

The Big Heist

The heist was going so well Eagle couldn't help but feel nervous. He ducked into the shadow and closed his eyes to run a mental checklist of the plan. Security passes obtained? Check. Cameras set to loop fake footage? Check. The men all had face masks and latex gloves? Check. Well, kind of. He switched from latex to nitrile after one of his guys was rushed to the ER two jobs ago. Eagle could still recall the man's enflamed hands. *Ugh*, he thought. What else? Security alarms bypassed? He checked the Rolex some rube had graciously and unwittingly donated. Twenty to midnight. Right on schedule.

He turned his head to double check the hallway was still clear, other than the two other guys huddled next to him. One was codenamed Heron, and the other was Stork. They were each carrying three empty duffel bags. Eagle spoke into his headset.

"Pelican, this is Eagle. How's it looking?"

"Everything is going smooth," the voice on the other end replied. "Are you at the target?"

Eagle sidled to the corner of the hallway and peered around the edge. The only feature was a plain white doorway with an electronic lock.

"Yeah. Have you hacked the door?"

"Almost, I just need to decrypt the lock combination."

Eagle glided around the corner and signaled to Heron and Stork to follow. The three of them crouched outside the door. Eagle grabbed at the door handle and waited.

"I've got it, ready?" Pelican asked.

"Affirmative."

"Okay, unlocking the door in 5...4..."

"Just skip the countdown."

"3-2-1. Go."

The small red beam of light on the lock flashed to green and a faint buzzing noise rang out. Eagle wrenched the door open and the three of them sprang into the room. Inside was shelves and shelves full of electronic equipment. There was Solid State drives, tablets, mp3 players of all sorts, and other electronics in shiny cardboard boxes. Each man grabbed whatever they could, preferring the smaller stuff so more could fit inside. When Eagle's bag was on the verge of becoming too heavy, he radios back to Pelican.

"How are we on time, Pelican?"

"The alarms will reset in five minutes, boss. Time to go."

"Roger."

Eagle zipped up his bag and signaled to Heron and Stork to pack it up. They were clear out of the room and back into the hallway within a few seconds.

"Albatross Do you read?" He asked into his mic while running

Yeah Jerry, I mean Eagle. I'm here. Parked out front, just like you said.

"Do you see any cops?"

No, there's not a soul out here, except a raccoon I saw digging in the trash a few minutes ago.

"Start the engine, we're almost outside."

Gotcha-roger.

Eagle, Heron, and Stork sprinted out of the building through the big double doors out to the front parking lot. They stopped and scanned the unlit surroundings. No cars in sight.

“Albatross where the hell are you?”

Parked out front, right next to the entrance. I’m the silver Impala, well the only car at all. You can’t miss me.

Eagle looked around. There was definitely no silver Impala.

Where you guys?

“What the fuck?” Stork whispered to Heron.

“You have the correct address, right?” Eagle asked.

Yeah, 103 S Adams.

Eagle clenched his teeth and mouthed an obscenity.

“103?”

Yep just like you wrote.

“703.”

What?

“7. 0. 3. I said park out front of 703.”

The address you gave me says 103.

“I’m pretty fucking sure it doesn’t.”

Yeah, huh. Look.

A few seconds later Eagle’s phone buzzed. He placed down one of his duffel bags to get his phone. Albatross sent him an image. It was a small cocktail napkin with the words “FRONT ENTRANCE” written in sharpie. Below the words it said 703 S Adams, but the seven was elongated, and the top stroke made a sharp downturn. Heron peered over Eagle’s shoulder.

“Yeah, I can see that. It kinda looks like a one. Dan, what do you think?”

Stork looked over Eagle’s opposite shoulder.

“It’s kinda hard to tell. You shoulda added a line through the middle.”

Eagle dropped his other duffel bag and turned around.

“Really, I should’ve fucking added a fucking line through the fucking middle?”

“Yeah, I mean-“

Eagle decked Stork hard in the mouth, causing him to drop his two bags and stumble over. Just then a siren shrieked to life.

Eagle, this is Pelican. The emergency sirens are about to come back online. Make sure you guys are at least twenty feet from the building.

More sirens turned on. These ones were police sirens. Eagle looked back in front of the building and saw the unmistakable blue and red lights as two squad cars pulled around the corner into the lot. Three of the officers opened their doors and ducked behind them, weapons at the ready. The fourth cop reached back inside to his intercom.

This is the police. Drop the merchandise, put your hands up, and walk slowly towards the vehicles.