

# HIT, THE Silk!

Las Vegas, 1939

Vegas. Sin City's come up in the world since it was just a two-bit watering hole in the middle of nowhere. Now that gambling has been made legal, you find it's the perfect sort of place for people in your line of work to try and make a quick buck. You've done it all: bank jobs, art heists, cartel work, stick up's, bunko's and cons.

You've got a past that would make a Mother Superior weep.

So why are you and a bunch of other goofs flying at 25,000 miles altitude while the engines of the airplane you hijacked slowly sputter kick and seize whilst belching smoke? Lady luck? Or were the cards stacked against all of you from the start?

Vegas is Vegas; it's always been a place for gambling and with the opening of the big legal hotels, you figured you had a winning system you'd been sold by a friend of a friend. It was an easy enough system to count and the takes would be big. The problem with cheating on roulette: you don't want to get caught, or greedy. You were both. Within seconds of that final ball falling on red when it should have been black, you didn't even have enough time to figure out what the hell had gone or flee, before you were picked up by two big goons in cheap suits who escorted you to the back room.

The back room is where the pit boss takes you when they want to work you over. To your surprise you get the owner of the casino, smoking a cigarette. Casually, she introduces herself and asks that horror of all questions to a gambler, "Where is my money?"

She's cordial enough when you explain how you don't have the money to pay, I mean a 30 large isn't something you just have on hand, but if you're given a week or two you can make good. But she ain't a rube and can see through the ruse.

She makes a counter offer, one small job using your expertise. A small trifle, as she puts it.

From the glint in the goon's eyes and the piece they slam down on the table, you decide to be diplomatic and ask what the job is.

"Easy enough. My associates will escort you and your team to the airport. You'll be given the details on what to grab and find out who you're working with. It's a heist that'll go down in the history books. Refuse and you'll have a short hike into the desert".

With those choices, you decide it's best to agree. Besides the promise of an airport and a heist has piqued your interest.

You're taken to the airport, go through the process of tickets. It's gonna be a long flight. Intercontinental. Switzerland.

The group you're stuck with is an interesting collection of people; you recognise a few names professionally, but you've never worked with any of them. You have only one thing in common – Vegas, friends winning roulette system, the back room, the same offer.

When you've boarded and you're able to take flight, you finally open the envelopes the goons handed out to you before you left them at the gate.

You can't believe what you read. The plane is part of a money ferrying scheme, a front so to speak for moving slush money from one government agency another. Weapons have been planted on the plane to help in your heist, you just have to get them.

The casino owner has pooled your debts in case one of the party tries to hamstring the rest. Your fates are now tied: come back with a hundred g's between you. Anything else you find is yours to split.

This is big league stuff. It's the chair if you're caught. You're in over your head now, but it's too late, there is nowhere to go on this tin can, except doing the job and praying nothing goes wrong.

But lady luck is fickle. In your case, downright malicious. As your associate finds a gun, forces their way into the cabin and takes the captain hostage, it's all going smooth like clockwork. The other passengers are rounded up into the back, given parachutes and booted off the plane one by one. Adios and thanks for flying with us.

That's when it happens, as you're all off-loading satisfied customers at the back of the plane. You fail to notice that one of the pilot's outwits and knocks out your associate. Then starts firing wildly. As you take cover from the bullets whizzing past, you only have enough time to see the co-pilot don a parachute, open the emergency front door, and make a jump for it. The pilot does the same. Only with a malicious smile, he grabs two parachutes, and discharges his last three rounds to cripple the right-hand engine before jumping.

Now time is ticking as the engine fails, and you all realise that there aren't enough parachutes to go around. You don't have time to think about it, you still need to secure 100k, grab a parachute and hope the plane doesn't take a nosedive before then. It's by hook or by crook time. Maybe Lady Luck will finally give you a win, but don't bet on it.