

## ***APOCALYPSE COWBOY/CALIFORNIA FREEZE***

One of the four walkie-talkies attached to my harness lets out a static-filled blurb:

“Task force to Kiddo, Task force to Kiddo, do you read me, repeat, do you read me? Over.”

There’s no headset, so I take my hands off the wheel to respond.

“That’s an affirmative, Boss. Kiddo reading you loud and clear. Over.”

“Have you reached your destination, Kiddo? Over.”

“I’ve got about a five-minute ETA on the Van Nuys Airport. Over.”

12/31/99: 14:00 hour: I’m heading down the 5 doing about 90 miles per hour, the fastest speed my vehicle will afford. I am not manning the Hummer today, but a low-profile sedan, a rental with no plates.

I run through my checklist.

Walkie-talkies (60 count). check.

High impact waterproof flashlight. check.

35 mm camera with telephoto lens. check.

\$1,000.00 US Dollars cash, taped to abdomen. check.

