

Killer Rat

By: Christian Sandler

## Killer Rat

8:00 sharp every Tuesday morning. It's the first stop of six all around town, which makes it the easiest to hit. Brinks guard is still waking up. Drinking coffee and reading the paper before the bank opens. Why they got one man on the job is beyond fucking me. Hop out of the van, take his transport, knock him out and chain him up inside the truck. Cake.

"Well I'm glad it was so easy for you boys. You just leave the gate open?"

What the shit kind of question is that? Do we leave the gate open. Yeah lookie here everyone: knocked out Brink's guard in the back of the truck. We're fucking professional. Who do you think hit United last month? And Regions and Ameribank and National before that? It's always been us. And you know why you haven't pinched us yet? Because we close the fucking gate.

Just like we lock the front door of the bank. What a concept right? Lock the front door so we don't get some lady depositing a check before work barging in on us. We have everything down to a science. We're collective, we're smart, and we get in and out of there in less than four minutes. So don't ask me stupid fucking questions like that.

"Go on."

As I'm sure you know, Township is an upscale bank. Walls of tinted glass windows. Pearly white linoleum floors. Tall leather chairs behind sharp glass desks. Gold railings up to the tellers. The whole shebang. But what makes it

different than most, is it has an open lobby. Tellers are wide open. I jumped right over the counter. Six cameras, but the tellers are wide open. That's why this job was bigger than any of the others. They store more cash in the back, but we also got the drawers up front, and the mini safes underneath them. Every single bank in the world should have bulletproof barriers in front of their tellers. Up to the ceiling. It's common fucking sense. And I guarantee you the guys over at Township are putting them up as we speak.

“So that's it? Just waltz right in and take everything?”

As I told you, it's all methodical. Landon and Brock take down the guards. There are typically three guards on shift during the week, but only two come in before 9:00am. Another brilliant move by management. Have em drop their weapons and radios. Break the radio on the floor, ziptie their hands, and get the keys. Most cooperate just fine. Brock feels the need to rough em up a bit sometimes, but we don't need to. They usually don't mess around.

Meanwhile Flick is collecting cell phones. Only about seven or eight people this time, so it didn't take long.

*Give me all your fucking phones, and make it quick!*

Put all the phones in a bowl and pour some water in it.

One guy didn't give up his phone, and Flick didn't like it. Put the butt of his rifle into his teeth a few times, and shot him in the arm. Blood smeared all over tile. I always fucking tell em: no one needs to get hurt ya know. Flick's a trigger-happy son of a bitch, but I always tell em these jobs can be done without hurting people. Guy gave the phone right up, but you can do it with words ya know.

Anyway, I'm on the counter collecting the drawers and throwing a few phones to flick. I usually do the talking.

*Everyone remain calm. We are robbing the bank, not you. Your money is insured by the federal government, and you will not lose any of it. All we ask of you is that you stay quiet and don't move. Don't try and be a hero. Heroes get shot. Think of your loved ones.*

Landon moved to the back to take care of the security tapes like he always does. Most banks have their security room somewhere near the break room, which is convenient because of the microwave.

"They didn't have a lock or passcode on the security room?"

Listen detective, are you gonna keep asking petty fucking questions are or you gonna let me talk? How are you even qualified? You wouldn't have shit if I weren't here. You have a handful of witnesses saying four men in black ski masks robbed the bank. You don't have videos. You don't have prints. You don't have shit. Good fucking luck with that. I come in here and tell you I'll give them all up. Their addresses are right here. You can go book em in fifteen fucking minutes. I'm sitting here telling you how we've been robbing your city for the past six months, and you're gonna ask questions like that? The room is almost always unlocked because the guards are in and out. But even when it is locked, we always have the fucking keys. And even if we didn't have the keys, we have fucking M-16 assault rifles. Something tells me we can get a door open. Jesus Christ.

"Okay. Alright. I'm done asking questions."

How kind of you. Now as I was saying, Landon grabs the security tapes, and sticks them in the microwave for thirty seconds. All it takes for them to be unreadable. If there isn't a microwave, he'll just break em on the floor. Like the ones you guys couldn't read from United.

Brock typically finds the manager, and tells him to open the vault. This one claimed the time lock was set, and it couldn't be opened until 9:00am, but that was bullshit considering our friend from Brinks was making a drop that day. On Tuesdays there is no time lock. Accessible all day to compensate for delays. After that, he got all sweaty and started breathing hard. Brock was all up in his face, pressing his barrel up on his cheek.

*Open the safe you fucking prick. Do it!*

As I've told Bock multiple times, the problem with this tactic is that the manager is the only person in the building that can open that safe. What is he gonna do, shoot him? Without the manager, there is no money. He got heated and jabbed him in the stomach.

*That's enough man. Shit. He's gonna open it. We're here for the fucking money. Calm the fuck down.*

I always tell em man. Hurting people does no good. I've never hurt anyone ya know. Don't need to.

*Just relax. Take your time.*

And sure enough he opened it, and we were into the back. Amazing how people respond when they aren't getting beaten with an assault rifle isn't it?

One black duffel each. There was at least 500 grand in that safe. We were almost done. Just had to bleach and get the fuck out.

*Get the bleach! Bleach everything. Make it fast.*

We were walking back into the lobby with the bags when we heard him. Right there. On the fucking desk phone.

*Yes one has a lion tattoo on his ne—*

*Hey! Drop that fucking phone! Drop it now!*

As I was walking over to him, I reached up to my neck and sure enough: tattoo exposed. I didn't pull the fucking mask down all the way. You believe that?

I pull the phone out of the wall and just stare at him. Old guy. White hair and glasses. Same height as me. About 6'3. He had a rigid little scar on his left cheek. Looking right at me. Eyes were stone cold man. Some fucking nerve this old guy had. Buddy over there has got a busted mouth and a hole in his arm, and you still make a phone call. I don't hurt people detective, but he had it coming ya know.

*"Had what com—"*

And those mistakes man. There's always one guy watching everyone. There was just too much money. 500 grand for Christ's sake. We needed four bags. And we never miss phones. We get every single one. Always. I guaran-fucking-tee ya my tattoo has never once been exposed before. But this time it was. And he had me. All you need is this tattoo man.

*Mikey we gotta go right now. We gotta get the fuck outta here.*

I'm a professional just like you detective. I don't hurt people, but I'm a professional. You look at this from my perspective and there was no choice. Guy's got my tattoo. He got my tattoo and there was no choice. Heroes get shot. I told him that didn't I? I never hurt people, but I told him heroes get shot.

*Cops are coming Mikey. We need to go right fucking now.*

And anyone would have done it ya know. If you look in a fucking heist manual detective, this is right in there. I don't hurt people. I had to do it. I don't hurt people man but this was different.

Now you aren't talking? Before you're asking me all these fucking questions and now you aren't saying anything? Stop staring at me and say something god damnit. Say something. Detective you know I don't hurt people. Say something.