



PHASES OF EVE

M.D. Carp

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Introduction

The Citrus County Probation Department, while representative of a medium-sized probation department in the State of California, does not depict a specific county agency. The defendants, probation officers, and other characters described in this book are fictional, but again, represent the types of individuals I worked with, met, or had dealings with during my thirty-year career in this field.

Although I never encountered someone connected to the crush video industry, I was appalled when I learned these videos existed and were legal until 1999, when then-President Bill Clinton signed a bill, sponsored by U.S. Rep Elton Gallegly (R-CA), to ban them. That law was overturned in April 2010 by the Supreme Court on free speech issues. Rep. Gallegly authored a more narrowly defined bill after that decision, which was approved by Congress and signed into law by President Barack Obama in December 2010.

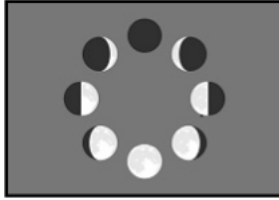
Gallegly was quoted at the time as saying, “Violence is not a First Amendment issue; it is a law enforcement issue.”

M.D. Carp

Dedication

To all of the hard-working and under-appreciated public safety officers out there, and to my very good friend, Judie, who inspired and supported me in this endeavor.

Phases of Eve



Section One: Rookie
September-October 2001

Chapter One

Six miles east of Citrus Grove, in the unincorporated part of Citrus County, California, a mother and her son shared a moment together as the sunny, warm, Labor Day Monday darkened into dusk.

“Hey...you love me, don't you? I wanna hear you say it.”

“Yes...yes. Just please...don't be angry. I love you, Jessie.”

“Ha, you wouldn't know real love if it hit you in the face. Just like this.”

Jessie Fallon, nineteen, slapped his mother hard across her face. He had seen his father do it many times and remembered him saying those same words. This was the second time this week he had come home to find her drinking and no dinner waiting for him.

At 5'8", the dark-haired, dark-eyed Jessie was small-framed but wiry, towering over his mother, who stood 5'2" in her worn slippers.

“If you loved me, you'd have my dinner ready for me. I work hard. I give you money for groceries. Get in the kitchen and cook me something...and it better be ready when I come back in from the barn.”

Jessie clerked at a video store and had to kiss up to customers all day long while his mother watched daytime TV and drank.

He resented having to give her the \$25 dollars a week room and board he'd agreed to pay a few months ago. She should get off her ass and get a job.

Jessie's anger needed another outlet. He felt a throbbing in his ears, and his fists were clenched. He knew what he needed to do to get release. His penis was already hardening as he unlocked the padlock on the old barn door. He had converted the barn two years ago (after his father died) into his special place. He saw the cages lined up against one wall and heard the insistent meowing of the six tiny bodies, hungering for some attention.

Earlier that morning, when he opened the video store, he had seen the box of kittens and the boy sitting on the ground in front of the market two doors down. He asked for an early lunch. Luckily for him, only one of the seven kittens had found a home. He told the boy he would take the rest to his mother's farm. He said they would have the run of her barn to play in and catch mice. The gullible boy was relieved. Now he could go meet his friends to play video games.

No one was allowed in Jessie's sanctuary. Two years before, his mother had christened it with her own blood when he'd caught her tugging on the new padlock he had just installed on the barn door hasp. One punch to that prying nose of hers had taught her to respect his privacy.

Harriet, Jessie's mother, was forty-two. Her once-pretty face was now marred by a misshapen nose and framed by greasy, tangled brown hair. As with many victims of domestic abuse, she had sunk into depression over the years. Feeling isolated and unloved, she spent her days toasting her TV friends, Jerry Springer, Jenny Jones, and Ricki Lake. She only left the ramshackle farmhouse to go into the city for her weekly shopping. A few groceries for Jessie's meals and several gallon jugs of Gallo red wine made for a short shopping list.

After Jessie's father died, she had sold most of their twenty-

acre citrus property to a land developer who paid her pennies on the dollar for its worth. He built and sold five-thousand-square-foot mini-mansions with two or three acres of citrus bundled into an exorbitant selling price. Wealthy buyers lined up for these exclusive properties, after their accountants told them about the tax write-offs of operating a small-scale citrus ranch.

The money she'd made from selling the citrus groves would last three or four more years. She would have to start looking for some kind of job then, but for now...she just wanted to sit, disappearing into the darkness. After a few minutes of blessed numbness, Harriet sighed, got up from the kitchen chair, flicked on the light switch, and started shaping hamburger patties for Jessie's dinner. She watched as one and then two crimson drops fell onto the patties before she wiped away the blood dripping from her split lip.

