

Bubba wasn't his real name, but he doubted Filch was the thief's real name anymore than Chief was the boss'. You don't disclose your identity when people consider your job deceptive.

Intent on the monitor, Bubba watched it stutter and go blank, and Chief scrambled to pack their equipment. Filch had two minutes to get out before they'd leave without him. They'd spent weeks prepping for this operation. The risk was high, but bragging rights for having a flying sleigh were hard to resist.

Santa appeared, Filch slung over his shoulder, frowning.

"Looks like you're all on the naughty list."


Author's Note:

This is a bit of a strange Christmas story, but when I began working with the assigned crime caper genre, Sneakers, the old movie, immediately came to mind. I thought about a different band of misfits, and somehow the idea of writing it as more of a Christmas caper happened. My thieves were supposed to steal a valuable artifact, and though I question whether the flying sleigh qualifies as such, I found it added a fun quirk to the story.

Wishing you all a merry Christmas.

The Reluctant Author
