

A Greedy Friendship

“Put your God damn mask on!” I said. “What the hell is wrong with you Bernie!”

Bernie broke the glass of the front door with his elbow and we stepped inside the bank.

“Sit the fuck down!” I said.

“Hey Lady! Sit the fuck down!”

“If you move one more inch I will shoot you!”

The random customer I yelled at was very frightened and shaken up. Bernie jumped over the counter. He was overweight, so it took him longer than expected. Bernie pulled his pants up, his dirty underwear drooped over his jeans a little. He pointed his gun at the teller’s head.

“Give me the money!” Bernie screamed.

I could tell Bernie was nervous, he had never done anything like this before. He was so nervous, but he tried to keep his wits about him. His lips trembled just a little with each word that exited his fat hole on his face. A woman hit the alarm under the counter. Bernie turned around and fired a warning shot that broke another window in the bank.

“I don’t know if I can do this,” Bernie said.

“Keep it together man, its almost over”

The teller opened the safe to reveal piles of money. The money smelt new, piles of freshly made bills were all around me. The scent of a crisp twenty-dollar bill multiplied by one thousand, it almost made me horny.

“Start bagging the cash,” I said.

I kept my gun pointed at the unknown customers and bank employees. “It is so fucking loud in here, I hate these alarms!” I couldn’t take the sound much longer. I took my mask off to wipe my face, it was so hot under the black wool mask. My hair was dripping as if I just got out of the shower. I bent my neck from side to side until the cartilage snapped.

“Freeze! NYPD!”

The officers looked right at my face as I stood there with my mask in hand.

“Oh shit,” I said. The cops have identified me.

“Fuck you pigs!” I yelled.

I shot one of the police officers in the shoulder and he began to bleed like a faucet. I knew that I just made things worse. Bernie came out of the back room with two bags filled with cash.

“Man, we need to get the hell out of here,” I said.

“Why is your mask off?” Bernie asked.

“Idk, I fucked up bad. You know how I don’t like the summer months.”

We ran toward the front door of the bank to get away and Bernie tripped over one of the bags of cash. The sound of his enormous body hitting the floor was earth shattering. Just my luck, his ankle has snapped in two!

“Just leave me behind man,” Bernie said.

“I can’t do that.”

“You will never make it out of here, I will just drag you down,” he said.

I looked around and saw a cart that the bank used to haul big bundles of cash into the safe.

Bernie dragged his body onto the cart.

“I can roll you out of here now,” I said.

I pointed my gun toward the officers and anyone that stood in my way, as I pulled Bernie on the cart behind me.

“God you are a fat fuck Bernie!”

“I know, I need to lay off the Dunkin Donuts,” Bernie said.

Out of nowhere a cop came around the corner with a shotgun. The crunching sound of broken glass beneath his feet startled me. I turned my head and before I knew it, I had a bullet in my side. I shot back at the officer and the bullet hit him right between the eyes, killing him instantly.

“You killed a cop man!” Bernie yelled.

“We are both going down for that one.”

“We are both fucked anyway Bernie!” I yelled.

This plan to get rich didn’t go as we planned. I laid next to Bernie and kissed his forehead. I have known him since we were kids, playing baseball in the backyard and sneaking into my dad’s closet to peak at his dirty magazines. We were always destined to be criminals, we were even criminals as kids, stealing Pokémon cards from the nerdy kids at school and selling them back to them.

“Bernie, I love you man. We were tired of being a couple of poor kids, so we took this risk, and it didn’t pay off buddy, so what do you want to do now pal?”

“I don’t want to spend the rest of my life in jail.” Bernie said. I saw the tears roll down his face.

“Bernie, you are my best friend. I love you,” I said. I looked at my gun and put one shell in the side of his head. Bernie’s skin instantly turned cold. He fell over with drool dripping from his lips as he died. I kissed his head, his cold skin tasted like salt. I laid down and chuckled.

“I love that fat fuck,” I said.

My laughter filled the room as the sound of handcuffs clicked over my wrists.