

The Sirens to Luxury

By Nicole Carpio

The water splashes as two suspicious police officers ran down the rainy streets late on a lonesome night. Each of them carries a heavy bag on their backs. One of them runs further from his friend. The sounds of an alarm beep louder and louder as they continue to run.

I'm right beside you, Lenny! Run! Lenny thinks to himself. *But what's the plan? Where do we go?*

“What will we do after all of this, George?” Lenny asks.

“What will we do? I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” George says. “I’ll leave my job and live the rest of my life in luxury.”

“Luxury, huh? Is that all?”

“What else? Relaxation is better than labor.”

Lenny passes through the same street as if it’s endless. He misplaces his foot and drops flat on his face; his bag falls down. Artifacts and stolen goods scatter on the floor.

Chills crawl down from his spine. The sounds get louder as the road becomes a dark hallway of an art museum.

The darkness turns into a bright red as the lights start to blink. The sirens echo louder.

“Way to go, Lenny. You set off the alarms,” George says.

“I’m sorry,” Lenny says.

“Whatever. Take the stuff and scram!”

George starts to run off with a large bag. He grabs his large bag, ties the knot, and carries the bags downstairs. A race between possibilities of freedom and prison occurs. The heavy bags weigh Lenny down as his fears increase with each step he takes.

“George...” Lenny says, breathless. “We won’t be able to get all of this down.”

“We’re gonna have to use all of our strength,” George says.

“I’m worried that we might get caught.”

“We’ll get caught if you act upon worries. Nervousness and regret cause recklessness.”

With both of his hands, George holds onto his bag and rushes down the stairs. Lenny looks at the bottom of the staircase. The distance between him and the first floor makes it feel like an eternity. He shakes his head and holds his bag with all his strength. The bag felt heavier.

“Move quicker or I’ll ditch you,” George says.

“You can’t ditch me,” Lenny struggles to say. “I’m your driver.”

George repositions his bag. He sighs as he made his way down the stairs.

“Fine, but don’t take too long,” George says.

Lenny unties the bag and discards the heaviest items. The bag becomes lighter, yet he still feels heavy. He rushes downstairs to catch up with his friend.

Lenny enters the first floor. The alarms got louder. He didn't see his friend or the exit. The red lights show him a glimpse of the hallways, but it's difficult to focus when the sirens grow louder.

"Lenny!" George shouts. "This way!"

At the end of the hallway, George holds his bag tight. He stands near the exit as he holds the door. Lenny runs towards the door with relief.

They ran into the open road. The sounds of the alarm muffle from the sound of the rain. Lenny takes his car keys as they reach an old mobile car. He tries to start the ignition, but the engine doesn't run.

"What's wrong? Drive!" George says.

"I can't. It won't turn on," Lenny says.

He tries again, but no luck. The two hear the sirens, not from the museum, but from a cop car. George punches his seat. He looks at the window. The longer they stay, the chances they'll get caught.

"What do we do?" Lenny asks.

“We run,” George says.

Both men take their bags and open the car doors. They both ran from their car as the police sirens became louder.

“I’m right beside you, Lenny!” George shouts. “Run!”

The police sirens begin to blend with the rain, but it continues to repeat as Lenny leaves into the empty streets. The sounds of their footsteps fade into the darkness. Neither of them seems to notice, nor did they ever see each other again.

Hours later, the police arrive. They investigate the crime scene that Lenny and George left. Years pass by, the case gets older. The artifacts, gone. The thieves vanish forever one year later.

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