

# Street robberies and you

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## Street Robberies and You – The Basics

Lately we have had two different board members find themselves looking down the barrel of a gun along with the GF of another in street robberies. Also Blitz308<sup>1</sup> got shot all to pieces last year.

While many say it is better to be lucky than good, no one is lucky every time. In this post I am going to attempt to provide some insight into street encounters. Other may have different viewpoints. I am not here to argue. I will say some of the comments I have seen posted in the threads about this sort of matter make me realize that while some are clearly street veterans others are not. This is really for those who are not.

### Background

First, my info. I worked in the street of one of America's most violent, dangerous cities for 15 years. I usually worked in the worst part of that city. I spent 15 years in patrol. I liked patrol. It was wild. Most of the time I worked in areas covered in ghetto. By that I mean large housing projects combined with run down slum housing. I have worked all shifts. Later I became an investigator including a robbery investigator. I have spent countless hours in interrogation rooms talking to hold up men. I know them. I am still an investigator but have quit playing the Robbery game because my family was starting to forget what I looked like.

### The Enemy

Some may object to me calling hold up men "the enemy." You can call them whatever you like. I can assure you however they are as deadly an enemy as you will find anywhere but the battlefield. Even many soldiers probably lack the viciousness and utter disregard for life most hold up men possess.

No one wakes up in the morning one day and decides to become an armed robber. It is a gradual process that requires some experience and desensitizing. Before a man will pick up a gun and threaten to kill people who have done him no harm in order to get their usually meager possessions he has to get comfortable with some things.

He has to get used to seeing others as objects for him to exploit. He has to accept he may be killed while robbing. He has to accept the felony conviction for Robbery will haunt him all his life. He has to accept he may need to kill a completely innocent person to get away with his crime.

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<sup>1</sup> Blitz308 is the screen name of a citizen with a CCW license in Missouri, who was shot during an armed robbery, as he returned fire. Blitz308's armed robbery, in his own words.

This is a process that starts with stealing candy at the corner store as a child. It progresses through bigger property crimes that may also involve violence. But one day G gets tired of selling his stolen property for nothing and decides it would be better to steal cash. Cut out all that tiresome sales stuff.

Keep in mind many petty thieves, auto burglars, residential and commercial burglars, paper thieves, and hustlers will get to that point and decide not to become armed robbers. Most will. It is a special group of outliers who decide threatening to kill people for a few dollars is the way to go.

Once a man starts armed robbing he has crossed a line most won't. Don't forget that when you are looking these bastards in the eye. **Their decision to kill you is already made.** Your life means nothing to him. Only his does. His sole motivation for not killing you is he doesn't want a murder case. He has already accepted that he may pick one up though.

We hunt hold up men around the clock once they are identified. We send teams of fire breathing fence jumper/door kickers to find them. We will bring their mother to the office and convince her she is going to jail if we don't have Junior in our office in an hour. We have her call her son crying hysterically for him to turn himself in before she is arrested and held without bond as a material witness and her home seized for harboring him. Most of the time they won't. Fuck their own momma.

We will hit all Juniors friends and family's houses. We make it so no one will harbor him. He is so hot no one will let him in their house or even talk on the phone with him. We put money on him so he knows he is right to be betrayed and set up. We do this because of one thing.

That thing is they WILL kill someone if they keep robbing. That is why the city is willing to pay all the overtime. They don't want the murders. Think about that when you see Junior coming. **The more robberies he does the closer he is to killing someone. Maybe you.**

The guys who hit you on the street are gang members. They are Gangster Disciples, Vice Lords, Crips, Surenos, many others. They do not see themselves as part of society. The street is all they know. They don't expect to live long or stay out of prison. They take a delight in your fear and suffering. They are warped individuals for the most part. They can be extremely dangerous.

One time we were locking up a hold up man and having a conversation about how they target their victims. I was saying they pick easy ones, another guy was saying they preferred easy ones but would take anybody. I pointed out a uniform Officer there was an NFL size guy to that hold up man. Frankly the dude was a monster. I asked hold up man if he would rob him. He said "If I needed the money."

## You

Chances are good you are a law abiding person except for maybe a little light weed smoking and maybe driving a little drunk every once in a while. Most of your life you have been taught to be nice and don't point guns at people. You are the exact opposite of your enemy who was taught just the opposite. Remember a lot of street life is like prison life. Who's the man is everything. Violence is the currency of the street.

You do not possess total disregard for the lives of others and do not want to kill anyone. You are concerned about the ramifications of shooting someone. **Your family, your possessions and finances on the line. Your enemy has none of these concerns.**

**The laws that keep you from carrying your gun in bars or where ever mean nothing to your enemy.** Your reluctance to shoot someone works to his advantage. His greater experience in street violence and the element of surprise is on his side.

