

## Sticky Fingers

As I entered my local Target, I grabbed a cart and wobbled my way to the baby section. I felt overwhelming joy at the thought of my impending arrival. All the love. All the firsts. I was excited. As I walked down the aisle, everything looked so precious, cuddly, and warm. I spotted the rocking chair I had found online. It was everything. It could rock on its own. It played music. It even had a seat warmer. My heart filled with joy and excitement as I approached it. All I could think about were the moments the baby and I would share. I stopped and stared at its deep brown faux wood frame and blue padding with giddiness. Then, I noticed the price. \$279.99. My face twisted into confusion as my mouth flew open. I couldn't believe it. The price online was much cheaper. I felt bamboozled by the Target website. *Those lying bastards!* I thought. This was my dream chair, it was the exact piece of furniture that I needed. There was a corner picked out for it and everything.

As I turned around in disappointment, I felt my fingers begin to tingle. I thought about my days as a burglar, about all the items I used to jack and pawn without getting caught. My biggest get was this Benz from this preppy, blonde-haired chick that I went to school with. She was always bragging about her parents' money and the car they promised her for her sixteenth birthday. I rolled my eyes every time she mentioned it in her faux-Valley girl accent.

But I can still picture the day she turned sixteen. I was sitting with my girls giggling and chatting in the parking lot, as she came roaring through in her new Benz. This thing was sharp with black-on-silver exterior, whitewall tires and tinted windows. It even had a convertible top. The way she opened the door and stepped out, looking like

a fake Marilyn Monroe in all pink, was like a movie. She walked over to our group and asked "What do you girls think?" We couldn't answer. We were frozen and had no choice but to stare at its extravagant glory. She said, "I know right."

I turned to her, "Can I sit in it?"

"I would let you if I could," she flipped her hair, "But Mommy and Daddy said I can't just let anyone in my new car." A look of disgust crossed her face. She glared at our Baby Phat and Enyce outfits. She turned towards her clique and waved goodbye in a passive manner.

*How is that stuck-up white bitch going to judge me and my situation?* I thought. It was in that moment that I decided to teach her ass a lesson.

I knew she would be volleyball practice that evening. Outside of the car incident, she and I were cool. We traded pleasantries as we would pass each other in the hallway. In science lab, we traded stories and rumors. Her clique always gave me huge tips every time they ate at the burger joint I worked at.

My girls and I stuck around school after the bell rang. We waited by the green benches near the huge courtyard beech tree for the parking lot to turn into a deserted town. After a while, we checked to make sure no one was around. Then, we scampered her car. As most of the time, the security guards were preoccupied watching volleyball practice, so they didn't bother us. Once at the car, I used a metal wire from science lab to unlock the door. My girls and I stood back to see if the alarm was going to go off. We were surprised because nothing happened. *Who gets a Benz without an alarm? Her parents must have skimmed on some features.* When we opened the door, we saw the

cream and wood interior. It was something out of a magazine ad. We gasped, there was something euphoric about being a delinquent. We got in the car as fast as we could. Once inside, I hotwired it and turned up the radio. I stuck my nail file in the ignition and proceeded to haul ass out the parking lot. We did some joyriding in the car and then sold it to a chop shop for some cash.

Even though our campus had high-quality cameras, they never found out that I was the culprit. The chick ran around the school accusing everyone and their mama of stealing her car. But she never asked me about the car. I was surprised considering the new accessories I began sporting later that week. I get she trusted me due to our various interactions.

But now, I'm older and wiser. I can resist the tingling sensation. I walked away from the rocking chair and checked a few other apps on my phone. There would be a better deal somewhere else.

