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ROTC Essay

Critical Thinking

Critical thinking is a skill that a person uses everyday of their life. You use it when you go grocery shopping, doing homework, and etc. You’re not born with this skill; it is strictly something you learn and sharpen over time. I can recall a time my critical thinking skill paid off when I was a freshman in college. I had just turn nineteen and to celebrate my best friends decided to throw my brother and I a party. Honestly, I was cool with his roommate, however I wasn’t agreeable with the company the guy hung around. I mean I can’t tell him what not to do he a grown man, he should know better. I also informed all the guys it’s just us tonight, nobody else invited. Don’t get me I will hang with anybody, as long as they’re not into any funny business. Unfortunately, my friend; best friend roommate; didn’t get the memo and brought one of his friends along from out of town. This guy automatically gave off a sketchy vibe. This guy was the definition of trouble. Don’t get me wrong he was a very cool guy, but I just knew it was going to be a long night. Everything was going well while we were at the club and afterwards when we went out to eat. After club-hopping for the third time we decided to call it a night. We stopped at a Shells gas station for gas and this is when the situation started to get critical. The uninvited guy went inside the gas station. Literally waited for everyone to go in and out. Seven minutes later he comes running towards the car yelling, “Bruh drive”! We take off and he told me to turn into a neighborhood. I did… I hear sirens. This man just robbed the gas station. I didn’t want to be an associative of a criminal, so I began to analyze the situation. I asked what he did and how he robbed the store. He told me he had a gun and basically told me to stop asking questions afterwards. I was more pissed than I was scared, because I knew if we got pulled over or identified then we’re all going to jail for a crime one guy committed. I only put ten dollars’ worth of gas in the tank and everybody’s phone was dead. I had a plan to stall until he gets out the car. I pretended not to know how to get back to campus and drove 5 mph below the speed limit. It righteously worked too; I drove for two hours until we needed gas again. When we stopped at another gas station he got out and said he’s going to find a ride. The guy was to stupid to catch on to what I was doing, and he also gave me 50 dollars of the money he’d stolen so I can get gas. In the end, he got caught and arrested. If I had known the gun he had was I a toy gun it would’ve been a shorter night, because we would’ve jumped him for being stupid.