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## Wrong Number

by Holly Raber

I've often fantasised about finding a big stash of cash. In my dreams it's always in a battered briefcase, row upon row of blushing virginal notes ripe for picking and fragrant with possibility. A fiscal feast for the eyes and for a brief moment, all mine. I also dream that I'm five foot nine, a size eight and can drink Tequila without pulling a face, if only....

So that was how I almost missed it. It was Thursday, the day before payday I decided to check my balance on the way home in case there was enough for a bottle of wine, maybe even a take away if I was lucky. With false bravado I punched in my pin and waited for the familiar message stating there were 'insufficient funds', instead there was something that looked like a telephone number. Heart pounding and feeling a little sick I leant in for a closer look I must be seriously overdrawn if they wanted me to call.

There it was, 'available balance £121,336.57', eight digits in black and white and in my bank account! I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, seems I had drawn that card, you know, the one in Monopoly that says 'There has been a bank error in your favour...' I sneaked a second look, it was still there. Just to make sure I decided to try another machine, then another even the seedy one in the sweet shop that charges for every transaction, they all agreed, my ailing bank balance had somehow received a life saving transfusion.

Feeling furtive I decided to re insert my card and draw out the original £20, two slightly warm £10 notes slid out and the machine unceremoniously regurgitated my card. What had I been expecting? Flashing lights, spinning wheels and dancing girls? Crestfallen I headed home stopping on the way for a bottle of wine.

Back indoors with a large glass of red I contemplated my new situation, I scrutinised my face in the mirror: disappointingly I looked exactly the same, would anyone be able to tell? I put some crisps in a bowl and paced nervously up and down leaving a trail of crumbs. I could feel a gnawing dread or possibly hunger in the pit of my stomach. I wondered whether I should lock the door, I mean anything could happen...Couldn't it.

Alone with my new found wealth I felt strangely detached and dispirited even the prospect of a late night shopping binge on ASOS felt like too much effort. An incipient headache prodded at my temples as I mindlessly hopped from one site to another, Cars, holidays, new boobs, how do you choose? Having money is clearly a serious business.

Finally utterly overwhelmed and exhausted I decided to sleep on it, things look better in the morning right? Waking up to another chilly, grey morning I wondered how it would feel to open my eyes to a cloudless Kodak colour sky, the heat shimmering on the horizon and a warm herb scented breeze, another perfect day on the Riviera. Back in Brighton I gulped my bitter black tea, I'd forgotten the milk again, and picked up the phone:

" Hello is that The Nat West? Yes, good, I think I should tell you there seems to have been a mistake."