

"I'll back you up there by the ice machine."

"Roger that."

I covered the weapon on my right side when I jumped out of the truck. Guiding my driver into the parking spot was simple, and with another quick scan of the lot, I went back and pulled the door handle once the driver popped the lock.

Just over a minute later, the ATM was cooperating (for once) as I keyed through the sequences and forced it to tell me what had been up to. Glancing around the store after every receipt was printed was habit.

Once the vault was open, things really got dangerous. I had an ever-present image of twenty-dollar bills flying everywhere as I worked to replenish the machine - which was not a happy image for an armored car worker.

When I saw the County Sherriff pull up to get his morning cup of coffee, I was instantly relieved. Having another guy with a gun around would be a special treat. He seemed to instantly acknowledge I was in a vulnerable position.

So, it really, really surprised me when he walked out the door before I finished my job and closed the Automatic Teller Machine Vault.

I shook my head at the situation, but finished and went back to the truck..

*Just another day in the life of an armored car worker...*