He heard quiet steps behind him. That He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for now watching him and waiting for a a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky darkness and suddenly darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was have to go back the way he had come. a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got louder and louder, he saw the black outline of a figure coming around the corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a he could smell the fear coming off his clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze. Could this be the haven he'd

didn't bode well. Who could be off the big time and was making off crook who'd had the same idea, and was those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously , looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the labor? Or did the steps behind left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash officers in town was on to him can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along stiffened: it was a dead-end, he would the black outline of a figure coming around the corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell the fear coming off his barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze. back the way he had come. Could this be the haven he'd p

He heard quiet steps behind him. That He heard quiet steps behind didn't bode well. Who could be him. That didn't bode well. Who following him this late at night and in could be following him this late this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled at night and in this deadbeat off the big time and was making off with part of town? And at this the greenbacks. Was there another particular moment, just after he crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for a pulled off the big time and was chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or making off with the greenbacks. did the steps behind him mean that one did the steps behind him mean that one Was there another crook who'd of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and of many law officers in town was on to had the same idea, and was now snap those cuffs on his wrists? He him and just waiting to pounce and snap watching him and waiting for a nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he chance to grab the fruit of his darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost him mean that one of many law falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky and just waiting to pounce and darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was snap those cuffs on his wrists? a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got He nervously looked all around. louder and louder, he saw the black Suddenly he saw the alley. Like outline of a figure coming around the The steps got louder and louder, he saw lightning he darted off to the left corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against and disappeared between the the wall trying to make himself invisible two warehouses almost falling in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with over the trash can lying in the sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell middle of the sidewalk. He tried the fear coming off his clothes. to nervously tap his way along Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly in the inky darkness and to and fro in the night's breeze. Could suddenly stiffened: it was a this be the haven dead-end, he would have to go