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LagunaBeachPatch

2011: The Year in Crazy Crime!

Jan. 5 2012

By **RICH KANE**

All reports taken from the public log available at the front desk of the Laguna Beach Police Department, and slightly enhanced for maximum LOL pleasure ...

SATURDAY, JAN. 1:

7:24 p.m. Patrol check on Glenneyre. A woman reports that she met a man through a website and, while on a New Year's Eve date last night with the future Mr. Wrong, noticed that he "appeared to be wearing a disguise" made up of a black short spiky wig, mascara, and makeup. He was also "very protective about the items in his trunk." Before their date, Alleged Creepy Dude was adamant that she meet him alone, too, but he finally gave in and met with her and her friends. The issue is that he now knows where she lives, and she feels unsafe to go back home today. Take some advice from us, hon: Meet potential suitors at Starbucks like everyone else.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21:

10:29 p.m. Lots of drama up on Santa Rosa Court, and we're talking full-on soap opera. A woman calls in and says she was just raped by a man who's currently locked in a room in the residence. Eventually her story changes—the sex was consensual, not a rape, and she's just mad that the guy locked her out of the room after they had sex. She then states that the two are thinking about getting married (?!?), that she was upset because he "isn't nice," and that ultimately this

all stems from her feelings of being hurt because the guy "wanted to go to sleep after sex."

SATURDAY, JAN. 22:

10:41 a.m. Fire alarm at the Aliso Creek Inn! Triggered by a guest in room 118 who was using way too much hairspray.

SATURDAY, FEB. 5:

2:05 a.m. Over at Upland and Glenneyre, somebody reports that a male subject is on the corner with his pants pulled down, a clear case of indecent exposure—or, as it's known out in the Inland Empire, "Barstow air conditioning."

SUNDAY, FEB. 13:

4:21 a.m. On Viejo Street, a guy who undoubtedly loves to flaunt his masculinity and general manly manliness suffers an eye laceration, then tells the triage nurse that it happened during a scuffle with his roommate. *Bro, that is so, like, gnarly!* Dude later changes his story (presumably when there are no hot ladies within earshot) to something truthier—he slipped on some soap and fell. Machismo FAIL!

MONDAY, FEB. 21:

10:34 a.m. If you get the urge to do donuts in your red Mustang convertible on Coast Highway on a Monday morning when (trust us here) people *will* notice and *will* call the cops—especially afterwards when you park in front of a liquor store, raising suspicions that you may quite possibly be very, *very* tanked—then know that the cops *will* impound your car and *will* suspend your license.

SUNDAY, FEB. 27:

10:00 p.m. Guy calls in to report that he's missing his stainless steel Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum handgun, which he last saw ... *three years ago!* How did he realize it was missing? Dude was watching a Dirty Harry flick, no joke. Ten minutes later he calls back and informs the operator that he found the gun upstairs.

SUNDAY, MARCH 27:

11:11 a.m. Patrol check at Main Beach, as a large white male is reported to be soliciting political stuff, and by “political,” we mean that he’s going up to folks and claiming to represent the I LIKE WOMEN party and asking folks about their living habits and conditions. The cops eventually arrive and shoo Mr. Gingrich away.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10:

8:41 p.m. Some guy is dancing naked in front of a restaurant window (we’re not certain which restaurant this is, though, from the report). The owner phones this in, but ... *why?* Your business can’t possibly get better (*ahem!*) exposure than a dancing naked guy, especially if you employ some strategically-placed body paint. It’d be a lot more interesting than one of those sign-spinners, anyway ...

SATURDAY, APRIL 16:

12:58 p.m. What’s a great way to pick up hot chicks in Laguna Beach? One man knows the answer! So boys—straight ones, anyway—listen closely ... first, be a 55-year-old, 400-pound guy and head down to Coast Highway in a bright orange sweatshirt. Then, whenever an attractive lady (or hell, an *unattractive* lady—something tells us this gent isn’t too picky) walks by, casually drop porn magazines all over the sidewalk in front of her, instantly winning over her heart. Shockingly, one particular lass didn’t take too kindly to this and called the cops.

SUNDAY, MAY 8:

9:56 a.m. Who’s got the post-bin-Laden-death jitters? How about the dude at the Greeter’s Corner Restaurant, who phones in to report that a brown shopping bag has been left unattended on top of an umbrella stand? *Terrorist shopping bags! Filled with Li’l Ladens who’ll jihad themselves over the mesquite-broiled specials!* Ahh, but then the caller takes a deep breath, calms down, scopes the scene out a little more, and realizes that *all* the umbrella stands have weighted shopping bags perched on them, keeping the bumbershoots in place so the winds don’t chaotically blow them away. Wait ... *terrorist winds?!*

SATURDAY, MAY 14:

