



### [ ANARCHVETISEMENT ]

When the waitress enters the restaurant floor again after a quick phone conversation in the cold just outside the kitchen door. She can feel her blood warming up again and her checks getting their color back. She looks out on a full house where guests battle the background pop-rock music with their conversations and the smell of freshly barbequed dishes lay thick.

Walking passed the service station she picks up a tray, straightens out the collar on her uniform slightly and heads towards a table for one. The lone man sitting at the table is having a troubled, look on his face as he is flipping through whatever there is on his cellphone screen and the only things laying on the table are a credit card and an empty whiskey glass.

"Sorry to bother you, sir, would you like some dessert or another whiskey perhaps?", the waitress says carefully, as she tries to not poke the personal space of the man too much.

He looks up after a slight delay.

"No, thank you, I'd like to get the bill." He grunts and hands the waitress the credit card from the table. The waitress takes the card, carefully eyeing his hand as it gets passed to her. She picks up the whiskey glass and places it on the tray along with the credit card.

With quick steps, she passes the service station and slides the tray behind a curtain separating the restaurant with the cleaning area.

"Be quick, this guy seems ready to head out soon, start with the top right corner of the card and give it to me straight away so I can finish up and then you can process the glass as careful as you want" She instructs the young man behind the curtain that carefully places the tray down on a shelf. He opens a bag placed on the same shelf and reveals the fingerprint extraction kit sitting inside.

A few moments later the waitress is back at the lone man's table and hands him back his credit card along with the receipt. The man waits impatiently, with his coat on already, ready to leave, and flops some paper money on the table for a tip.

"Thank you for visiting us, hope to see you again very soon, sir!" The waitress says to the man rushing for the outside. She observes how he breathes out cold air waiting for his car to pick him up.

The young man from behind the curtain joins her standing in the coat area. "We got a few good ones", he whispers.

"Good. Hold on to them while I set up a drop location and contact the buyer."

The Poprock music fades out as the evening's live-act enters the stage and gets introduced. The waitress smiles to a young couple and takes their drink orders while the young man takes one last look at her, pops his hood over his head and sneaks out the front door.

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"So, what did she say?", the thicker of the two men in the dimly lit room asks the other. The slimmer man is looking out on the city from his chair as he is collecting his thoughts.

"Earth to Carl, hello?", the thicker man says impatiently as it seems Ivan is content with daydreaming the night away.

"Yes." Carl replies.

"What do you mean 'yes'? Can you make full sentences or do you need some crayons?". The thick man laughs at his own joke and nervously taps his water bottle.

Carl stops staring out the window and stands up.

"They got three good sets of prints we can use, I just transferred money over to her and wait for a text with the drop location. While I'm heading out for it, I need you to prepare the molds. Make sure they are cleaned up."

The thicker man nods.

"We need to time this just perfectly. We can't mess up the timing" Carl mumbles as he walks towards the staircase.

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Three men stand next to a news van with a brand-coffee cup each. Two police officers are holding back a small crowd of curious people gathering on the scene, drawn in by the news van and two police cruisers parked outside a house in their neighborhood. Some of them is out for their morning jog or taking out their dog, while some are the local pensioners that have nothing but time on their hands.

A high ranking police officer comes out out of the house and the three men shuffle closer, trying to not agitate the police officers with crowd control duty.

"How did you people come here so quickly?", the high ranking police officer says and ends the sentence with a big sigh, shaking his head at the sight of the journalists.

"You know how these things work, Morrison. Concerned citizens give us information all the time. Heck, we decided to pick up some coffee on the way here just to give you the opportunity to be here before us. That'd look pretty bad for you guys and we wouldn't want people to think less of you than they already are", the older of the three journalists says and takes a sip of his steaming coffee with a wink.

Inside the house, the kitchen table is occupied with two well-dressed detectives, the owner of the house, Mr. Bright, and his wife sits next to each other. The body language of Mrs. Bright is telling; She really dislikes strangers in her home.

Mr. Bright is cupping a glass of water. He turns toward the detectives.

