

## The Bank Heist

Mr. X threw open the front door to his house and stepped outside. The sun was shining, birds were singing, and it was a beautiful, spring day. “Bleh, what a terrible day” muttered Mr. X, “At least I’m going to rob the bank today.” He tightened his trench coat around his tall frame and jammed his hat on to his bald head. Mr. X had been planning this bank heist for a long time. For the past year, he had been learning martial arts, studying safe cracking, and doing 10,000 pushups a day. He was especially proud of his stealth skills. He had been practicing sneaking into buildings by hiding in potted plants. He had even legally changed his name to Mr. X to remain anonymous.

As he set off down the street towards the bank, Mr. X noticed a cat stuck at the top of a tree. A little old lady was begging people to help rescue her cat, who was meowing pitifully. Mr. X’s eyes gleamed when he saw that the cat was wearing a sparkling diamond-studded collar. He took out his chainsaw and chopped down the tree. Mr. X caught the fluffy cat as it fell, but to his dismay he realized the collar was fake. He threw the cat in the air in frustration, and it landed on the old lady’s head. She thanked him, but Mr. X didn’t hear her over his grumbling.

As he continued walking, Mr. X came across a little boy who had dropped his ice cream cone on the ground. The frazzled ice cream cart owner was pleading with the boy to stop crying. “Kid, I would give you a whole tub of ice cream if I could just open this lid, but it’s jammed,” he said as he struggled with the cart. Mr. X decided that a scoop of ice cream would hit the spot, so he quickly grabbed the ice cream cart and pried open the lid with his safe-cracking crowbar. He grabbed a tub of strawberry ice cream, served himself a scoop and then tossed the tub at the boy. The kid and ice cream vendor shouted their thanks, but Mr. X ignored them and kept walking.

As he approached the bank, Mr. X found his path blocked by a mover who was struggling to carry a huge couch across the sidewalk. The mover had injured his back and was barely able to

lift the couch. Mr. X was annoyed that the sidewalk was blocked, so he grabbed the injured mover, threw him onto the couch and threw them both into a nearby house with its door open. “Thank you” yelled the mover weakly, but Mr. X didn’t hear him as he stormed down the path.

When Mr. X reached the bank, he noticed that there were FBI agents surrounding the building, and the alarms were blaring. “Oh no,” he thought, “Someone else is robbing the bank!” Mr. X was infuriated that someone had beat him to his diabolical plan, “Don’t they know that I’m the criminal mastermind in this town?” he fumed. Mr. X decided to teach them a lesson. He used his expert stealth skills and blended in with the potted plants to sneak into the bank. Mr. X crept up behind the robbers as they exited the vault. He quickly karate chopped one robber and drop kicked the other to knock them out. He grabbed the bags of loot and used his dynamite to blast a hole to escape.

When Mr. X. emerged into the daylight, he ran smack into the bank manager and FBI agents. They all stared at each other in shock, their mouths agape. Mr. X started mumbling excuses and trying to hide the loot. Suddenly, the cat, the old lady, the little boy, the ice cream cart owner, and the mover all came running around the corner. “There you are, thank you so much for helping us” they said to Mr. X. As they began explaining how Mr. X had helped them, the FBI agents entered the bank vault and found the robbers. The bank manager said, “And now he has stopped a bank heist. He has saved the day.” Mr. X smiled awkwardly as everyone thanked him profusely. “Now,” said the bank manager, “Let’s make sure everything is accounted for.” He began opening the bags and counting the money. When he got to the last bag, he yelled “Wait a minute, what’s this?” In the bag, instead of the loot, they found a chainsaw and a crowbar. The FBI agents ran to their car only to realize that it was missing. They looked up in shock, but Mr. X had disappeared, leaving a trail of potted plants in his wake.