8:06 p.m. Suspicious goings-on at Main Beach, where someone saw some juveniles leave a full water bottle on the sand near the play area. Dude phoning this in says that he “read on the Internet”—where, of course, everything is always

true and correct and never to be questioned—about bombs being made out of water bottles. After the cops arrive, they inspect said suspicious water bottle and find—*dun-dun-DUUUUNNN!*—that it’s a water bottle. Filled with water. Water that’s inside of a bottle. Yes. Exactly.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9:

10:29 a.m. Assault threat at Thurston Middle School, as one kid apparently threatened to kill another kid. Now now, boys (and you *know* they’re boys)—dropping random playground death threats is only fun until someone gets hurt. Take it from those of us who lived through those innocent days of 1970s yore, when we could indulge in lunch recess tournaments of Kill the Guy With the Ball and Smear the Queer (yes, *sooo* not cool by today’s overly-protective standards) without anyone getting all in our face about it.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14:

12:49 p.m. A woman on Dolphin Way receives a text message to her Hotmail account from a “Mohammad.” She apparently doesn’t know anyone named Mohammad—but she *does* want it documented as a terrorist threat (no word on what, if anything, the text said). She’s very concerned, though—*very, very!*—and wants the LBPD to investigate and “find these terrorists!”

MONDAY, JULY 4:

11:14 a.m. It’s the Great Laguna Beach Porta-Pottie Near-Disaster of 2011! On this Fourth of July morning, when the population of the city is swelling with tourists by the second, someone apparently forgot to unlock the portable toilets at Aliso Beach, and if public works doesn’t come and open them up soon, then fireworks won’t be the *only* thing exploding today. Meanwhile, Main Beach has the opposite problem—the toilets there are overflowing. And the Coastal Commission was concerned about *fireworks* pollution?

TUESDAY, JULY 5:

1:58 a.m. You may have heard about this accident on Laguna Canyon Road where a car flipped over after hitting a telephone pole, and the two passengers who ran from the scene. But what you *didn’t* know is that the driver who subsequently got popped for the DUI, Anthony James Taylor, was born on July 5,

1990. That's right—homeboy had been legally allowed to imbibe alcohol a mere *two hours* before the accident. *Happy birthday!*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13

7:24 p.m. Code violation at Diver's Cove! Seems a photographer is taking pics of a topless woman—*woo-hoo!*—though we don't know which rule this is breaking, the one about publicly exposed boobage, or the one about how you need to have a city permit for pro photo shoots, but whatevs. The person calling this in expresses concern because there are kids in the area, which tragically means the young'uns will be cheated out of an awesome playground story once school starts up again.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12:

12:45 p.m. Here's one for the knee-jerk racism file: Somebody calls the cops because they think they've witnessed a theft on Forest Ave. in front of the post office. But you know what, people? Sometimes when you see a black man taking his iPod out of his friend's Jeep, it's just a black man taking his iPod out of his friend's Jeep ...

THURSDAY, AUG. 25:

10:53 p.m. There's a woman walking around near the intersection of Laguna Canyon and El Toro roads. She's also smoking—no big deal. She's wearing a turquoise tube top—alright, maybe a bit too 1981 for our taste, but still, nothing to warrant a police call. Oh, wait—she's also *dragging around a dead coyote and saying she wants to "tear apart" the carcass.* OK! Now it's a party!

MONDAY, SEPT. 12:

8:49 a.m. Never-ending wars! Rising unemployment! Government shutdowns! Terrorist threats! Meanwhile, over on McKnight Drive, a woman phones the police to complain that her neighbor cut her flowers, while the neighbor in turn thinks the other lady stole her tomato cages.

SATURDAY, OCT. 22:

7:50 p.m. Someone calls in to report that about 20 teenage boys are fighting in a bathroom—that must be one *huge* bathroom—at Aliso Beach. And they're throwing fireballs around. And kneeing each other in the crotch. Crotch-kneeing?

Is this the next trending X Games sport? Gee, in my teen years, Dungeons & Dragons was considered edgy. But now? All about the crotch ...

FRIDAY, NOV. 4:

9:11 p.m. A worker at the Coast Highway Chevron station runs after three people who've stuffed some items beneath their sweatshirts and walked out. A confrontation ensues, then one of the perps, a woman, pulls out a gun (actually, it turns out, a spray-painted toy gun) and essentially dares the worker to try and stop her. They run off, but the terrible trio are all eventually caught later. So what extremely valuable, life-giving item were they trying to purloin, one so important that they felt the need to flash a (pretend) firearm? Baby food for a starving infant? Sweet, delicious vodka? Cold, hard cash? How about ... 10 bucks worth of beef frigg'in' jerky? True!

MONDAY, DEC. 12:

7:30 p.m. Now here's a guy you want to party with: First, he stiff's BJ's Grill and Bar on \$29.58 worth of food. Then he starts going around the room asking other diners for money to pay his tab, whilst singing tunes to himself and hitting on the employees. He also downed an entire bottle of Pepto Bismol, which we're pretty sure isn't on the menu.