

George sat on a cold steel bench thinking about how he came to be sitting there.

“Where did I start to go wrong?” He muttered into the dark.

Then it hit him like a brick. George was surprised by how vividly he remembered it. The events leading to his current position came back to him in a rush.

It was summer time, but he didn’t remember the year. George saw his 13 year old self sitting on the rim of a garden plot with two other kids. They were the cool kids at school, though George never could remember their names. At the time it had seemed a great honor for them to even talk to him.

Soon he began hanging out with them all the time. They became his life. Anything they told George to do, he did. One fateful day, those bad boys wanted some candy, so they asked George to steal some while they distracted the clerk. He was hesitant, but they convinced George by saying that “it is only a few pieces of candy, stores make enough money to survive without it”.

George was praised by his companions when he came out with the treats. They devoured them quickly and left. George completed this routine for them often, learning what a store’s strengths and weakness’ were.

Those jerks eventually tired of him and latched on to some other kid. George began to study every place he went. He checked their security, their schedule, and everything else. George soon became a professional robber.

He got quite the reputation and was often hired to steal items featured in a family feud. He also did the dirty work for criminals. George always took unmarked bills for the items, and never stole money of any kind. He knew that marked money was trackable and didn’t want to risk his life.

After hundreds of successful jobs, George got cocky. He began to take jobs robbing museums and largely guarded areas.

One day he got hired to steal a rare fossil. First thing, George researched the floor plan. Then he made several trips to the museum where the exhibit was held. He reviewed their security issues and the hours of operation.

George planned the burglary for a Saturday. He was ready with an escape vehicle and had black clothes on to blend in with the dark. As he drove his car to the back alley, George put his mask on.

George crept up the piping on the side of the museum. He scurried along the roof to the vents, then slid inside. He checked his map and hooked his rope to the wall. Moving through a hole he

had made by removing the vent cover, George lowered himself to the fossil display. When he touched the case, an alarm went off!

Suddenly, George was surrounded by guards. He was lowered, cuffed and in a police car before he knew what was happening. All George could think about was how stupid he had been to not check the alarm systems.

He was snapped back into the present by the click of keys in the cell lock. He saw the silhouette of a man in the doorway with George's breakfast. As he ate his cold toast, George considered how long 20 years was. He regretted his life decisions immensely, but he couldn't change that. The best he could do was make a better future.