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The Great Heist on Palm Drive

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The Great Heist on Palm Drive

Kristian Espinoza

It was a common thing for my older brother to be anywhere but home. Juanito had many friends and things to do that kept him outside of our home on Palm Drive. With his car, he had access to a world that I wouldn't be introduced to until I reached the age of 16. But at this time I was 12 years old when my brother was 18 and he was never usually home. I thought I'd go through his things to find some possessions I was looking for. These things were comprised of objects that had been missing for some time. Things like hot wheels and other kinds of the toys I cherished at that age. What I came across made me drunk with anger. I had found my favorite hot wheels, and then some. After snatching up my belongings I knew I had to do something to get revenge. That was the level of my consciousness at 12 years old, like a mango that's more green than yellow. So I knew of my brothers prized possessions of collectible star wars toys. I knew that if they had somehow went missing and were no longer in his room, it would hurt him the same way it hurt me finding my belongings in his room. I took the toys with the biggest rush of adrenaline I had ever felt. I imagined this is what the Brownsville train heist of 1915 must have felt like. Hours later when he arrived, Juanito instantly found his possessions missing. He kept asking me if I had them, with my chest pounding uncontrollably and anger taking control of me, of course I said no. He preceded to turn my room inside out to find what he was looking for. I really had no idea he could get this angry over anything in his life, let alone some toys. I

mean he took my possessions and sure I was upset, but I couldn't have imagined myself getting this angry. Eventually, my mom was woken up from her sleep before graveyard shift. After an hour of yelling at each other, my mom decided to kick my brother out and forced him to live with my dad. After that, I was never able to tell my brother the truth because of the heavy guilt that only grew tighter around my neck as the years went on. To this day I have never been able to talk to my brother about what I did. So, maybe this is where it starts.