

## **WHERE'S MY \$ 20?**

One morning while a man was waiting for the 8 o'clock bus to arrive,  
a little man dressed up in a tuxedo and wearing spats silently walked up  
to the waiting man just before the bus arrived  
and handed him a \$20 bill without saying a word,  
and then just walked away.

The next morning it happened again.

And the next morning it happened again  
and it happened again each morning for weeks, that just before the 8 o'clock  
bus, the little man gave him \$20.

And then one morning, the 8 o'clock bus came ... but the little man did not.

So the man waited for the 8:15 bus ... and finally it came and he let it go by to  
wait for the little man with the \$20.

So then he waited for the 8:30 bus, and it came and went, too.

Finally as he waited, the man said,

"I wonder where that son of a bitch is, with my \$20?"

What this means to Me:

Sometimes we get so accustomed to someone making gifts to us or doing  
nice things for us

that we forget that they are "offered gifts" and begin to believe that they  
are actually "owed" to us.

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