

The Robbery

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# Capítulo 1

## **The Robbery**

### **...Deluxe Version...**

It was a cold dark night in the city. And I, Steve Johnson, was about to rob a shop.

'I don't know why I'm here.'

'You are here because you want to.'

'But...'

'No time for regrets now', he replied fast.

The shop was apparently empty and he passed me a gun.

'Why do you give me this'

'It'll probably be useful.'

'Useful? I don't want to even imagine what you have this for'.

'Less talk and more action' he said and broke the shop window.

'Man, what the fuck!?'

'Hurry up! We have no time to lose.'

And I followed him. I grabbed every single thing I could and took it to the car and got into the shop again and again.

'Many!' I called him in a low voice, but there was no reply. 'Where are you, Many!?'

'Hey! Here! I been trying hard to open this cash register but I can't, Steve. Come and try to open it now!'

So I made an attempt to open it, but it was useless.

'I'll try to find the keys; you keep trying,' he said.

When he left, I took the gun, pointed at the till, pulled the trigger; then "BAM"! Suddenly I got really excited; Many came very fast.

'Man! What the hell did you do!?'

'I've opened it, look!'

'OK! Let's take the money and let's get the fuck out of here!'

So we put the bills into the bag, and ran away like some fucking leopards.

'Pass me the keys,' he said as we got into the car.

I looked into the bag; there wasn't too much money, but it was enough for today's work.

'What are you doing! Later we'll count the money. Now look after my back.' He said shouting at me. He started the car, while I took the gun and looked carefully outside.

'Yeah!' he said while he mashed the accelerator to speed off. But no time for celebrating yet, because the police got to the place before we could leave.

'Shit, man!'

'Shut up and shoot them all!'

'Are you mad!?'

'Shoot them or we are dead men!,' he shouted at me.

"New York PD! Pull the car aside!" They shouted.

'I have never wanted to rob that shop in the first place' I said.

'But You Did, Steve!' He replied 'No time to lose now; we have to run away from them!' So he drove faster.

I started to shoot. And I thought "this is the start of the ending."

'What the fuck are you doing! Keep shooting at them!'

'What the hell do you think I'm doing!?'

'You're going to have to do better than that, Steve!'

Suddenly we started heard the police gunfire. The car glasses were blowing up into thousands of pieces. And I ran out of ammunition.

'Pass me more bullets!' I said.

'What!? You must be kidding!'

'Why?!'

'It was your fucking task to bring the extra bullets!'

'Shit, Many! Look out!'

And it happened very fast. Everything turned upside down. That was the last thing I remember. Until I opened my eyes again. Many was bleeding.

'Help me' he said in a weak thin voice.

I don't know why, but I took the bag and after that took my ass out of that car as fast as I could, and ran far away.

'That happened...mmm let me remember, oh yeah... seven years ago...Oh my God, seven long years have passed since the robbery, so many, very hard years indeed' I grinned 'Wow, kid, you would never believe all the trouble I had to overcome to reach here where I am.' Sited on my couch in the warm and comfortable room of my home I told him. 'Could you bring me more wine, please?.'

'Yes, of course.... Sir.' Said the kid.

'But tell me, why did you ask me about that night in particular?' I said.

'Well' He replied, while pouring wine into a glass. 'It is very simple' He continued 'At first it was just a heart feeling, you know.'

'What do you mean? Oh, thanks' I said and took the glass of wine.

'I was just wondering how you began your own empire.'

'Oh, really?' I said after having a long sip of wine.

'Yeah, well, maybe; I've forgot to tell you...But that's why I'm here after

all' then he stopped. 'mmm are you enjoying the drink, sir?'

'It is delicious. You have made a very good choice.'

'Oh I have, indeed.' He replied.

'But not strictly good enough, I know when wine is hotter than necessary. It must be at 16° Celsius degrees if it's red wine to have the perfect taste.' I said, very proud of my knowledge 'How could I realize? Well, it happens that the wine's alcohol enhances its taste and also draws out its sweetness when it's warmer than 20° Celsius degrees. And this one was hot enough to feel all those characteristics.'

'Wow sir, you surprise me.'

I laughed a bit.

'Gotcha! You are easy to surprise then. Don't worry, kid, just try to freezing it for a while before serving it. And it'll be better next time.' I replied, and in my tongue I felt a bitter taste. 'What is this taste?' I asked. 'Let me check the bottle kid.' And I took the bottle in my hands. I had smelled the bottle peak. And after that, I compared the smell in my glass. They were not the same. The glass of wine smelt like almonds.

'Oh Sir, what is the matter? Is there anything wrong with the drink?' Said the kid. In his hand he had a little sachet I realized.

I suddenly started to feel nausea.

'What did you put in the drink?!' I shouted at him. At the same time I was looked at the bottle. But my sight barely allowed me to.

'You know something sir, I knew that man with whom you stole the shop that night very well...' The Kid said. 'It's a pity that you let him die.'

And suddenly I realized who this freaking kid, who I've known all this time, really was. "How couldn't I recognize him?!" I thought.

My hands started to shake and the glass slipped straight onto the carpet before it smashed broke into pieces. But I was able to hold the bottle.

'Judging by the color of your face, I think you are a little surprised. Or maybe the poison has started doing its job,' He said laughing out loud.

"I need to puke! I must puke!" I thought while I was trying to introduce two of my shaking fingers deep inside my throat.

'Hey, what are you doing!?' He yelled at me.

And when he got near me, I crashed the bottle in his head with all my strength. He fell down onto the floor before he started to bleed profusely. But he couldn't realize because the kid was unconscious or dead.

"I can't breathe!" I thought struggling for some air.

It might have been too late for me, I've never considered how wrong I was, thinking that the events that had happened in the robbery were over, but those things, had followed me until today, Many Campbell's son! How couldn't I recognize him?! Fool of me, fool of me...

I kept trying to puke for about ten minutes, while the pain was increasing. But I failed.