In the barn, each kitten was in its own wire-mesh cage. Jessie wanted them to be hungry for his attention. He was drawn to the smallest one. She was mostly black with white paws and a white face.

"Oh, you sweet baby, come to Daddy," Jessie crooned as he reached into the cage and pulled the kitten out.

The kitten clung to his shirt with her tiny, sharp claws and purred as he stroked her soft, warm fur. Then she began squirming to get out of his grasp, and he let her down in an enclosure he'd made in the middle of the barn. She ran around in circles on the cool, compacted dirt floor, chasing her tail for a bit and then began sniffing darker spots in the dirt, her tiny tongue lapping up a bit of blackened crust. The curious kitten tasted the bloodstained dirt, just as Jessie's warm hand reached for her.

Chapter Two

The next morning, Citrus County Probation Supervisor Charles Darling punched the key code into the office door, entered, and almost bumped into a young woman holding a coffee cup in one hand and a Krispy Krème donut in the other.

Grinning, she said, “Morning, Charlie. Too bad...I got the last one.” She pointed to her donut.

The young woman looked a bit closer at her supervisor’s face and added, “Hey...did you cut yourself shaving? That’s really old school. I remember my grandpa would have those little dried papers on his face when he’d come over on Sunday morning for breakfast.”

“Jennifer,” replied Charlie, as he removed the tiny square of toilet paper he’d forgotten was on his lip, “as charmed as I am with your comparison of me to your grandpa...get back in your cubicle and finish that 288 report. I need the rough draft tomorrow.”

Charles Darling, Charlie to his friends and coworkers, currently supervised the Adult Investigation Training Unit, located in a building adjacent to the courthouse at the Citrus County Government Center. The center encompassed three square miles in downtown Citrus, the largest city in the county. Citizens parked in one of eight lots, only to realize that the building

they needed was a half-mile away. Various buildings housed just about every county department, but newcomers to the center were frustrated by inadequate and confusing signage.

After finally locating the right building and department to conduct their business, visitors might then spend an hour or more searching for their car in the lot they thought they had parked in. The probation investigation and administration offices shared a building with the county sheriff's records bureau and emergency services.

Charlie usually had six investigators in his unit, plus his senior officer, although he had one vacancy now. He had been teaching probation officer trainees how to conduct investigations and write clear, concise sentencing reports for the last ten years.

Having read and reviewed thousands of juvenile and adult reports during that time, he could still occasionally be surprised at the depths of depravity or the sheer idiocy of the department's clients. That was the politically correct term, along with defendant or offender, or if under eighteen, they were referred to as minors, juveniles or wards. What they were called behind the locked doors of the office tended to be a bit more colorful.

Jennifer followed Charlie down the hall to his office, muttering in frustration, "I will, I will, but this case is really disgusting. Mr. Nasty Hands should rot in hell."

Edward Reed, Jennifer's sixty-six-year-old defendant, had been convicted of fondling children in his wife's day care, which was unlicensed and cheap, operating on a cash-only basis. Child welfare workers had begun an investigation after a free clinic nurse called the child abuse hotline. The nurse had seen finger-mark bruises on the breasts of a two-year-old girl who was brought in for a well-baby check-up by her concerned but undocumented Spanish-speaking mother.

The bilingual nurse pointed to the marks and asked the mother about them. The mother told her that her daughter

had started getting the bruises several weeks ago, when she put her in daycare so she could earn a little money cleaning houses. The daycare lady told her that sometimes the kids played rough and pinched each other. The worried mother showed the nurse some small bruises on her daughter's buttocks and said the daycare lady told her that's how those got there too.

A social worker arranged for a medical-legal exam to be performed on the child. The doctor concluded that the child was a victim of sexual abuse, basing his findings not only on the finger-mark bruises on her breasts and buttocks but also on the small lacerations and bruises he noted on the child's perineum area; they were injuries consistent with digital penetration of the vagina and anus. When police and child welfare workers paid a surprise visit to the unlicensed daycare home, they found eight children (three boys and five girls) aged six months to two years of age. Subsequent exams revealed similar bruising on all of the children, with evidence of digital penetration on three more girls and two of the boys.

"Charlie, these were babies!" continued Jennifer. "I know the old bat had to know what was going on, maybe even joined in, but her husband told the police she wasn't involved. Yeah, right. That's so she only ends up with a fine for being unlicensed. When her court probation ends in twelve months, she'll just start taking in kids again. This guy needs to go away until he dies of old age. I just wish we could put her away too."

"Go finish your rough draft, Jennifer. Convince me first, and then the judge, that this guy should do the max."

