

# Artistic Theft

By Kyle Donahoe

It was a fine day at twelve o' clock. The skies were partly cloudy, it was fairly cool, and overall, it was a good day. Though... it was sharply contrasted against what was happening in the local art museum. The director – a drained, exhausted-looking woman – was currently speaking with one of the investigators of the police department while his fellow officers inspected the scene for any signs of trouble.

“What do we got here?” the police officer drawled. His accent was thick and heavy, but it held a certain air of authority, the kind that fit his job quite well. Yet, it also held a firm but gentle undertone, one that essentially said “it’s all good, I’m here now, no need to panic”.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you, officer,” the director he was questioning said, sighing. “Some... somebody broke into the art museum overnight, and made off with *twelve pieces*. Twelve! And the thing is, we wouldn’t have known how they did it without some glass shards we found on the floor near one of the paintings.”

“Really?” the investigator repeated, frowning. “Go on.”

The director put a hand on her chin. “The thief must have cut their way through a window or something, and forgot to put it back together when they made off with the art. But we don’t... we don’t know where they’ve gone.”

“Show me security footage.”

“Sure, sure, right this way, sir.”

---

The police investigator stood with arms folded as he watched the security tapes. From the cameras’ perspective, he saw as suddenly, in the quiet of night, a black-garbed intruder appeared through a window, carrying some strange gadget in their hands. It looked like some sort of cutter, for glass, perhaps.

“So that’s the perp,” the investigator guessed, expression unchanged.

“Yeah,” the director told him. “We haven’t gotten much in the way of facial identification... until this part.” She fast-forwarded the recordings, before pausing. There, in this moment caught by the cameras, the thief’s facial features – that of a masculine fellow with sunken eyes and a general haggard appearance – were revealed. The investigator stared, realization dawning on him.

“I think I know that guy,” he said after a time. “Marty Holloway, formerly part of the force. Good God, to see him doing that...”

“If that’s him,” the director piped up, looking up at the officer, “then you may want to contact him, or at least let other officers know. This... could be quite bad if the media gets a hold of it.”

The investigator nodded, sighing. On days like these, things like that happened on a regular basis, and though he tried to get used to it, it still broke his heart to discover such a thing. Oh, he longed for the days where he didn’t have to worry about it... but he was a police officer. He had no time to waste about such things. He had to focus on the now.

Patting the director on the shoulder, the investigator turned to leave the room. “Oh, I’ll definitely be investigating this... and giving Marty a piece of my mind.”