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One blistering cold mid January day, in the middle of nowhere or as some might say upstate New York, I was running errands. My agenda was to pick up groceries for the house, however first I needed to stop and pick up a top-up card for my prepaid cell phone from the local Sprint store. Later on, as I departed the Walmart superstore, I silently secured my groceries and purse into the trunk of my roommate's rusty old chevy. I then proceeded to take the usual way back to my house, avoiding all the idiot jaywalkers and hopefully about a zillion redlights. Sitting in traffic at a red light I could not avoid, I rolled down my window and lit a cigarette. I thought about what I was going to make for my lunch when I returned home. Still at the red light for a little too long because somebody blew their horn at me, I let my foot on the gas and clutch and sped down a short mile home from Walmart. As I came to the stop sign by my house I noticed that everyone has their recycling bins outside except me. I just remembered seeing this that I had obviously forgotten to do so.

As I pulled into my driveway I could see the yellow bin overflowing on my front porch to the upstairs apartment. I think to myself that maybe I should've checked the chore list earlier yesterday and not this morning. I tell myself to check the list again as soon as I have the time. I turn the car off and put the keys in my winter jacket pocket and open the door. I step out of the car and I immediately notice how icy it is on the driveway. I open the trunk by clicking the button on my key fob. As I looked down at my groceries I noticed that my purse was opened and that my wallet was not inside. I quickly closed the trunk and got back in the car, careful not to slip on the ice covered pavement. I pulled out of the driveway and felt my heart sink. It was friday and I had stopped at the bank on the way to Walmart. I withdrew my bi-weekly check and had placed the cash in my wallet there. I remember that I paid for my groceries in cash so hopefully I left my wallet at the checkout counter.

Sitting at the red light once again, I can see my girlfriend in traffic and she beeps at me. I roll my window down and yell to my girlfriend Bellinda, "Hi Chica..I lost my wallet at walmart..Im in a hurry!" I yelled. Belinda yells back " Whatever, I'm not at work today." " Goodluck!" she wishes me as I sped off at the green light. As I get to Walmart I pull into the nearest parking spot. I ran into the store leaving my keys in my car in the ignition. I get up to the counter and I say to the cashier " Have you seen a wallet? I think I left my dark blue wallet here when paying for my groceries." I'm looking at the name tag on the person and chirp up again saying their name " Le Ann, Have you seen a dark blue wallet because I left it right here." Le Ann tells me " No". I walked away without my wallet checking the floor, trolling it with my eyes in case it fell out of my purse. As I was near the next exit in Walmart in the retractable doors I found my wallet on the ground. I said " Amen." aloud. While running into my wallet on the floor I felt a lot of shame because I didn't actually secure my earnings.

Later that evening, as I was at my house making dinner when my phone rang. "Hello" I said, on the line was my friend Belinda, " Hello", she said. I was happy to hear my friend, as I was feeling low about losing my wallet earlier in the day. A voice chirped up on the line as lost

track of what I was actually supposed to be doing which was conversing on the phone with Belinda. Belinda said "Did you have any luck finding your lost wallet?" " I did find my wallet today, thankfully" I say. "Okay, that's good, that's why I am calling to check on you, I am happy you found that." she says. "Okay, good night Belinda, and thanks again for calling to check on me." I didn't want to tell my friend over the phone that my feelings were mixed up because I lost track of my responsibilities that day.

I found my feelings to be overwhelming that day about my slack in the way of my duties. The duties I had neglected started with picking up my house and taking out the trash and recyclables. The overflowing yellow bin should've been my red flag that I needed to see in order to get my things together. I felt very disappointed in myself and that I might have spent too much time on my cell phone checking facebook. I Instantly remembered having my phone in my hand at the checkout counter when I was at Walmart now. Having this replay was a flashback that I needed due to the fact of my forgetfulness. I obviously deserved to be feeling the disappointment in myself. On the fact that I had been checking facebook when I was supposed to be taking care of my greatest feat of the day, securing my wallet, as this was such a large task apparently because I was side barred by facebook. I vowed to stay off of facebook for the rest of the week and the next week until all of my chores are done.

The next couple weeks went by with me checking my chore list more frequently. By doing this first I was able to accomplish taking care of my house a lot better. I plan on sticking with my new balance of getting my chores done before I log onto facebook. All in all, I am more responsible and have forfeited my irresponsibility by taking back the power of getting things done.