The Quest Joshua E. Jahn

A dark sedan comes to a stop at a closed cafe. Two men in dark clothes and ski masks climb out, one of the men with a backpack on his back, one of the three men staying in the car. “Got all the stuff?” the other man said in a low, hushed voice. “Yup. Let’s go.” It was 3:15 in the morning. An occasional car passed as the two men walked casually across the street, toward the bank. The town was quiet, not a person in sight. The two men quickly but smoothly tore off their masks as a police cruiser passed them. The two police eyed them suspiciously but continued on into the dark distance. “Poor fools.” the man without the backpack smirked and they both put their ski masks back on. They approached the bank. The man knelt down a unzipped his backpack, pulling out a small but powerful mini-computer. He booted it up and typed in codes and data for another five minutes. They both dove into the bushes as the same police cruiser passed the bank. “Stupid coppers. Can’t stand em’.” One of the men said when they were gone. After a few more minutes of typing, the man said, “Bingo. We’re in. I wirelessly hacked the security system. Not an easy feat.” The man shut down the computer and put it back in the backpack. He then from the backpack pulled out two high-powered handguns and two magazines. He threw one of the handguns and magazine to his partner. The magazine clicked as they shoved it into the grip of the gun. They shoved the guns into holsters that were clipped to the back of their pants. They covered the guns with their shirts and casually walked into the bank. The two men headed toward the four ATM machines. The man with the backpack pulled out a card-like microchip. It was the size and thinness of a debt card and had wires hanging out of it. He once again booted up his mini-computer. He connected the wires of the microchip to the minicomputer. He shoved the microchip into the ATM debt card slot. After a few minutes of typing, they heard a quiet beeping sound. Suddenly, twenty, fifty and hundred dollar bills started pouring out all of the ATM machines. “How the heck did you do that?” The other man asked. “SQL injection hacking. Good stuff.” The other man nodded, “No kidding.” They hurried, scooping up the cash. The man pulled out of his backpack four giant garbage bags. They shovelled the cash into their garbage bags. They ended up emptying each ATM, each

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carrying four giant bags of money, and two bags in each hand. “Darn this is heavy.” The man with the backpack said. They both lugged to the entrance door with the money. Both men used all there might to run out of the building with the heavy bags. The third man in the dark sedan drove up to the bank with the back doors open. Both men jumped into the moving vehicle, shut the doors, and the tree men sped off into the darkness, laughing.

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