

I'm the man that bought the ticket that didn't win the \$4 million Lottery Jackpot. Ticket number 045247 in draw number 5713. So I didn't get anything.

I didn't get an oversized cheque and a swimsuit smile and a shake of the hand. I didn't get the big house, the fast car, the high boat and the holiday in the sun. I couldn't pay off my shortcomings, spend big on fancy things and live in the lap of luxury for ever and a day. I couldn't tell the boss to stick it where the light don't shine, get a better class of friends than mine, lovely ladies to stroke my hair, attentive fans to dust my chair. I missed out on the cool clothes, the nice tan, the satin sheets, the water bed, the big pool, the snooker table, the power tools. No jet ski, surf board, big bar, golf buggy, motor bike, soft top, sun bed, sex toys, no bile or saw na. No drinks on the veranda with leggy chicks and big name chums, no servants hovering in the background with rude tricks and tight uniforms. No gardeners, no cooks and tasters, no hangers on or fortune wasters. No sad slaves in dark places, no slick procurers with pale faces. No security patrols pacing the grounds, no razor wire and dribbling hounds. No vast safe to store the jewels, no tricky locks, no metal grills, no pressure mats, no infra-red, no trip wires, no ripping lead. No peering cameras and twitching guards, plotting, drinking and comparing scars. No blackmail babes with strange shots, no besieging hacks pretending they're cops, no sacks and sacks of begging mail, no green and sullen strangers, willing me to fail. No dark fears that lovers are haters, no strong suspicions that friends are traitors. No new strange habits, no endless therapy, no utter madness, no unremitting pain.

Not for me. But I was close.

