

**Summary:** Starsky was a happy man--homicide lieutenant, nice house, dog, cat, and fifteen years of domesticity with the person he loved who loved him back. Yes, Starsky was a happy man, if only his perfect partner wasn't so aggravating!

First in a series.

**Note:** Golden Boy first appeared in the Starsky & Hutch slash zine, [Blue Eyes and Blue Jeans 1](#), published in 1995 by [Idiot Triplets Press](#).

**Category:** Slash

**Genre:** Zinefic, Series

## Golden Boy

by Mary Louise Fisher

So there you are, my tall blond partner of twenty-five years, giving the lecture on criminal profiling. You've got this room full of important people listening to you. Respecting your opinion and point of view. You're talking about really tough, ugly things like the psychological characteristics of the child murderer and rapist Philip Belkamp. You're citing UK and Russian facts. You're showing graphic slides. And I'm here in the back row, part of the audience.

Right now you belong to them. You're a part of a bigger picture, a world that respects you for your knowledge, your insight, and your expertise. "Hard-hitting, honest and factual argument for better police funding," the article in *Newsweek* in 1990 said about your book. You exist in a wider world where you are known. Yeah, you're the man of the hour, the Golden Boy. But if you knew I was here, you'd be nervous. Surprise, surprise, babe.

I may not be running a ten minute mile anymore, but I'm not wearing glasses yet. Hey, I've got to have something on you, don't I? Of course, you only wear them to see... (Ha!)

You look just like a professor when you put them on and wear a dark blue suit. Only I know what you look like without those glasses and that suit. I know how easy those eyes cloud over when you're ready for loving. I know how soft your skin is. I know where that mole is on your inside left thigh.

"Do it. Do it!"

"Yeah. Yeah."

"Hurry up, already."

"What?!"

"I'm gonna be late."

"You're a real mood killer, you know that?"

"Didn't I tell you I had a seminar today?"

"Yeah."

"And I was in a hurry?"

"Yeah."

"So hurry up!"

He's panting. I can feel his muscles tightening on my cock. I decide I'll have some fun with him. "Do you mean hurry up because you're late or hurry up because you're getting off?"

"Both. Do it!"

I sort of hang there awhile longer just to let him feel it, let him know who's boss... Yeah, right. He runs this show. I'm just a one-trick pony jumping through hoops. I'd do anything for him (and to him, if I get the chance).

So he's feeling it. I'm holding stock still, he's stark naked on all fours on the bedroom floor, and I can look down and see my hard-on half way in him. The room looks like a hurricane hit it -- sheets, pillows and bedspread all over, mattress falling off to one side.

All this started around four o'clock this morning when I got up to pee (which we both seem to be doing more at night anymore. (Fun at fifty?).

He woke up when I got back into bed. He said, "What time is it?"

I said, "Turn over and go back to sleep." I've warned him not to turn his back on me. I started rubbing off on him.

He said, "That feels good."

Now it's somewhere after seven at least and I'm impressed with my staying power. I had been thinking about just humping him real quick but one thing led to another and here we are doin' it like dogs on the bedroom rug. "Can you feel that?" I ask.

"Yes. Yes..."

I'm holding still and letting my cock talk, sort of a rhythm of tightening and loosening.

I remember we looked at the Kama Sutra once a long time ago. That's all those East Indian people doin' it different ways, and Hutch talked about the control they had in their ways of intercourse. Not all thrusting and hurry-up-get-off stuff; but slow and deliberate. I figured he might have been telling me something at the time. I filed it away for later use. Well, actually, before I was doin' him I was tryin' out the control technique on a lady or two. They loved it. So I knew it worked. I don't always use it, but I like having a few tricks to use to keep him in line.

"Please, please..." He's breathing heavy.

My knees are killing me but I don't want to let go just yet. I'm more than close. "Hold on," I say. *Let him beg*, I think! When else does he ever ask me for anything?

