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Have you ever learned an important lesson from a random day in your life?

Looking into my hinds sight going back about twenty years when I was very young 5 years old I can remember the most important lesson I learned in my lifetime, all having to do with a can of soda.

As my mom and dad wished my little brother, who happens to be about three years old at the time, and myself a goodbye for the weekend, they told us to behave and use our manners. As they drove away out of the driveway on the Lake Ontario property that my Grandparents had during those years, myself and my sibling and my Grandparents waved goodbye for the weekend again. Then Grandpa and Grandma Van bureuen walked us into the house and sat us down at the table going over how we were to use our manners for anything and they would be like magic words. Of course to young children this sounds intriguing and hypontizing. So as the little youngsteer I was definitely practicing using my manners and getting my way.

Later that night the rules were laid out for my little brother Travis and I by our Grandparents at the table like usual. This time though I thought I would practice my magic words and ask for a can of rootbeer to go with the conversation before bed. The answer I got was no and I was displeased. So in my head I knew where there was soda, or pop as we called it back then, and I devised a scheme to get what I wanted. As our Granparents tucked us into bed that night I dreamed about my soda can.

The very next morning in early hours of sunrise I jumped out of bed to run to my little brothers room across the downstairs hallway. I woke up Travis and asked him to get me a can of rootbeer from the fridge in the downstairs kitchen. He did. I opened up the soda and chugged it and hid it under my bed. Im not sure when exactly but Grandpa eventually found my can of the hidden soda opened and drank that was under the bed. He asked who was responsible for the soda and I lied and said Travis. My little brother received a time out and a scolding. I felt a lot of shame and guilt about this so I confessed that I was actually the one responsible but not until it was too late and somebody was getting the punishment for my actions. I felt really bad about this for a while and had a lot of remorse for my little brother receiving my punishment especially considering I put him up to it. So the lesson I learned that day was to not be shady.