I was **confused**. I'd like to **think of myself as being** dangerous. But **in fact**, I'm just a journalist **who leads** a **pretty dull** life.

I don't have a criminal record, though the address on my driver's license is my mother's—which is why the "raid" took place where it did.

I hadn't robbed any convenience stores lately, either, so the warrant didn't make any sense to me.

It doesn't **take** much to **draw the attention** of cops.

New Yorkers are used to this by now.

Rudy has been trying to stop homeless people from approaching drivers and offering to clean their windshields.

He's cracked down on street vendors and sent police into neighborhoods to make sure that there is no jaywalking.

While the crackdown has been controversial, I can't say I haven't benefitted.

There has been much less crime lately than there used to be only a few years ago.

Fewer people hassle you on the subway. And there are no small-time drug dealers in the park anymore.

I am **a bit of** a yuppie **myself** so **l've** never **given much thought to what it felt like** to be on the other side of the law.

When the police tracked me down, I thought there must be some mistake. It turned out there wasn't, I was the one they were in fact looking for.

And I did commit a crime too, as I soon found out. Not that I would call it a crime.

A twenty-something police officer showed up out of nowhere and wrote me a ticket.

I probably should have paid it on the spot. But instead I stuck the pink slip in my back pocket and forgot about it. Until a month or so ago, that is.

Imagine how embarrassed I felt when I was now told what my crime was.

At least I had good company.

Lots of my friends **have had** similar problems **lately**.

One tried to **fight a \$20 parking ticket**. **By the time** she got **to court**, her car **had been towed** away. Now she **owes** \$400.

A friend was pulled over for running a red light on his bicycle. He was given a ticket for not having a horn or a bell.