Everyone should call their local FBI office and get a copy of Law Enforcement Officers Killed and Assaulted. When it first came out it was ground breaking because it demonstrated to academics and other elites what street police knew all along. What did it show in interviews with cop killers? Nice guys finish dead. That's right. Most of those offenders commented that the Officer they killed set himself up to be killed because of reluctance to use force early in the encounter.

You can probably find it on line now. A lot of the victim Officers were a lot like a lot of other people, normal people. They were the opposite of their enemy.

Am I advocating becoming the enemy? No. I am saying the person who is robbing you has certain traits, attitudes, and background. That is all.

### Dynamics of Encounters

**Hold up men target victims on the street in an impulsive, opportunistic manner. They see someone and make a quick judgment call on whether to rob them.** The time between when you are targeted and they are on you isn't long. Therefore, situational awareness is everything.

If you see G coming you are in good shape. If you don't you will be the victim who says "He came out of nowhere." No he didn't. There are many tricks to watching out but simply watching your back is the main thing. **Watch your back. If you do it enough it becomes second nature** and you won't even realize you are doing it.

Watching out is great but unfortunately many self defense courses stop there. You have parked your car in a well lit area, are aware of your surroundings, and looky here, here comes three guys across the parking lot and they start to kind of fan out.

**When you lock eyes with G the very first thing you need to do is indicate you have a weapon.** It doesn't matter if you do or not. If you are a woman put your gun hand in your purse and keep it there. If you are a man fan your shirt or coat tail with your gun hand. Make it clear to dude you are mentally prepared to draw and making sure your gun is clear. This will many times result in an about face by dude. **It is the single best robbery avoidance tactic IMHO.**

Not long ago I was walking down the sidewalk in my town to go get my car. I was holding a folding chair in my gun hand. A car slow rolled past me with 4 heads in it. The guys in the back seat turned around as they went by looking at me. They went a little farther and U turned in the street.

Here they come back. As they started to slow down I looked at them with as contemptuous a look as I could muster and switched the chair to my left hand and flicked my shirt tail with my right hand. They just drove on mad dogging me.

In another case I was at a Christmas party and walked a girl to her car about 3 am. As we said our good-byes two guys were walking across the parking lot. One went behind a dumpster. I though he was peeing. He came out from behind the dumpster with a bottle.

As they got closer I stepped clear of that girl and unzipped my jacket at those two guys. When I did the guy threw down the bottle and they walked by cussing at me. **If someone challenges you after you indicate you are armed, say "I don't have a gun." Then they will know<sup>2</sup> you do.**

Here is an opposite story. A girl my brother knows was walking her dog when a guy approached her. She was polite. **Mistake.** He talked to her about the dog and said she had pretty hair and reached out and touched her hair. She did not slap his hand down or aggressively object. **Mistake.** He asked her if her dog bit and she said "No." At that time he slapped the shit out of her, drug her into a wooded area, and raped her.

**The answer in the street is always "No."** Can I ask you something? No. Do you have a cigarette? No. Can you tell me what time it is? No. The answer is always "No." Don't be nice. Stop the encounter as soon as it starts.

### When to draw

Despite warnings I often see on the Net I have yet to encounter an instance in which a hold up man called the police to report his intended victim threatened to shoot him. Thugs do not want to come into contact with the police. They may already be wanted or realize chances are good they have been identified in a recent robbery. Or whatever. They are not going to call the police if you draw on them.

Supposed two guys are approaching you in a parking lot and do the classic fan out maneuver. You indicate you have a weapon by clearing your gun hand and fanning your jacket at them. They are not discouraged. **DRAW!**

I am not saying you should pull your gun out, assume a Weaver stance, and scream "That's close enough motherfuckers!" What I am saying is **draw your gun and hold it beside your leg as you start to move to cover.** I am very fond of telephone poles. Anything will do though. They will see this. They will remember they have to be somewhere else. They will not call the police.

Then you can just put your gun back in the holster and go back to whatever you were doing like nothing happened. Why? Because nothing did happen. A happening is when shots are fired.

**Do not hesitate to draw.** If you are somewhere you are supposed to be and someone appears who is not supposed to be there (like a closed business) show him the end of your gun. Could it be Mother Teresa looking for her lost cat behind your closed business? No it is some motherfucker up to no good. He won't call the police to report he was prowling a location when a guy ran him off.

### When to shoot

**The time to shoot is immediately upon seeing his weapon.** You are not a police man who has to try to arrest the guy. No need to scream at him. No exposure while you yell for him to drop the gun.

