

WRITING

The Wallet

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TYPE**NARRATIVE****GENRE****GRADES 7-8**

On this one particular Tuesday, Times Square was so busy, I could barely see two feet ahead of me. I was rushing to get to work because I had a big interview. I was in my own bubble when

I tripped over something. It was a wallet. I saw a glimpse of someone walking away. I could see their long brown hair with a khaki green sweater. I yelled, “Excuse me, ma’am, you dropped your wallet!”

But it was too late. She had disappeared into the crowd. The wallet was open when I picked it up, so I decided to look inside to see if I could find an address to return it to her. I put the wallet in my backpack and I was going to look after my big interview.

The day was over, and I nailed that interview. I thought to myself, I should get that wallet back to the person who dropped it. I sat down on my couch and started to open the wallet. I noticed that there was a lot of cash. I looked through their credit cards and

found out that her name was Meredith Plugvinard. I found a little piece of paper tucked into the bottom of the wallet. It was a phone number. I heard the doorbell ring before I could call the number. It was Stacy, my best friend from college. We had planned to meet that night to talk about our interviews and how they went. She had her interview at It's Sugar Time in Times Square. We talked about our day, and then I mentioned the wallet to her. I told her that I found a random number and that I wanted to call to see if I could find the person who lost the wallet. We both agreed we should call.

We called the number, and what sounded like a grumpy, middle-aged man answered in an annoyed voice.

“Mickey here,” he said.

“Hi Mickey, my name is Sasha and I found this wallet earlier today. When I was looking through it I found this number, so I called and wanted to see if you could help me find the person who owns this wallet.”

“Um uh ohhh, yes! Of course I can help, meet me at 22nd and Broadway tomorrow exactly when the sun sets,” he responded in a much lighter voice.

“Okay, perfect, see you there tomorrow night,” I said, excited to return the wallet and maybe even get some reward myself. Stacy looked at me like I was psycho or something.

“What?!” I said.

“Why would you agree to that? We are in New York City. And I know that address. It is a dark alley where there are always very sketchy people,” she said to me in a mom’s voice.

I decided to tell her the truth. “Well, I only agreed because I am hoping he would give me some reward, I don’t know.”

“No, how could you take the offer, Sasha? Of course they are not going to give you a reward,” Stacy said with a big sigh, “I think it would be better if I went with you, or you could just call the police and tell them to drop it off. This is a very bad idea.”

I ignored her and decided to go on my own.

The day had finally come, I was on my way out to meet this person. On my drive there, I had instant regret. I had a gut feeling something was going to go horribly wrong. I should have listened to Stacy. I got there and I saw two white vans parked on either end of the road. At this point, I was really scared. I had to remind myself what I am here for, the money. Hopefully.

I got out of my car and I saw a woman in all black staring me down. I approached her, fearing for my life. I talked to her for about five minutes and as I was handing her the wallet, she put a

bag over my head. I started to yell and scream for help. Then I was saved by Stacy, wait what?!! What was Stacy doing here? Before I could ask any questions, a whole other set of vans came towards us and a bunch of men came out. She wiped them out in seconds.

The police arrived. Stacy had called them because she also had a gut feeling something was not going to go exactly right.

The police arrived right on time to see her wipe out all those men. The officers got out of their car and walked up to us. She was about to say something when they invited her to join the police academy. She was lost for words. She was extremely athletic, so she did fit the part. She said yes. After looking for a job for six months, she actually felt excited about something for once. I ended up not getting any rewards, or finding out why they tried to kidnap me. But I did get to live, which is a big enough reward in itself.