

## Re: Long post cause I'm still babbling and scared.

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**From:** Anne Vasquez (annevasquez\_at\_NOSPAMhotmail.com)

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Becky, that is absolutely TERRIFYING!!! If you're not willing to go stay with someone until they catch these creeps, make sure you keep those dogs near and pay close attention to them. And don't forget to post here regularly, even if it's just, "Hey, I'm still here," so we know you're okay!! I assume the police are going to keep at least half an eye on your place in the meantime?

Thank God the kids are okay. Give your DS an extra whap upside the head for me, would you? Remind him what you and your family would have gone through if he'd ended up losing the argument with the gun!! That is so scary. I can't even imagine.

Anne

Becky Young wrote:

- > *My DIL called me tonight. She said "I might as well tell you that we've been*
- > *robbed."*
- >
- > *She works at a Tobacco Superstore, as does my daughter, Robin. I don't like*
- > *having them work there, I'll be frank (especially Robin, who is a great MT but*
- > *doesn't like being tied down to the computer).*
- >
- > *I thought she meant at the store, but that's not what happened. The store is*
- > *"in town" a long way from here. We are out in the country a ways. Our address*
- > *is not the main road, our driveway is actually a private road and I am the only*
- > *person on it. There's a road sign, but there's actually no road.*
- >
- > *My husband's shop is about 500 feet back from the road, conservative estimate.*
- > *It's just plunked down in the middle of a field, actually. We still hang out*
- > *there even though he is gone. The house here is over 1000 feet from there, back*
- > *farther, 1600 feet from my house to the main road. There are woods on three*
- > *sides of my house for miles. The fourth side is pasture, then woods, and I'm*
- > *back here under a hill. Believe me, nobody ever just drove by my house for*
- > *nothing! I'm at the dead end of a very rough dirt road through the woods.*
- >
- > *DS had picked his wife up from work. They left there, drove through Wendy's,*
- > *and came out here in the country, slowed down at the shop because they saw a*
- > *deer. Suddenly they saw headlights behind them. DS turned around to go back and*

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> see what they wanted. He knew something was up because (1) the guy was black.  
> There's nobody out here but plain old white bread, ever. The cops will stop  
> somebody and ask what they are doing out there if they see a black person! (2)  
> instead of pulling alongside DS's car, he pulled up nose to nose and got out.  
>  
> [Flash to the house. Their weimaraner, Gracie, went nuts. Now this is out of  
> sight and sound of the shop, completely. I let her out to potty and she made a  
> beeline over the hill and down toward the shop, hair standing on end, barking  
> her head off, the Shih Tzu right at her heels. The coyotes had been howling and  
> I figured she was on them, because she was furious. I hollered at her but she  
> wouldn't come home. I picked up my keys to go down there, but it's cold outside  
> and I'm a little nervous alone back here. I put the keys down and came back  
> here to work.]  
>  
> Back to the shop. He asked directions. DS, being the nice guy that he is, went  
> into detail about how to get back to the freeway. He shook the guy's hand and  
> turned to get in the car.  
>  
> Next thing he felt was a gun behind his ear! DIL couldn't see his face because  
> the headlights were in her eyes, but she saw him get the gun out of his pants  
> and put it to DS's head. He told DS to give him the money. He told DIL to get  
> out of the car. He said "You're the bitch from the Tobacco Superstore. Gimme  
> the bank bag, NOW!"  
>  
> She didn't have it. That's not how they do it. He was mad. He had them dump out  
> their pockets and her purse there in the driveway. Right then is when Gracie  
> started going crazy back in the dark driveway. DIL said, "My mom is right  
> THERE." DS grabbed the gun and twisted it, but the guy had the grip end and DS  
> had the slick barrel (remind me to beat his butt later for being this stupid).  
> He cuffed DS upside the head two or three times and they scrambled around. Poor  
> little DIL was hollering "Mom! Help!" and I couldn't hear her because I was  
> back on the porch hollering for Gracie to come home. He told DIL to take the  
> keys from the ignition. She did, but she threw them in the ditch, not over  
> toward him (they have a brand-new Mustang and he wanted the car). They left,  
> and DS GOT IN THE MUSTANG AND CHASED THEM!!!  
>  
> Gracie and Grizzy had come home and I was none the wiser, but I did think it  
> was weird how she'd been barking, and I was spooky. I got my gun out to be  
> handy, it's like I felt the presence of somebody bad, but I was too scared to  
> go down and check (I didn't know they were down there).  
>  
> So these dudes are in a Maxima, going fast on the curvy unfamiliar road, but DS  
> has this V8 Mustang that will COOK, so he was upon them in no time, 911 on the  
> phone and giving them the tag #. THEY TURNED AROUND AND SHOT AT MY KIDS!!!!  
>  
> Long story not near short enough, I had to go to town and give them gas \$  
> because this guy cleaned them out. On the way to town, I passed 3 cop cars on  
> the freeway, 2 cops in each car, out with their flashlights looking in the  
> ditches. Got to where they were and there were 4 cars there. They called in an  
> investigator and a supervisor, who brought a photo lineup with him. DS picked  
> the guy right out of the lineup. The cop told him "I'm going to just be

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- > *straight with you. That's the owner of the car." So he'd picked the right one.*
- >
- > *There were deputies absolutely swarming and the helicopter in the air. They*
- > *went out to the spot where the shooting took place and there were two cars*
- > *there, officers with flashlights looking for shells. The city police were also*
- > *notified, because the perp lives in the city.*
- >
- > *I hope they catch him. I will not sleep one wink tonight. The guys didn't*
- > *follow them from work, they knew where they were coming home to. They are not*
- > *in the phone book, as they live with me, and have only been here a month.*
- >
- > *This means that somebody told them where DIL lives and how to get there. This*
- > *is not a place you'd just randomly come to, believe me. Somebody told them.*
- >
- > *It just gives me the creeps. If Gracie hadn't scared them off, they might have*
- > *both been shot and I would not have known it until heaven knows when.*
- >
- > *The sheriff's department did a fantastic job, a great job. I'll be letting*
- > *somebody know about that when this is all over.*
- >
- > *The officer that I talked to told me to be "really careful" out here. Ha. I*
- > *told him I would be, that I always aim VERY carefully. I'm so upset. I want*
- > *both girls quitting that store, I mean it.*
- >
- > *Now I still have my work to do. :(*
- >
- > *Becky Young*
- >