Charlie had an actual office, with walls and a door. He even had a window that looked out onto one of the parking lots. Most officers were not so lucky; they were wedged into gray Herman Miller-designed cubicles to maximize the available floor space. The senior officers laid claim to the handful of coveted cubicles that had windows; any leftovers were assigned in a highly anticipated annual lottery. The winners brought in

donuts to appease the losers, who munched on their glazed and jelly-filled confections, resigned to waiting another year for a chance at a view, even if it was only the parking lot.

Entering his office, Charlie sighed and sat down heavily in his ergonomically correct chair. He hated the new chair; it was all mesh and control knobs and levers. It was twelve-ways adjustable. He missed his old chair, with the cracked leather and the rounded crater his butt had made after fifteen years of sitting. It was no-way adjustable...even the wheels had worn down.

He had refused the new chair when the county furniture guys came around. They just winked at him and left it outside of his office. The next day, his manager had sent him an e-mail directive: place his old chair outside his office for surplus to pick up and start enjoying his new chair. Well, they could make him sit in the damn chair, but he damn well would not enjoy it.

Charlie's desk phone rang. He could see that the call came from "heaven." The department's administration was on the floor above the investigation units. It was Marsha from backgrounds, and he liked her, so he answered. As much as Charlie had resisted the advent of technology, e-mail and voice mail did have their pluses, such as avoiding unwanted phone conversations or face-to-face meetings with managers.

Marsha and Charlie had been friends since meeting at their new-hire orientation thirty years ago. They had never worked together in the same unit, but their promotions had coincided and both had been supervisors for ten years.

They made a point to meet once a month for lunch and commiseration, talking about their jobs and all the changes they'd seen since they started. More recently, they plotted their potential second careers after retirement. Currently, crime novelist and pet sitter were getting equal consideration.

"Hi, Marsha, you got some good news for me?"

“Yeah...you get a new addition to Charlie’s Darlings.”

“That joke wasn’t funny the first tewnty times you used it...get some fresh material, will ya?”

“I got someone fresh for you. Evelyn Parker. She starts in your unit September tenth. I’ve already routed a copy of her application to you.”

“Is she gonna be able to stick it out? The last one you guys passed only lasted four months. He quit after he did a few jail interviews.”

Charlie checked his in-basket as he talked and groaned at the tall pile of reports to read, memos to review, and cases to assign.

Pulling the thickest file out of the stack to make the rest look more manageable, he continued, “I guess he decided that our clients were too hardcore for him. He just wanted to sit around with a group of twelve-year-old shoplifters and talk about peer pressure.”

“When I told him that a transfer to the delinquency prevention unit was at least two years away, he decided life was too short. I hear he got a job at the local Boys and Girls Club. After a few months there, he’ll probably think those kids are too hardcore.”

“Charlie, maybe you pushed him too soon. Was he ready?”

“Marsha, there are some people who will never be ready. I’m not a babysitter. Can we maybe hire some folks who don’t still have acne and have maybe even lived a little? All these college kids...I’m too old to put up with the giggling and the ‘girlfriend this’ and ‘girlfriend that.’ Now you’ve added another girl to my unit.”

Charlie opened up the case file, a residential burglary, and said, “At least I have my senior, Bill. We can talk guy stuff, as long as I don’t mention anything that happened prior to this decade.”

“Charlie...you better watch those sexist and ageist remarks,” Marsha chided, half jokingly, half not.

They both knew the department had recently tightened up its harassment policies after having to discipline a supervisor who belittled the fieldwork of his female officers under the guise of lunchroom banter. Some in the audience were not amused, and a complaint was lodged and investigated.

Marsha continued, “Don’t refer to your female POs as ‘girls’.”

“Fair enough. Then stop referring to my unit as Charlie’s Darlings.”

“Whatever you say...darling.”

Charlie hung up the phone and looked up to see the heads of Jennifer, Meagan, Susan, and Patricia peeking in at various angles through his open office door.

“What do you guys want now?”

“Hey, don’t be so grouchy” said Susan. “We just wanted to tell you that we’re headed over to court to see the Knight sentencing.”

All three started giggling. Patricia, twenty-four years old, had been in the unit for one year and had just passed the department’s required probationary period. She would be eligible soon to transfer to the regular Adult Investigation Unit, where the cases were more complex and the investigators worked with less supervision. Her written skills were very good, and she would have no trouble in the advanced unit.

She had written the commercial burglary report on the Knight, whose nickname was a given after he broke into a custom wheel shop and stole Sir Galahad, a replica suit of armor that the owner of Armor Wheels said was like a member of his family.

