

Payton Wheeler

AP Literature & Composition

Mrs. Rutan

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The Milk Incident

It was a good time for my mom and I, since my stepdad was gone we took the day to go shopping. It had been a relatively good day, we found a lot of steals in several of the stores left in our now desolate shopping mall. We had just finished up our busy day, and on our way home, stopped at the Meijer gas station.

“Here’s ten dollars, I want you to run into Meijer and grab a gallon of milk.”

She turned to pump the gas, as I walked along the lot, making my way to Meijer.

The walk didn’t take long, and neither did the retrieval of the plastic container of milk. What took the longest was the lines at the cash registers. Why, of course it was to be expected on a Saturday evening after all, but -- each aisle was at least 3 customers deep. It took awhile to finally pay for the milk, but as I finished my transaction, I rushed from the store so I didn’t keep my mom waiting much longer. During the walk back over to the gas station, I had to keep switching the milk from one hand to another. I was focused on this, my eyes either trained on my hands or the rough pavement beneath my feet, when I heard the crunching of shoes approaching me head on. I looked up quickly and the first thing I noticed was how close I was to the gas station. Next thing I noticed was the two police cars in the parking lot.

“Are you Payton?” A voice asked. I looked up to see a police officer looking frantic. I simply nodded beginning to let worry consume me.

“Oh good, your mother is very upset.” And if I wasn’t worried then, well I sure was now.

Turning the corner of the building, I saw my mom, who instantly dropped to her knees and began crying. I rushed to her, still confused as to what exactly was going on.

“Where were you!” She shouted at me. I was a bit taken back, she did tell me to get the milk after all.

“I went to Meijer to get milk like you asked.”

“You went *all the way to Meijer* to get the milk!” She shouted once again. I simply knotted my brows in confusion. “I wanted you to go in the *gas station* to get the milk.” Once she said this I began to feel incredibly stupid.

“Oh.” Was all I could say.

“I thought someone took you! I called the cops for crying out loud.”

“Well.” I said holding up my the gallon, which caused my hand to go numb from the cold. “I got the milk.”