

I wish I'd never..... by Bronte Galla-Laine St Helens Park Public

I wish I'd never listened to that devil on my shoulder. It all started one day when I'd gone out to the always busy, local shopping centre to buy some presents for my friends. I was quickly walking around so I could make it back home in time to watch 'Worlds Biggest'. I saw a tall, bald man sitting on a massage chair as I walked past. The man got up off the chair and walked straight past me. I noticed that he left his briefcase leaning on the side of the chair. There were heaps of people around and I picked it up and started to look for the man.

As I searched, he was nowhere in sight. I sat down on the massage chair and examined the case. I thought I'd open the case to find some identification.

When I opened it had more than 1 million dollars inside. I shut the case quickly and held on tight to this precious money. Suddenly a little angel and a little devil popped up on my shoulders. "Take the money to the information desk and tell them every detail about the money." said the Angel.

"Listen to me, you should spend this money on yourself, I mean you found it and he just left it there." said the Devil. I listened to the devil and left the chair to spend the money on me.

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First I went to a jewellery store and I looked through all the cases examining each fine piece. I thought I saw the tall bald guy walk past so I settled on buying a \$5000, 3 carat gold and sparkling diamond ring. I put it on my second finger and hid the briefcase behind my handbag as I walked out of the shop.

I walked excitedly over to a coffee shop to admire my new ring that sparkled in the sunlight. I sat down and ordered a cappuccino and a slice of rich chocolate cake. While I waited for my order to be bought out I put some more of the money into my handbag to spend at the next shop I went to. I sipped my cappuccino and thought about which store to go to next. A couple of police officers walked past and I tried to act natural. I struggled, so I stood up, left my cake and warm cappuccino sitting on the table and fled the coffee shop.

I then decided to go to an expensive shoe shop. I tried on over 50 pairs of shoes with the help of a young, stylish assistant. I thought about getting some comfortable running joggers, but the assistant suggested I get a nice pair or high heels or some gorgeous boots. I couldn't decide so I chose to buy both of them. I wore my new high heels out of the store carrying my boots in a giant bag which I shoved my briefcase in.

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I was wearing an ugly pair of grey tracksuit pants and a 3 sizes too big baggy t-shirt with a beautiful pair of high heels so I thought I'd jazz up my outfit. I went to a nice clothing store and bought a cute black dress after trying on heaps. I asked the sales clerk if I was able to wear it out and she said that it would promote her business. She also commented on how great I looked in it.

As I walked out of the store I tripped. A tall bald man helped me up and helped me pick up my bags. We both reached for the briefcase at the same time.

I knew I was busted. He said "Hey, is this my briefcase?"

I said "No, I bought that with me today for my job".

Oh I'm a terrible liar, I thought to myself. He opened it up and looked inside at the left over money that I hadn't spent yet. He said "Hey, do I know you from somewhere? I'm sure I've seen your familiar face before."

He suddenly remembered "Hey you were there when I left my briefcase at the massage chair. I went back to find it but it was gone. Then I saw you at the jewellery store and at the coffee shop. Wait! Did you steal my briefcase?"

"Yes" I replied in a small voice. "I'm sorry."

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He waved to the patrolling police officers and they came over to examine the scene. He told them what had happened and then they asked me for my side of the story. I told them about where I found the money and that when I couldn't see him in the busy crowd, I thought that I'd never see him again, so I went and spent the money on myself instead of letting it go to waste.

That brings it back to where I am now. In a jail cell awaiting my court date to find out how long my sentence will be.

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