

**Topic:** Learning the hard way

**Abstract:** Shoplifting was a easy way to get things, and never though of the consequences there was for it. Once I thought nothing could stop me, the police caught me. All ready in though times this incident wasn't any help to my family and my self. Experiencing this who situation made me learn what I was doing was not the right thing to do and it was greed that was feeding my addiction.

**Keywords:** Bad, I, addiction, trouble, parents, police, disappointed, jail, Criminal record.

“Never thought it was this bad”

Having done things in my life never knowing how wrong they were I did them so easily. I remember I would always think and act as if I was a 10-year-old not knowing right from wrong. Sadly having to realizing I was 18 years old lying, taking things from people, and making them worry never seemed this bad. I didn't ever try seeing it from some else's view. But like they all say “their will always come a day when your going to realize it, just hope its not too late”.

It all started when I went to the store with a new friend. I remember seeing him take an item from a store and I got scared, felt so wrong in the moment and didn't know what to do. I didn't know him well enough to tell him anything with confidence. But after that day I remember that I was scared to go out to stores with him. But then without realizing not knowing what went through my head, it came to the point where I thought that it was ok for me to do what he did. I remember together we started of just getting little items and not thinking it was bad. But then going from small items to bigger it

became like addiction to us. Anywhere that we would go it felt so easy for us to want to just grab something. We got to the point where we came up with codes and warnings for each other. We worked together trying to find ways to come up with new easier ways to get our hands on things. We even started buying security items that we should of never got.

Everything seemed so simple and easy. And just like always we thought it would be easy to go into a store and take items that weren't ours, not knowing how bad that was we did it with no worry. We got caught and got into a lot of trouble, involving police, parents and consequence. After this incident happen it made me think so much of how much wrong I was doing to my self, the company, and the people around me. I never really thought about what was really happening.

I immediately saw this as a life lesson, which I will never forget. Seeing how this affected me and everyone around me hurt so much. I was so ashamed of my self. The moment we walked out the store we were stopped by the stores L.P. when we got stopped I was shocked and couldn't move, wanted to cry and beg for forgiveness on the spot. Being in the room where they asked us questions, I just sat with my head down. I didn't get asked any questions, all the questions were asked to my friend. I felt so speechless yet all my friend and I could do was look down and want to cry. What more could we do other than just sit there waiting to see what was next. The police never showed up, we got released and they let us know the police would contact us.

The moment we got released it hit me really hard to see what I did. I was finally able to see things from a different point of view. I over saw my self and thought, "wow I really did all this?" I couldn't believe how bad things had got. After getting out of the

store I just sat in the car crying. Thinking “wow, this summer couldn’t be any worse.” I had quit my job two months before this, left to Idaho because my grandma was very ill, and I had just gotten into a car accident; totaling my car and breaking my leg, and then getting caught shoplifting. I couldn’t wait for summer to be over.

I remember the day clearly, I had to go home and talk to my parents. I wanted a chance to tell them myself before the police had a chance to knock on my door and look for me. I was the most scared to tell my parents, mostly because they would be so disappointed in me. I tried to tell my mom first, I trust my mom so much and she helped me in telling my dad because alone I would have never been able to tell him. When I talked to her she agreed to tell him, and I waited patiently in the living room. A while after I could hear them arguing, my mom comes out and tells me that he was disappointed in me and didn’t even feel like telling me anything. With that I could only think more and more about how much bad it was that he didn’t even want to speak to me. Before I went to bed that night, my dad came up to me and we talked. He told me he was very disappointed and didn’t see why I did what I did. I couldn’t explain to him because I knew my self what I did I had no excuse for it. After my dad and I talked I felt better to know I had his support, we both knew what I had done was bad but also knew I wasn’t a bad person and I made a bad mistake that I regretted. Another person who ended up getting really affected by this was my sister; she is more than a sister to me. There are even times when I feel that my sister acts more like a mom with me than my actual mom and the way she looked down at me that night was just horrible and all I could do was ask for forgiveness to all.

Because of the reason that the police was busy that afternoon, we were released from the store and got told they weren't sure what the police department was going to do to us. We walked out scared not knowing what was going to happen to us. There was one guy at the L.P. office that turned out to be a nicer than he seemed, I could tell that he felt bad for us. One of the main reasons was because at the moment I was in a cast from a surgery I had just had, so that made me even more scared to go to jail. I had heard so much of jail that it scared me so much to be there period, no the less while in a cast that I could barely move in. So we left and couldn't do much other than wait. The weekend passed and nothing happen, we didn't know what was going on, we thought as if we got lucky and had gotten let go with a warning. But no Monday came and I got a call from my friend, I answered like nothing thinking it was just another call like any other day, shocked it was the police telling me that was they were at his house arresting him. The officer quickly demanded for me to go there, if not they would go to my house and look for me. I asked my mom to drive me quickly to his house and when I arrived I seen him in the police car already in handcuffs. I rushed to talk to the officer, and the moment that I seen the officer I came to realize it was a officer I had recently worked with, I couldn't believe it was him and I had to tell him what happen but with my head down, full of shame I went up to him and told him the situation. He asked what happen with my leg and told me that he wasn't going to arrest me that I was going to get a letter in the mail for a court date. I was relived but felt horrible about the fact that my friend was in the car, and as they were about to leave, my friend's mom got there. Turns out my friend had not mentioned any of this to his parents, his mom scared and crying ran up to me asking me why his son was in a police car. More ashamed still, I had to tell her everything. She

couldn't believe what was going on and asked me to help, I didn't know what to do I stood there speechless watching my friend get driven away.

The hardest part of all of this had to be when I had to stand before a judge and confess what I did. Being so ashamed through out this whole thing I had to stand up there talk and describe the situation. I would look around the courtroom while others sat there and listened to what I did. I was scared in every single court session waiting for that answer. I had never been more ashamed in my life, watching over my self while standing up there and having to talk about one of the most stupid things I could have ever done. I was on the line of having to serve jail time. All I could do was want to cry. I stood up there with my heart racing waiting for an answer. I ended up having 5 court dates. It took almost 6 months for all of this to clear out. This has also has probably been one of the hardest situations I've been through. In the end I was able to have a deal served to me, I was sentenced to do 20 days of community service instead of jail time. I also ended up having to pay over 600 dollars in fees. I was relieved to not have served jail time. To this day this has been one of the most serious situation I have ever gone through. The fact that all this happen, now I must put that I have a criminal record in any application I submit. Its something I will have to live with and have to tell people. Also to top all this off I got on a 3-year probation that scares me so much. Not that I planed on doing anything else that I shouldn't do, just the fact that I am on probation scares me.

Its sad to say that to this day that I look back into that incident, I think more and more about how stupid I could have been to do all that. At the moment everything we would take seemed to be a needed item. We pretended to find an excuse for all the small

things, and thinking back now I realize that all those things I got just for greed. Now all I have is a record and a new way of thinking.