

My wife said to me: 'If you won the lottery, would you still love me?' I said: 'Of course I would. I'd miss you, but I'd still love you.'

Frank Carson

PROLOGUE

Many of us start off by really believing that some day our lottery numbers **will** come up. We hear the mathematicians and realists telling us that there is a 40 million to one chance, or some such equally impossible possibility of success, but we know that if those people who did win, had been deterred by the same argument, then they would have missed out completely on a life-changing event. The saying 'you've got to be in it to win it', despite all the pundits' sneering, is also very very true! You may have a slender chance of winning the lottery, but without a ticket you have no chance! That's why so many people, despite their decreasing faith that their numbers will ever really come up, still continue to try their luck. The result of actually winning – at least winning big – is so totally life changing for most people that it is seen as worth pursuing however minute the odds.

On the other hand, death is not a gamble, it is the one big certainty. No bookmaker would give you odds against your ultimate demise. It is a no brainer! We **will** all die. No lottery in that. The when, the where, the how may vary, but the end result is an odds on certainty.

Sandra Jameson had to come to terms with both: the reality of a lottery win, and the inevitability of death within a two hour time-frame! She was in a great deal of debt; her husband was to a great extent responsible for her money woes; all her problems would be solved, in one fell swoop, by a big lottery win. But ... on the very day they won the lottery, her husband was tragically killed, aged just 48, in circumstances that, were they not so tragic, would be comic - the stuff of a Monty Python sketch, perhaps!

What should be her emotions? What would be your emotions? Honestly now. How would you stop your mind careering back and forth between distress and euphoria? Add to that the fact that the ticket is missing, last seen in the corpse's hand. What then, my friends, how are you feeling now? How are your conflicting emotions serving you? That was poor Sandra's dilemma!