

Reviewed 12/26
Lt. Ron George

curtis
op. code: vigilante
12/23/2000

Give me a break Curtis! !! Lt. G.

Reviewed 12/28
Comssr. Office

11.32 When Hannibal crossed the Alps, he instinctively knew what the problems would be – and when they happened, he, of course, was not surprised (it's a pity that Bonaparte couldn't have assumed more of an instinctive approach when it was his turn at taming those Russian scum peasants). And so it is this morning that I now know my instincts are totally correct: I followed Robbins to a strip bar. I knew that this type of place would be an integral part of his involvement in the narcotic trade. As best as I could tell, Tayton remained in the suspects' residence alone after Robbins' departure. Although Robbins did not visibly appear to be carrying anything with which to conceal a stash, it is, of course, very possible that he carries substances on his person.

Forget
the
Dope
crap!

11.48 I waited until Robbins had entered the club before I executed concealed entry technique. From a vantage point within the club (the VIP section) I observed Robbins consuming large quantities of alcohol and conversing with nearly every customer in the joint. It's as if each and every john in this place knows him. Sometimes, it never ceases to amaze me how many citizens have succumbed to the lure of narcotics because I am certain that if Robbins has this many contacts at this one establishment, it is because they know him for what he does: drug-dealing. Moreover, his repartee with all of the dancers seems quite extraordinary. They love him. And this is not an understatement. I grant you that he is generous in the tipping of the said dancers but they genuinely seem to enjoy plying their favors on him. (On the subject of favors, I should point out at this stage that I dutifully spurned any overtures from aforementioned dancers for me to enjoy such lavations). I can only conclude that the stereotypes pertaining to ladies with dubious incomes are correct: sex and dope do go together. Robbins is most likely their purveyor of illicit substances. And where does Robbins get the considerable amount of coin to give to the dancers?

The
kid is
horny
and
has
more
money
than
sense.

13.17 I have been observing Robbins being particularly friendly with one of the club's star attractions. When she made her entrance, the crowd began chanting her name (over and over). For the record, the dancer's name is Tina. A brunette of very shapely proportions. After her main stage dance, she made a beeline for Robbins, who proceeded to enjoy her presence for some time (35 minutes). In fact, at one point, she stopped working and sat next to him in a booth to partake in an alcoholic beverage. I moved closer to observe the pair with the assistance of a bionic ear. It was apparent that he was asking her to join "the superhero team". Robbins claimed that her name would be "Recruit Girl". He then withdrew paper from his pockets and the two of them studied whatever was on the paper. Whatever it was, she seemed to enjoy it (much laughter, shaking of breasts, and so forth).

This is
his
crush.

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Unfortunate. Really.

14.06 I was forcibly removed from the strip-tease establishment by two would-be cops (wearing Santa Clause hats) and the owner of the place, a man I have only ever heard referred to as D.K. I hate Christmas. It irks me that citizens are compelled to wear garb suited to this pagan ritual. D.K. didn't apparently like me spying on Robbins (whom he referred to as a fine customer). In actuality, I was crouched behind a pillar obstructing their view of me. I guess I should have given this some more thought. But I didn't believe this would be earmarked errant behavior, especially when you consider the number of horny, perverted, and desperate men in the place. I wanted to inflict grave bodily injuries on the three of them but, alas, there was nothing I could do in the absence of my badge. I am well aware that once suspended, we brave officers of the law have no recourse or privileges. This is becoming a pattern (me being apprehended by mindless security types and subject to pathetic, comic interrogation). This does need to stop.

Was this wise?

14.22 I decided to wait until the dancer Tina emerges from the club at her quitting time, as it is my belief that she is, or will be, a criminal associate of Robbins and Tayton.

Waste of effort. I am amazed. Lt. G.

22.19 Tina emerges from the club with an escort. It is my friend in the Santa hat from earlier. All facts being equal, I found it necessary to subject Mr. Santa Hat to a dose of pistol-whipping with a Glock special I had recovered earlier from my vehicle. I quickly came up on Santa Clause and Tina from behind and even before she could scream, her escort was (hopefully) considering the error of his ways in a very quiet place on the ground. I immediately subjected Tina to gentle coercion techniques. Despite arm and hair coercion, she would not deviate from a line in which she declares that she and Robbins are but good friends. Tina is adamant that Robbins is not a criminal but the exact opposite – a warrior (her words) against evil deeds and corrupt cops. I like that last one. As if. Tina claims to know nothing about drugs or crime. I can sense that she is hiding something that is important to her in relationship with Robbins – something she wants desperately. I released her from coercion on the condition that she not shout or scream (I was initially inclined to believe that the site of my Glock assistant was helpful in this regard). But no sooner had I probed in more detail her relationship with Robbins by inquiring as to whether they were intimate, I was astounded when she slapped my face and then proceeded to insert her heel into my groin (it all happened so quickly that I have to assume, on reflection, that she is trained in the art of martial arts). I was deeply winded (to the point where I was actually grasping for air on the ground; worse still, I dropped my Glock, allowing her to kick it somewhere into the darkness). This is the first time – in my service of the people – that I have been overcome this way. I am being frank in my recollections so that it may be considered just how quick Tina was to inflict a

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setback upon me. My past record speaks for itself. My disablement meant two immediate realities: 1.] Tina used the occasion to escape in her nearby car; and 2.] I had to seek immediate medical advice at a nearby hospital (meaning that I couldn't follow her).

Extraordinary! Embarrassing! What else can I say - except that it's damn lucky you produced at least one piece of solid lead. Thank God this investigation is over in this present form. Lt. G.