

Kraft State Bank Robbery

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With the light blinding me, the last gasps of life leaving my body, and a bullet hole in my eye I died behind the wheel of that three speed Lincoln that was speeding from the cops. As my spirit left my body I could see my body in some dusty ditch where my body had been dumped out of the car that my "friends" were escaping in. If only i would have known i would have never agreed to this stupid plan.

The bank was locked between the Montgomery ward and a meat market. It was on the main strip of downtown and just on the other side of the street is Lake Menomin. We knew the hardware store and the surrounding business so we stationed Machine Gun Kelly across from the bank with a gun so he would shoot anyone who tried to stop us. The Kraft State Bank isn't a huge bank but it was built strong. As you walk in there are marble floors and walls on all sides. There are windows with employees behind them but steel bars to stop anyone from getting through. Yet on the left there are two heavy wooden doors that seem almost impenetrable.

The plan was to go in and have Charlie tell everyone at gunpoint as Tommy and Francis get a hold of Mr.Kraft and demand the money and leave. My job was to stay parked in front of the funeral parlor pull out in front of the bank as soon as the alarm rang. We had left Kelly on the lake side of the street with a machine gun so we didn't have to worry about anyone stopping us.

Our getaway car was a 1927 black Lincoln Model L. It was a top performance car and was capable of such a task of a bank robbery. The Lincoln was sporting a V8 capable of generating 90hp. The three speed transmission was easy and proficient for the quick escape we had in mind.

It wasn't just any ordinary morning the time read 9 a.m on a Tuesday in mid october. The sky was partly gloomy and a mist came up from the lake, making it foggy and almost making Menomin disappear. As the brakes of the Lincoln squeaked and slowly came to a stop to the weathered stained curb in front of the funeral parlor I knew there was no turning back. We were all in position. My body was trembling and I could barely breath as I watched Charlie, Francis, and Tommy cross Fifth Street and turn towards the bank. It felt like seconds were hours and minutes were decades and a slow bitter chill creped from my head to my toes. My heart felt like it might break a rib with its fast and firm thumps. I was keeping a firm

solid grip on my gun knowing I needed to be ready at any second to drive or shoot anyone foolish enough to get in our way.

Then the slow realization sank in that this was yet to be our biggest highest and that we can't just go back to being street criminals in the slums of St. Paul anymore and that we are now fugitives. All this worrying was interrupted by sharp and abrupt ringing of the alarm. I scrambled vigorously and almost forgot to push down the clutch and pull out of the parking spot in front of the funeral parlor. As I creep out in front of the bank I hear gunshot swarming and ringing around me. The sharp clank of metal on metal drowns my ear. It feels as if I'm in a metal tornado. As I start to feel trapped in the crossfire the door of the bank fly's open and the screams of fear surround me as I see scurry off in the bank and then Tommy pops his head out of the door and gestures to Francis and Charlie. All the sudden i see tommy with 90,000 dollars and Francis dragging Mr. Kraft hostage as he yelps for help but my attention jerks to Charlie when I see also has a hostage. It is a middle aged woman wiggling to free herself. But as Charlie stepped over the curb she tripped and Charlie let go of her. He hesitated in order to pick her up but I shouted to leave her because it was a waste of time.

Taking the hostages has slowed us down severely and even though Machine Gun Kelly was on the other side of the street the extra time it took allowed the employees at the farmers store to gather some guns and ammunition. I felt the blood coursing through my veins and the adrenaline pumping there was gun fire everywhere and as Charlie got in the car we realized he'd been hit. I knew we had no time to sit around and help tend to him so before he even closed his door I slammed the gas pedal in an effort to escape. By this time the police were getting hot on our tails and then workers at the farmers store were still surrounding us with bullets. As it seemed like the tides were turning and we were on the last stretch of our get away i felt a sudden jolt of my head and the most rabid pain i had ever experienced and as i felt the last gasps of life leave my body i realized i had been shot in the eye and it would only be a matter of seconds before i be dead.

Work cited

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