In deer hunting the experienced hunter takes the first good shot. May not be the perfect shot but it never is. Novices pass up a doable shot waiting for a better shot and then the deer is gone. Take the first good shot you

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<sup>2</sup> As explained by member John\_Wayne777, a self-defense Instructor: Under stress people give off verbal and non-verbal cues about things they want to conceal:

*Police officer: "You have anything on you I should know about?"*

*Felon: "Naw, man, I ain't got no gun!"*

The felon has just told the cop he has a gun. The same is true of the shirt-tail flap he mentioned. It's a non-verbal cue called a rehearsal movement....as in a movement somebody subconsciously does to rehearse drawing a handgun. There are other non-verbal cues that signal someone is working up to a criminal assault, but rehearsal movements are a big one. By making a point of saying you don't have a gun, you're telling the guy who is sizing you up for a criminal assault that you have a gun. This may impact his decision to assault you.

are offered. **Hopefully your alertness and hostile cues will prevent you ever having to fire. But once you see his weapon, shoot.**

**If a guy is coming at you with a gun in his hand shoot him. Shoot him right then.** If you don't shoot first you may not shoot at all. I have known more than one person who was shot and received life changing injuries and also shot their attacker. Their only regret was not shooting sooner. Like Bill Jordan said "**Nothing disturbs your enemy's aim like a slug delivered to the belt buckle area.**"

## Guns and weapons

The handgun is the best weapon you can carry easily. I understand it is not always possible to have one due to laws, restrictions, whatever. I am not telling anyone to disregard laws about carrying weapons. Each person has to decide for themselves what they are comfortable with. I will say **there is no substitute for a pistol when you need one.**

Also if you cannot be trusted with a pistol after a few drinks you can't be trusted with a pistol period. Booze is liquid bad judgment no doubt but it shouldn't make you into a damn moron. If you are a moron sober I don't know what to tell you.

Types of guns and ammo are always debated and probably always will be. I have seen people shot with all common calibers. My conclusion is if you hit someone between the collar bone and the tip of their ribs three times with anything, they are handled. Bigger is better but something is better than nothing. Get your front sight on his shirt and stay on him as long as he is standing with whatever gun you have.

Just have a gun with sure fire ammo. Draw early and fire immediately upon seeing his weapon. That course of action is about all you can do to up your odds of ending things favorably. Guns like the Ruger LC9, SIG 239, Glock 26/27 are examples of guns small enough to carry but with enough power and capacity to be useful. Do not be afraid to use a French Lebel if that is the only gun you have. A gun is a gun. I like a Glock 19.

## Training

We all want the best training. It can be expensive if you are having to pay for it and it can be hard to find the time to do it. There is a whole lot of BS out there. What can you do? First, pistol handling is not rocket surgery. If you will learn the basics and practice on your own you can be fine. Smooth draw, quick pairs, reload. If you know those things well you can be OK.

I know a young man who shot down two hold up men in 2010 at very close range while he and his GF were walking home from the store. He in Wyatt Earp like fashion ignored the fire coming from the gunman and killed him and wounded his accomplice. He nor his GF were injured. **He like many was willing to give them the money until he picked up on nonverbal cues that because of his GF they were not quite satisfied with the money.** He had a Glock 27.

He had only the most basic of training in gun handling but did do some draws and some dry fire a couple times a week and live fired maybe once a month. That basic skill combined with knowing what to do was enough. **He shot at the first possible moment despite having let the guys get the drop on them.** When the gunman turned his head because a car drove by that was the opening. A split second is a long time sometimes.

**Work on some one hand shooting at close range.** That is a skill not as popular as it once was and you want to use two hands when you can. Often you can find yourself doing something with your off hand though so be able to shoot with one hand out to 5 yards or so.

## After

If it comes to pass you are forced to shoot someone do not feel bad. When the police come just tell them a guy threatened you with deadly force and you were forced to fire. I know there are bad police out there in some parts of the country who don't support self defense. I can't help you with that.

Do not talk to them until you have your attorney present. Now most young guys don't have an attorney on retainer and you may have no idea who to call. That is OK. You will figure it out but in the mean time **don't talk about what happened other than to say you were forced to fire.** You don't have to be an asshole just remember wait for your attorney.

Hopefully you will not give a statement for a couple days. Remember if you are put in jail that doesn't mean you are charged. Most places can hold you 48 or 72 hours on a felony before charging you or letting you go. Breathe deep and get an attorney.

Expect to never get your gun back. You may get it back one day but maybe not. Do not buy expensive guns for the street. Buy yourself a nice sporting gun if you want a nice gun. Keep your street guns basic. The factory Model 10 Smith and the GI 45 have done a lot of work over the years and aren't fancy.

