

Inside Job

He opened the glass doors and stepped onto the freshly polished brown marble floor. The sun shone through the glass front, illuminating the interior of the building. The man stepped forward and paused to examine the environment. There were desks lined with forms and brochures, and a lounge filled with patrons scurrying their pens across papers. He looked at the black carpet at his feet, it was worn but it still protected the floor beneath it. He tightened his grip on his briefcase with one hand and took a sip of his coffee with the other. He walked towards the front desk and approached a young attractive clerk.

“Welcome,” she said with an unforgettable smile, “to Glass National Bank! How may I help you?” She looked at him like she was some kind of assistance hit man and she was about to assassinate any of his needs.

“Hi...” He glanced at her nametag, “Melissa, my name is Tim Gates and I’m your newest coworker, I was transferred from a smaller branch over in Westridge. Barb from HR said to talk to a clerk when I got here to get my transfer package.”

“Oh! A *noobie!*” She snickered but then quickly became serious again, “Sorry, that’s what we call all the new people around here. I’ll go check the back and see if we have anything for you.” She walked away, turned and disappeared down a hallway. He was left alone at the teller window.

“You did plant the envelope, right?” He spoke to a small skin-colored ear-piece that rested in his ear.

“Yes, everything is in place. You ask too many questions.” The ear-piece buzzed back.

He peered through the window at the world behind the counter and waited until Melissa returned. She came back with a large manila envelope and handed it to him over the counter. Inside were his confirmation of employment papers and a photo-ID scan card.

“Accountant. That’s not an easy job to get,” she said, clearly impressed.

“Well, what can I say, I’m like a magician with numbers,” Tim returned sarcastically joking.

She chuckled and then pointed to a door on the side of the room, “Head through that door over there, and I’ll meet you on the other side to show you to you around the building.”

“Hopefully the card works...” He said in an annoyed manner, “Back at my old office it took them two days to activate the damn thing.”

Tim walked away from the counter, across the lobby and over to the door. It required an ID card to be scanned in order to be unlocked. He knew the card he had wasn’t

going to work, because it was fake, so he stood by the door and waited for Melissa to open the door for him. After a few moments she opened the door and ushered him in.

On the other side was a maze of long hallways. She led him down one hallway, and then another and another until they went through nearly the whole building, minus the basement. The hallways matched up to what he had seen on the blueprints. The final room, near the back of the building, was a large open area filled with what seemed like at least a hundred cubicle. They meandered their way through the narrow hallways separating the groups of cubicles until they approached an empty cubicle, and she waved him in.

“This is where you will be working,” she said, standing by an entrance.

“It’s so spacious!” He sarcastically joked as he made his way into the small five by five cubicle, accidentally bumping her on the way in. He set his briefcase down on his desk and examined the computer that sat flashing ‘LOG IN’ at him in big bold letters. He pretended to settle in to begin working until Melissa left.

When she walked away he popped his head out of his den and looked both ways down the narrow pathway. When it was clear of anyone watching, he grabbed his briefcase, stood up and walked out. He made his way back into the maze, down one hallway, turning left and down another.

He stopped and peered down a corridor. In all of his years in the business, he had never seen something so majestic. She wasn't too big and she wasn't too small, but she looked as if she could handle her own against those who meant to do her wrong. He adjusted his glasses so they rested farther up on his face.

"Archie, are you seeing this?" He spoke softly.

"Oh, I'm seeing it alright. She's a beaut. She looks great from the outside, I wonder what the inside looks like." Archie announced. Archie sat outside the building observing what Tim saw on a monitor through a small camera that was installed into his glasses.

"This is why I love my job." Tim spoke softly again.

"Yeah, this isn't fair that you get to get at that. How about you come out to the van and I'll take it over from here?"

"Nah, you couldn't get in that even if you were left alone with her overnight."

Archie laughed and retorted the insult, "It's not that hard to crack a vault, besides the door is already open."

"That's my point exactly, and it's a good thing they already have the outside door open else, by the looks of it, I would have to crack a BS-1150 biometric palm scanner."

"Yeah... ain't nobody got time for that. Speaking of time, once you open that inside

gate you have got roughly ten minutes to get in and get out before security knows something is not right.”

Archie and him had a long past together. They grew up with each other so they worked well together. They started as penny store candy crooks, and now they single-handedly caused several banks all up and down the west coast to have to completely redo their security systems.

Tim walked up to the gate guarding the inside from the outside. He examined the card scanner, it was the same kind that locked the door from the main lobby.

“What’s your plan for this one, *Houdini*?” Archie asked through Tim’s ear-piece.

Tim looked down at his hand as he pulled something from his jacket pocket. “Well, I lifted these from the lovely Melissa, just in case.” He said and held up Melissa’s lanyard with her ID card and keys.

He scanned her ID and he heard the sound of a mechanic tumbler fall into place. The metal grinded as he opened the gate and walked through. He made his way over to shelf where stacks of hundred dollar bills laid in neat piles. He set his briefcase down on a nearby table and opened it. Tim then started filling it with the bills making sure to check each stack for dye packs. The last thing he needed was to have his briefcase explode on his

way out and cover him in the red dye. His briefcase was brand new, and he didn't want to part with it just yet.

After it was filled he shut the briefcase and pulled a pen and pad out of his pocket and scribbled a phrase that read 'HAS WET MIRE'. He ripped the paper off, set it down and then walked out of the vault.

Archie buzzed in his ear as he walked out, "Really? You just had to leave a note, you couldn't just get out?"

"Ya know... I've been waiting to use that anagram for a while now." Tim said, chuckling, "Besides everyone needs a call sign. How else would they know who took their money!?"

"I mean your face *is* on the security cameras..." Tim could tell by the tone of Archie's voice that he probably had his palm over his face at that moment.

He made his way down the hallways, but they seemed much longer now like the pressure of the situation was making the world around him bigger. One hallway to the next, he found his way into the lobby where he quickly scurried through the waiting tenants and out the glass front doors. He stepped onto the sidewalk, the sun was much brighter outside. Pedestrians walked past him, he turned left and went with the flow to blend in. At the first

corner he took another left and followed the sidewalk till he came to an inconspicuous electrical company van parked alongside the road. Around back he knocked twice and the back door swung open. He climbed in and set the briefcase down.

“That was a long first day of work, I’m exhausted.” he jokes, “Now you go get to tell the owner the bank failed his requested security test.”

“Of course, I get the bearer of bad news job...” Archie responded disapprovingly.