

a yuppie in giuliani's new york /2/ the crime

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

One Saturday night, **back** in March, I **walked** out of my apartment after a barbecue, **holding** a can of beer. A **twenty-something** police officer **showed up** out of nowhere and wrote me a **ticket**. He told me I was **violating** New York City's laws, **one of which bans** drinking alcohol **in public**.

Yeah, 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**, when some computer at police **HQ** spat out a **list** of Wanted Criminals. My name was **on it**. 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. Another 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.