## Worlds

We all live in different worlds. My world is filled with felons and gang members. Violence is common place. No one would be surprised if one of their friends called and said they shot a hold up man at a place of business or parking lot. In the past when I made calls the fact that the guy who is beating his GF is also on parole for 2nd degree murder flavored my world.

You may live in a smaller, less violent place where shootings seldom occur and it would be a rare to shoot a hold up man. I envy you and will be moving to a place like your town as soon as I can.

But be advised no matter where you are a hold up man is going to be about the same. **Whether he is a home boy or a guy who just exited the interstate into your town and needs some quick money.** He is going to have a vicious streak and **no regard for your life.** Treat him like he treats you.

Giving them the money, doing what they say, all that may work but there is no guarantee. If you have never read Jeff Cooper's book The Principles of Personal Defense I suggest you order a copy immediately. It is a short book but summarizes a lot of important things.

Last year we had a trial here regarding an armed robbery that occurred. Three or four guys took a young couple from a parking garage near a college out by some railroad tracks where they raped, shot, and beat them. Their lives will never be the same.

The lesser thugs all turned on the trigger man at trial. **The trigger man's statement in the paper was after all that had happened he felt like he was a victim.** Think about that. That is the mindset you are up against.

## Notes and Comments

### Other comments on criminal minds from John\_Wayne777:

You can't understand the way they think because they aren't human. I say that with every ounce of sincerity I can muster. They are not human. They are best thought of as an alien species. They do not share or appreciate anything approaching a value system you or I would recognize. **Their formative years were spent in an environment that was utterly alien to anything you or I ever lived in.**

As an example, yesterday I attended a lecture by William Aprill that dealt with what he termed "Violent Criminal Actors", essentially the people who would be classified as sociopaths. He told the story of a 15 year old boy who got in a fight on a basketball court and lost. When the boy's mother found out that he lost, she handed him a pistol and told him "WE don't go out like that!" ...and the boy returned to the basketball court and killed the other kid that beat him up.

When Aprill did social work he would often stop and take a look at a neighborhood before a visit to a home. On one visit he was in an urban area and he noticed a group of young kids (8-10 years old) that were playing on a basketball court that didn't have any hoops or backboards. The game they were playing involved grabbing one kid by the scruff of the neck, forcing him to his knees, then making the finger gun to the back of his head and mocking blowing his brains out execution style. After each repetition of this game the kids laughed hysterically and did it again.

Would your mother hand you a gun and direct you to go kill someone? When you were running around in your Tom Sawyer/Huck Finn years were you basically rehearsing street executions? I'm going to guess the answer to that is a big "No."

That's why you don't understand criminals...because you're thinking of them as human. Think of them as an alien species that just happens to be vulnerable to gunfire. They don't think like you. **They'll become highly insulted if you don't instantly cooperate in a robbery and feel that they are perfectly justified in killing you** because... and I am not making this up... you're the one who fucked up. They were minding their own business pulling off a perfectly routine robbery and you fucked it all up by not doing what you were told. That means it's your fault, and you're the one who was evil. Sociopaths consider themselves to be a breed apart from the rest of humanity. **The rest of the people on this planet are nothing more than livestock to them.** They have no more appreciation for human life than we have for the life of a bug when we stomp on it. In fact, they actually enjoy victimizing other people. They've done surveys of these guys and asked them about motivations for committing crimes and the answers range from giving them a sensation of power to actually giving them a feeling of accomplishment. **You know how you felt when you graduated high-school or when you managed to get a raise? That's how these guys feel when they cave somebody's head in with a shovel.**

### Another comment from John\_Wayne777 regarding Blitz308:

Most violent criminals have been predators for a long time. **They've actually developed a fairly sophisticated sense for what prey acts like** and the characteristics of people who have fangs. They can also pick up on subtle body language cues that others might miss... like members of a small group of people all looking at one guy signaling unconsciously that he's most likely the guy with a plan. A bad guy can be sophisticated enough to pick that up. In fact, it's something that retired police officers or off-duty cops can encounter as people who know them can look to them in a bad situation betraying their badge.

Some bad guys react to that by fleeing. Some react to that by getting violent. You never know which you've got in front of you ahead of time.

Bad guys test and prod with all sorts of schemes and behaviors they've picked up from observation or from their criminal brethren whom they often team up with for the purposes of victimizing people. (Like the scumbag who shot Blitz did with that fat slag.) To believe they are all mindless idiots who have no skill or sophistication is foolhardy. **Nearly every violent criminal is or has been at one point a con man** in another criminal endeavor... playing people's emotions like a fiddle. Witness the number of bad guys who turn from attempted murderer into blubbering beggar if the tables get turned. It's not remorse... it's a strategy designed to work on people who have a functional conscience like most of their prey has. They seared their conscience long ago.

