

## Chapter 5

*First, we need two vehicles: One legal and one stolen. We need the stolen vehicle so that it can't be traced to any of us in any way. We park the legal vehicle about a half a mile from the store. We then approach the store in the stolen car, hit the place, then four of us head out to the legal car, ditch the stolen one, and drive off.*

As is almost always the case in criminal circles, the women of the group had very little experience stealing cars while many of the men had broken into their criminal careers that way. Riley was not one of those men, so he sent the most experienced car thieves of the group, Toby and Will, out to get them the extra car they needed.

*The problem with a lot of car thieves is that they do it for the wrong reason. They grab the hottest car they can find and if the car's security system doesn't get them caught, their joy riding antics inevitably lead them to speed past some cop. You guys will not make either of these mistakes. You will take a nice trip to the country to find some old, unlocked, car with the keys in the ignition. The only thing you will be armed with is a nice juicy steak to quiet down any watchdogs. You will then drive back here without squealing the tires, driving over the speed limit, or running any stop signs. You will bring the car straight back here to the garage and we will keep it out of site until it's go time. Any questions?*

The car thefts went off without a hitch. Toby and Will scored a Chevy Malibu on their third home. It took only two steaks to keep the dogs quiet and it was 7 AM the next morning before the owners even noticed it was missing. Within three hours of the two of them leaving the car was back in the city, locked up, out of site, and in the garage.

*Before we head out, Sydney here is going to transform us all except for Sutton. We'll be in wigs, glasses, fake skin, a few extra pounds around the waste...basically, you're going to look like a completely different person. It will look real, though. That way, the people the eyewitnesses see and the cameras catch on tape won't actually be us. They'll be looking for some non-existent people. We then rip off the costumes as soon as we get to the new vehicles, switch cars, drive away with the costumes in the trunk, and burn them as soon as we get back.*

“Sydney girl, you might not say much but you are a miracle worker.” It was Murphy speaking and Sydney had just transformed his brown hair to red, added some freckles, lightened his skin, and gave him some blue contacts. Since he was only going to be a driver during the actual theft, no change to his body type was made.

“You look like you belong in some advertisement for Lucky Charms, dude,” Sutton told him. And she was right, he did in fact look like the Irishman that his name suggested he was.

“Ay, we'll ha'e the luck o' ta irish, we wi',” he said in an accent that actually sounded more Indian than Irish.

And Murphy wasn't the only one that had been transformed. Riley's short, dark brown, almost black hair, was covered in a shoulder length blond wig. His blue eyes had become brown and Sydney had added about 20 years worth of wrinkles to his skin. He was also given a very distinctive mole on the left side of his chin and along with Toby and Will, he about 15 extra pounds around added around the middle.

Besides a change in hair, eye color, and weight, Toby was given a larger nose, his skin darkened, and, because she knew it would piss him off, Sydney gave him a child molester style mustache. Will was given about 10 extra years of wrinkles, had a double chin added, and was sporting a fake beard.

Lastly, Sydney, with the help of Sutton, transformed her own long, sandy blonde hair into a short, dark wig, gave herself the green eyes she'd always wished for, added a tightly trimmed beard,

and bushed up her eye brows. In short, she made herself look like a man.

“Wow,” Sutton said, “I really don’t recognize any of you. That’s crazy.”

Toby, pissed off about his mustache, couldn’t resist lashing out at Sydney, “I’d say, Syd, you did a bang up job here. I especially like what you’ve done with yourself. I think you should keep it. Being a man suits you better.”

Sydney’s eyes dropped straight to the floor and she retreated to a corner of the room. Knowing she wouldn’t stick up for herself, Murphy fought for her, “Why do always have to be a jerk? Just because yours is a pathetic existence is no reason to rip on her.”

“Oh yeah, and this from the-“

“Gentlemen,” it was Riley butting in, “do we really need to do this right now? We’re about an hour away from getting this thing started. Let’s stay cool, alright?” He looked at them both to make sure they understood. For the past two weeks, he had constantly struggled to keep these two at bay from one another. He couldn’t wait until this was over and he could stop playing babysitter.

He looked over in the corner to wear the miracle worker had retreated. “Sydney, bang up job. You are definitely first class all the way. Thank you.”

The only person not decorated up was Sutton. Her responsibility in this whole thing was a bit unique.

*Sutton, you get to put those acting skills to work to help keep people calm and under control. You’re going to walk into the jewelry store about 10 minutes before us. You’re trying to find exactly the right kind of engagement ring for your boyfriend to buy you. When we bust in, you’re just another customer. When we give an order, you’ll be the first to do it - setting an example for the rest of them. When we leave, we’re going to give instructions for everyone to sit tight for 15 minutes or else. You’ll be sure to persuade them all to do just that. Lastly, when the cops show up you’ll be right there to make sure you give them exact details of*

*how we looked when we walked in. You'll also be there to find out if any other witnesses noticed anything we need to be aware of.*

Sutton opened the door of the Dante's Jewelers at exactly 2:30 in the afternoon. The fifty-year old Dante Johnson was behind the counter educating a rather nervous looking young man about diamonds. Sutton walked over to the opposite counter and, rather than pretending to look at diamonds, actually did. She was looking for her favorite one, she was hoping Riley would let her have it after they job was over.

About three minutes later, a young couple walked in.

"Damn," Riley said to no one in particular as he watched all this from across the street. "I've been watching this place for weeks and it's always empty at this time of day."

"Do you want to wait until another day?" Toby asked.

"No. Most likely the extra couple of people will help the old man do what we say. He might not mind giving his own life in defense of his business, but I doubt he'd so happily give up the lives of a bunch of innocent people."

"Wouldn't bother me," Toby replied.

"Yeah, well, that's why I don't ever plan on robbing you."

"Can I help you miss," it was the old man talking to Sutton.

She smiled at him and said, "I really don't know anything at all about diamonds and I want to be able to help my boyfriend pick out just the right one." About four more minutes until armed men were going to come through the front door. "Do you think you can teach me what we should be looking for?"

He pulled out a tray that had the diamond ring she'd been eyeing up. He set it on the table, pulled out his magnifying eyepiece, and began to explain the details of fine diamonds to her. Meanwhile, the young man he had been helping before was looking at several other pieces. The newly entered couple seemed content to hold hands and glance lovingly at one another as they pointed out various rings that they liked.