

*Nursing student leads a double life as a despised parking lot assistant.*



## You Don't Want a Ticket for this Ride

By Sean Klinger  
Photos By Sean Ferris

Wading through a sea of glinting windshields, Jerhorne is in dangerous waters. Always watching, he patrols his charge, wary of predators. Cruising in his vessel through the hoards of bodies, he knows that any of them could attack at any moment. The patch on his shirt sleeve says, "Security Aid," but he knows that it offers no protection and little respect. Jerhorne is determined though, to carry out his duties of a parking lot student assistant.

Right at high noon, Jerhorne, who's last name will be left out for safety concerns, reports for duty at the W1 Bungalow for his four-hour shift. Looking rather serious, he checks in with his boss, Mr. Mayer, whose office looks like a Radio Shack with all the walky-talkies and receivers lining the walls. "These guys are pretty serious," I think to my self as I follow Jerhorne to his trusty steed, the golf cart.

My ride along begins with a drive over to the Campus Police Bungalow, where I already notice the threatening and disgusting looks students are shooting our way. People don't clear any path for us either, maybe trying to delay our trip by any means, knowing the sour fruits of his labor. But this does not bother Jerhorne as he is very patient and polite, stopping often to let students walk where they want. He goes out of his way to be accommodating, because he believes he is despised by most students.

When meeting new people at school, he is cautious with what he says. "When I'm in class, people ask me, 'what do you do' and I say that I work at school." Jerhorne hopes that they leave it at that, but if they ask "doing what?" as they normally do, he doesn't want to lie. Hesitantly, he answers, "I'm a parking lot

student assistant." They reply harshly, "Oh, so you're the one giving me the tickets."

Although separate from the Long Beach Police, student assistants work in conjunction with them, which is how they get their cool toys. I'm referring to the AutoCITE machines that issue the dreaded rectangles of paper that

**"I try to write the ticket fast to avoid any drama, but if someone gets to their car [while writing the ticket] I'll let them go."**

Jerhorne

can cost students and staff anywhere from \$42 to \$330 for handicap parking violators. Pulling that kind of coin, one might ask, "Where does my hard earned money go, then?" Well, 30 percent goes to the City of Long Beach, while 80 percent stays with the community college in a restricted parking fund. This fund pays for anything the school's parking lot needs, such as repairs, meter maintenance, new lights and, of course, to pay the student assistants.

Looking like a scientific calculator on steroids, the AutoCITE not only records and keeps track of all tickets issued, the device also takes pictures and records sound, just in case someone decides to get a bit mouthy. So far, Jerhorne never has used the recording feature. But students have been known to get a little belligerent with the student assistants.

"Sometimes they (students) just curse at me across campus," Jerhorne explained as we headed off to Lot I adjacent to the A and B