

Copping it: Diane Harding

It wasn't the travel experience I thought it would be. After all, when you're dead, you're dead, and you don't know where you're going do you?

The whole thing was marred by the snuffling and blubbing of rels, and the mutterings of the local riff-raff busy spreading base rumours about me. I could have told them that it was a coincidence that I was sitting next to the latest Lotto cheater, blown away by Pavarotti's *Nessun dorma*, when the cops swarmed into the Opera House.

If I hadn't just lifted several wallets from the toffs in the foyer, I wouldn't have been crouching under seat W25, jostling for space with my neighbour, when the guns went off.

My last thought was how our pollies needed to increase the funds for accuracy in weapons handling to the force. Still, too late now. I'd just have to cop it. Ha ha!