

Keep Calm and Eat Chocolate



Dear Walmart Cashier,

Thank you for your friendly greeting and personable manner. I really thought you were the exception to the usual indifference I normally get at the register. That is, until you scanned the Snickers bar that sat between the rye bread and shampoo and asked me if I wanted it. Oh wow. How rude. What makes you think it's for me (it was) and what makes you think I was going to eat it the minute I got in the car. (I did.) You don't know me. You don't know that I had to eat lunch early so I could go to a meeting so by the time I dropped by your store on my way home from work I was starving. You don't know that I made it past the potato chip aisle without adding anything to my cart. Those crunchy salty little bastards were calling out to me but I stayed strong and moved on. You don't know that I spent a solid two minutes staring at the doughnut case trying to decide which was more fattening, glazed or chocolate frosted . You see I'm trying to eat better and make healthier choices. I'm trying to avoid sweets and things that are not good for me. I was pretty darn proud of how well I had navigated through your aisles and made it safely to the register with nothing bad in my cart. I would have been fine too if the woman in front of me didn't have an issue with her credit card. While you and she ironed it out my eyes wandered over to the candy display and most specifically to the Snickers bars. Unfortunately, Snickers are one of my favorites. In my mind I heard a voice say "Snickers really satisfies" and as if in a trance I picked it up and threw it on the belt. Well you know what happened next.

So let me tell you something about me Lady...next time I've got a candy bar on my belt don't bother asking me if I want it for my purse...just give me the damn thing and no one gets hurt.

-Felicia