[Another comment on nonverbal pre-assaultive cues from giraffejeff:](#)

One thing to watch for is the grooming move and the look around. A punk will do a grooming move (adjust glasses, run hand over hair, swipe his nose, etc.). This lets them know you are relaxed and they can move their hands without danger to themselves.

Next they will look around for any witnesses. The reason is obvious, they want to be alone when they commit the crime.

[More detail on pre-assaultive cues, taken from Skip Gochenour:](#)

There are a series of four attack indicators that are commonly seen in the moments before an attack. They may occur in any sequence and any one or more of them may be repeated multiple times before the actual attack. Grooming: Grooming is usually touching or stroking the head or face.

**Assessment glances:** Assessment glances are for the criminal to make a final check of conditions before the initiation of the attack. They are typically hard glances. They may be to see that no one not associated with him has moved into the area. They may be to assure that cohorts are in position. They may be targeting glances to view the specific area of attack on the targets person he intends to strike.

**Body Load:** Just before the attack the criminal will prepare his body for the attack. He will take a set. He will typically shift his weight for a strike. He will expand his body and raise his shoulders and put his nose over his toes. He will usually square his body to the target.

**False Starts:** Criminals rarely have their weapons secured in a holster. Their mode of carry is insecure (the weapon may change location or position while walking or moving around). They will typically use their hands to check to be sure the weapon is there, or adjust its position before the attack.

They will also typically make false start movements towards their weapon before they actually make their presentation.



## Attempted Armed Robberies and Encounters

A story from 6winchester2 with a caution about gas stations:

**Gas stations are on a different level than nearly anywhere else you can imagine** in terms of the "opportunity" they provide to get into a bad jam fast enough to make your head spin. Everyone needs gas sooner or later, the predators know this, and (best of all for them) **you have a ton of exposure while you have to stand there and wait** for your tank to fill. I always switch my threat radar to "maximum scan" when I am at a gas station, especially after dark.

On that subject, I have posted this before, but here it is, one more time... A young woman who I knew some years ago was driving through Detroit late one night on I- 75, coming back to Ohio from having visited some friends in a suburb north of the city. This poor girl had no idea how bad Detroit is, as she had spent very little time in Michigan. (Had I known of her plans in advance, I would have warned her. Tragically, I did not find out until too late).

It was probably around midnight (thereabouts) when she was coming back south, and she ran low on gas. She exited the freeway to look for a gas station that was open, without realizing she was now in one of the worst parts of Detroit.

After finding a gas station that was open, she was standing at the pump filling her tank when she was approached by two males. They abducted her right there at the pump, and took turns raping her.

The clerk inside the gas station was a real rocket scientist. He saw the abduction, and decided (are you ready for this?) to wait 30 minutes before calling the police. Moral: Do NOT expect anyone else to come to your aid. Many people WILL stand there, watch, and do absolutely nothing to help someone being assaulted.

I was able to talk to her after she got out of the hospital, and that girl was destroyed. Those animals messed her up for the rest of her life.

I doubt they were ever caught.

They are probably still out there, waiting for the next unfortunate victim (assuming they haven't found several more already, who knows). Thankfully I rarely have any need to drive through Detroit, but when I do, I always carry at least two spare mags.

An encounter at a shopping mall by immaculate:

In 2007 my then-girlfriend (now my wife) and I were leaving a nice shopping mall in a safe town one evening around 6pm. It was already dark out and the mall was very busy on that particular evening (this was during the holidays). I had just purchased a PlayStation 3 as a gift and we were leaving the mall with it. As we approached the main exit for the mall, we noticed a sizable group of urban youths loitering around/blocking the exit. I really didn't think much of it and this was my mistake - I wrongfully assumed that since it was still early and the mall was heavily populated, things would be OK.

We cautiously approached the exit and as I got to the doors, one of the kids "body checked" me very deliberately. I excused myself and politely and tried to move along, but he got in my face and starting slinging all sorts of insults and the like. I apologized and told him it was my mistake and we forcefully made our way around him and out into the parking lot hoping that the encounter would end. No such luck. The kid grabbed one of his pals and they started following us out. The girlfriend and I sped up to get to my car (parked in the 1<sup>st</sup> spot in the

nearest aisle in the most well-lit area possible) but I only had time to get her in the car and tell her to call 911 and lock the doors before the pair were accosting me at the car.

