

# real life



**BREAKING IN!**  
This shattered glass was the first sign that something was wrong.



## “my identity was stolen”

Three years ago, 19-year-old Angie had her wallet stolen, but she only recently realized just how much was taken that day. AS TOLD TO katie herrick

In 2001, I was a freshman at the University of Florida—and loved being on my own. But instead of going to Key West with friends for spring break, I decided to go to California with my grandma, who I call “Monga.” I hadn’t really seen her since I started school, and I missed her a lot.

### ON THE ROAD

On the morning of March 10, we parked our rented SUV by Fisherman’s Wharf, which is the really touristy section of San Francisco, so we could take a cruise around the Bay. It was so beautiful, and I was psyched to finally see the Golden Gate Bridge.

After the cruise, my Monga and I got ice cream cones and walked back to the car. As we got closer, I noticed that there was this black stuff on the sidewalk by my door. Then I realized it was broken glass—from the window! I thought there must have been an accident, but then Monga gasped, “Angie, we got robbed!”

### THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

When I opened the car door, our luggage was still there. But both our backpacks were gone. The first thing I thought was that my math book and class notes were in there. I’d been trying so hard to get an A, and now it

suddenly seemed impossible. At first, I couldn’t focus on what else was in my bag. Then it hit me like a wave: “Oh no, my wallet! And Mom’s credit card—she’s gonna kill me!” Tears rolled down my face. “It’ll be okay,” Monga said, as she rubbed my back.

As soon as I calmed down, I called my mom to tell her to cancel her credit card ASAP. She was furious. “How could you leave your purse in the car?” she yelled. Now that I’d been robbed it seemed like a stupid thing to do, but when I had left it in the car, I just thought I didn’t need to lug a bag around because Monga was paying.

Then we went down to the police →