

A Day for a Beagle Hound

by Nishaun Smith

One day Robert Charleson woke up, he was feeling hungry as usually. He had been eating dog food, stuff he had bought for, Beagle. He knew there was not much food left in his cupboard so he reached for his other cupboard, the one that contained his revolver. He gave his dog a look and the dog looked back almost as if wishing him luck. He looked at his revolver and went over the plan he had formulated the previous night.

He now entered the Shrewsbury bank, he looked around but no one was there. He walked around the bank aimlessly looking for someone to serve him. He found no one there, he saw some money strewn about the floor so he grabbed it and threw it into his sack. He also noticed there was a bit of blood but he did not pay any attention to the drops. He ran over to where he knew the vault was, he ran into the already opened vault and he saw that there was no money. Robert saw a small safe in the corner. He walked over to it and saw it had a key pad. He started pushing buttons randomly in hope of breaking the safe.

After a short while he punched in the correct sequence and the safe unlocked. Robert was elated he let out a joyous shout. Then he heard a noise behind him, it was a man's voice, the voice said, "I told you to stay in the back room." He turned his head and saw a man standing in the vault doorway, he had a gun. Robert went to turn around forgetting his own weapon was still in his hand. The man in the doorway pointed his weapon and fired as he saw that Robert was carrying a revolver. Mr. Charleson never saw his dog again.

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