They fan out and one of them demands the PlayStation, my wallet and my keys in that exact order. At this point, all three of those items are locked in the car with my girlfriend and I can see the glow of her phone as she dials the cops through the car window. I tell the two kids that my girlfriend is calling 911. They must think I'm joking or just don't care as they ignore the comment altogether. One of them lifts up his jersey and puts his hand on a very chromed out 1911. They reiterate their request for the aforementioned items.

At this point, given that the items are with my girlfriend in the car and the LAST thing I will do is endanger her, I tell them very firmly, NO. In those next few seconds, the tunnel vision set in but I remember getting really calm. I guess I had accepted that these two kids who were no older than 18 years old were probably going to shoot me, or I was going to shoot them. Having spent some time in some rough areas in Northern and Southern California, I had heard all about robberies that resulted in the victims being killed anyway after handing over their things, so I kept looking for an opportunity to draw on the two kids.

I think I must've gone silent for a solid 5 seconds or so because I remember one of them angrily asking me, "so are you going to hand the shit over or am I going to have to blast you?" This next part I remember very clearly - I looked at the kid with the gun square in the eyes and told him, "No. In the next three seconds I am going to put two in your chest and one in his face. I am going to give you a one second head start." Their eyes lit up as I reached behind me to draw on them. My draw absolutely sucked because there was just too much adrenaline. The muscle memory was mostly there, but the particular shirt I was wearing was sort of in the way, I didn't get a solid grip, etc. All the same, the two kids turned and sprinted away by the time I got my gun out. I was so relieved that I didn't have to shoot them.

Did I do the right thing? Probably not, but I got to go home and I didn't have to shoot anybody, which I'm happy about. When you're scared shitless you apparently do some pretty absurd things - I guess the extent of my absurdity that evening was talking way too much about my immediate plans

The first responding officer was a woman cop and after spending a solid 2 minutes scrutinizing my CCW license, disarmed me and put my weapon in the trunk of my car for the duration of the encounter/report taking. At some point, we sat in her car and she asked me for the fifth time, "so the Caucasian in the jersey had a gun?" "Yes," I replied. She shook her head and gave me this look of utter disappointment and - I'll never forget this - said to me, "they threatened you and your family with a gun - if it were me, I would've shot them both."

### [Another encounter at a shopping mall by Blackhawk101:](#)

I will elaborate a bit more on my mall incident as it was eerily similar.

Like I said I my 9 year old son and I went to the mall a week before Christmas 2010 to pick up whatever the hot console was that year (I think it was a PS2). I was forced to park in the parking garage which I hate- limited sight lines, crazy angles, secluded parking sections, etc. It just screams as a place to get mugged. However, it was sleeting out and I didn't feel like trudging from the back 40 with a 9 year old and a bunch of packages. So I opted for the garage (which I have never done again).

As we left the mall I notice three urban yutes between 16 and 18 sitting by the exit. One poked the others, pointed at my son carrying the console, there was a brief conversation between them and they got up and followed us out. I think my biggest mistake here was not immediately turning around and heading back into the mall but that is hind sight. Instead I went down the wrong area of the garage and doubled back to my van to see if I was being stalked and I was.

I made sure I had my keys in my hand and I unzipped my jacket. When we got to the van I got my kid inside through the side door, tossed the packages in, shut the door and locked it while pocketing my keys. Through my van windows I could see the three of them doing that quick stiff legged, head bobbing movement as their adrenaline started to kick in before the attack and they were scanning for witnesses.

They stopped at the end of my van blocking me in. I had a concrete wall to my back, my van to my right and another car to my left. I had backed up to about 2 feet from the wall to give me some additional space (since distance equals time). The yute to my right pulled a knife and said "So what kind of presents do you have for us?" And I remember all three of them chuckling when he said that. The middle one put his hand in his coat pocket and started fiddling with something.

There was no conversation on my end and I had determined I was killing them starting with the knife wielder on the right and going across to the left. I remember quite clearly thinking 2 rounds each CM (*center mass*) and then do a combat reload with my spare mag and re-engage if necessary. So I began my draw and got my Combat Commander clear of the holster and was on the way up to engage when one of them shouted "Holy Fuck he has gun!". At this point it became a keystone cops episode as the yute on the left and the middle one both ran into each other with the middle one pushing the other kid over the trunk of the car. The kid with the knife turned and ran into the edge of my van pretty hard. All three then ran in different directions as fast as they could.

