eastern Europe and Central Asia



Atlant-M
Suharevo,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus



Atlant-M Holpi,
Mazda and Land
Rover official
dealer in Belarus



Atlant-M
Bazhova,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Moscow





Atlant-M Baltika,
GM official dealer
in St. Petersburg



Atlant-M Tushino,
Scoda official
dealer in Moscow



Atlant-M Uruchje,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus





Atlant-M
Fahrzeughandel,
Volkswagen
general importer
in Belarus



Atlant-M Dnieper,
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the Ukraine



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Dneprovskaya
Naberezhnaya,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
the Ukraine



Atlant-M Lapse,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
the Ukraine



Atlant-M Na
Mashinostroi-
teley,
Volkswagen
official dealer in
Belarus



Atlant-M Avto,
GM official dealer
in Orel

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**Authors, redactors,
coordinators of the project**

Ekaterina VIAN, Ilya PROHOROV

THE BOOK OF STORIES FOR THOSE WHO ARE OVER TWENTY
A BOOK FOR LEISURE