

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

I've Often Fantasised

by Tilia Guilbaud-Walter

"I've often fantasised about finding a massive stash of cash," I had told the dark tent.

Me and my best friend Sam had been camping with our sisters and one of our other friends, but we were the only ones in that tent. So for the two nights prior to that night we had stayed awake talking about the stupid, the strange and the wonderful and that night had been no exception.

"Um I guess," Sam had replied, our voices in the awkward stage between whispering and talking.

"What would you do with it?" I asked, turning on to my side in the hope of being able to see my friend through the darkness. I could just about make out the shape of his messy hair peeking out of the top of his sleeping bag.

"How much?" he had asked me.

"I don't know..." I answered, "let's say one million."

"And I just found this lying on the street," his voice had started to rise with disbelief and laughter.

"Or in a bag washed up on the beach," I remember suggesting this without thinking of the damage the money would have suffered floating around in the English Channel.

"I would call the police," my best friend had told me.

"But your phone is so old," his phone is possibly one of the first smart phones Samsung had ever made and can't even load a Ketchapp app without crashing.

"Fine, I would buy a new phone and then call the police," he said this putting such an emphasis on the 'and then' that I had had to remind him we were in the middle of a busy campsite and it was four o'clock in the morning.

"What would you do?" he had asked me, "tell me you wouldn't call the police if you found a million pounds lying around."

"But technically it's not stealing," I had argued.

After a long debate that had gone round in circles for probably about an hour, we had finally come to the conclusion that I was of course right. It was getting light as we had decided we would give some of the money to charity and the rest would be spent on, for me, a MacBook, art supplies and traveling, and for him a phone, computer games and pot noodles.

"Pot noodles? Really?"

Were the words that had left my mouth as the sun had risen and our eyes had finally given up and we had fallen asleep.