



Ricky Rodriguez in his Tucson apartment on January 7, 2005.

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Revenge of the Savior

NEAR THE ARIZONA/
CALIFORNIA STATE LINE
January 8, 2005 – Westbound
on Interstate 10

PREPARE TO STOP! *Prepare to Stop! Prepare to Stop!* Ricky eased off the accelerator when he saw the flashing yellow

signs. He'd been jamming it since he fled Tucson earlier that night and headed out toward California on Interstate 10. Now, approaching the state line, Ricky slowed down at the inspection gate, steering his silver Chevy Cavalier toward two open lanes on the left. It looked like easy passage for regular automobile traffic. Then he glanced down at the bloodied pants crumpled on the floor by the front passenger seat. Should he stop and stash the incriminating evidence? Would his Washington plates make his car more likely to be searched than vehicles returning with California tags? What should he do? Stopping to hide the bloody evidence might attract more attention than going with the flow and taking his chances. None of the cars in the open lanes were being checked. Ricky eased down on the brakes and slowed the four-door sedan into the unmanned gate, stopping just long enough to read