

# Mr. Crosswires illegal car business

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*What if Mr. Crosswire owned an illegal car business?*

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# 1 - Default

Mr. Crosswires' illegal car business

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Authors Note: The Ending Stinks

Mr. Crosswire ran Crosswire Motors on the corner of 5th and Main, though he didn't exactly get his cars new and used, he got them a different way aside from everyone else.

And that way was grand theft auto he enlisted his employees and other shady characters to steal cars; fix them up, give them new paint jobs, dispose of the plates and finally sell them.

His workers stole cars at night, though Elwood City is a city with a very low crime rate, hardly anyone had car alarms which made the jobs easier.

First it was Mrs. Reads' car. An aardvark man and a poodle man walked up to the red car which Arthur pretty much grew up in. The aardvark man jimmed the lock open, while the poodle man jimmed the house lock open to get the keys as it wouldn't be possible for them to sell a car without any keys.

About 5 minutes later, they finished the job without any trace of finger prints or DNA, locked the door to avoid suspicion and drove to Crosswire motors. The plates were ditched then for cleaning the car it first received an overall interior makeover and cleanup, as well as an overall tune up and a tool to reduce the mileage on the car. Then a paintjob, wash and wax and finally a hefty price tag.

The next morning Mrs. Read found that the car and keys were gone and there were absolutely no clues to who have stolen it, apparently the thieves worked really well.

"The car is gone," Mrs. Read said frantically.

Arthur was saddened as this was the car he grew up in but now it's gone.

Mr. Read used the catering van and drove Arthur to school. While Mrs. Read called the police, however clues were hard to come by as there were no clues.

At school Arthur was pretty much withdrawn from everyone else in his class, this had left his friends and teacher slightly worried.

Mr. Ratburn talked to Arthur, "I noticed you were not as talkative."

"Someone has stolen the family car," Arthur said emotionlessly, "I always knew it would go someday but not like this."

"I know this is a difficult time for you..." Mr. Ratburn said.

Outside the class the other students were listening to the conversation.

"I wonder what's wrong with Arthur," Fern thought.

"Perhaps he got punished," Buster replied, "And he will have to go to school on Saturday mornings."

Arthur walks out of the classroom with his head lowered.

"What's wrong Arthur?" Fern asked curiously.

"Someone stole the family car," Arthur replied sadly.

"What?" Muffy asked.

"You heard me!" Arthur snapped.

"Well the Crosswire's will help you in your dire situation, we will hook you up with a better car than that old tin can," Muffy said confidently.

Arthur was offended and walked away.

"Muffy you need to understand that he just lost the very car he grew up in and you expect him to move on so quickly?" Fern asked.

"Well..." Muffy replied as she was lost for words.

"He just needs a few days to think things through," Fern said.

The next day other cars were stolen; the Armstrong's vehicle and Mrs. Baxter's car were stolen as well as a few other classmates of Arthur.

Sue Ellen walked into the school slightly upset at her loss but she knew she wasn't the only one, with some talking around she found out that Prunella's, Buster's, Binky's Arthur's and Fern's parents had their cars stolen.

"What should we do?" Binky asked.

"I don't know," Buster replied.

"Me neither my mom was upset because now we don't have a car," Sue Ellen replied.

"I liked my car, because the higher we bounced the better chance we could touch the roof of the car," Buster complained.

"Oddly enough Muffy is pushing her dad's car business a whole lot more because of this," Binky replied.

"She is just being sympathetic in an odd way," Fern replied, "She just wants to help out."

"But let's watch what happens in the next few days," Buster suggested, "We all know if we go to Mr. Crosswire for a car he will give our parents a good automobile."

As the days passed, almost everyone Arthur and his friends knew had their cars stolen, except for Muffy's family; they just suspected that they had a state of the art security system in place for a situation like this. As for the Frensky's they just assumed there were too many people in the area to successfully steal a car undetected.

At the car lot everyone's car looked like they were fresh from the manufacturer as they all had fresh paint jobs and was reupholstered.

Mr. and Mrs. Read looked at a green family sedan little did they know it was their car that was stolen.

"How much Ed?" Mr. Read asked.

"I will sell it for 14000," Mr. Crosswire replied.

"Really!" Mrs. Read gushed.

They walked into the office, Mr. Crosswires other salesmen were busy with other customers, most of which were buying their own cars but they didn't know they were actually theirs.

The next day Mr. Ratburn was driving a sleek black convertible to work instead of a red one. Buster and Fern looked from afar, however they were interrupted by Muffy who was sporting a whole new more expensive outfit. She just ignored them and walked into the school.

