

I won the lottery. It seemed like a dream, but somehow it wasn't. My student loans were paid off, my debts obliterated, my life turned around.

But that's when things took a turn for the worst.

I had moved away from home, stopped taking calls from my parents, my sister, and my friends. I had all this money, I didn't need them anymore. All they wanted was to take my money away, take what I had rightfully earned. Why did I need them?

Then, I got the phone call.

A gas main explosion had ripped apart my parent's neighborhood. Both of my parents, my sister, and our family dog, Poke, died in the explosion. My childhood home, and all the memories it contained, were gone.

I flew home as soon as I could. Made all of the arrangements, called all the family I could remember. Apologized to all the friends who would still take my calls.

I was in the bank to get the cashier's check to make the final payment to the funeral home. The teller looked at her screen quizzically, squinted. Clicked a few buttons, squinted at her screen again. Then she turned and gave me the same look.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you don't have any money in that account. Did you have another one you would like to try?"

It took a moment for her statement to catch up to me.

"What do you mean, no money?" I shouted. "That account had over ten million dollars in it this yesterday!"

Other customers were looking at me now. A manager walked over behind the teller, a grim expression on his face.

"Sir, is there a problem here?" he asked.

"Is there...is there a problem here?" I spluttered. "You robbed me! My money is gone!"

"Sir, this is a bank. We don't rob people here." The man behind chuckled snidely at this remark. The manager glared. "Obviously you are mistaken. I'm going to have to ask you to leave now."

I glared at the manager, anger boiling beneath the surface. I grabbed the teller's notepad and chucked it at the manager. I gave him the finger before I turned to leave, cursing not-so-softly at him, just to make sure I covered everything.

I walked out of the bank, digging my cell phone from my pocket. Oh, that manager wasn't going to be managing a pig farm after I got through with him. That teller, too, could rot in hell. No money? Hah! I'll show them.

I had just opened the door of my new Camaro when I felt the cold, blunt pressure against the back of my head.

"Don't turn around," the muffled voice commanded. I turned anyway, the command not registering. All I heard was a click.

We are the last to die for our mistakes.