

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I recently came into some money, which is when I realized I may have some money issues. And possibly some decision making issues, and unresolved guilt issues, and a host of other issues that may be blocking my road to wealth, or at least paving my way to an ulcer.

It was a typical Saturday morning. After depositing my daughter at choir practice, I had two hours to myself. I could work, I could read, I could shop, I could sit and sip coffee and contemplate the good fortune of two hours of unencumbered time. Deciding on the java rejuvenation, I searched for a parking space. I found one close by, but just my dumb luck, it was a metered space. I grumbled as I got out of the car, while digging into the bottom of my purse for some loose change. My head was down as I picked my way through some leftover snow and that's when I saw it - a dollar bill lying in the curb. When I bent down to pick the dollar up, I discovered it had some zeros in front of it - two to be exact. To my surprise, I had just found a hundred dollars!

Since no one was in the vicinity, it was obvious the hondo had been there for a while. It was then that I noticed that the meter stood in front of a small drinking establishment. My guess was that someone had dropped it the night before while exiting or entering the bar. My first thought was, "Gee, I hope it was someone with a wad of hundreds, and this one just slipped out while getting into a cab, not someone with only a hundred dollars left to his or her name."

Since finding the rightful owner would prove a daunting and mostly likely futile task and the childhood rhyme "finders keepers losers weepers" was dancing in my head, I shoved the bill into my into my purse and celebrated my new found fortune, at least for the first few seconds. The next few seconds, minutes, weeks, months, have been riddled with conflicting emotions.

First I imagined all the luxurious scenarios – a manicure and pedicure at a posh salon, a movie with all the super-sized concessions to share with a friend, a bottle of Dom Perignon or Juicy Couture. Then, I grudgingly imagined all the more practical ones – a week's worth of groceries, our monthly phone bill, our dog's teeth cleaning, or I could save it, and invest it and turn it into hundred and one dollars by 2008.

However a big wave of guilt washed out all of these options and a booming voice inside my head said, "Deb, you don't need this money, and it's not rightfully yours, so you have to give it to charity."

But I didn't want to give it away. It's not every day you find a hundred dollar bill and since it wasn't going to save the world, why couldn't I simply have some fun with it? I wanted to keep it for myself, and that thought made me feel doubly guilty. At some point, it occurred to me that I had taken what had begun as one of those happy once-in-a-lifetime moments and twisted and turned it and picked it apart until I was near exhaustion.

# SLIGHTLY OFF

*by Deb DiSandro*

I wondered if it was just me, or if other people would've suffered such a dilemma. So, I called my sister and her husband answered. He said, "Spend it! But if that's too complicated for you, just give it to me." That seemed to be the consensus among friends and family, but of course, they were just saying what I wanted to hear. Right?

The bill still sits in a hidden zipper in my wallet. At some point, I accidentally tore it in half, and that has been a good thing. It's much more difficult to contemplate spending a torn hundred dollar bill. Now I have to ask myself, what's worth taping it together for? So far, nothing has come to mind.

I'd like to know, WWYD if you found a hundred dollars?

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