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People Have Always Trusted Me

by Miriam Silver

It was the dead of night. I picked up, it was one of those scheming guys wanting us to do another job for them, always for peanuts, I was wide awake now and worrying.

I'd better explain.

I'm Joe, easy going guy, ambitious so long as it's easy money. Been inside once, that's where I met the dodgy fellows who are rather like stalkers, never leave you alone once they know you're trying to go straight.

Barbara met me when I came out, she was finding it difficult to make ends meet, we had always been a good pair, wanted to settle down, have a family, keen for me to make enough money, her biological clock was ticking.

We both became fed up with being used by the guys who seem to make it big time with nice flat, clothes, driving around in upmarket cars, keeping the biggest cut, leaving us needing them and their rotten jobs. We were keen to move on, disappear and start our real life soon.

"Let's get away from this lot, I bet you can do better than them," Babs decided.

"Oh yeah! Got any ideas then?" I asked her, concealing my hesitation.

"Yes, as it happens," she snapped, and began to outline some ideas, adding,

"In case you haven't noticed I am keen to start a family and unless we make some money now we'll never be able to do it."

“Sounds like an ultimatum to me mate,” quickly adding, “ok what’s your plan?”

Perking up, she outlined it. I’d steal a car, she’d be the get away driver, we’d be disguised, no real guns, go to another town, rob the bank there, drive to the local multistory, leave car, steal another one and make our way to the airport.

Wow! What could I say?

“One modification lover if you’ll excuse me?” I offered.

“What?” she said, not sounding interested.

“Perhaps have the second car already in place?” But she had a better idea,

“Don’t bother with second car, call a cab as soon as we’re clear.”

It did seem possible, so simple, doing our own thing, not involving anyone, keeping it to ourselves, we’d make it on our own.

We did make a few detailed plans very simple and uncomplicated almost childlike .

It all went well, the robbery, that is, until the alarm sounded which alerted the cops. Our plans hadn’t included the bank’s security system, we were neglectful, should have researched that.

Caught red handed I was, that is I was, pointing a gun, poor sod of a copper, how was he to know it wasn’t the real thing.

I’m writing this from the hospital, I will be able to walk again, only as far as the prison after the trial, where my lawyer will base my defence on the fact that I was acting alone.

With time on my hands I can only assume she didn’t understand the bank’s security. She couldn’t be a ‘nark’? I’m sure we’ll meet again when I come out.

