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A Hot Day

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“Let’s tip it over!”
Suddenly, my hideout begins tilting back and forth, gradually growing in magnitude. In a flash, I explode out of the mobile toilet. Sending bodies flying, I hurdle the siege in a single bound, a solitary sheet of toilet paper streaming off my right foot. I rejoin my circle of colleagues, turning to survey the scattered corpses lying on the ground from my flight. My focus returns to the coaches and Facundo catches my eye. The hairy Argentine shakes his head as his chest heaves with laughter. “Only you, Cole. Only you.”

A mosquito landed on the bank’s glass window. It swatted its wings impatiently, almost fanning itself off, before it took off again. Inside, I stood impatiently in line, clasping my deposit slip. I wiped my forehead, but there was too much sweat on my face from the sweltering heat outside.

The heat had made the lone teller lethargic, and the line I was in wound around tables and signs until nearly the door. I looked down at my watch, shaking my head anxiously, and shifted my weight.

Another man in line caught my interest. Dressed fairly well, in a dark suit, he was wearing dark sunglasses, which, on account of the bright day, could be understandable, but he felt wrong. The reader probably knows the feeling; there wasn’t so much proof. Well, there was one thing: he didn’t hold a check or some other scrap of paper, like most of us did.

I looked down at my deposit slip, ensuring everything was in order. I exhaled loudly, hoping it would help cool me off, and looked slowly around the bank. The security officer had exited, probably for his smoking break. I frowned, and then looked over at the dark-suited man. He was looking over at the exit, his right hand now inside his coat pocket, and he seemed to be grasping something inside. My eyes widened. He’s got a gun, I thought.

I breathed slowly. No sense in getting excited. If he started shooting up the place, dozens of people could get hurt. I reached inside my coat, feeling for my badge: it was there.

The dark-suited man looked around the room, probably checking for the security guard. I guessed that he wouldn’t be back for another ten minutes—plenty of time for a heist. Good thing I was here.

He moved towards the teller window. I moved a little to the side so I could watch his movements. He smoothly walked up to the window, removing a gun from his pocket, and shot the customer who stood there. I twitched at the shot.
People started screaming, but I was concentrating more on his gun. I hadn’t heard a really audible report; obviously, he was using a silencer. Clever fellow.

I quickly pulled out my badge, and with my other hand removed my gun from my waistband. “Police!” I yelled.

He turned to me, surprised, and then turned his gun at the bank teller. “I’ll shoot her!” Her face turned cement white.

I just pulled the trigger. It was one of my cleanest shots; right to the head and he was down. No danger to the hostage.

I quickly made my way through the line to the teller, pushing past the people who were slapping me on the back, thanking me. The teller thanked me profusely. I merely smiled casually, and put my deposit slip down on the table. It read, “Give me all your money.”

My First International Flight

NyEma Sims

Passengers, fasten your seatbelts and prepare for take off! As I glance out the window, I see that we are slowly beginning to move. Not much time passes before we rapidly gain momentum; off into the sky we go. It will be a nineteen hour race to our final destination. The food is edible; I don’t mind the crying babies or the guy next to me that is talking excessively. Why, might you ask? Because it is what is to come that I can’t wait for: a new land, different people, diverse culture and religion. This will be the experience of a lifetime. The clouds seem to disperse themselves, opening up a gap to reveal that which is unknown to me. It’s like a dream that I never want to wake up from. As I look out onto the beautiful horizon, I see the majesty that I always took for granted, but this time the angle is different and that makes all the difference. The feelings are indescribable, the emotion uncontrollable. I feel a peace and serenity that covers me like a warm blanket on a wintery night. Everything is moving so fast, although according to the clouds it feels like slow motion. The clouds drift along as the sunrise creeps up between it in beautiful hues of purple, pink, red and orange. Every color plays its part perfectly to create something that touches me deep down in my soul. Every little area exposed with nowhere to hide. But this beauty is only attainable at this angle, this angle from 37,000 feet in the air, moving at a speed of 580 miles per hour. As day breaks, this is the first time I am able to see land and water. The stars are beginning to fade and the sun does a little dance as it comes to full view, but the memory is embedded in me forever. Slowly, one by one, as if being directed by an orchestra, each passenger starts to wake up. A stretch here, a yawn there and a wipe of the eyes as everyone takes one last look. A change is occurring and for the first time I am not afraid. I will embrace it and never turn back. Doors are opening and I am walking through them with no hesitation, just faith. I reach into my purse and pull out a single piece of gum. I pop it in my mouth and prepare for descent. It’s