

Howling At the Moon, a true story by Frivolous Wrex

The Harvest moon rose huge and orange on a recent hot October evening, inspiring my other half and I to scoop the dogs into the pickup and drive up to Angeles Crest. Finding a secluded meadow half a mile from the fire road where we parked, we let the dogs run free as we drank in the spectacular view. A primal urge rose from within and we began howling at the moon.

*Sheriff's Report 10/4/97 8:10 pm*

*Observed a brown 1984 Nissan pick-up truck parked along Angeles Crest Highway. As the vehicle was abandoned but the hood was warm, suspected illegal activity nearby – possible involving gangs and/or drugs.*

I felt encumbered by my clothing and naturally began to peel it off. Soon my partner and I were naked in the moonlight and howling vociferously.

*Hearing a series of pained cries beyond the trees, I decided to investigate. My partner stayed by the truck while I hiked towards the direction of the crime (possibly murder) with gun drawn.*

The primal nature of our activity led us to become amorous. Knowing that the dogs would alert us should anyone approach, my spouse and I began caressing each other.

*After a considerable hike, I saw two individuals in the moonlight. I turned my flashlight on them, revealing them to be indecently exposed. Two wild dogs began to approach me, and I demanded to know why they were not leashed.*

We dressed frantically. The stranger's demand identified him as a representative of the law; and knowing we had probably broken two of them, we complied with his request and tied the dogs with a sweatshirt.

*I could not ascertain the extent of the violations, so I called for backup while keeping the suspects covered.*

A second deputy arrived and the two inspected our eyes and arms for suspected drug use, while repeatedly reminding us that unleashed dogs and nudity are against the law. We explained that we had been howling at the moon and gotten a little carried away. The smaller of the two (who had just arrived) showed a glimmer of amusement.

*One of the suspects carried no ID, so I let them back to their vehicle for further interrogation.*

It was a long, awkward walk back to the truck. I remarked what a rare, magnificent night it was, and how brightly the city lights were shimmering. The second deputy agreed.

*I demanded that they open the vehicle. The suspects had no keys, and claimed to have lost them. We searched them again.*

In my hurry to dress, my keys must have tumbled from my pocket into the field.

*I called in their driver's license numbers. The one without ID provided a license number from memory, which the computer said matched the address on his friend's license. They were apparently lovers. However, there was a warrant out calling for the immediate arrest of Jim Kelly. I suspected he was a sex offender.*

I explained that I had been detained previously due to an outstanding warrant out on a convicted felon who use the name James Patrick Kelly as an alias, but that a judge had guaranteed that any officers who detained me under this mistaken assumption would be held personally liable for civil damages. I carry the order in my wallet, which I didn't have with me tonight.

*The one calling himself Kelly fed me a spurious story about some trumped-up beef. I didn't buy it.*

I was beginning to shiver when the second deputy returned with the keys he'd found. The two ransacked the truck inside and out. I was worried about the bag of rosemary my herbalist had just given me for my aromatherapy. A pause in the sheriffs' activities told me they had found it.

*A bag containing a green leafy "substance" was found as well as an alligator clip, confirming my suspicions. I reminded the suspects again about how this is a dangerous area with an abnormally high rate of violent crime.*

He went on and on about all the murders and rapes that happen up here, and how lucky we were not to be lying in the field with our throats cut. If this was the case, why was he wasting his time harassing two harmless gay hippies?

*I ought to have taken them in, impounded their dogs and truck, and prosecuted to the full extent of the law. I see this truck up here all the time.*

We had never been in the area before in our lives. After a total of two hours' pointless detention, we were released.

*Asst. Deputy's Report 10/4/97 10:35*

*Detained two suspects who turned out to be harmless hippies howling at the moon. It was a beautiful night. Could have done a howl myself.*