Plastic money

I had a startling revelation about how I perceive money today. I was at the mall, buying a CD (yes, I still do that every now and then), and I had my bank card out to pay for it. When the guy read me the total off the cash register, it didn't even make a dent in me. I wasn't even paying attention. He might as well have just said "money".

I hand over whatever plastic card I'm using at the time, punch in my PIN or sign my name, and walk off with some new merchandise. If I see the same item for a lower price, I'd still buy that one of course, but the de-cashifying of money has made me less consious that I'm actually *exchanging* it for goods. I'm leaving the store with everything I came in with, after all; my card is still safely tucked away in my wallet.

It was kind of a weird realization; when I was walking out of the store, I realized that I had absolutely no idea how much I paid for the two CDs I had just bought. Oh well...I'll check it on my banking website.

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