

## I SAID, NO!

Christina's eyes darted around the back seat of the Yukon in terror, trying to figure a way to escape this pig. She struggled against the slobbering fool, but he was way stronger than she and dead set on at least sex, if not also violence or worse.

In split seconds she rehashed the question—*how did I get into this? Oh, yeah, I met this guy two weeks ago, he seemed nice enough, we had a couple of dates. Tonight I needed a ride home and also asked if I could borrow \$20.00 to buy gas for my own car...*

“Sure,” he had said. “A favor for a favor”.

That started Christina thinking, *just what did he mean by that*, but by that time he was pulling into the dark parking lot of a closed restaurant in the city of Commerce at 0530 hours.

Christina was about to fall prey to the only Part I crime where the suspect attacks the victim's soul, instead of just a pocketbook, property, freedom, or life. And she was powerless to do anything about it.

She said “no” plenty enough times after he started kissing and groping her, but he didn't care. He was out to “prove what a man” he was. Overpowered, she slammed her eyes shut. Into her mind's eye came visions of her family members bereaved and mourning. She started praying that she'd *only* be raped.

Suddenly she heard a loud rapping sound on the side of the Yukon, and immediately felt the suspect ease his grip on her. Through bleary eyes she tried to make out what was going on in the early morning darkness. She was looking up from the seat at..., at..., well, it looked like either Sir Galahad, Superman or a United States Marine. To her undying gratitude, it was actually a combination of all three—a Los Angeles County Deputy Sheriff.

East L. A. Station unit 27T Deputy Martin Castro thought “*Wow! Amazing. Looks like I just stopped a rape in progress.*” Still snooping that late in the shift, he had seen the parked Yukon with its lights on as he drove by. He decided to cruise down an adjacent alley in order to be able to come up on the Yukon by surprise. It worked!

While the weasel scrambled to look “innocent”, Christina clambered over the seat into the front of the Yukon, whimpering “He was hurting me” loud enough for Martin to hear it. Martin detained the suspect and placed him in the back of the radio car.

“So, what's up?” Martin asked the suspect.

“We were parked there 'cause we were just talking.”

“With your pants down?”

Anyway, that's the story of how Deputy Martin Castro did what thousands of cops dream of—interrupted a violent crime in progress, on an obs (observation—self-initiated activity) no less, saved a maiden in distress, picked up a felony arrest at end of shift, all accomplished in a one-person car.