

I stepped into the dark lonesome cell that I would call home for the next 6 months. It was built from cement that had not been painted over. I noticed the bunk where I would sleep was a stone slab. The toilet was beat up as though the guy who was here before me took a crowbar to it but that was impossible because they don't allow crowbars. The ceiling was leaking some brown liquid.

I sat down on the bunk. Someone down the hall was shouting at me, telling me that I would be dead soon. Some guards threw me a pillow before they slammed my door shut. The pillow was not comfortable at all. It was not soft and not fluffy, if anything it will just lift my head an inch off the bed. I lay down resting my head on the pillow. I thought back to what had gotten me here.

It all started in Detroit Michigan when my friend, Chuck told me he had a “special” job for me. “Hey, Jack, are you still out of a job?” he had asked.

“Yeah I suppose so, why do you ask?” I had replied.

“Well I got something you can do.” I didn't trust him because he is a petty thief and every now and then he tells me he has a big score planned. He always tries to rope me in because I used to test safes to see how easy they were to crack before I got laid off. I never accepted his “jobs” because I was making pretty good money, but now I didn't know how I was going to pay my rent.

“Tell me what this job is,” I say with a sigh.

“Great,” he says, “You will be the safe cracker of course. We will rob a jewelry store. However, that is just a front. The real job will be scanning credit card info.”

“Why do you need me then?” I ask.

“Because, if you are there then the cops will be searching for the money that you stole instead of the credit card info that we will really use.”

“Why won't we use the money I steal?” I ask.

“Because it will put someone else away,” he says. “We will leave it somewhere in the street and someone will pick it up and use it, then the cops will get a hit on the serial number and arrest the person who picked it up while we are off using the credit cards.”

It is totally immoral but it does sound like foolproof plan. “Fine, but just this once,” I say.

“Meet at the warehouse on Plymouth tomorrow at 10:30.”

Chuck got up and let himself out. I sat there for a while thinking about what I was about to do. I had never done anything remotely against the law before this, the worst thing I did was step on an ant. Next I had walked to my bed and tried to sleep but every time I would drift off I would have a nightmare. When I woke up for good I was screaming after a nightmare where a cop had tried to devour me.

I spent the day sitting on my couch and waiting. I didn't eat that day, I couldn't think about anything other than what jail will be like. That was the longest day of my life. I waited for fourteen hours and didn't do anything more.

10:30 arrived and I was almost excited. I arrived at the warehouse and stepped inside. It was full of crates of wood and boxes of things I would never understand. The walls were made of wood that had been chipped away. One corner of the room had a bloodstain on it; I cringed at the thought of what gangs used to hang out here. In the center of the warehouse was a group of 5 guys standing over a table. They seemed to be arguing about whether or not someone was coming.

"Hello," I said timidly, "is this the place where we go and rob people of their hard earned money?"

"Hey, we were discussing if you were coming," Chuck said, he sounded very relieved. "Come and join us we are going to discuss what we will do." I stepped over to the table. There were no chairs so I had to lean on the table. "Let me introduce everyone, this is Joe," Chuck said pointing to a big man who I was sure was taking steroids, "Joe will take out any guards that we meet. This is Gordon," he pointed to an average guy that looked like a normal person, "He will be with you stealing the money. This guy over here is Albert, he will scan the credit cards." Albert was a small man who looked like a billionaire with his suit. "Last is Trent he will keep watch outside posing as a homeless man." Albert was in a wheel chair and definitely looked homeless. "We all have codenames in case one of use gets caught they wouldn't be able to rat out the rest of us. I am Xavier and you will be Ernie."

"Enough," said Joe "let's get to work." The next hour and a half was spent discussing the best entry point and where the security cameras were and how to get into the records room. They had a blueprint of the store that showed 4 entrances- the first was through the main door, second was a window on the top floor which was being rented out to a college student, this would be hard to use because we would just have to smash the floor after that so it was a last resort. The

third was a maintenance door in the back of the building but the door to the inside was locked and no one knows how to pick it. The fourth and final entrance was a window on the main floor but the problem was that it caused an alarm to trigger.

There were other things to discuss like how to disable the security cameras or how to break into the collections without triggering an alarm. We also discussed how to get hand scanners (Costco vs. Wal-mart). We discussed what the getaway car was going to be, who would drive. By the end I was terrified of what could happen. We left the warehouse at 4:00 AM and went home. The heist was scheduled in two days. I didn't sleep.

At 9:00 I made some coffee. I thought to myself about what I was going to do. I went to my favorite place to calm down- a bar. I ordered two beers for myself and sat down. I looked down toward the jukebox and saw a beautiful woman staring at me. She had eyes the color of the sky and perfect blond hair. She had a spotless face and a beautiful nose. She was smiling at me. I flagged down the bartender and ordered three beers. I chugged the first then walked over to the girl and offered one to her.

“Thank you, you are very kind,” she said, her voice was soft and musical.

“Hello, I’m Jack what’s your name,” I said not very smoothly.

“I’m Jennifer, do you want to grab a seat?” she asked. I was a little worried because I wasn't sure I could move, I was so nervous.

“All right, Jennifer let’s go.” We walked over to a corner booth and sat down. I stared nervously at my drink for a while. I thought she would have gotten annoyed with my childish ways but she kept smiling at me. Finally I managed to speak, “So, how bout them Lions huh?” It may have been the worst pickup line in history.

“Calvin Johnson is pretty amazing,” she replied. Thank god, she knows about sports I thought to myself.

