

# Money Laundering in the Laundromat

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MONEY LAUNDERING IN THE LAUNDROMAT

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## Money laundering in the laundromat.

I was backpacking around the world, and I had been to Sydney for a week. A problem that always arises when backpacking, is the laundry, so I was out looking for a laundromat. Suddenly I found one, that seemed cheap and dingy, perfect for my budget. I went into the laundromat, and the place caught my curiosity. A laundry shop always has either an attendant charging you for the laundry or a coin operating system, if they are unmanned, to make sure that you are paying for the services, but I couldn't find neither.

I went up to the machine to study it closer; I am after all in my mid-thirties, and this could be one of those high-tech laundromats where you pay with bitcoin or PayPal or god knows what. I examined the machine and to my surprise there was a piano sound, when I pressed one of the keys on the washing machine. I pushed the other keys, and they also corresponded with different piano keys. Who would make a laundry machine like that?

But then the idea struck me. What if the laundromat was a front for something else, and what if I could unlock the secret door by playing a specific melody? I smiled at myself for having such a ridiculous idea, but I still wanted to try it out.

But what melody would I play? I remembered playing *Resident Evil* in the nineties where one of the doors opened through playing the *Moonlight Sonata*. I went online to find the notes for that song and started trying to play it with the eight buttons on the laundry machine. After a long time, I finally got it right, and to my immense surprise it worked, and a secret passageway opened behind one of the washing machines.

I knew it was dangerous, but I just had to follow the passageway to see what was on the other side. I ended up in a room full of stacks of different banknotes.

Clearly, I had come across a money laundering operation in a laundry shop. How fitting. I froze when I saw the security camera filming the room, but it also forced my hand. I knew that the bad guys had seen my face and that I needed to act. I filled my pocket with 100-dollar bills and rushed to the hotel to get my passport. I didn't even bother packing my stuff, and instead went straight to the airport leaving the country. Just before boarding my plane to the Maldives I alerted the police about the whereabouts of the money laundering operation. Hopefully, that would disrupt the bad guys from ever finding me.

For anyone who'd condemn my actions, I only have one question:  
What would you have done?

*The End*



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Money Laundering in the Laundromat

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