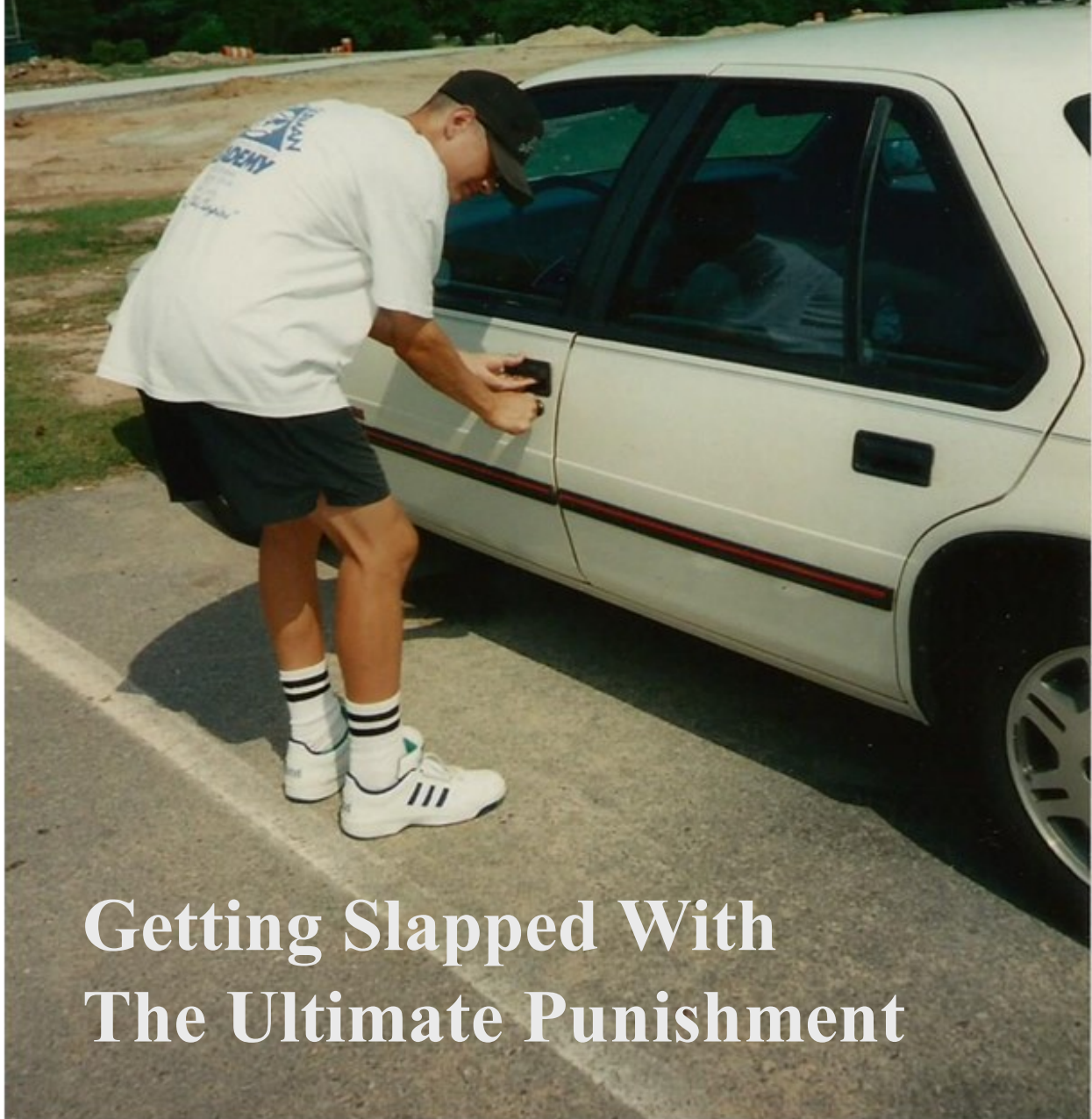


In October of Jeff's junior year at Pope High School, two police detectives knocked on my front door. Flashing their badges, they asked if the white Chevrolet in the drive was mine. I replied that it was. When Jeff took the car to school a few days earlier, one of his friends threw a magnolia bud out the window at a stop sign. The hand-launched missile flew past its intended target, and hit a car. When the woman driving the car tried to get Jeff to stop, he sped off, not knowing she'd written down the tag number of my car. I was furious, and meted out the most dreaded punishment a high school student can receive. For the remainder of the school year, Jeff was sentenced to getting to and from school via one means, and one means only — **The Big Cheese**.



## Getting Slapped With The Ultimate Punishment

*Picture: Jeff opening door of the car he would later drive the day he used bad judgment.*