“Yeah he broke the record but I can’t believe we didn't make the playoffs. Matt Stafford can’t throw,” I said.

“Finally someone knows. He is the worst quarterback in history. I mean he throws side arm for god sakes,” she said.

We talked all night about sports or politics or world news. The bar closed at midnight and I offered to drive her home. She accepted and I drove to her house. She thanked me with a handshake, which I thought was a little weird until I noticed the business card in my hand. I

looked at it. It was a police business card. I drove until I was in the country on a road with no one around me and started banging my head on the steering wheel. I had met the perfect woman that I connected with on all levels and she was a cop, the problem was that just one day ago I agreed to go and rob some people. When I collected myself I drove back to my house. I fell onto my bed and slept.

The next day I called Jennifer to see how she was. We talked and agreed to get coffee at Starbucks. At Starbucks I talked to Jennifer about her job. “I am a detective but no one seems to recognize me as a person, I only just came here from San Francisco,” she said. “I need to get a big case completed.

“Have there been any big crimes recently?” I asked.

“There was a murder, but another detective beat me to it,” she replied, “There is an undercover operation but I can’t tell you any more.” We talked until she had to go to work. I waited at the coffee table thinking about how good my life was until I remembered the heist. That stupid heist, I need to get out.

I walked to Chuck’s house but on the way there I started thinking, what if Jennifer caught us in action. She would get respect from her colleagues and criminals would get put in jail, the problem was that I would go to jail. I didn’t go to Chuck’s house; instead I went home and spent the rest of the day watching Sportscenter.

The next morning was the day of the heist. I wasn’t shaking because we had a foolproof plan. I walked out of my house and whistled my way down the street. I walked to the barbershop and got a haircut. The barber was talking about how the Lions dropped Titus Young. I talked with him for a while, and then I went to Chuck’s house.

“Hey, Chuck, I’m bored what do I do to pass the time,” I say as I walk in.

“Nice manners, I could hear you knock from a mile away,” he replied sarcastically. “But I have a Playstation if you need to use it.” I sat down, picked up a controller and started. The time passed quickly after that.

Before I knew it, it was midnight, time for the heist. We were all at the store. Gordon was on the roof, it turns out that he was training to be a spy before he was discharged. He snuck in through the roof door then sprayed the security cameras with black spray paint.

Joe stormed in the front door with his gun. A guard ran up to him firing his gun. Joe shot him. The bullet pierced his right hand. He kept shooting. I was starting to feel nauseas. The man

kept shooting but ducked behind a jewelry case. Joe shot him one more time in his right hand. The guard slid his gun across the floor and raised his hands, the right hand he cupped in his left. Joe stopped shooting it had been obvious that he was a better shot and he could have killed the guard if he wanted to. We ran over and handcuffed the guy with his own handcuffs.

“What are we supposed to do with him?” Chuck said.

“What am I supposed to do, shoot him? I’m not a killer, okay.” Joe replied.

“Well your responsible for him,” Chuck replied, a little angry. I walked over to the safe; it was a Robber Stopper 3000, the best possible safe to have, it had three parts to unlock it; a turning lock like they give to high school students, a password, and a keypad. It was no problem for me though. I opened my bag of tools and got to work. I took out my stethoscope and pressed it to the door. I turned the lock and listened for the click. The click wasn't coming. Then at nine hundred ninety nine *click*. I turned it the other way *Click*. I was almost to the third click when the guard that Joe was holding swung his leg and hit a button. Albert, the one who looked like a billionaire, took a rag out of his bag and placed it on the mouth of the guard. The guard fell asleep. Albert inspected the button, “silent alarm, but he didn't press it.” Everyone returned to work.

I moved on to the password. I used a device that tried every possible combination. It took a couple minutes but I got it. Then I used another device that did the same thing but with numbers. While I waited I thought about Jennifer and her job, and how she would despise me forever if she knew what I was doing. Then a thought occurred and I wondered if I could get her to come. I walked over as if to inspect the silent alarm. I took out my cell phone and texted her *I am about to press a silent alarm get ready*. Then I waited a moment and pressed it. I took a deep breath and thought about what I did.

The keypad started beeping I had discovered the code. I took my device off and opened the safe. Inside were hundreds of boxes filled with money. Everyone came and helped take the money. After several minute had passed we started to hear cop cars in the distance. “Come on! The guard did press the alarm,” Joe said.

“What do we do?” asked Albert.

“I don't know, turn ourselves in,” Chuck replied.

“Not me,” Joe said, “I’m shooting at them.” He turned some tables over and everyone got down just as the cops appeared. They got out of their police cars and one guy with a loudspeaker

said, "Come out with your hands in the air. I didn't want to disappoint Jennifer so I lifted my hands and stepped out. I heard gunfire, and then everything went black.

I woke up in a hospital bed with fifty tubes going this way and that filling my body with fluids. Beside me was Jennifer looking at me through teary eyes as though we had known each other our whole lives. I lifted my head and looked at her she saw that I was awake and smiled at me. I tried to talk but I had a tube in my mouth so it came out as a donkey noise. "Shh," she said, "don't talk its bad for you. Your court case is going on right now, after you were shot we caught everyone pretty quickly and no one died. You were shot in your upper back but it just missed your heart. You were shot by the big guy on your little scofflaw squad." A couple weeks later I was walking again. I found out I was sentenced to 6 months in prison. That was made short because there was evidence that I had helped alert the police but my intentions were not pure at first. And that is where I am now.

Jennifer visited me every Saturday until I got out then as soon as I got out I took out a ring and got down on one knee and proposed to Jennifer and she accepted.