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### Losing Wallet

It was a typical workday morning. I finished doing my morning routine as usual and got dressed for the day. I grabbed my button-up and jeans, laced up my boots, and made sure I held my I.D badge, my wallet in my backpack. My dad was already waiting outside for me in the company truck. I got in, and we headed off to work. Once I arrived to work, the first thing I did was to clock in before heading out to the field. My position was that of a tool room attendant. As an attendant, my responsibility was to open the tool room and supply tools to the workers and radios to the supervisors. I managed the tool inventory as to how many tools were issued in a day, how many were given back etc., and all maintained all the radios to ensure they were charged for the next day.

That one unfortunate day, after packing up and finishing inventory, I began to lock up the tool room for the day. As I was getting ready to close the tool room, I made sure to grab my things before heading out, but I noticed that my wallet was missing. A state of panic took over my body. I began frantically looking for my wallet and the first thing I did was double-check my backpack. I retraced what I did the whole shift and could not remember where I could have left it. I called my dad who also came and helped me look for it. I even reopened the tool room to make sure that I did not misplace it inside. Unfortunately, we had no luck, so we decided to head home. As we got into the truck, my dad suggested that I should cancel all my cards. We got

home, had dinner, and I went to my room depressed. I was upset at myself for losing something important so carelessly and was annoyed at the fact that someone out there now has access to all my information and my wallet. Morning time came, and I did my regular morning routine to get ready for the work. I grabbed my I.D, my backpack and headed outside towards the work truck. I again clocked in for work, opened the tool room, and continued with my daily routine of issuing tools and radios as always. Slowly throughout the day, I checked places I missed from the day prior, hoping to find my wallet. As my dad and I clocked out for the day and got in the truck, my dad told me he needed his knife to cut something. He told me to grab it from the truck's middle console. As soon as I reached for the knife, to my utter surprise I saw my wallet there, lying in plain sight.