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Jailbreak.

It was a cold Tuesday night at the Cook County Jail. The sun had just set and the prisoners were getting ready to go to bed. They filed down the long halls and into their cells when all of a sudden, an alarm sounded and chaos began to unfold.

Shouts echoed through the halls as the alarm blared. After around 15 minutes, it shut off and the guards ordered everyone to go to sleep while they spoke.

“I can’t believe he just escaped,” stated officer Arianne Horan.

“How are we gonna catch him now?” said detective Alexander O'Connor.

“Should we even bother though?” asked Anna Millendorf, the third guard as the other two wandered off defeated.

But outside of the prison, things were only getting crazier...

Mason had been running through the cold woods for thirty minutes with only his “ice cream coffee” in hand and chonky filas. He could hear the sirens in the distance but didn’t pay much attention to them because there was no way he could get caught at this point...or so he thought. He ran to the nearest bush and climbed in to hide. Once he was hidden he grabbed his phone and texted his friends to come pick him up but when no one responded, he decided to walk over to Caitlin’s house himself.

the next day

Mason awoke the next morning with a start and remembered what had happened the night before. He turned on the TV in Caitlin’s living room and waited for the commercials to end.

“Chick-fil-a is now officially open on Sundays! Unlimited Lemon squares now sold everywhere! Are you a lyrical tenor looking for validation-” He switched off the TV and decided to wait a few minutes before checking again. However, when he turned the tv back on, he was not surprised to see his own face plastered all over the screen while a newscaster sputtered facts about him and the charges he faced.

“With brown hair, last seen sporting an oversized hoodie with chunky filas, he’s been charged with stealing medium iced caramel swirls from dunkin donuts, driving his friends while on his JOL, and stealing the title of VIB Rouge. If you see him please call your local authorities.” The newscaster stated.

“That’s not true actually it was-”

“Mason, you can’t stay here! This is gonna be like the first place they check!” shouted Caitlin.

“Love that for us!” He screeched. The room went silent and they both calmed down. But, Mason was getting an idea... “The loft,” he whispered.

“No!” responded Caitlin, immediately realizing his plan but it was too late to stop him because he had already run out the door.

Thirty minutes later, Mason emerged from the front door in his Tevye costume, fake beard, milk cart and all, except his stage shoes. Those were replaced, of course by his chunky filas.

“Let’s GO!” He snapped, motioning to the spot he cleared out in his cart for Caitlin.

They flew down the streets, not stopping for anything until five minutes later when they came to an abrupt stop outside of a dunkin donuts drive through.

“What are we stopping for?” whispered Caitlin.

“Coffee” He whispered back.

“Hi what can I get for you?” said the woman working at the window.

He started to order but noticed a siren in the distance getting louder, so instead he jumped through the window and into the dunkin to grab the first coffee he could find. With that, he ran out the door and back to the cart and continued speeding down the street. The police were gaining on him now. He took a turn but he couldn't see the person directly in front of him. Ilaria.

One year later

There he was again. Sitting in the Cook County Jail. That's when it hit him. He was gonna break out again...