

Powerball

Six months ago something happened that changed my life.

Joe and me had always done the lottery ever since we first got together. Our numbers were always the same. My birthday. His birthday. Our wedding day. That's how romantic we were!

We were so used to not winning that we didn't even bother to watch it on the telly anymore. Then mum phoned us up very excited.

"Weren't those your numbers?" she asked me. At first I didn't realise what she was talking about.

"The lottery!" She screamed at me down the phone. We checked the numbers and couldn't believe it. They were our numbers! But there was just one small problem. Where was the ticket? Joe said that he always put it in the same place. But it wasn't there. We searched high and low. Amazing what we found in some of our cupboards but not the one thing we were looking for.

I was despairing. What we could only do with all that money!

There was about six months until the deadline so Joe said to give it time. Over the next few months we turned the house upside down. We also turned on one another. I blamed him. He blamed me. We both blamed my mother. She drove me crazy, phoning every day asking if we'd found it yet.

It was making me ill. I couldn't sleep at night for wondering where the thing was. And, also planning in my head how we'd spend the money once we had it. It was the only thing we could talk about. And then we just stopped talking. Joe thought I'd accidentally thrown it away. He sulked like only Joe can and walked around the house with a mean, moody face.

I started taking it out on him because he was the one that had hidden the ticket in the first place. I picked on him all the time. In the end he waltzed off and slept in the spare bedroom.

And then he started staying late at work. After a while, he stopped coming home at all. Friends said they'd seen him chatting up the barmaid at the Rose & Crown. I said she was welcome to him for all I care.

As for the ticket, I didn't stop looking. You only have 180 days and the deadline was fast approaching. Where could the damn thing be?

Joe didn't come home. He didn't even phone to see how I was. Next thing I knew he had moved in with that blonde bimbo. I thought she'd soon tire of him but they stayed together.

The weeks passed. And so did the deadline.

And then last week, I saw Joe with that blonde bitch getting out of a Porsche. He must have found the ticket and cashed it in without telling me, the bastard.