The missing money

 My grandparents never really spoiled me. Don't get me wrong I'm never forgotten, I get the usual card at Christmas and on my birthday. They often have $50 dollars in them. That’s 2 times a year now not to discredit them they do give me boxes of stuff they don't use any more. Now keep in mind these are 80 year old Grandparents and they don't want the stuff what do thy think I'm going to do with it? You need to know this back story to understand how I felt when my Grandma said, “I have some American money for you sweetie.” At first I didn't think much of it. A week later my Mom and I go out for dinner with Grandma. “Ohh Kaleb I am dearly sorry I have forgotten the American money, Please remind me to bring it next time.”

“Ok Grandma I’ll remind you.”

“Is that your tablet thingy.”

“Its my phone.”

“Can you google albatross?”

Now the money was real. Sitting there at the booth in Tim Hortons I was left to my thought while my Mom and Grandma were left to talk. How much is it? Where did she get American money? Why is she giving it to me? How much is it? The night is over we drop Grandma at home and I go to sleep questioning reality itself. Another week goes by. I forget to remind my Grandma about the money again. My Mom and I pick her up she says two words “Spaghetti Bolognese” so we go to White spot but the line was to long so we go to Boston pizza as a compromise. We look at the menu and to our surprise the spaghetti comes with bolognese sauce It was a miracle. We would never have known that Boston pizza had the only sauce that grandma likes on her spaghetti: the holy bolognese sauce. After ordering we realize that Grandma was wearing all white which was terrible because she is notorious for getting whatever she is eating all over herself. We finish eating and as per usual she had at least five bolognese drips on her but she has a epiphany and says, “I have something for you” and hands me an envelope. All thats going through my mind is: this envelope is full of American $20s. I open the envelope and its one one dollar American bill. For the past three weeks I have been deliberating and wondering what could it be. My Grandma chimes in “It was supposed to be $3 but someone stole the other $2.”

“We have to apprehend this thief,” I respond

“I think it was this healthcare worker that was filling in for my regular. She's the only one that had the time and the access.”

The rest of the night its all we talked about, debating who did it. Who had opportunity. Who needed the money. Who was that cynical. In the end we decided that me and my mom would come over sometime, to see if it fell behind something. My Mom and I went to her ouse the following weekend and we searched her house up and down with no prevail. To our surprise I found her gold with pearls dinner ring worth $500 dollars. We came to the conclusion that its ok that she either lost or maybe just maybe someone stole the $2 in the big picture that doesn't really matter and we never spoke of the ordeal ever again. I am still kind of sad that I didn't get the whole present.