

Synapse
Year 1
Mission 1

by

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He had studied them for weeks. There was nothing exact, but close enough that the timing wouldn't be too difficult. They always left the garage, turned left, and then right on Murchison. That's all he could depend on, but that was enough. All he needed was to look at the driver. Didn't have to be in the same room with him, just look at him, and he'd know where they were going, how long they'd be gone, and who else was still in the building.

Morally this was questionable. These were drug dealers, but stealing is stealing, and could potentially get some innocent stooge killed. But wasn't it just a matter of time anyway? What's the life expectancy of a stooge in a major drug ring? You can get to a ripe old age if you're the only game in town, but this was a big city, with lots of trouble. If there wasn't, why would there be so much security. And by security he meant scary men with guns.

And what else was he going to do? He had no secret identity, and who knows who's after him. And he's not gonna be like Bruce, wandering from town to town taking crummy jobs for minimum wage until a pimp causes trouble and all hell breaks loose. He was going to lay low in style. He had these powers and he was going to figure out how to make a living with them.

"Why won't they leave already," he thought. "There's only so long you can pick up trash before this starts to look suspicious. "

He stabbed at the ground with his nail on a stick and picked up a call girl card. Out call services. 24/7. Call today. "Yeah," he thought. "That's what I could do with the money." He frowned. "Who am I kidding, none of them look like this." He put the card in his garbage sack.

He heard the whir of the garage door going up and he jumped a little bit. "Smooth," he told himself, "real smooth." The big black car rolled out of the garage and down the street. Standing on the corner of Howard and Murchison, the car passed him and everything the driver knew started poring into him. Breakfast, underwear, mileage, route, destination, passengers, time line. Way more than he wanted, but it takes a second to find exactly what you're looking for. He even got a look at the boss. The boss hadn't changed the codes since he ran into him at the track, but he knew he almost never changed them. It's always good to be safe.

Thirty minutes. That's how long it would take for them to get there. So what do you do while you're waiting for the local drug king pin to get far enough away? Maybe a muffin to kill the time.

Twenty five minutes later he finished his muffin and the free music newspaper at the cafe. He walked outside to a pay phone. He could see the warehouse from the pay phone. Not completely, but enough to see if any commotion was happening.

He called Michael's cell phone.

"Hello," Michael said.

He yelled into the pay phone. "It's Jimmy from La Grande. Bring everybody down here. They're shooting. HURRY!"

He hung up.

The pay phone rang. And rang. A man walked by and looked at him.

“Are you going to answer that?”

“No.”

The man reached for the phone.

“Don't answer that.”

“Why not?”

“Because your mistress isn't going to wait forever, now move along.” He needed more work on when to use his powers. Or at least how to control his temper.

The man ran away. The phone stopped ringing.

He could see the warehouse buzzing with activity. Time to move. The guards left their post out front and ran inside. Probably just a matter of time now. The garage door started going up. One car after another flew out of the garage. The garage door went down as the cars sped out of sight.

The decision to use keypad locks on the warehouse was an easy one. No keys to lose, no keycards to manage, and they could reset the keypads themselves at any time. The fewer people involved the better.

He had at least thirty minutes before they realized what had happened, but on the off chance one of these idiots would actually open their address book and call someone, rather than just hitting redial, he had to work fast. But that wasn't a problem. He wasn't interested in the drugs, or the guns, he just wanted the money. And they had told him everything he needed.

He spelled out “EGYPT,” on the keypad to open the front door. “STRIPPER” deactivated the alarm. Down the shop floor, up the stairs to the office door. The boss's daughter's birthday opened the office door. The measurements of miss July 1968 provided the key to the safe.

He shoveled the stacks of bills into his garbage sack. As tempting as all the other items in the safe were they were all too traceable. \$104,580. Less than what the operation made in a day, but plenty for him to live on until he got this all sorted out.

He shut the safe, spun the dial, reset the alarm, and was out the door.

“Be cool. Be cool,” he told himself as he walk-skip-ran down the street.

As he walked over the hill he could hear the squeal of tires in the distance coming closer.

“I wonder how long until they realize what's happened?” he thought. “I hope they don't kill Michael over this. He was the one that probably called it in. The one who realized they had been taken.”

His mind turned to his sack of money.

“If I'm gonna keep doing this I'm going to need some mode of transportation. Why couldn't I fly or something? I'm gonna need to find someone that can teach me how to steal cars.”

He was already wrestling with his broadening life of crime. He wasn't going to keep the car. Just use it long enough to pull off the next job. He didn't want to use a nice person's car. Even if they weren't implicated in the crime, it'd still mean an enormous inconvenience for someone. There's gotta be a bunch of people in this city that deserved some inconvenience. Maybe he could act as some sort of

karmic payback. Inconveniencing the assholes of the city for all their assholery.

“I'm gonna need some gloves so I don't leave finger prints. And a snappy super hero name.”

But for now he'd take the bus.