You'd think after twenty-five years (fifteen as lovers) that the guy could ask me for something. I mean,

yeah, he tells me what to do, but he's still independent as hell. Half the time I got to second guess him on things. He's just used to doin' things for himself. He was raised not to ask for help but to give it. You know, a child of privilege and advantages helping those oppressed and all that crap. Which is fine, I guess. It's a big part of his make-up and if it wasn't for that reaching out I wouldn't be on my achin' knees this morning behind this big beautiful blond. He reached out to me.

He's still working on that asking for help thing. If he'd asked me for help instead of pulling away it would have saved us a lot of time and pain back in 1978-79, a totally shit year for us both. He's turning into a workaholic, I'm losing my best friend. He gets shot. I get shot. We fight over what's-her-name.

He should have come to me and said, "I'm losing it. Help me." Which is what I told him. I'm laying in a hospital bed by then all shot up and we're crying and trying to figure out "Now what?"

"I can't... I can't." He's breathing hard. He's starting to go over the top.

"Okay, okay. I'm with ya. Put your head down." He lowers his shoulders. I'm sliding deeper into him and that's it, brother. Three good thrusts and I'm history.

I'm leaning over him telling him it was great I loved it. He's the best. He's got the goods.

And do you know the bitch says, "What time is it?" Like I said, you can tell who runs things around here!

We bought a real nice three bedroom house in the mid-80's. We had a good size down payment (Well, he had most of it saved, but we share the wealth sometimes.). He wanted a fifteen year loan so we pay a bit more now, but it'll be ours in six more years, which is 2001.

Do I feel old? Sometimes. But mostly I feel lucky.

I slip out of him with a plushy wet sound and roll back on my ass to save the knees, which are now indented with carpet marks. He's still laying there with his ass in the air. "You look real dignified like that."

"Thank you."

He's still not moving. "You okay?"

"Thank you," he says again, real sincerely. He can be real sincere.

*Hey! I think. I'm finally getting a little respect around here. "R-E-S-P-E-C-T,"* I sing.

"God, no Motown, not this early."

I admit to liking Motown and country music, 'cuz it's all about broken hearts.

Hutch writes these great country tunes for the fun of it. He's got one called "I've Had So Many Broken Hearts, I Need a Transplant Over You." I wrote the chorus. It goes: "I'm bloody and I'm bleedin', But there ain't no way I'm leavin'." Some real masterpieces have been worked up over a shared bottle of booze.

We got a dirty country songs tape we've been working on for the last couple of years, a collection of some raunchier tunes we've composed. Some of them are called "I'm on My Knees and Beggin' (for You to Give It to Me)," "(Your Dick My Ass,) Let's Do It Doggie Style" (that's country rap), "Sixty-Nine, Fruit of the Vine," and the one I wrote called "Let Me Stick It to You" (Motown/Country).

Well, you've got to hear it at top volume to really appreciate it. We play it real loud on open road trips in the camper.

Don't get me started about that camper. He says it's cozy. I say it's cramped. No TV. We once spent six rainy days in Washington State cooped up in the thing. For a man of action, he can spend a lot of time just looking out the window at rain drops. Or reading a book. "Isn't this relaxing?" he always says. While I'm climbing the walls. He's getting back at me for something, I know it. I just can't remember what it is I did.

Except he does look relaxed. Falls asleep, usually. I watch him sleep. I listen to the rain on the roof of this tin can we're stuck in. He turns on his side. I start getting ideas. (I told him not to turn his back on me.)

Well, it wasn't all that bad. The clubs in Seattle were great. The music was loud. The drinks were cold. The dancing was crazy. Something called 'slamming.' I tried it but it felt too much like getting tackled.

We went to a couple gay bars on the way down the coast. The first one was drag, not our thing. But it was fun to watch. Personally, I never was interested in getting rigged up in pantyhose and a bra. I did drag one Halloween. It was not a pretty sight. Plus trying to pee was a nightmare. The closest Hutch gets is when he did Mr. Marlene and I was Tyrone, undercover. I always wished Marlene and Tyrone would have got it on. Maybe we can do that sometime. Hutch kept asking me why I wanted the ladder. Maybe I can show him.

