

Mr. Pink.

You know, it isn't easy to run like hell during the day with cops heading up on your ass? Really. Right now, I was doing about 90 in a 35 zone with my satchel of diamonds in my shotgun's seat. I winded down my window and pointed my gun out of the window. I fired a few rounds and then got my hand back in as quickly as possible. I could hear the gun shots after my head as I skidded around a corner as fast as I could. Soon after the corner, a car came absolutely out of no where. I smashed into the steering wheel and the satchel fell onto the floor.

I rubbed my forehead to find blood. "FUCK MAN! I'M BLEEDING!" I yelled. Luckily, I wasn't in the same state as Mr Brown was earlier. I reached down and grabbed the diamonds. I was now running like hell through the street, my handgun in one hand and the diamonds held close to my chest so no one could take them from me. I didn't know where I was going man, I was just running like hell. Hoping for a car to appear any time soon. Anything.

Instead, I get a bike. That's right, a fucking pedal bike that didn't look to be in the best of conditions. But hey, that suited how I felt at that moment in time. So I grab the bike off the pavement and started pedalling like crazy. I was heading down the pavement and then turned a sharp right down an alleyway. Then a bunch of other crazy corners, I mean crazy. Like one second left, then right, then right, then right. So on, it was crazy as fuck.

So anyway, I reach the end of this alley to see it fenced off. At this moment, I was shitting bricks man. I turned the bike around only to see four officers standing there with all their guns pointed at me. I got off my bike and threw it onto the floor as hard as I could. I was really pissed off at how they caught me and there was absolutely nothing I could do. I took the magazine out to see only two rounds. I only had enough rounds for three of the officers, including the one in the barrel. The officers were yelling all sorts of stupid shit at me like "put down your gun" and "you don't have to do this man".

I was like fuck that shit man. But, funny enough, this was also the meeting point of some gang I couldn't even give a shit about. They were walking around the corner to see these four officers with their guns all pointed at me. These two gang members then with like these desert eagle fucking things shot these four cops. Now, the two gang members were telling me to give them my satchel, pointing their guns at me, before they blew my brains all over the fence behind me.

I then did this most amazing dive you will ever witness, really. You had to be there to believe it. I shot one of them in the head, fell down onto the floor as the other tried to shoot me, and then shot him in the chest. He fell down like a sack of shit, crying his eyes out and all sorts. So I shot another round, that went straight up his fucking asshole.

Now, my gun was fresh out of ammo, so I collection the desert eagles off one of the guys and the rest of the ammunition off the corpses. I then rushed out the alleyway to see their car still running, one of the most amazing looking cars I've ever seen. As I got into the car, I could see so much gadgets, I doubt any guy would even use even close to half of the damn things. I mean, they had gadgets for just about every-fucking-thing man. I was shocking they didn't have a tin opener or a vending machine.

So anyway, I then rushed as fast as I could. With my satchel on the seat next to me. I then drove straight out of town as quickly as I could, dumped the car and then caught a cab to a nearby restaurant where I then sat down and enjoyed a nice cheese burger at only four pm.

"That was some amazing story man, just one thing, how much of that is really true?" the man on the other side of the table asked me. "Fuck you" I told him, I then turned to the aged man sitting next to him and asked him "now, when are we doing the job?".