

DEEP SEA FISHING - LANCASTER STYLE

Joe was sweating and panting. It's not easy hiding in a bougainvillea. "Jeez, where are Fred and Jake with the ride? Ouch! Blasted stickers."

Minutes ago he and his getaway-car buddies had taken their third stab in a week at stealing the same Honda Civic. (A Honda Civic?!? Some crooks have no ambition. But then, when Joe looked at g-ride, (stolen car) it morphed into meth crystals in his eyes. The way everything looks like a hamburger to Whimpy. So, ... "Who cares about make and model? Just get me some meth!")

So anyway, here he was hiding in this bush, with some nosy "good Samaritan" telling the deputies where he was last seen running.

Crud, here come the cops. Let's see, give up?... or get bit by a police dog... give up?... or get bit.

Meanwhile, Deputy Brad Szarkowski was rolling on the A503J/O (attempted auto theft just occurred). Like any red-blooded deputy, he loved any "now" or "just-occurred" call with updates about the suspect. This one was loaded with updates about the thief's description and last seen direction. Brad was 10-97 (arrived on scene) before the other deputies, and immediately was bombarded with leads from helpful bystanders.

"Deputy, he went behind that van." "Hey, he's over by that porch." "Hey, I just saw a guy run behind some bushes!" Brad, now tracking the suspect, was getting too warm for Joe, who finally decided on "give up" instead of "get bit", and came out of the bougainvillea with his hands up. As Deputies Ray Tems and Lance Jordan rolled up, Brad recovered Joe's meth pipe and a loose car key. A quick field show-up for the victim and witnesses, and Joe was bagged.

Now, about those other two lunkers...

One of the Good Sams piped up, "Hey, I saw him talking on a walkie talkie to two guys in a beat up black Honda, but the Honda took off." Joe lied and denied it all, until Ray Tems checked out Joe's bougainvillea hide-out and found a walkie talkie in the leaf litter.

Just then, Joe's cell phone rang. "Uh, Deputy, could you get that for me."

"Suuure!" answered Deputy Lance Jordan, thinking..."HA! It's time for some Lancaster sport fishing!"

Lance grabbed the phone and said "Hey" to the unknown caller.

"Joe?"

“Yeah, where are you guys?”

“We split for Palmdale. Where you at?”

“I’m hiding in the bushes by the church at 6-East and K-10. Come get me.”

“Are you nuts? The cops will get us!”

Lance, still imitating a panting suspect hiding in a bush full of thorns, made things clear--
“Look homie, come pick me up or I’ll clean your clock.”

“But what about the cops?!?!?”

“I don’t see any--you gotta get back here and get me outta here.”

“Ok, we’re comin’ back. Turn on your radio.”

Deputy Jordan then broadcast the black Honda’s impending return to every Lancaster field unit, and as “requested,” turned on the cheap hand-held. Twenty minutes later, while LCS units were criss-crossing streets on the look-out, over the walkie talkie came.... “Joe, you there?”

“Yeah, still hiding at the church, but I can get out now. I’ll come to you. Where you at now?”

“Ok, we’re goin’ north on 8th Street East at L-4..... Hey, what the....geez, there’s cops everywhere!”

Lance broadcast his “rescuers” approximate 10-20 (location), and Deputy Ray Tems was first to spot the suspects’ car. He stopped it, then landed and gaffed the befuddled occupants.

Even though they were reeled in like fish, Fred and Jake sang like birds -- about the Civic, but also about all the stripped cars they’d dumped in the California Aqueduct and about at least one burg.

Lance was driving Jake to the station for booking when *Jake’s* cell phone rang. *This is getting monotonous.* Mostly for a lark, Lance picked it up and pretended to be Jake. It was Jake’s girlfriend. Lance id’d himself seconds into the call and told her about Jake’s sad situation.

Meanwhile, Jake’s porch light finally came on. From the back seat he exclaimed, “Hey, was that you I was talking to while we were driving up from Palmdale?” Lance just laughed. Jake lowered his head and shook it. Lance couldn’t exactly tell what he mumbled! *Whatever. Another crook off the streets!*