

Funny things happen
when you're ...

Bored

Milo finds
\$105



Matt Stanton

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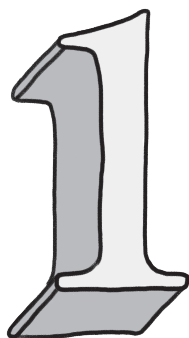
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My name is Milo Kim and I am *very* bored.

I'm so bored that I'm following an ant. I think it's bored too, hey. It doesn't seem to know where it's going.

The ant and I are walking very slowly along the street outside my house. I live at number one, Turtle Place.

Mum and Liz say our street is called that because it's slow and free of drama. I dunno. Seems pretty obvious to me. Our street is shaped

like a turtle so what else are you gonna call it?

I think the ant looks lonely. Why don't you have any ant friends? Where's your mum? Or your big bro? Did he join the army like mine?

I wonder if the ant knows whether there's an actual war going on. I don't. Whenever I ask Mum, she tells me I should be doing clarinet practice. Whenever I ask Liz, she tells me to talk to Mum, which just brings us right back to the clarinet.

So I've stopped asking. I hate my clarinet.



The ant finally gets to my BMX bike ramp. I don't think he's very impressed.

Fair enough. It's just a piece of wood with a photo of Extreme Steve on it. I stuck that there for inspiration. Extreme Steve's doing a mad jump. One of those ones where you turn your front wheel on the side while you're flying.

I reckon Evie Watson would think Extreme Steve was very awesome. I'd better make sure they never meet.

I would have leant my ramp up against the gutter so I could get air, but we don't have gutters in Turtle Place. Just a bit of a grass and then a bit of dirt and then the road. So my ramp is really just a wonky slope with two bricks under one end.

I'd better show the ant how it's done.

I hop on my bike and pedal as fast as I can, with my arms bent and my bum in the air. My front wheel hits the ramp. I see the photo of Extreme Steve. I feel the inspiration. I stick out my tongue just like him.

CLA-CLUNK!

That's the sound of the piece of wood thudding against the bricks as I ride over it. I don't get much air. Not enough to turn my wheel or be very awesome.

The ant thinks my jump sucks. This ant is a

very critical ant.

‘How about some encouragement, eh?’

I circle around to go again.

But I stop.

There’s money on the road.



A one-hundred-dollar note is sitting in the middle of the street. I've never even seen one before. I didn't even know what colour they were.

There's a five-dollar note too.

One hundred and five dollars in the middle of Turtle Place. It's a miracle!

Someone must have dropped it. I look around.

My street is a cuddly sack. That's what my big brother, Henry, always calls it. Or what he

used to call it before he went away.

I don't know why he started calling it that, but it annoyed Mum, so he kept doing it. Mum would correct him every single time. She would say each syllable like it was a stick she was poking him with. Cul-de-sac. But cuddly sack *is* better.

There are only six houses in Turtle Place and they all face each other. There are new people next door to us, but I haven't seen them yet. Then it's Evie Watson's place. And next to her is the empty block. Then Rocco's, with Zak and Luisa's next door to him. Mr and Mrs Katz live opposite us. Henry used to call them the Old Cats. Mum didn't like that either.

No one is outside this morning. Just me and this ant.

'You missing any dollars, ant?'

Before the ant can answer, my front door

opens.

Out walks my stepmum.