

# **The Sting of Bad Decisions**



**By Robert Prins**

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“Give me your money,” he shouted, pointing the gun at the dairy owner. It was a toy gun, but he was trying hard. The dairy owner stood his ground and refused to give him anything. Accosting a customer, he tried again and was laughed off. He turned the toy gun on another member of the public. Then frustrated, ran back to his cousin’s house to cool off in the shower.

Minutes later a police car screeched to a stop outside the cousin’s house.

“The police are here, man,” one of the cousins called to his relative in the shower. With no time to get dressed the would-be-thief wrapped a towel around his waist, fled out the back door and over the fence into the reserve beyond. He had a moment’s head start before a policewoman was hot on his tail and calling for backup.

The policewoman gained on him. Feeling cornered, he lashed out and hit the policewoman, beating her until he heard more sirens and dogs. Then he ran again. Leaping over another fence, he looked for somewhere to hide. Shouting, dogs, more sirens. The now violent offender hid below some thick camelia bushes and tried to cover himself in the ladder fern that grew prolifically beneath. In the confusion the towel had been lost.

Before he knew it, police dogs surrounded him. He fought well, but naked skin was no match for dog teeth. After a quick scuffle he was laid out flat on his front and his hands were cuffed behind his back.

By this time, the whole neighbourhood was out on the street watching the excitement, wondering what was happening. Finally all was revealed as the would-be-thief was frog-marched out from beside a house by two strong policemen, his hands cuffed behind his back, and obviously without his towel.

But there was more to the story. Our family missed the excitement because we were away for the weekend. When we arrived home, our next-door neighbour gleefully informed us of all the juicy details. The man was high on P. He did a lot of damage to the police woman. One of the policemen and a dog suffered from wasp stings. And it was in our yard that he was apprehended. We were glad we weren't home with our young children.

Three weeks later I was doing some work around the garden when I noticed a large area of crushed vegetation under the camelias. "That's strange," I thought, "What could have caused that?" As I surveyed the scene, a fist sized hole in the ground among the crushed plants caught my eye as wasps swarmed in and out of it.

That's when it clicked. The naked fugitive had made yet another bad decision by trying to hide on top of an angry wasp nest as he fled from the police. I imagined the stings of his bad decisions. I shuddered, then grinned. Natural justice always wins.



# The Sting of Bad Decisions

*In The Sting of Bad Decisions, an armed holdup, a shower, a towel, and other bad choices lead to a decidedly uncomfortable conclusion. Robert's short, but true story is a compelling example of how bad decisions can come back to bite us in the end.*



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