**Brodit Elijah Gabriel Pendon 3M(4)**

**Tag Team**

“You ready?” Jerome asked, breathing nervously.

“Yeah,” Mark replied. They began to pull out various tools from their black duffle bags to steal an ancient diamond. Hiding in the museum toilets the whole time, they went out to the main part of the museum. They scanned the whole place, looking for any security guards, while making little to no sound with their footsteps.

“How much is our pay?” Jerome asked, eager for a reply.

“I don’t know. Millions probably, after all the prized diamond we’re ‘borrowing’ has a lot of value.” They kept walking until they were standing outside a room full of historical objects, bones from the past, and a few statues in each corner of the room. “Aha! Here we are,” Mark said.

“Finally, let’s get this over with!” Jerome exclaimed. As he was about to step a foot in the room, Mark reached out his hand to stop him.

“Lasers, remember?” Mark threw a canister of smoke on the floor and then they watched it roll. One by one, red lasers, which when touched signal an alarm, appeared. They put on gas masks as they swiftly avoided the red lasers, which would’ve ended their mission.

Jerome was about to trip on a laser when Mark caught him. They let out a sigh. Then Jerome realized Mark was sweating. Jerome slowly shook his head, probably meaning “Oh, no!” Suddenly, a single drop of sweat from Mark hit the laser beam, filling the empty museum with loud, blaring noises.

“Just take it!” Mark shouted to Jerome, who was closer to the diamond. He took it and ran out of the museum with loud footsteps. They could hear the police sirens becoming louder.

As they were running, panting heavily, Jerome shouted, “Where are the others?” Mark was about to reply when they busted through the front door and saw cops pointing guns at them.

“Hands in the air! You’re under arrest!” a cop shouted. Without hesitation, handcuffs were locked on their wrists.

They were sent to the interrogation room. A cop asked Mark, “How many of you were operating on this mission?”

“Just the two of us, I swear,” Mark replied, thinking where the others were.

The cop raised his brow. “Okay…” he stopped to think, then asked, “I know there were more of you, so I’m going to make a deal. Are you willing to give away your friends for your freedom?”

Mark looked at him, gritting his teeth. He didn’t want to betray his friends, but the sentence he was going to get if convicted would be a very long one…

The cop interrupted him and asked a different question, “Will you betray your friends?”

Mark hesitated, then said, “No.”

The cop stroked his beard for a few seconds, then suddenly laughed, which shocked Mark. The cop said, “You know, honesty is its own reward. That’s why I’m bailing you out.”

Mark, stuck on his chair, shocked, asked, “So, you’re one of us?”

The cop nodded. “The exit’s outside waiting for you.”

Mark asked, “How about Jerome?”

The cop took him out, telling the others that Mark had to be “transported” to a “special prison”. They both entered a prison truck going back to their headquarters.

Mark asked him again of what happened to Jerome. The cop sighed sadly and said, “He was willing to sell us out…so we just took him somewhere else.”