

Transpass Trick

“None of this would ever happen to you if you would just carry a wallet”, my mother use to say to me. I never listen to her, though, because she always makes the situation seem like the world is over. Doesn't she know that I could just as easily fit things in my phone case, in my shoe, and even in the tiny little pocket in my book bag that is hidden? Why carry an entire wallet and take up the space in my book bag that I barely have, because of all the books I carry?

Well, all those questions were officially answered on the morning of September 15, 2016.

I woke up, and then fell right back asleep. My mother shook me violently when she saw that I went back to sleep, the time was already 6:25. I didn't understand why she was shaking me for a minute, but when I looked at my lego styled clock, I ran into the bathroom. Even though the bathroom isn't that big, I was still running back and forth trying to get everything together. By the time I finished, ten minutes have passed, and I only had 10 more minutes to get dressed, put all of my books into my school bag, make my lunch and get to the bus stop. I started to get dressed: putting on lotion and deodorant, putting my clothes and my shoes on. Once I finished, I quickly tried to put my hair in a bun, but it wasn't working. The rubber bands I used kept popping on my hands, so I screamed and forgot the whole idea. Then I rapidly put a headband on my head and went on with life.

My arms and legs were soon out of control, sprinting in my small room, getting all my books together. I usually do this at night, but for some reason, I forgot. Anyway, I gathered all my school books and pushed them into my Betsey Johnson backpack, almost leaving my laptop. Once, I realized that my bag was too light, I grabbed it and went downstairs. I packed my

lunch, with chips, grapes, graham crackers, juice and sandwich. I zipped my googly eyed lunch bag and stuffed it into my backpack. I kept shoving into my bag until it closed. I took a deep breath, because I had two minutes left to relax before I had to leave the house. I decided I could have breakfast, so I toasted a bagel and placed it onto a napkin. My mouth instantly bit into it, because I love food, but it soon registered that my mouth was going to be dry. I grabbed a bottle of water and I heard footsteps coming down the steps.

These footsteps were only my mother, and she does what she ordinarily does: ask me a billion questions. This time my check list was complete, I had everything, then she popped new question that killed my soul. She asked if I had my transpass, and I looked in my backpack and it wasn't there. My arms started throwing all of my books onto the floor, searching for the skinny little card. I turned into the Roadrunner from the cartoons, and my legs immediately took me upstairs, my mom followed me , but she went in her room. My arms were looking through everything: my closet, my desk, and even my trash can. I screamed for my mother, and she came into my room and stared at me so annoyed. I explain to her my problem, and without hesitation, she told me to look in the refrigerator.

Once again my legs took over and I ended up at my fridge in less that 5 seconds. I opened the door and there was my transpass, on the chicken box. I grabbed it and ran back upstairs and asked my mother how she knew it would be in there. She replied and told me she knew I left it in there yesterday when I was getting dinner and called me greedy. I didn't even care about it, I just pulled her arm down the steps and told her I missed the bus and we got to hurry for the next one. She looked on her watch and she was like actually, you're right on time, I gave her a stare and she stared back.

Finally, she said: “I sped up your clock time so you would rush. I knew you were going to run around like an idiot and I knew you wouldn’t find your transpass. So just helped out a little, but the real time is 6:45, so you didn’t miss it.” As I gave her the worst look I’ve ever given anyone, I opened the door and we left to go to the bus stop. I couldn’t believe she just did all of that just to make me hurry up.

With all of those events, I would have never expected that. I knew my mother hated when she had to rush because I would wait until the last minute to do everything in the morning, but this time she took it further than ever. I now know how upsetting it is to have to rush for no reason. My brain and I now have to work together to find a system where I don’t upset my mother, because in the end, it upsets us both.