We tried this other place. It was leather. "Everybody is squeaking," Hutch said. One guy in the back had on leather chaps and nothing else. Hairiest ass I'd ever seen.

We finally found a nice club where we could sit in a booth and have a couple drinks. There was dancing so we did a couple of slow dances together. We save the fancy stuff for home. The decor was dark and inviting, the drinks were strong, and the music was the kind where you can move slow and rub off together. Works real good on a crowded dance floor. We were so hot by the time we got out of there we made it in the camper right in the parking lot. I said later if anyone came by they'd have thought there was a quake going on because the camper was shaking with all that rock and roll going on.

Speaking of rock and roll, Hutch's mother wouldn't let him listen to it when he was growing up because she said it had suggestive lyrics. Which of course it does. I mean, rock and roll *means* doin' it. Hutch, of course, went out of his way to listen to and write down every dirty rock 'n' roll lyric he heard. (Rap's got a lot of that. Some of it's good 'n' hot -- street poetry, like Hutch says. But I don't go for violence against women or cops. It's way overboard, in my opinion.) He was a great rebel that way. But, really, if Mrs. H knew what he was actually doin', that Golden Boy of hers, she'd have choked on her nightly martini.

On one hand, he's singing in the church choir, taking piano lessons, going to dancing school. (Yeah, I know, I fell out of my chair on that one. It was a 50's thing. You went on Saturdays in your dark blue suit and danced with *tall* girls wearing white gloves and so many petticoats under their dresses they looked like umbrellas.)

Me? On Saturdays I'm doin' a double feature at the Rivoli with Ernie Schwartz and Sam Italiano. All for one thin dime. Which wasn't all that easy to come by in those days. I'd steal pop bottles and turn them in to earn

the money. Because my *nickel* allowance didn't go too far.

Here Hutch is getting money to buy his own clothes, which his old lady -- excuse me, mother -- gets final approval on. Do you know to this day -- and she's in her seventies now -- she still sends him a white shirt for his birthday and a sweater for Christmas? (The old man sends a bottle of Canadian Club Whiskey. Neither of us drinks it so we pass it on.)

I used to wonder about Hutch and gift giving. I'd look for him to give me a great birthday or Christmas/Hanukkah gift in the old days and be disappointed every time. I got a tree once, which I didn't appreciate until later. He had it planted in my name at Westside Park. Now that it's grown, it's an honor.

I understand better now. It's not what you get on those special occasions. It's what someone gives you year 'round. And last Christmas I got a new five disc CD player from Santa, with a complete collection of The Fat Man -- 'Fats' Domino -- CDs, as well as a blow job that made me sing the Hallelujah Chorus. Which is the gift that keeps on giving, in my opinion.

So there he is, tall, gangling fifteen-year-old Kenneth stepping on little girls' toes and wishing he was with me at the Rivoli. Only he didn't know me but he said he wished all his life for a friend like me. See, wishes do come true.

And he's glad the girls wear gloves because his hands sweat. And he's thinking as he steers yet another deb around the room, *How do I get out at night to go hear Lenny Kravitz and the All-Stars in Superior?* 'Cuz that's his other life, the one the old lady don't know about, the times he slips away to the jazz clubs over in Superior or down near the docks cross the way from Duluth. He's tall for his age -- almost six feet--and skinny as a rail. He's got a false ID, a false mustache, and a brown pinstripe suit with padded shoulders that makes him look wider. When he puts on the George Raft hat and the sunglasses he looks over twenty. And he can talk the talk. "Cool, man," this and "Hey daddy-o," that. He's into it. He lives for it. He said if it wasn't for the jazz and the piano players all the crummy music lessons and dance lessons and other shit he had to do would've driven him nuts.

He took Mitchell on a couple of the forays but even back then Mitchell was crazy. Sometimes Jack couldn't put two and two together, or if he did he'd get five. They'd go to a club, Hutch would nurse two vodka tonics along through the night and Jack'd do boilermakers. Jack'd get drunk and call attention to himself. And that's all Hutch needed, was to be thrown out of a club and found out he was underage. So, he stopped taking Jack, even though he was his best friend, and went by himself.

