

We Thought We Had Time
By Kamiya Williams

I never thought I would end up in an interrogation room. I've been doing this for years. Moving from state to state, I'd leave after about 2-3 heists just so the police wouldn't be able to catch on to me. I'd find 2 guys from whatever area I was in and my buddy Jake followed me everywhere I went. Jake is my day one partner, he's been with me since I've started doing this. I have many different aliases. Sometimes I get confused on what I'm going by. My favorite heist was in Denver, it was so smooth and sweet. I always said we would go back there. But that's not how we ended up here.

Jake and I decided the next stop would be in Mississippi. A small town with a population of 10,00 people. Small country towns were always sweet and easy. We met these two guys Smoke and John at a local diner about 10 mins away from the bank, so we assumed they lived close by. Jake was worried about Smoke, but he wouldn't be Jake if he didn't worry. We talked and planned out the whole thing that night. The following morning it was time.

I know you're thinking how do I trust someone who I just met but money is the root of all evil. The trick is to find someone desperate, and stupid. Besides, the plan was simple: get in and get out. I always map out a good plan and timeframe we need to be off the premises. We were going to arrive at 1545, as long as we left by 1625 we were good. The police move pretty fast in slow towns like this so time wasn't on our side this go round. Plan sounds good right? Picture this.

The day arrived and all men were there except Smoke. Of course Jake was in my ear fussing about how I should've chosen someone else but I knew Smoke was

coming. He pulled up at approximately 1555, which means we were cutting close on the time so we had to move fast but smart.

“You know what to do, get in and get out. We only have 30 mins,” I said to the crew before entering the bank.

Jake and I knocked on the two old security guards, nothing serious just hit them with the good 2 piece combo. Smoke went to the back with the teller, I always sent someone else to the bank because if all fails I could get charged with a misdemeanor.

“Boss she said she doesn't know the code to the safe,” Smoke yelled out to me.

I rushed back there thinking this had to be a lie, most of the tellers are too scared they're going to get killed so they cooperate. When I got back there I noticed the teller showed no fear. Her eyes weren't puffy and she showed no mercy. This obviously wasn't her first rodeo. I knew the only way she'd opened the safe would be to bribe her. I told her I'd cut her in on the deal and she started singing like a canary.

“Boss, the security guards are back up,” Jake called out to me.

I rushed back to the front to help him with them and that's when I noticed it was the clock on the wall. I looked down at my wrist and saw it was 1623.

“Dropped everything and get the fuck out,” I screamed to the crew.

Jake and I ran out together and that's when we shit went downhill. We were surrounded by cops, we thought we did it. The time was now 1625.