

# Piggy Bank

by Kevin Myrick

Bobby was desperate for just about any money he could get his hands on to feed his evil habit. He couldn't force himself to smash open the piggy bank he stole from his daughter's room after she drifted off into the dream world. So he stood outside with bare feet on the cold concrete and looked down at her pretty pink piggy, a hammer in hand. He had tried to get the change out from the bottom, but little Casie had glued the bottom shut. Bobby guessed Casie did this because she didn't want someone like himself to get into her money.

He shivered in his robe and pajama pants as the showdown with the piggy bank continued on this dark winter's night. He couldn't resist the cute dots for eyes, the stubby legs and perked up ears. Bobby resolved not to do this, not to his own flesh and blood and finally carried the piggy bank back inside, tucked underneath his arms as if he were a running back protecting the ball on a big touchdown play.

Before he would climb the stairs to her room again, he stopped in the kitchen to fix himself a strong drink in hopes that once he put the piggy bank back on her little pink bedside table he could pass out on the couch for the night and forget this ever happened. Unfortunately as he walked through the living room toward the stairs, he didn't see his son's toy fire truck in the middle of the floor and he slipped and fell. The piggy bank shattered into pieces and the money he so desperately needed to feed his habit lay scattered across the living room floor. Mentally he tried to count how much had come out, but then he heard Casie crying out from her bedroom.

When Bobby opened the door to Casie's pretty pink princess room, he saw from the glow of her night light that she sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes.

"Hi princess, what's wrong?"

"Daddy, I woke up and heard something break," she said. "Are you OK Daddy?"

"I'm fine, princess. I promise all is OK. Daddy just dropped a glass on the floor."

"Where's mama?" she asked.

"Mama's asleep in our room princess, so we better be as quiet as field mice otherwise we might wake her up. Now go back to sleep princess so Daddy can go clean up this mess before Mama wakes up and yells at me."

"OK Daddy," she said before she wrapped her arms around his neck and planted a kiss on his cheek. "I love you Daddy."

She slid back beneath the covers and Bobby tucked his daughter in tightly into the bed, then gently pulled her bedroom door shut. Once back downstairs, he began to clean up the mess he'd made with the piggy bank and drink. He was on his hands and knees, collecting pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and even a few green backs and greedily counted the money in his head. It amounted to less than \$10. So much for her savings, Bobby said to himself.

Bobby didn't hear his daughter's bare feet as they padded down the stairs and she saw the remains of her piggy bank on the floor and her father collecting all the money that was inside.

"What happened to Princess Piggy Daddy?" Casie asked, her voice small with the hint of a sob as she spoke.

"Oh princess, Daddy's really sorry but Princess Piggy fell out of his arms when he was carrying her back upstairs to you when I slipped on your brother's fire truck."

She didn't say anything, maybe too tired to ask questions or throw a hissy fit that Princess Piggy was shattered all over the living room floor. Casie just looked on, her eyes half open as Bobby picked up the pieces.

"I promise you my princess that we'll get you a new Princess Piggy at the end of the week."

"Why did you break Princess Piggy Daddy?"

"Because," Bobby tried to explain, "I'm not a very good Daddy."