So there's Kenny H doin' "Mighty Fortress" with the choir on Sundays and lying to his mother and doin' jazz and vodka tonics on Friday. See, Jack would cover for him. Hutch did a double lie to get out. Tell the warden he was goin' to spend the night at Jack's and tell Jack he was seeing an older girl in Superior. So, yeah, he was good at lyin'.

Me, too. But I wasn't such a mastermind. Old lady Smercanski would say, "Did you break that window?"

I'd say, "No."

Officer O'Malley would say, "Davey, where was you and Sam and Ernie on the night when the candy store was robbed?"

I'd say, "Studying our Hebrew." He didn't believe me.

When I met John Blame, I sent the money back to Mr. Palermo at the candy store. We took candy, but I thought sending money was better. I even told him who I was and when I did it. I never told John but I told Hutch. When I told Hutch back in the academy, he said he was proud of me. Later on, when I found out about the jazz club thing, all the lies, I asked him if he was gonna come clean with his mother.

"Maybe on my deathbed," he said.

"You scared of her?"

"Hell, yeah."

I laughed. But I could see something underlying that meant, "Not now, not anymore, but I used to be."

Part of it, he's since told me, was not wanting to let her down. He's a people pleaser, goes back to performing the perfect son routine at home. Shit, he even ate his vegetables! That's sick. A kid is supposed to be bad sometimes.

Being good meant being approved of. That's where all that external validation bullshit comes from, why he was turning into a workaholic. He still tends to be like that, but I keep my eye on him and don't let it get too far.

Except the guy just happens to be a leading expert on Criminal Profiling, which is where psychologists compile personality profiles used to apprehend serial killers and rapists. All of a sudden, in the 80's, it all came together for him and there he was going in a totally different direction -- away from me, away from the partnership, away from the force. He started getting interested in, what was it, 79-80?, while I was recuperating from the shooting, and I mean, he's actually getting involved in what the Feds are doing. Can you believe it?

So, he reads articles, takes a couple Psych courses. Next thing I know he's doing an MA in Psych. (And wasn't his mama proud? She's thinking, *At last, my Golden Boy is going to meet his potential and get away from the unsavory criminal element, let alone that lowlife partner of his.*) Instead, he ties the police work he's done, his investigative skills, and the Psych degree together and becomes a criminal profiler -- writes articles, gives lectures, travels to Russia and assists in setting up the system that helps Britain find the Roadway Rapist in 1988. He is sought after for his expertise and ability.

And personally, I am not surprised. He's good. He's smart. He's got moxie, he's a hard worker and he's honest. He's got the goods, all right. Yeah, even with all the white lies about "I'm at choir practice, not listening to some down and dirty band dockside with a fake ID." Even after all the "I can do it myself I don't need you I don't need anybody I'm not hurting I'm fine," he's still the most honest person I know. Because he believes in what he does, and he'll tell it like it is.

You got somebody as clean and decent and good as that dealing with all that garbage, filth, and gore. They called him in to interview Dahmer, so you know what I'm talking about. There's a picture of him and Dahmer that PBS used in their special on serial killers. You see two good-looking blond guys wearing glasses talking to each other across a table. They could be cousins or something, except one's a serial murderer, a cannibal, and the other is a workaholic with a heart of gold.

And when Hutch is asked "on the record" why he does it, he'll say because of the endless fascination with the deeply disturbed personality, to understand the sadistic mind, and besides someone has to do it. He does it mostly for the victims. Off the record he says, "I do it for myself: I do it to understand what happened to me." And I know what he means. He was abducted and held prisoner for several days back in 1975. It

changed him. But, somehow, what he became in the long run was purer somehow, in spite of what they did to him, closer to gold. What all the piano and dance lessons and country clubbing could never give.

We all got things we gotta live with. He lives with the reality of what they did to him and he turns it around to help people, to in the long run save lives. Because eventually, he says, with his profiles and the data and the computer program VICAP in the US and CATCHEM in Britain we can find perps quicker, we can tie in local crimes. We can make a difference! He's on his high horse and I let him ride. He looks good up there.