"I think something is odd," Buster said "And it isn't the car my mom picked up yesterday."

"What?" Fern asked.

"There is one person whose parent's car isn't stolen yet and that person is Francine's, what we do is we hide out in the car and we wait and see who is stealing the cars..." Buster ran out of a plan as he knew the next part would be dangerous.

"Go on..." Fern replied.

"It is a bit dangerous," Buster replied, "Even if we try we will get caught."

"The police are baffled because of this," Fern replied, "But I got a better idea than what ever you were going to say," Fern replied but Buster was a bit miffed, "What we do is we hide out in the bushes and lie

in wait until her parents car is stolen, then we follow the car as we will be bike riders and see where it goes to.'

"Fern you're a genius!" Buster said happily.

That night Buster and Fern hid in the shrubs in front of Westboro Apartments, it was about 10:30 and both the third graders were tired they lied about sleeping over at a friends. They both heard a car start; it was the Frensky's; Buster and Fern got on their bikes after the car exited the driveway and followed the car to which was their shock Crosswire Motors. They started snooping around and found the car was painted and cleaned from the inside out.

And ultimately to their shock Mr. Crosswire caught them following the stolen car.

"You two shouldn't be out so late," Mr. Crosswire warned.

"How could you con the town out of so much money?" Buster asked, "You are stealing cars from people and reselling them so you could make money off them."

"We will just go to the police now," Fern added nervously as she started walked backwards slowly.

Fern and Buster jumped on their bikes and sped off as fast as they could but Mr. Crosswire was right behind them, he knew if they told the police he would be under arrest.

Fern and Buster biked as fast as they could into the police station but Mr. Crosswire was hot on their trail, he was following them by car.

"He is catching up!" Fern yelled.

"Through the alley, the alley might be too narrow for the car," Buster replied.

Buster and Fern ran through the alley nervously because they didn't know what was in the alley, Mr. Crosswire's car was too narrow so he jumped out and followed suit to the other side, however he lost both third graders so he ran through the alley to the other side.

Fern and Buster managed to make it to the nearest police station and they told the cop at the desk what they saw.

"We solved the mystery of the stolen vehicles," Fern said.

"Mr. Crosswire is getting his workers to steal them, fix them up and resell them," Buster added, "However he is following us, so he should be here any second now."

Within moments Mr. Crosswire had arrived breathing heavily, "You two kids are in so much trouble!"

"Arrest him," Fern said.

"These kids say you are running an illegal car business," Said one of the cops.

“Well kids these days say a lot of things,” Mr. Crosswire replied.

A police officer dropped Fern and Buster off at home, while Mr. Crosswire had some explaining to do.

The next day Buster and Fern weren't at school due to them getting home so late the night before. Luckily for them Muffy was very angry for their actions and she would probably hurt them if she saw them.

“Where are they?” Muffy yelled angrily, “They framed my own father for running an illegal car business!”

“Calm down,” Arthur replied.

“It might not be what it seems,” George added.

Muffy kept her anger within herself for most the day until she got home, “Mom, is what my friends saying about dad true?”

“How can I put this...? Well, yes your father and his workers had done something against the law and now he will be serving some time in jail and paying fines,” Mrs. Crosswire replied.

Muffy said nothing and ran to her room.

The Next Day Muffy was at school in the class people gave her a look of disbelief as no one trusted her or let her borrow anything for that matter.

“Hey there is the daughter of the master thief,” Buster joked, “Don't steal anything on the way to class because the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.”

Fern just laughed.

Muffy was getting angry, and she tackled Buster.

Fern pulled her off but Muffy pushed her into the lockers.

It was Binky's turn to do some joking around as he laughed at her, “Your dad's a jail bird!”

Muffy was angry, she walked into the class and she knew that everyone was talking about her. She dismissed Buster lying on the ground as he was slightly injured by the force of the tackle.

“You ok?” Fern asked as she helped him up.

“I guess so, nothing is broken,” Buster replied.

“Well she is as weak as a little girl you know,” Binky joked.

They walked into class.

“Ok, class today we are going to do some long division...” Mr. Ratburn said then thought of something to talk about, “On second thought let's talk about certain people who steal, her dad's name is Ed Crosswire and he stole a bunch of people's cars and resold them.”

Muffy was trembling; she felt the anger rise from within. She let out a big yowl, kicked over her desk and stormed out of the classroom and walked home. She didn't need to take this from anyone.

“Let's hope she doesn't shoplift from any 7-11's on the way home,” Mr. Ratburn joked.

The End