I called 911, waited and shook like a leaf. One of the responders was a sergeant who chewed me out for displaying a weapon in a threatening manner and intimated that he might arrest me for the same if the "victims" could be found and wanted to press charges. This morphed into if I had pulled the trigger I could have killed someone innocent, etc. at which point I lost my temper and told him I probably had more training than him, my backstop for the encounter were the concrete wall and cars directly opposite me and that I carried high end defensive rounds that would shatter on impact thus severely curtailing ricochets.

While this was going on a call came in that two floors ABOVE me in the garage someone had just been stabbed by three actors during a mugging. The sgt zoomed out of there leaving me with a rookie to finish taking my report. The rookie said he did not agree with the sgt and that I should have at least DRTed (*DRT = "dead right there"*) the guy with the knife citing fears for my life and my child.

In this case I did some things wrong – I should have headed back into the mall when I got the hinky feeling and I should have already deployed my weapon instead of waiting for them (I was well hidden by the cars and wall- I could have held it by my side and bladed so if they walked on by they would never have known I had a pistol out).

I did some right – I kept my SA (*situational awareness*) up and identified the potential threat then confirmed it with the doubling back. I had the presence of mind to ensure my kid was locked away safe in the car so he was out of the line of potential violence. I unzipped my coat and repositioned my shirt for a quicker draw.

Some could have been better – as in the conversation with the sgt was going downhill rapidly and my temper was starting to get the better of me. I could very well have been arrested if I had continued my verbal altercation with him but damn... saying if he could find the "victims" he would arrest me if they wanted to press charges just ticked me off no end.

The whole incident ended as well as it could for me- no shots fired, my property stayed with me, my son was safe, etc. but it was close

## Blitz308's armed robbery, in his own words

Many of you have asked me some great questions concerning the incident I was in last October (2009) and expressed interest in the whole story. Well, after talking to the prosecuting attorney, I was told that for interviews and such, just stick to the facts, so here goes...This is a long read so bear with me please.

Back story: Several friends and I meet on Tues nights at the office of a few lawyers here in town for the purpose of social interaction, maybe have a couple drinks, a good cigar and good conversation. I had missed the last couple meetings leading up to the one on Oct. 13 but promised the guy who organized the group that I would be showing up for this one. Well, I forgot and was watching TV while the wife was helping one of my sons with a science project on electricity and circuits. They couldn't get the thing to work so I got volunteered to go to Wal-Mart to get a new light bulb and battery.

On the way to Wal-Mart, I realized/remembered that I had removed my gun/holster earlier that day to go to the gym at lunch time and laid it on my desk. I debated with myself for a minute about whether or not to spend the extra 10 minutes to run down to the office to arm myself against the masses there at 9:30 at night. Common sense prevailed and I made the extra stop and was on my way. (Crucial turning point #1 of the night)

I got to Wally World and had just collected my items when the cell phone rang. For whatever reason, the first thing that popped in my head was "Oh shit, this is Tues night and I bet it's my buddy calling me to see where I'm at. It turned out that it was my wife who told me that they had gotten the current bulb and battery to work and that I didn't need to bring new ones home. I told her about having forgotten my promise to join up with the Tues night guys and checked with her to make sure it was ok if I just headed on over there. She was fine with it and so I put my stuff back and headed over to the buddy's office.

When I got to the lawyer's office, there were five of my friends outside having a drink, enjoying their cigars and talking in the carport area on the left side of the building. I said hi to them and asked where Brian was. They said he was inside in his office, so I went in and we bull shitted for the next half hour or so. We decided that we should probably go back out and join the rest of the guys and headed out the door.

We were out there for maybe a minute when a guy walked up to our group after appearing from around the corner of the building (not uncommon to have the neighbors come by and chat as there are also houses and apartments in this area) wearing a hooded sweatshirt with the hood up and drawn tight and a scarf or balaclava covering everything but his eyes. Not too uncommon, as it was rather cold and rainy that night. What was uncommon was that he was holding a stainless steel revolver at his side. At first I thought it was a joke that one of the guys had set up.

I asked "Can we help you?" I can't remember exactly what he said as he raised the revolver up and pointed it at the group of us, except for him telling us to drop whatever we had in our hands and something along the lines of "this is a robbery." He told us that we were going inside and that if any of us made a move, he would shoot us. I was the last person to walk up the two steps of the side door into the conference room and evidently wasn't moving fast enough for him. He put the muzzle in my back and was pushing me forward telling me to hurry up. In my infinite wisdom, I turned my head toward him and told him to quit shoving me, that I couldn't go any faster than the guy in front of me. In my head, almost like a mantra, there was an alarm going off saying "This is why you carry, this is why you carry this is why you carry."