"How long will your little circus be here? I have work to do. Meetings to attend. You know, duties to the taxpayers and voters."

"Don't worry, we were hoping to be out of your hair in no ti-"

"Why are you here again?" Mrs. Bright bumps into the conversation.

"The police", the detective that didn't get interrupted says, "and some members of the media got an anonymous tip that a weapon involved in a recent case might have been dumped here or close-by. We need to secure it."

Outside, one of the journalists is setting up a camera tripod as one of the curious morning joggers asks "Is... is that a gun?"

A police officer is seen walking around the corner of Mr. Bright's house carrying an evidence zip-lock bag with a rifle inside. The officer behind him has two additional, smaller, evidence zip-locks with what seems to be some kind of electronic devices inside them.

The older journalist whistles approvingly. "Well, I do say, Morrison, it seems like the source was correct. Care to comment if you think the ballistics will match the robbery?"

Morrison, ignoring the question, walks off to the two officers and their gathered evidence.

"We might have a problem, sir," says the officer carrying the rifle.

Carl, sitting at a safe distance, observing the scene from his car. He picks up a flip-phone from his right pocket and punches in a number.

"They found the stash. More than enough attention and witnesses. Someone filmed it and shared it on their social media account? Good, good. Make sure that the footage spreads like a wildfire. Copy it and spread it on to other platforms. I'm Heading back now. Release the next wave of tips to the press once we confirm the cops are back at the station.", Carl pause to take a look at what time it is and continues "Can you confirm with our guy at the news that he can bypass the editor?"

Carl hangs up and starts the car with a smile from ear to ear.

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Closing the door drowns out the street noise and Carl climbs up the stairs while sending a text message on his phone. Fishing out a pair of apartment keys out of his pant pockets and is greeted by the thick man, who is sitting in a leather chair, hunched over a laptop. 4 screens light up the wall right in front of him and the thick guys' eyes bounce between them while he is tapping on the keyboard.

“All is set up”, the thick man tells Carl, who wrestle himself out of his jacket and throw it over an empty chair.

Carl grabs a seat next to the thick man and grabs a laptop from under the table and folds it open.

“Let the show begin”, Carl says as he opens a web browser and starts building up a series of tabs to different blog comment sections, social media platforms and chats.

The thick man raises the volume of one of the screens on the wall and nudges Carl. The one headline out of the bunch both of the men sitting in the living room lit up by screens wanted to see slides by the screen, the one about Mr. Bright, council man, arrested for possession of illegal weapons. As the news anchor say her courtesy “Good evening” the two men are hard at work monitoring the reaction the online crowd has to the news of the arrest.

“Earlier today, local police got an anonymous tip to the location of a weapon used in a money transport hold-up last month. The police were surprised to find the weapon hidden on the premises of council man Bright who got brought in for an interview with the police.”

“Here we go”, Carl whispers.

“Sources within the police force told us that the weapon, an illegally manufactured so-called Ghost Gun that is the latest model produced by an online gun-activist group, had Mr. Brights finger prints all over it.”

“Gotcha”, Carl makes a screen shot and examines it. The company logo and name on the stock of the gun on the screen is visible.

“Our guy at the news did well.”

The thicker man nods. The two men start to insert the screen shot of the gun stock into chats and comment sections and watch as people start talking about the gun, the company and links to a web site start getting spread around the digital crowd.

The news channels volume gets faded out in favor of the next one on a different screen. Fresh browser tabs get opened on both laptops. The sound of frenetic typing on keyboards harmonizes with a news anchor that repeats the top headliner from the previous news channel. Carl and the thicker man use the screen shot of the gun as a

digital Molotov cocktail, throwing it up as they go from comment section to comment section.

Carl's pocket vibrates and he stops typing to pick up the phone and read the message:

"100k hits and rising, sales are through the roof."

Carl shows his partner the message like a trophy.

"Looks like a payday to me". The two giggle and continue their work, linking to prepared blog posts to keep the fire burning and people talking.