The worst thing I ever stole

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IT was early in the morning; I was in a hurry to go to school. I needed lunch money, but could not ask my mother to give me anymore money. She had already given me money for the whole week on Sunday. It was Tuesday and I was broke. If I tell her that, she would yell at me loud enough for the entire South-Asian subcontinent to hear loud and clear. And that is one my many consequences to follow. I should just take the money form her bag and not let her know. Later I will save some money form my lunch money and put it back in her bag. Yes, that's a good idea. I am brilliant beyond brilliant, a total genius.

Both my parents were at the breakfast table. This was my chance. I sneaked into their room. "Why not take the money form my father's wallet?" thought I. He always keeps it in his briefcase. Oh damn, it's locked and I don't even know the number combination to the lock. Well, it is my beloved mother I will have to rob.

As soon as I opened her bag I heard someone coming. So I quickly took out a bill from her bag and put it in my pocket, without even looking at it. And then I left for school.

At half past twelve I was at the school cafeteria. Now the real trouble began. The man at the cafeteria said he did not have a change. I was annoyed.

"And why may I ask you do not have any change?"

"Extremely sorry miss, but we do not have change for that big an amount."

That is when I looked at the bill and froze. What I thought to be a 50 taka bill turned out to be a 500 taka bill. I was sure that my mother had noticed it by now and I was in great danger. For the rest of the day I could not concentrate in the class. I was waiting for the classes to be over, so that I could go home and put the money back to where it came from.

When I got back home I found my mother in the living room. I was about to walk into her room, that' when she called me.

"I will be right with you mom. I just need to get something from your room."

"You can get it later dear. Come here first. There is something I need to talk to you about."

"Will be with you in a second mom."

Saying this I rushed into my mom's room. Now where is that God forsaken bag? I could not find it anywhere, as if it disappeared into thin air.

"What's taking you so long?" asked my mother.

I walked into the living room and sat on a sofa. My mother spoke first.

"Is there something you want to tell me?"

"You have nothing to say? Nothing at all. Saying that she took her bag which was just beside her. Great, I am caught, thought I. Might as well confess and maybe she would not scream that loud, just loud enough for the whole country to hear.

Oops she caught me. What should I do? Start crying and apologizing. No that's a bad idea. Be cool and act as if nothing happened. That should work.

"Tell you what mom?"

"You have nothing to say? Nothing at all. Saying that she took her bag which was just beside her. Great, I am caught, thought I. Might as well confess and maybe she would not scream that loud, just loud enough for the whole country to hear.

"Mom I can explain everything. I had no idea that that was a 500 taka bill. And I swear I will not spend all my lunch money in two days."

"What on earth are you talking about? What 500 taka?"

She had no idea that the money was missing from her bag. Thanks to my big mouth and small brain, now she know. And just in case you are wondering why she asked if I had something to tell her, she was referring to an exam in which I got a D-.

The outcome: My mother had cut off all my source of recreation for two months. That means no TV, no music and no computer and certainly no lunch money for six months.