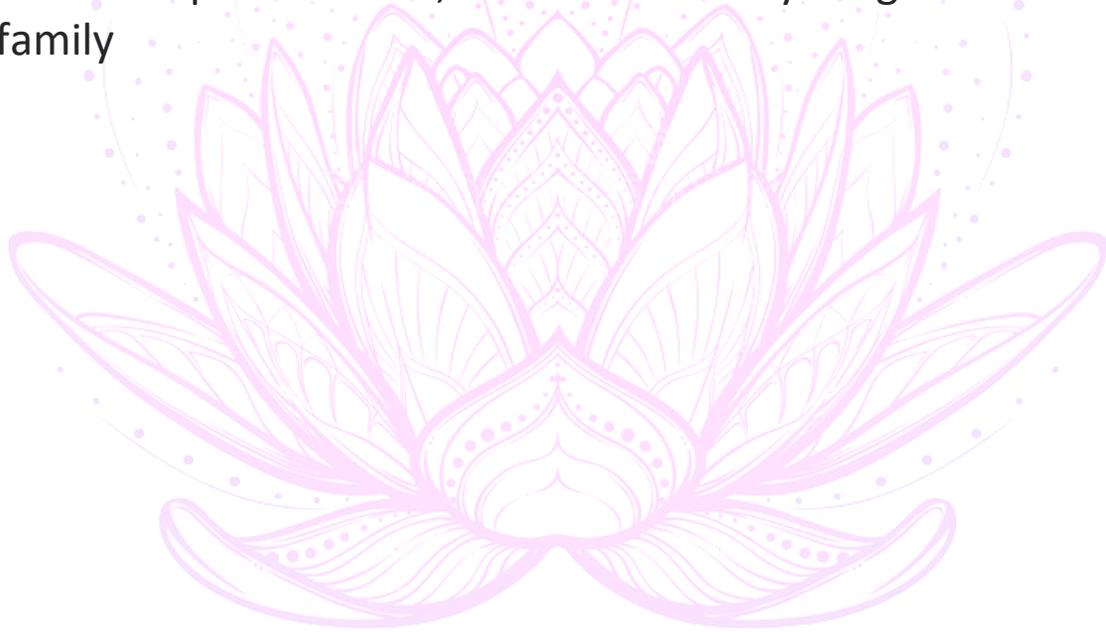

ROBBERY GONE WRONG

When desperation hits, a man will do anything to save his family



Tiffany Arnold

I paced and thought about my plans, could I do this. I watched through the window as my wife walked towards me on the balcony, she has lost at least 3 clothes sizes which she jokes about, but this is not the way she wanted to do this. With our savings depleted, we were less than a month away from being on the streets. Our mortgage alone is twenty-five hundred, we are behind on all of our bills, and no one is trying to hire a VP from a company that folded. Before she could walk up to me, I walked in and out the house, I had to do this now.

I pulled up to the bank before it opened, my heart was beating in my throat matching the rhythm of the tires across the pavement. I had to do this, I had no other choice. I decided to park in an alley two blocks away and put on my black skull cap under a black fitted cap being sure to pull it far enough down to cover my eyes.

The short two-block walk to the bank looked so far away. My footsteps joined in the beat of my heart and the growl of my stomach sang the lyrics. I was hungry. My family hadn't eaten in 4 days, and the last meal was too old to tell the ingredients. Conversations were obsolete in my house, with the only noise was the whine of little Amy who was breastfeeding. She never felt full because my wife, Jasmine lacked the proper nutrients. As

the man in the house, I knew I was responsible to make something happen. Especially since I was the blame for the situation that we are in now.

At the bank door, my nerves took over and my hands began to shake. I want to turn around, but all I hear is my wife telling me that I need to do something. I asked her to ask for help from her family, who were beyond rich, but her pride had me at this bank ready to throw away my future and my freedom to feed my family. You see I had to do this otherwise my family would starve or kill each other.

I walk in the bank, but without a gun I can't fathom how I would get anything from anyone. This was not a good plan. There were windows blocking the tellers from the customers. I walk to the island and grab an envelope and wrote a note saying I had a gun. I stood in line, keeping my head low so the cameras couldn't catch my face.

I walk up to the smiling unsuspecting teller and pass her the note. She looks at me with panic in her eyes.

"Don't call for help or I will shoot the other customers in here. Just give me what's in the drawer and I will leave peacefully."

Shaking she grabbed a handful of bills and handed them to me under the window. I pushed them down in my bag and grabbed her hand as she handed me the last.

"I'm sorry but I had no choice." I walked out the door, watching as she watched me walk out the door. She never screamed, she just stood there looking lost.

A woman walked in the doors as I was leaving out, I noticed she had a locked tan bank bag under her arm. It was my opportunity, I open the door to let her in. As she begins to walk past me through the door, I snatch the bag from under her arm and take off towards the car. I run as fast as I can, never looked back as her screams got further and further behind me. Bullets of sweat dripped down my face, someone had to be behind me. I turn the corner to the alley and lean against the wall to wait.

After a few minutes I hop in my car and drive slowly home full of shame, yet proud to have something to bring home. I pull in the drive way and cut off the motor I lean out the car and puke. It hit me as I let out the last meal and tears. How did I come to this? I am a bank robber and a common thief. I am going to jail for what? I turn around and reach in my glove compartment for my pocketknife to cut open the bag. The bag opened under the ragged edge of the knife, I see a bunch of colorful papers, checks. I grab the small bundle of cash and count, only five hundred dollars in the tan bag. I count the money from the teller and count thirty- five hundred. This was not enough. All of that and all I got was four thousand dollars.

Four thousand dollars! I throw the bag down and slam my head on the steering wheel a few times. I felt worse now than I did when I left.

What was I to do next? This was not a permanent solution. It's time to sell and move, besides I'm sure I am a person of interest that they will be coming for soon.