Once we were inside, he told us to get on the floor face down, on the other side of the conference table. When he made us lay down, I picked the point farthest away from him, hoping to buy some time before he got to me. Once he had us down, he instructed us to take out our wallets, watches, jewelry, etc. He was distracted for just a couple seconds when he was getting one of our guys up to carry the plastic bag. Under the guise of getting my

wallet out, I very carefully, while watching him the whole time, removed the 1911 from the IWB holster and hid it under my chest. He was keeping a close watch on us almost the entire time and always had the revolver either on someone or pointed directly at someone. I was watching for it and I really did not have an earlier opportunity for a shot without risking my friends' lives further or creating a hostage situation, which I would have been ill equipped to handle.

For whatever reason, maybe because I mouthed off to him earlier, I don't know, but he only collected from one or two people before walking back to where I was. He saw that I did not have a wallet or anything waiting for him and while standing over me, pulled my leather jacket and shirt up to take my wallet from my back pocket. That is when he found my Milt Sparks IWB holster, now devoid of a firearm. He said something to the effect of "Well well well, what do we have here? Where's the gun?" I told him I didn't have it on me. He repeated the question and said that I wouldn't have a holster if there was no gun. I swore that I didn't have it on me and that I'd left it in my vehicle since I might have a drink or two while I was there. He didn't believe me and told me to get up. He decided to assist me by grabbing onto my jacket with his left hand and pull me up. As I pushed myself up as well, I slid my hands under my chest to grab my pistol.

When he pulled me up, he was at my 5 O'clock position. I was still trying to keep him from seeing my gun until I was able to turn into him, so when I came up, I basically had my right hand (holding the pistol) tight to my stomach/chest with the muzzle pointed in the direction of my left shoulder. I don't know why I did that, except to conceal it and maybe so he couldn't take it away from me. I started turning to my right, into him, flipping the safety at some point along the way. He either saw the gun or heard the safety click as I had turned into him enough for him to be at my 3 O'clock and shoved his revolver inside my open jacket against my stomach and fired the first round. Luckily, his angle was off and it only grazed my stomach. Unluckily, I had my left hand tucked against my left side and the round passed through my palm and out the base of my thumb at my wrist.

I continued turning toward him while lowering my pistol to return fire, which evidently put the right hand directly in the line of fire as he squeezed off another round. I can only assume that my hand blocked the shot from hitting my stomach or chest as we were practically face to face at that point. It took me just a second to recover and he started retreating toward the door, backing away from me and shooting. I got two shots off as he was backing away, both missing him. I had the little problem with the next round not going off, thinking I had a jam, I ducked behind the table to clear the gun and yelled for everyone to stay down.

I looked down and saw how bad my hands were as I cleared the round out, and stood back up to continue fire. (Looking back on it, I think I realized that I wasn't getting a good grip due to the screwed up hand and neglected to engage the grip safety) He had his back to the door by now and we exchanged a couple more shots (which is when I scored my hit and near miss) until his revolver hit on spent rounds. I will NEVER forget that. There were three clicks. He realized he was out of ammo and was out the door before I could get another shot off. Even in the heat of the moment, I did not attempt to shoot him in the back or pursue him.

I don't know how I retained the gun after being hit in the strong hand, just as I don't know how I made my hands work to clear the round. I just did. It was a combination of adrenaline, survival instinct and the grace of God. I was completely on automatic. The threat was still there and I couldn't stop until it was gone. One of the other guys finally jumped up after the BG went out the door and locked it so he couldn't reload and come back in. I remember seeing him lock the door and finally sat down on the floor, laid my gun down and started looking at the blood pouring out of my hands.

A few of the other guys came over to help me and apply pressure to the wounds while another called 911. I made them repeat to me a few times that everyone else was ok and that no one else had been hit. One of the guys that had been there, told me that it was almost scary how lucid and calm that I stayed the entire time while

we waited for the ambulance to arrive. It was also discovered at this time that I'd been shot right above my left pectoral muscle. I don't even recall when that happened.

I'm probably repeating myself from the other posts I've made, in saying this, but it was very surreal and real all rolled into one at the same time. In reality, the whole exchange from the first shot probably didn't last more than 30-40 seconds. I'm only saying that long because of the time I took clearing the chamber. It may have still been less than that. From start to finish, meaning when the guy showed up outside to the time when he left took almost exactly 7 minutes.

There you have it. If you've got questions, I'll do my best to answer them. I didn't post this to be a look at me or I'm a bad ass or anything else. I just thought that if anyone could benefit in even the smallest way from my incident and possibly help, then I would like to turn a shitty encounter into a positive thing.

God Bless you all and thank you so much for the support that you've shown me and my family since this first happened. I couldn't ask for a better group of people to call my extended family and friends.