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## The Heist

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ASIM AHMED - "REFLECTION"



# THE HEIST

BY ANDREW MILLER

I was an accomplice in a robbery once...or so my father likes to say, as he retells the story in amusement to anyone who will listen. As a teenager, I spent my summers as the only cashier of a small general store in the Adirondacks. The store was filled ceiling high with trinkets and knick-knacks that I was sure no one would ever buy, but they did. My sister was a waitress, and my brother washed the dishes for three tiny breakfast tables. We complained about working seven days a week all summer long, but we complained together, to no one.

Anyway, back to the heist. There was a horrible fire at the only other general store in the area and the other owners lost everything. To help, the store we worked in began to raise money by collecting customer's donations and small change for several weeks. And that's when SHE walked in. I like to think it was a "Bonnie and Clyde" type scenario, her and I were meant to be. In reality, it was a random woman that I had never seen before. But that's what they all say, isn't it?

The line for checkout that day was unusually long. Customers were eager to get back home to hang their "Life is Better

at the Lake" signs and I was in a rush to get back to sittin' down, doin' nothin', and gettin' paid. My sweet Bonnie came out of nowhere and asked in a somewhat urgent tone "did my dad pick that up yet?!" Not having a clue as to what she was referring to, I thought to myself "well if she can see it, then clearly he did not", but I replied with a simple "No mam, I don't think so" and went back to assisting the other customers. She aggressively cut in front of the customer at the counter, but then very politely asked if she could have a bag. I obliged (if only to get her to walk away) and in that moment, I became the hardened criminal you see before you today, walking amongst you all. She reached into the donation jar, grabbed as much as she could, threw it all into the bag that I GAVE HER and ran out the front door. The slick Clyde that I am, absolutely panicked. I immediately screamed at the top of my lungs to the owner all the way across the very populated tiny store "SOME LADY TOOK THE MONEY!" and we both ran out after her. In hot pursuit, it took this "former criminal turned rookie detective" about 10 seconds to locate and apprehend the suspect, just as she was trying to hop onto her getaway vehicle, a child's bicycle.

I'd like to say that I hung up the cape and retired from vigilantism that day, but then I wouldn't have caught "The Earring Thief" later that summer. Still, here I am with no detective's pension, waiting for my "Key to the City Ceremony". Meanwhile, my brother continues to harass me about why I didn't "cut him in on the action."