

Bourne toWrite...

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I've Often Fantasised

by Pauline Walden

I've often fantasised about finding a massive stash of cash; to put it more accurately *acquiring* it in whatever way it chooses to present itself, preferably in excess of £10,000,000 - I've checked the noughts and I think that's about right.

Setting aside philanthropic flummery and crap like 'money doesn't buy happiness' let's get down to the real value of money: comfort, privacy; and an illusion of freedom.

Just imagine never having to see inside a kitchen again, not even recognising that thing the housekeeper refers to as a vacuum cleaner. Never again having to remove one's hearing aids to shield oneself from the strident cries of the neighbours ever increasing hoard (I suspect they don't know what's causing it; surely if they did they would take appropriate steps like celibacy or perhaps something more permanent?)

Now to the finer things of life like travel; I've seen most of what I want to see and have no wish to cluck over 3rd world poverty or the nasty practises of any culture you care to mention - we have quite enough of that here to be going on with.

Then there is the acquisition of objets d'art - why? With upwards of 10 million one hardly needs the investment angle and as most nouveau riche don't know the difference between a work of art and something you put your foot in, the motive has to be at a baser level than appreciation of beauty.

Being surrounded by my own artwork, both 2 and 3 dimensional, is very gratifying and almost totally satisfying, so 10 million would make little difference there.

Where it *would* make a difference would be the expansion of an already flamboyant, even vulgar, taste in opulent decor i.e. anything that winks, glows or glitters. This would not, of course, include silk drapes as I do object to boiling silk worms.

Best of all I could indulge my passion for animals with some well paid soul, or several, to deal with the nitty-gritty. Oh, yes indeed, comfort and privacy - laced with a hefty dollop of self indulgence.

Perhaps we should up the ante to £50,000,000?