

Reviewed 12/26  
Lt. Ron George

Reviewed 12/28  
ComsSr. Office

curtis  
op. code: vigilante  
12/20/2000

11.20 I observe the suspects leaving their residence (dressed in their "superhero" outfits). Tayton does not appear to be wearing the tuxedo jacket I have wired. He must have more than one. I followed them to the New City Plaza, a major shopping mall. It occurs to me that Tayton and Robbins could be undertaking a shoplifting operation at the said mall. Either that or stalking the innocent folk in Tayton's pictures on his bedroom wall.

11.53 At the mall, the suspects quickly adopt what to me appears to be some type of routine. They enter the premises, shaking hands with complete strangers, who appear baffled and, more often, extremely irritated, by these overtures. Whenever the suspects encounter children in this ritual, Robbins presents a lollypop or some other type of hard-rock candy to the child. Upon seeing this, I instantly recall my work on the LSD Stranger-Danger case, in which Louie Ratcliffe used to lace candy and fruit with liquid LSD and give these poisonous offerings away at Halloween. Two children died before we could catch that perverted son-of-a-bitch. I waited until the two suspects were out of sight before I approached a young woman whose child was given candy by Robbins. I verbally presented my credentials and asked if the child could hand over the candy so that I could take it to our laboratory for thorough forensic examination.

Whatever. Lt. G

~~12.22 I am now growing more certain, from observing the suspects, that they are casing various establishments to gather reconnaissance on how these business handle cash, how much they make and overall levels of security. In the food court, Robbins approached a Chinese subject (the manager of the store) as he opened the cash register. Robbins grabbed his wrist and began asking whether his heart rate and blood cholesterol levels were normal. Tayton looked on, as if he may be surveying the scene. Robbins then told customers to watch out for the amount of grease they consume in fast food. The pair then presented themselves at a major retail outlet and told a female at the information desk that they wished to volunteer for secret shopper services. She called the manager and short time later, Tayton and Robbins could be overheard telling the manager that they were adept at secretly surveying shopper behavior. The manager looked at their outfits, laughed hysterically and told them that while he appreciated the joke, he was very busy and had to get on with what he was doing. When he noticed that they looked deadly serious, he called for security. I'm not surprised. If this approach does not constitute an attempt to monitor the store's shoplifting surveillance operation, then I am Saddam Hussein's cousin. What else could these retards be doing? Offering to help from the goodness of their hearts? Only in comic books do superheroes do good deeds, not these two baboons. Their superhero garb is but a disguise for their intended foul deeds.~~

You sound correct. But so what! Shoplifting sends me to sleep.

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12.58 In the parking lot, I observed the suspects approaching mall customers and literally grabbing their shopping bags or shopping trolleys and insisting that they carry them to the customers' cars. I was fully prepared to intervene the moment one of the perpetrators made off with an innocent woman's purchases or purse. I was wondering why mall security wasn't picking up on this (my army buddy Dave works at this mall; we were in the Gulf together. He got eight kills and three woundings to my 11 kills and six woundings). I was looking for security to do their job when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to observe said security. An extremely embarrassing moment eventuated when I was asked for I.D. (I guess my position crouching behind a car to observe my suspects might have looked odd to any person who did not know me by site or by reputation). I reached for my badge (causing the officers to reach for their guns) and a very nasty scene transpired in which I was grabbed in a half nelson and forcibly carried to mall security offices. I protested and kept citing my name and rank. When asked to produce my badge, I reached for it only to realize that it had been taken from me upon being suspended. Fortunately, my buddy Dave was on duty and could vouch for my bonafides. Had I had more time, I would've shown those two-bit cop wannabes a thing or two with some good old army tickle treatment. But I had to return to my quarry. Alas, they were gone from the parking lot when I returned. No concrete evidence gathered on this surveillance mission.

**Curtis: Didn't you win the Medal of Honor  
in the Gulf? This whole exercise is lame. Lt G.**