

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

I've often fantasised

by Nancy Bertenshaw

I've often fantasised about finding a massive stash of cash. And there it was, right in front of me! I had just taken up a board in the 'historic' airing cupboard and found all these rolled up bank notes, stacks and stacks of them. No idea how much. Blimey! I thought, what do I do now?

I'd found hidden money before, on different jobs; under iron bedsteads and ancient squeaky floor boards; in a country church, under an enormous stone font. The stash under the floor boards was in a Tudor house, we were working on. The notes, some of those very old, tattered, huge, black and white, rectangular ones, with fancy handwriting; well, they just fell apart when I touched them. Fell to dust, gone, just like that. Next find, I was able to shout, with past experience, 'Don't touch them!' when we discovered the church money. A local museum curator took over that time.

But here I was looking at modern day money, thousands of rolled notes, in those thick, post office rubber bands. Someone knew it was there and if it all went, I'd have been prime suspect, wouldn't I? Know what I mean? So, on me phone I messaged Frank, 'Get down here quick!'

'I'm just...' he replied.

'NO! Now!' I messaged back.

He was on the roof, fixing solar panels. I'd taken the wiring down into the house...via the airing cupboard.

Well, the two of us just stood there, not knowing what to do. Tempted? Well, yeah, wouldn't you be? But this was too bleedin' obvious, tell you the truth. But, we both had the same thought at the same time. They wouldn't miss 2, maybe 4 rolls, would they? We stuffed away 2 each, me in pockets, Frank up his t-shirt. I took photos of the rest on me phone; then called the lady owner.

She came hurtling home in her red Alfa Romeo, thinking her lovely house was on fire. But, it was obvious; she knew nothing about it either. She called her boyfriend, to come home straight away, without telling him the reason.

Well, he came home in his silver grey, Porsche Spyder, screeching to a halt on the gravelled drive. Then there was an almighty ding dong between the two of them. We scarpered, leaving them to it. We could hear the screaming and cursing from where we sat outside in the van. He was shouting about the beautiful house; her costly jewellery and designer clothes. How the hell did she think...? Etc. etc.

We stashed the rolls in secret places in the van and waited for the air to clear.

'Cuppa you two?' It was the boyfriend, knocking on the passenger window. Those were his only words to us. He must have cooled her down too. She went meekly back to work, as if nothing had happened.

£4080, in cash. Not bad for a day's work!