Me! I never got over it either. I can never forget how he looked when I found him in that alley with his face in his own vomit, stinking of piss, dirty and debased. I thought of killin' Forest. I could have, too. I know where he is. But, where would that have left me? In prison talking to Hutch on a phone behind a glass panel? Or, desperately guilty and sick over the deliberate taking of a life?

Hutch says there's a special place in Hell for Forest and his kind. Yeah, I guess. I hope the fucker dies a long, lingering, painful death. I hope his dick shrinks up and falls off and that he gets an incurable disease that turns him into the pile of shit he is. "Hate" is too nice a word for my feelings regarding this sick son of a bitch. If I could, I'd have nailed him to the wall and let the cockroaches eat him.

Yeah, well, those may be crass sentiments but it's how I feel. I pretty much keep that to myself. I was that close to shooting Prudhohn's head off over Terry and all, so I know I could go that way maybe. Except I got respect for the law and for justice, even if the courts are a joke. My job is to catch the criminal. I do that. I can't cry over every perp the court lets go.

I'm still in Robbery/Homicide. I passed the Lieutenant's exam in '85 and worked under Dobe until he retired. I still work a crazy schedule. Now I supervise the detective squad instead of being one of the peons. This gets me out of the firing line but gives me plenty of excuses to do more than polish a chair with my butt.

Let me tell you, was I fucking glad not to work in the Hollywood Division the night of the Simpson murder. During the investigation and the trial I tried to reserve judgment to give the defendant the assumption of innocence he's entitled to. But I will say that in my twenty-five years of experience, the first suspect in a woman's murder is the spouse or the ex- or the boyfriend. Nine times out of ten it's the guy she used to live and love with. As for OJ, I used to think he was really somebody.

"Help me up."

I get him on his feet.

"I'm late, right?"

"You'll make it. Just get your rear in gear."

"I'd say I just had it in fourth all the way."

"Yeah?" I say as I swat him on the butt. "Must be the Viking ballbearings."

He laughs and heads for the shower. I take stock of the debris field that used to be our bed. I decide to strip the whole thing and start from scratch. This is the king-size bed where sometimes I don't run into him all night. Personally, I like sleeping in the double bed in the other room, which is the guest room. (The third bedroom's Hutch's office.) I mean, you can *find* a guy in the middle of the night in a double bed. And I like knowing where Hutch is -- that's real important to me. The worst thing in the world is not knowing where he is and how he's doing. And that's happened once too often for me to ever want to go through it again. Plus,

he's got a way of disappearing or getting distant when he's hurt or working on a project that I don't like, but I live with it. You got to make accommodations in a partnership.

I almost said marriage. And it's as much a marriage as any couple I've seen. But we started out partners and it's still how I think of him and talk about him. He's my partner and I guess you could say he's my spouse, or my mate, and my lover. But I think 'partner' says it all. So I put up with his need to isolate and he puts up with me.

It hits me when I'm loading the washer that I was supposed to put all the wet towels in the dryer last night. But I forgot. Wonder how he'll feel about using a roll of paper towels and a hair dryer?

See, I was watching the Super Bowl. What a massacre! 49-27. The 49'ers roll over the Chargers like a Panzer division. Hutch was still bitchin' about his precious Vikings who ended up looking like shit after a good start this season. Football expert that he is (*not!*), he predicted Vikings all the way. I had two good reasons why not: the offense and the defense. He eventually lost \$210 betting me. I decided to take it out in trade. I'd say this morning just about paid off that little debt. Good thing the Stanley Cup is coming up. I like winning. And, more than that, I like collecting my winnings.

We still bet money. He takes the money when he wins, which isn't often, with sports. I know sports. You could call that one of my fields of expertise. And don't get me started on baseball. This strike has just about convinced me that the All-American Game is nothin' more than big high-finance business. I got fond memories of the game that go way back to the Brooklyn Dodgers. I hate to see things get so ugly and greedy. Both sides are full of it, in my opinion.