The Knight, a.k.a. Stephen Russell, thirty-eight years old, had consumed seven shots of tequila in the hour before last call. Leaving the bar, he walked passed the tire store that was

located at the corner of the dingy strip mall at the edge of Citrus. He spotted Sir Galahad in the shop window, and it was love at first sight. Russell threw caution to the wind, smashed the window, and grabbed the suit of armor.

Luckily he was a big, strapping guy, because the suit of armor weighed about 130 pounds. He stuffed Sir Galahad into the trunk of his 1997 Sentra and began the drive home, slow and careful because he already had two DUIs and a suspended license.

Unfortunately, not quite all of Sir Galahad fit inside the trunk. One arm was dangling out when a parked police cruiser saw Russell slowly roll through a stop sign. The cruiser went into felony pursuit mode because of the “body” in the trunk. Russell panicked and tried to evade the cruiser by making a quick turn. Due to his inebriation, he misjudged the turn and hit the curb. Sir Galahad bounced out of the trunk and was directly in the path of the pursuing cruiser, which crushed him under its wheels. The injuries proved fatal.

“OK,” said Charlie. “You gir...officers go have your fun. Before I forget, we’re getting a newbie on the tenth. Her name’s Evelyn. Let’s hope she doesn’t scare easy.”

Chapter Three

On Monday, September tenth, twenty-two-year-old Evelyn Parker, Eve to her family and friends, arrived at the county complex and located the probation/sheriff building without too much difficulty. She reported to the second floor fifteen minutes early and showed her new ID to the receptionist. Charlie was called to the front and the receptionist pointed out Eve, who stood 5'6" in three-inch heels, wearing a light gray pantsuit with a darker gray blouse. Eve's honey-blond hair framed a pleasant, open face and her dark blue eyes sparkled with nervous energy as she smiled at Charlie, who waved to her through the security glass. She was buzzed through the metal detector, and Charlie led her back to his office. She spent the first thirty minutes of her probation officer career trying to maintain eye contact with her new supervisor as he talked about probation's role in the court system and his expectations for new hires.

As nervous as she was, she remembered little of what he actually said, but he ended with, "As required, you'll be reading the department's policies and procedures, this unit's P&Ps, and shadowing other probation officers in the unit. I won't assign you a sentencing report for the first two weeks. After that, you'll get some easy ones, and your first interview or two will

be monitored. The only way to really learn this job is to do it. Now tell me, why did you decide to become a probation officer?"

Eve resisted the urge to tug on her shoulder-length hair before she answered, and instead she kept her hands firmly clenched in her lap. She tried to keep her voice steady as she told him, "I was undeclared my first year at UC Riverside, so I took classes I thought would be interesting, you know, like psychology, sociology, even anthropology.

"This probation officer came to speak at my sociology class and made the job sound like a combination of, well, mentor, social worker, and street cop. I could tell she really loved her job, and I guess I wanted to do something positive too, you know, something that would make a difference." Eve looked up at Charlie, realizing she had been talking mostly to her hands. He gave her a nod of encouragement, so she continued.

"Well, anyway, in my junior year, I volunteered for the Riverside Probation Department as part of my required field-work for my degree. I worked at a juvenile supervision office, doing, uh, helping with paperwork, and I got to see the probation officers in action. It helped convince me that this was the career I wanted, and, well, here I am."

Eve exhaled slowly and hoped she'd made a good impression. Charlie smiled again and said, "Well, Eve, about the only action you'll see while in this unit will be vicariously, when you read police reports and other documents. As we like to say in investigations, 'The pen is mightier than the sword.'

"OK, then, let's get you started. I'm going to introduce you to the other folks in the unit and get you settled in your cubicle. Then I'll bring in those manuals I told you about and you can get started on some very dry reading."

Chapter Four

Jessie was fifteen minutes late for his shift at the video store that Monday morning. He was checking out *Lascivious Intentions* and *Making It in the Shade* for one of the regular adult video customers. The store did a pretty brisk business out of the adults-only section, which was located in the back and separated by a partition and black-curtained doorway.

They were alone in the store, and this particular customer liked to make disparaging comments to Jessie about fringe porn, like kiddie and S&M, while promoting the therapeutic nature of regular porn. Jessie usually responded with uh-huhs and an occasional hmm, barely listening to the guy.

He perked up his ears, though, when the customer said, “Hey, kid, you ever heard about these crush videos? It’s sick man. They show chicks in high heels or bare feet stomping baby animals to death. You know, like bunnies and kittens. How could anybody be turned on by that twisted shit?”

Jessie shook his head, feigning disgust at the customer’s description. Suppressing his excitement, Jessie asked, “How do people get their hands on that kind of trash...it must be hard to get?”

“Kid, nothing’s hard to get over the Internet.”