Despicable me

I checked my pockets *check pockets* it is not there. On the table? *Look around on the tables* No. On the ground? *Look down* No. Under the bed? *if possible fall on hands and knees and look under* Nope. My wallet is nowhere to be seen!

<Toastmaster, my dear toastmasters>

On a Sunday morning out of the blue I realized that my wallet has disappeared. It has completely utterly vanished. Along with the credit cards, debit cards linked to my life’s savings, ID cards, keys to my office here and home, RFID access cards and everything. Now when you lose something. The best way to find it is to backtrack to the last time you saw it. *Hold temples. Mimic thinking*

I was thinking hard to find the last time I whipped out *mimic whipping out* my wallet and with a pang of guilt it hit me! Some of you might be aware of this Abrahamic concept called deadly sins. Looking at me, most of you will have a hard time believing that I indulge in one of them excessively when I get a chance. Any guesses?......Gluttony. *Rub belly* It is gluttony. There I was thinking hard to remember when I whipped out my wallet and I remembered that it was to pay for the stumpfus meal I got home delivered last night.

*act out the sequence* I remember taking my wallet and pen. Going downstairs. Getting out of the house and opening the gate. The delivery boy handed me the multiple politheen bags with food. Since there was a lot of them it was hard to get the credit card out and then sign the bill.

Now I was sure that I must have dropped my wallet amongst the calamity, confusion and my attempt to carry all the poytheen bags without dropping my precious food.

*act out the sequence* I ran down the stairs. Opened the door. Darted to the garden and opened the gate. Obviously, it was not there!

For you to understand how I felt at that time, I have to pause this story and tell you another one from past. *Walk to the right side of the stage*

When we were in level 2 we had to pick a humanities subject. I picked Meditation. There is this particular type of meditation where we are supposed to spread loving kindness to everybody. It starts with self and extends to engulf all living things. We were supposed to do this meditation while walking round and round one after another.

So we circle one after the other chanting; *Start pacing in an oval or a circle depending on the shape of the stage* "May I be without sorrow, may I be void of sickness, may I be filled with joy" *stop and look at the audience* after that we go; *Resume pacing* "May I and my relations be without sorrow, may I and my relations be void of sickness, may I and my relations be filled with joy". "May I, my relations and friends be without sorrow, may I, my relations and friends be void of sickness, may I, my relations and friends be filled with joy". "May all living things be without sorrow, may all living things be void of sickness, may all living things be.... *through gritted teeth* will this bloody idiot in front of me learn to walk in sync? He is so slow that I keep bumping into him!"

With that outburst ended my any and all attempts of spreading loving kindness to all living beings. Gluttony is not the only deadly sin that I associate with. Wrath is a bigger player. I simply have a temper too fiery to be quenched by simple means. Anyone worked with me for any length of time knows this. But the funny thing is the fact that others, who have never seen me angry would rather believe in the Loch Ness monster before they start believing that I lose temper.
*through gritted teeth* So there I was, Mounts Vesuvius and Etna exploding inside me spewing ashes of bitterness and lava of anger. Did the delivery boy pick it up? Or was it the garbage collectors? The postman? Who can it be? Should I call the restaurant from which I ordered food? But what proof do I have? And I am not even sure of anything.

*Sigh* Crestfallen and angry at the same time I closed the gate and entered home.

There was nothing else to do now. The damage has been done. All I can do now is damage control. I started calling the banks to cancel credit and debit cards. And it is no easy task. Most of them were more or less like; "Your call is important to us. But our customer care executives are busy. Please hold on. While you wait, please listen to every single piece ever composed by Bach, Beethoven and Mozart" *Hum Beethoven's 'ode to joy' while frowning* After about an hour verifying my name, credit limit, capital of Uzbekistan and what not, finally I cancelled all my cards and put tracking orders on them. Next were the IDs. For that I have to go to the police station. But before that, I had to finish that damned document. Didn't I tell you about it? No?

Surprisingly this involves another deathly sin. There was this project that we were working on. It was a booooooooooooring project where we had to talk with a certain company and make a 300 page document. So sloth took over me. Right! My business analyst friends are going to kill me now for calling their livelihood boring. Anyway, I was pushing this task back for ages. Just as I was climbing the stairs the previous day with my food, my phone began to ring. It was the “IT guy” from that company.

“Yes, yes, we are working on it.”

*act out the sequence* I ran up the stairs with my food bags dancing around. Threw the bags on my table. *Mimic going through piles of files*

“Let me find your file. Yes, yes.”

I put the phone on loudspeaker mode, kept it on the table and started digging piles and piles of files and documents.

“Did you read the old document?”

*act out the sequence* I found one folder. Discussed the things in it. Put something as a bookmark and moved on to find the second folder. We discussed the contents in the second folder and then hung up.

That is when Sloth and Gluttony hit me with double force. I thought to myself; “I’ll eat now and make the dreadful document later.” So I ate. After eating, I was so tired of eating. Yes, eating is a tiresome task when you have a whole lot to eat. I slept. And in the morning all this missing wallet story happened so I could not start with the document.

So as I said, when I was musing about going to the police station, the memory of the unfinished document came up. Since the deadline is approaching and there is no point in whining about the wallet, I decided to just start on the project. I turned the computer on and started working on the document. Anger still coursing through my veins. I opened the folder with a flourish. And there was the bookmark I used the day before........ My wallet.