I got ESPN, ESPN 2, The Sports Network. I get Sports Illustrated, and Baseball, Basketball, and Football Digest. I research. I *know*. I make informed bets. Hutch, he bets on the home team. Pure loyalty every time. When it's baseball, the Twins. Football, the Vikings or the Packers. Basketball? Hutch took the Celtics for years. He liked their style of play. Plus, he never forgave the Lakers for moving away from Minnesota to L.A. He loses a lot of bets to me. I told him he should stick with betting on ballet or something. My arm still hurts from where he punched me.

Then, there's the opera. I don't know. Three hours of watching fat ladies sing don't get it for me. We've got the big screen TV, two VCRs and a satellite dish (I give myself good presents.) in the living room. And there's TVs in both bedrooms. Well, he'll lock himself away in the guest room and listen to the Met Opera carry on while I sit alone in the living room watching a really terrific college basketball game.

I used to update him with the scores. But every time I opened the door to tell him what was going on, which was at the commercial breaks, he'd tell me to shut up. He'd start off polite and just turn and put his fingers over his lips like a librarian. "Shh!" With his glasses falling down his nose like that he kind of looked like one, too. Then, by about the third or fourth time I open the door, always knocking first, he's saying "What do you want?" Then by half time of the game (Opera has Intermission where you get to rest your ears.), he's saying, "Leave me alone."

"Well, if you don't want to know what fuckin' St. Olaf's (his alma mater) is doin' against Minnesota, then suck my dick." And I slam the door. Which strikes me as funny, really, because he already does. I knock again, but don't go in.

"Now what?"

"Do you need anything?" I ask.

"What do you think?" he says.

"To be left alone?"

"You got it, Gordo."

Don't ask me about the Gordo thing. I think it's a cut-down but nothin' too serious. He's got his own lexicon. There's dweebs, feebs, dwaps, space chickens, freaks, fondues, dirtballs, and gordos. He knows what he means. I get the feeling a gordo is a dummy but you love 'em.

I finally accepted the opera alone thing when I went in once to tell him the half time score of the fourth in a sure-to-be seven game series Eastern Conference Playoff game. Having shown what I feel was remarkable restraint, not comin' in once to talk to him until the half, I found him with a big box of Kleenex cryin' his eyes out.

"What's wrong?" I say. He's so worked up he can't talk. He's pointing to the TV and dripping snot and sobbing, a big shuddering sound. "What? What?"

"It's the Butterfly's last aria -- 'Un bel di' — from Madame Butterfly," he says.

Uh-huh. "The what?" He's shaking his head and doing this 'get a grip' sound you hear kids make when they've been crying real hard, sort of like hiccups. "Here, blow." I hand him a pile of Kleenex. He needs a boxful for this mess. I think he blows all the while the TV crowd is applauding like mad. "Was it the opera?" I say.

He shakes his head 'Yes,' gives another honk into another two-fisted pile of tissue and apologizes. "I'm sorry. It just affected me."

"What did?" I rub his shoulder. I reach behind his neck.

"No," he says.

"I'm not comin' on to you," I say. "I'm just trying to help."

"You can help by getting the hell out of here," he says.

I get up to leave. He's on the bed with his knees drawn up, the long legs all bundled up practically under his chin. He looks like a little kid. I figure I'm intruding and leave.

He comes out later and sits on the couch, eating his nightly bowl of cereal. Like clockwork, guaranteed, it's 10:30-11:00 and he's got a bowl of cereal. Crunch, crunch, crunch. I accept those things. I put up with the crunching.

He knows something; I don't know what he needs.

"I'm sorry," he says.

"S okay."

"It's Butterfly's last aria. It gets to me every time."

"Then why listen to it?" I turn to him. He just smiles with one side of his mouth and crunches.

St. Olaf's wants to give him an honorary doctorate. He says, "I can't take it. I didn't earn it."

I tell him, "Jesus Christ, gimme a break. Do it for the old lady. She'll eat it up. 'Mother of the Golden Boy' stuff. Maybe she'll stop blaming me for corrupting you."

So he'll probably go and get accoladed and feel like they're making it all too big a deal. But he deserves it.

