

# Chaos Theory

by Max Menzel

His eyes reflected the full moon shining brightly in the black of the night. There weren't any stars. The man's bare feet turned black from the dust on the rooftop. He had always been afraid of heights though he had bungee jumped once. Back then, he had looked down from the bridge onto the cold river, knowing he would be safe because there was a safety rope around him. Now, he looked down the same way as he did that day on the bridge. His legs were shaking the same way as they did then. The only difference was he didn't see a river; instead, he saw a two-lane concrete road. Along the road were several shops, which were all closed except for a supermarket. He knew that this jump would be different. This time, there was no safety rope around him. The reflection of the moon disappeared as he closed his eyes for one last time.

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Meanwhile, on the other side of the city in front of a bank stood a man. A man who was African- American. A man whose name was Marcus James. A man who needed money. Earlier that day, his wife had been in a car accident. Both passengers from the other a car, a woman and her eight year old son, died immediately. Marcus' wife, Diana, survived the crash with the black Mercedes, but she needed brain surgery. Without one, she would die. So Marcus needed money – money he didn't have. He took off his glasses and put them into his left sweater pocket, because in the right one, there was a pistol. A toy pistol. He put on a ski mask and walked up the stairs towards the door.

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"It's going to be close." Those were Annie Wither's thoughts as the speedometer from her red SUV moved from 50 to 60. Her blues eyes were focused on the empty road. While she flung her head back, her blonde hair flew away from her face. Annie needed to catch a flight to London for an important business meeting. She prayed that everything would be okay. She had always been afraid of flying.

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Marcus pushed open the door. He knew this place like the back of his hand. This bank was his workplace. He walked up to the counter, put the rucksack he was holding on it, and pointed the fake pistol right at the clerk, his best friend, Steve. Marcus hoped Steve wouldn't recognize him. "Fill this bag with money," Marcus said gruffly.

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He was getting ready to jump. There was no reason to live anymore. He replayed the moment when Detective Montoya told him his wife and eight year old son both died in a car accident. Susan and their son had driven off in the black Mercedes to go visit Susan's mother. They never arrived. The other car's passenger, an African- American woman, survived. All that money, the expensive cars, his two houses, the Rolex he was wearing, meant nothing to him anymore. He looked at the tattoo on his arm. It read "S&C", the initials of his wife and son. A single tear ran down his cheek, and he jumped.

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Marcus ran down the stairs, laughing to himself. "That was easier than I thought it'd be," he exclaimed out loud. Now he needed a getaway vehicle. He went to stand right in the middle of the road and waited for a car to come. After a few seconds a car slowed down in front of him as he pointed the pistol at the windshield. It was a red SUV. He opened the driver's door, pulled a blond woman out of the seat, and pushed her onto the ground. "I don't want to do this," said Marcus to her. "Count to ten before you get up." He closed the door and drove off.

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Annie just stood there, frozen. She had to get a grip. She couldn't afford to miss her flight to London. She called the police and reported that her car had been stolen. After that she called the taxi service to pick her up and bring her to the airport.

When Annie finally got to the airport she ran to her gate. It was closed. Annie felt anger running through her veins. The idea of breaking the door seemed good at the time. She managed to get a hold of herself, and instead cursed. She found out that the next flight to London would be in three hours. She sat down and waited.

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Marcus was driving to the hospital. The rucksack which was now filled with money was on the passenger seat. He turned into a two-lane road. On his left, there were a few ten-story buildings. To his right, a couple of closed shops. The only light coming from that side was from a supermarket. Marcus decided to take off the ski mask he was still wearing, impairing his vision for two seconds. Right at that moment, the right side of the SUV lifted and came back onto the ground with a loud thump. He had driven over something. "A dog," he thought. Because of his love for animals, he stopped the car and looked into the rearview mirror. He couldn't see anything. Marcus got out and looked under the car. There was something stuck there. It wasn't a dog. It was a man. He was dead.

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“All flights for the next twenty four hours have been cancelled.” Annie heard the announcement. They didn’t say the reason why. Annie decided to go home and rest, after two very exhausting hours. She had never been this unlucky. She was about to reach the exit door when she walked past a television. On it was a picture of a plane wreck. The words “Breaking News” were written on top of the picture. The reporter said that the plane crashed due to yet unknown reasons. The flight was flight 453, heading to London. There were no survivors. Annie took out her ticket and looked at it. The numbers 453 stared back at her. Annie’s whole body began to shake. She could’ve died. She would’ve died if it wasn’t for that man who stole her car. Annie sat down and started to weep.

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“Oh my God,” was all that Marcus could say. He held his hands to his mouth and sat down on the street. He was crying. He robbed a bank, stole a car, and killed a man. Marcus noticed that the man was barefoot and that he was wearing a Rolex. The man also had a tattoo on his right arm: “S&C”. Marcus didn’t have time to think about what the letters could mean. He needed to get to the hospital. To Diana. It was a fifteen minute walk from here. He decided to leave the car where it was. Marcus grabbed his rucksack and disappeared into the darkness of the night.