

A Free Haircut

One clump of hair and we could rule the world, that's what he told them. The two thieves were hired by a man who had a demand and cash. This is where Rufus and Angus came into the picture. Rufus was the strength of the duo, but that was saying something. Rufus was the kind of man who would take the turkey stuffing before the cook had a chance to stuff it into the turkey. Not to mention that he was as short as a stool. Rufus was not the strongest person you could find, but he was strong enough for Angus. Angus was the brains of all their operations. He was considered the 'commander'. He was also quite the skinny and tall lad. He could probably hide himself behind a light post after he just snatched a purse and get away with it.

The two men were driving out to what seemed like the middle of a forest. The midnight darkness cloaked the area, with the moon high in the sky. The scenery down the road was simple which left the climate open for conversation between the duo.

"Angus?" Rufus said.

"What is it?" Angus said.

"I was just wondering something. If that fella down back at the café was right. That means he's gonna take over the world when we take this guy's hair," said Rufus.

"And? That bloke down at that coffee shop had a few marbles missing from his ol marble bag."

"Huh... well uh, I suppose he should go find some more marbles."

Angus spread a smirk on his face with a snicker leaving his mouth. "Sounds like you could use some marbles yourself. Heck, once we finish this job we can buy you plenty of marbles."

Rufus sprouted a smile on his face. "Ay' that sounds lovely!"

"I doubt that batter head hasn't had talked with anyone in a couple of months!"

"Well uh... wait a minute. If that fellow back at the café was so stupid, then why'd we even accept his offer?"

"Don't make me hit you ova' the head. You saw how much cabbage that lad had in that briefcase! Why he had so much, he could probably cut that thing in half, toss it into the garbage and buy a mansion with a quarter of the brief case. Cold hard cash, Rufus. That's all we need. Now pipe up, we're getting close to the lad's house."

The two men pulled up a few feet away from the house. Their semi beat-up car sat underneath the veil of night. The house they came across was all white that looked like it was designed in the 1900s. There was nothing else around except some open space and trees. The duo approached the building with stealth on their side.

"Angus, how are we gonna get in? I don't have me lock picks on me."

"Don't get your neck in a pretzel knot, the lad gave me a key to the place."

Angus unlocked the door and entered the house. Once the two of them stepped inside, the first they're greeted with is a cat down a hallway. The feline was quite fluffy with a black fur color that almost hid away the cat. The only way it could be easily seen was thanks to the moonlight and the bright green eyes.

"Aye look, it's a kitty."

Angus slapped his hand onto Rufus' mouth.

"You keep that clam of yours shut you see."

Angus kept a hushed voice while staying within the house. He stared down the cat with his eyebrows locked downwards. He pulled his hand off of Rufus' mouth and spoke up.

"Aye cat, what the blazes do you want?"

The feline licks it's lips and walks down the hallway and into the kitchen. The feline peaked out from the end of the hallway and meowed.

Angus looked down at Rufus and grabbed him by his shirt.

"Aye Rufus, go feed that bloody cat, keep it happy and all. I dunno, play with it, but remember keep quiet."

Rufus nodded with a chipper smile on his face. He stepped over to kitchen and prepared a bowl of cat food to the cat. Angus sneaked upstairs to the bedroom. With only one bedroom to search, the man he needed to find was fast asleep with a golden retriever resting off on the other side of the bed.

"Looks like this lad is gonna get a free haircut," said Angus.

Angus crept over to the man and pulled out a pair of silver scissors. Angus reached over, pulled up the man's hair without tugging on his hair. He cuts off a clump of his brown hair, pulls out a plastic bag and puts the hair in his bag and the bag in his pocket.

Just as he's about to close the door to his bedroom, the dog starts to bark. Angus starts running out of the house.

"Aye Rufus, visit's over. Let's get out of here!"

Rufus runs as fast as stubby legs could get him. The two jump into the car, Angus starts up the engine with a flash light beaming on the car. Right before his eyes could get blinded, Angus swerves the car around and punches the gas out of there.