I'll put on Madame Butterfly and feel close to him that way while he's gone when he travels to Spain next month, the superstar of criminal profiling. I'll sleep with his bathrobe on. It smells like him. I hold an image of him that's both blue sky bright and back alley brutal. It's him crying his eyes out over poor Butterfly when she guts herself. It's him naked on all fours telling me to give him all that I got but make it quick because he's got a plane to catch.

I don't need nothin' more, except maybe a nice retirement in maybe Arizona or something, where we can be together all the time and get away from the toilet bowl we work in. But, knowing him, ha! Fat chance! By then, he'll have invented a way to establish criminal tendencies in the cradle or something and will be lecturing on Mars. But he can't help it, I guess, being a Golden Boy who's got the goods and all.

He's a real creature of habit. Well, living with me kind of loosens things up. But I got my routines, too. I like weekend sports -- watching and playing them. I like eating meals together when we can. I like sex a couple of times a week (or more). Depends on our schedule and his projects. Usually, we're doing it a lot, or not at all when he's working on profiles or traveling, or if I've got a hot case going. Then it's a dry spell. He sleeps in his office when he's writing an article, which doesn't thrill me much, but there it is. He works all night sometimes or catnaps and works 'round the clock.

I put up with it. I don't interfere. I learned from the opera thing that he needs his space to work and to feel things. Because he's really a private person, actually. That's why having sex with him's so important to me. Then, I know where he's at, what he's feeling, what he needs, and what I can give him. It used to go about fifty- fifty, me doin' him or him doin' me. But as I've gotten older and he's gotten more in demand for his official expertise, it's more sixty-forty, or lately seventy-thirty. I've been needin' to do him more. I told him I get to missing him and need to know where he is, even if he's in the house. When I'm deep inside him then I know where he is.

Of course, the other thirty percent of the time ain't bad, either. Like last week. He's been working on his second book and is in his office a lot slogging away at his computer. Ignoring me. I'd had enough.

I put on my cutoffs with the strategically placed holes. (Clorox full-strength works great. Don't be wearing the cutoffs at the time.) I leaned against the file cabinet in his office and did a bump 'n' grind. Know what he did? He told me to get lost. I told him that after fifteen years, I ain't goin' nowhere. So I got him to do me on his desk. Chapter Five was under my belly and had to be reprinted. Hey, what's a computer for, anyway?

There you are in your dark blue suit like the dancing school kid -- like the first time I ever saw you at the first week roll call -- and I'm real proud and I'm amazed. You're really somebody.

I sit in the back of the auditorium listening to your cultured voice explain it so even a dumb cop can understand. You are driven by that make-it-right, help-the-oppressed training to this day. And you stand neck-deep in the garbage and the sordid details and get the job done. After the presentation, lots of people

talk to you and shake your hand. You're polite to everyone and friendly. I see your face break into a smile for someone you know. You walk through all this with grace and sophistication.

I'm one of the last ones left in the auditorium, working my way down the stairs. You're telling the mayor the two of you'll do lunch. Then he leaves and pretty soon we're the only ones still there.

You're closing your briefcase, bending over it because it's old and you won't buy a new one because it's your lucky briefcase. Did I mention you're weird? And I can come up behind you because you're messing with the thing and I can hit you on the butt with the program I've got rolled up. You say, "Starsky, that had better be you."

"Who else?" You shake your head. "Good speech."

"I was nervous and I forgot some of the data from Russia. Too many VIPs."

"You were still good. My mind wandered a little, though, while you were talking."

"What, too many details? Was it boring?" you ask as I finish snapping the briefcase. It's all in the thumbs.

"No, I was distracted."

"A case?" You're in front of me as we head out the door.

"No, it was the..." And I bark, "'Woof, woof, woof' this morning."

I can see your shoulders stiffen and you pull yourself up just a little straighter and more dignified. "Well, thank you for that feedback, Lt. Starsky."

"You're welcome. Hey, the Lakers are playing the Suns tonight."

"I was planning on working."

"Wanna bet?"