

## Sunny Beaches and Diamonds

“We Did It Honey Pie,” I said, pulling my wife close to me as we gazed upon our pile of green riches that lay scattered across our motel bed.

“We sure did Sugar Bear,” she said affectionately, placing a hand on my cheek while using her other to trace her finger across my lip before planting her lips on mine bringing us into a deep, long drawn out kiss.

Over the past few months we had robbed a total of ten banks across three states. We had become accumulated so much notoriety that the press even gave us our own nick name, ‘The Love Struck Bandits.’ I guess even they realized the level of love we have for each other. Any who, with this last heist we had finally accumulated enough to retire.

Breaking apart to catch our breaths, “Its all sunny beaches and coconut martinis in El Mexico from here on out Honey Pie,” I said.

Squealing with joy, she jumped on to the the pile of money stomach first with her feet hanging off the end kicking them up and down like a child playing with a new toy. “Now I don’t ever have to work anymore, and I can buy pearls, I can buy emeralds, I can buy diamonds, and those pretty silk dresses too,” she said with exciting anticipation.

“Sure Honey Pie, you can buy what ever you want. We can afford it now,” I said, sitting on the side of the bed and looking down into the enchanting electric blue eyes that I fell in love with.

Honey Pie was a typist working for the first bank we robbed, while I was a mechanic. You see, after coming home from the war I opened up my own garage, but the damn bank cheated me out of my money and my business. But, that’s okay, I’ve long since forgiven those devious bastards. After all, it’s because of them that I met my darling Honey Pie. Well, that and I got back all that they stole from me, with interest.

After the first heist however, we learned that with Honey Pie’s inside knowledge of banks, and my mechanical knowhow and the martial expertise I learned from the war, we were pretty damn good at robbing banks. before we knew it, we robbed two more.

“What are you thinking about Sugar Bear?” she said, bringing me out of my thoughts.

“I was just thinking about you Honey Pie,” I chuckled. “And how I’ve loved you since the very first time I ever gazed into your pretty blue eyes.”

“Awe, Sugar Bear, I love you too,” she said, caressing the back of my thumb with hers.

However, our few moments of peace were rudely interrupted by a wailing coming from a distance.

“Do you hear that?” Sugar Pie asked.

“Shit, it’s the Feds,” I said, running toward the door. “I’ll prep the car. Grab all the cash you can and let’s go,” I yelled back to her as I ran out the door. Pulling my guns out of the trunk, I see Honey Pie running out the door with two duffle bags full of cash. “Toss em in the back and get in.”

Spinning off the moment she climbed into the cab, the feds showed up, and without even bothering with the formalities, they opened up on us.

“Shit,” I yelled, and she screamed, as bullets ripped through the car, shattering the rear window. “Get down, Honey Pie.”

“Hah! Good luck catching up to us,” I cheered, as we got farther and farther away. I was confident in this car’s superior speed, I modified it myself after all.

“Sugar Bear,” Honey Pie called out painfully. Looking down at her, I noticed blood stained her hands and dress.

“Oh no! Honey Pie!” I cried. Grabbing my jacket from the back seat, I handed it to her, “Here use this, keep pressure on the wound. Hold on Honey Pie, were almost there.”

Some time latter after hours of driving. Honey Pie Called out again, this time her voice more strained, “Sugar Bear”

“Don’t worry Honey Pie, Look There’s the border. Once we cross there its all sunny Beaches and pretty dresses,” I said tears, steaming from my eyes.

“And diamonds?” she asked weakly.

“Yea, Honey Pie, and diamonds.”

“I love you Sugar Bear.”

“I love you too Honey Pie...Honey Pie?” I asked, worried when she didn’t respond. Looking down at her, she was deathly pale and her eyes stared off into nothingness.

“Honey Pie,” I said shaking her, but she didn’t respond.

“No, no, no, Honey Pie, Don’t do this to me, not now. Not when were so close. Honey Pie, don’t leave me,” I blubbered.

As I approached the boarder a line of police troopers blocking my future became visible.

Slowing the car to a stop, I gazed upon my fate. “Fine,” I said, coming into acceptance of what was going to happen. “If that’s how you want to play it, be that way, but I will not be taken Lightly.” I said with finality, slamming on the accelerator. My challenge to the blockade was met with a hail of gunfire.

Time seemed to slow down. Catching two slugs in the chest and one in the shoulder, I pushed on getting closer and closer to the line, all the while screaming my head off. Then suddenly I hit a bump and my front tires exploded. The car flipped into the air somersaulting over the blockade and past the boarder, before finally resting on its cab. Laying there, in a pool of my own blood, for what I knew were to be my last moments. I again for the last time, looked into the enchanting electric blue eyes that I fell in love with, “look Honey Pie, we made it,” I said, coughing up blood. “It’s all sunny beaches and diamonds from here on out,” I said reaching out toward her as the darkness took me.