

## The Monday Omen...

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It started out like any other Monday when the kids are on summer break. I showered, noticed a really bad pimple-that looked like I was sprouting a unicorn-, put on my skinny shorts and noticed that they had shrunk over the weekend (however, I don't remember washing them OR putting them in the dryer.

But let's face, a woman my age has no business wearing skinny shorts.). This was not good. But because I am a little dimwitted when it comes to noticing 'signs of what's to come', I used some concealer and threw on a pair of yoga pants.

After I got the children ready and listened to them whine about how they need time off, (They just got out of school and here I am making them get up and brush their teeth at 9 am. I know. I should be arrested. ), we were headed out for mommy to work and for the children to complain about it. After work, I decided to let them play at a friends' house. What did I do with this extra 2 ½ hour reprieve?

Did I get a massage? Did I take a nap? Did I watch the last episode of Real Housewives of New Jersey- or as my husband calls it; Goodfellas? Nope! I went grocery shopping.

It's not bad enough that there's a new reality show dedicated to couponing but now these couponer's (is that a word?) are taking over my favorite grocery store and buying all of the buy one get one free cereals.

So on to the point of this embarrassing little trip. I was in a hurry so instead of carrying around my purse I decided to bring in just my wallet. My wallet that I keep cash in. My wallet that doesn't hold my driver's license or debit card or credit card. I intended on picking up just a few necessities and a six pack of an adult beverage... **For my husband.**

As the cashier started ringing up my items, my son's old ball coach and all around nice guy started unloading his grocery haul behind mine. We were making small talk when it hit me that I only had cash. The total was creeping up. Suddenly we heard a beep and the cashier stopped and asked for my ID. I told her story about not having my ID and how it was out in the car and I always carry it in a different little pouch and who are you to judge me anyway, lady!?

After she takes the charge off because I didn't have my ID, then comes the next awkward moment. The total. I pull out my cash and realize that there's a lot of ones; mostly ones. And nowhere near enough to cover this tab.

So I began to count. And the ball coach continued shooting the breeze. As I sat there counting out my 58 one dollar bills, I realized how this all must have looked. I didn't have my id and that prevented me from buying something.

Then I'm paying for my groceries with ones. A lot of ones, but nowhere near the amount I needed. Panic was setting in. He was probably thinking I was some lowlife buying adult beverages on a Monday afternoon, counting out one dollar bills-which I got from being a stripper at a really bad gentlemen's club where patrons' only give one dollar tips, in a town that doesn't have cable access.

I was \$30 short and didn't want to run out to my car and grab my other wallet. But wait! There in my wallet, my spare debit card. So I paid my bill. With 58 one dollar bills and the remaining balance on my debit card. I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

When I drove off I decided to stay home next Monday... Even if my skinny shorts fit.

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