

It's Not All Bad

By Suzy Hopkins

I needed to make a deposit on Saturday. By the time I got to the drive-through teller machines there was only the ATM available. I had never used it. I followed the instructions, which was not as easy as that sounds because the machine is set up high for SUV's. I opened my door and could barely reach the slot to put my bankcard in and to reach the buttons on the screen. I answered a million, okay ten, questions in order to get the little deposit door to open. I put the deposit ticket and two checks in the deposit slot. It immediately regurgitated all. Then I put in one at a time which seemed to please it. The screen showed that the two checks had been added to my account. A paper receipt came curling out of a slot above the deposit slot. I was putting the receipt in my fanny pack and was about to drive off when the deposit ticket came shooting out of the deposit slot. No mark had been made on it from the machine. Oh, well. I took it and drove off. A few miles down the road I realized I had not retrieved my bankcard. OMG.

I anxiously zoomed back to the ATM scared that now someone had it. Now I'd have to cancel my account, notify the bank to get another card and worry every minute until I did these things.

Luckily, when I got to the machine the drive-through lane was empty. I noticed my bankcard was innocently resting on top of the ATM. Some honest and kind person did not take advantage of my stupidity which I was sincerely grateful for and curiously surprised to see.