

The Robbery

Legs aching, I stood gazing out into the empty foyer of the bank. This uninteresting view, monotonous and dull, had become familiar territory to me. The cold, white tiles were glazed with dusty footprints left behind by a myriad of customers. My co-workers, Kelsie and Deb, casually sat at their desks. Outside, darkness fell on the vacant parking lot and I could barely see beyond the front doors. Gazing at the clock, my spirits lifted as I noticed that the bank would close in 10 minutes and my shift would finally be over. But, the day was not quite done yet. In fact, unbeknownst to me, my day was far from over.

As I stood balancing my drawer, my ears perked up as I heard the “ding” of the door. Anticipating yet another customer trying to get their banking done during this frantic Christmas season, my breath caught in my chest as I gazed up into the eyes of the masked man standing in front of me. Suddenly, shouts filled the air as he roared “Give me all the money in your drawer! NOW!” Heart pounding like a jackhammer, my mind raced to keep up with the constant blare of demands that this volatile intruder raged at me. *How can I think clearly?* I thought to myself, *when all I can focus on is the glistening silver weapon outstretched from his hand.* My fingers trembled as I grasped at the bills in my drawer. The giant, unknown villain stormed forward, charging at me like a runaway train. In an instant, my life flashed before my eyes and a chill shot through my spine leaving me paralyzed with fear. But the chill soon melted away as adrenaline pulsed quickly through my veins. My hand shot down towards my drawer and I crumpled every single piece of money I could. Palms sweating, I practically launched the money into the assailant's bag. In an instant, he turned and bolted back out the door. Leaving a whirlwind of emotions behind, the bandit disappeared into the chilled December air.

Although it may seem like there is an infinite amount of time to experience all that life has to offer, sometimes it only takes a few short moments to really discover who you are and what your life is worth. Was my life worth as much as the money that lie dormant in my teller drawer? A few thousand dollars at most? Was that all the man saw as he stormed towards a frightened young girl? In life, you may not change how people view you, and you may be thrust aside as someone simply uses you to get what they selfishly desire. You may have no control over the things that happen to you as you journey through life. You may be mistreated, mislabeled, and misunderstood. But no one in this world can change who YOU know you are. Are you brave enough to stand strong in the face of your opponent? Are you strong enough to ask for help when you need it? Will you stay true to your convictions and not let anyone shake your standards? It took a belligerent bank robber for me to see who I truly am, what I value most in life, and how I want to treat other human beings in this often too unkind world.