

Maddog Unleashed

Doctor Will See You Now —In His Rear-View Mirror As He Stomps the Brakes

Primum non nocere (*first, do no harm*); one of the principal precepts students are taught in medical school—Wikipedia



BY PATRICK O'GRADY

Times must be tougher than I thought. Doctors in California are having to drum up a little business by prowling the streets in their luxury sedans and sending cyclists to the hospital.

How else would one explain what happened to a friend on the Fourth of July?

Various media accounts allege that 58-year-old Charles Thompson, a former ER physician who now is an owner of a medical documentation company, was behind the wheel of a red Infiniti that abruptly braked in front of Ron Peterson and Christian Stoehr as the two were descending Mandeville Canyon Road.

The driver and cyclists are said to have exchanged words beforehand, according to the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Daily Breeze* of Torrance. "There was a verbal dispute over control of the roadway," officer April Harding of the Los Angeles Police Department told the *Breeze*.

Words segued into deeds, and in an instant my friend Ron shot into the auto's rear window, shattering the glass, his front teeth and his nose. He later took more than 90 stitches in his face—but not from the hands of the good doctor, who was subsequently arrested, lawyered up and as of this writing has offered nothing beyond \$30,000 bail pending charges of felony assault with a deadly weapon, to wit, his vehicle.

Blood On the Highway. I wasn't there, so I can only recount what Ron has told me and I've read, while noting that the LAPD inquiry continues. Christian told the LAist blog that he and Ron were descending at 30 mph "when a car came up behind us, must have been doing 50 mph, and the driver started honking at us."

"We moved to the right in single file within seconds and the motorist pulled along Ron and started screaming at him. He then pulled in front of us with 3-5 feet to spare and slammed on his brakes, giving us no time to stop. I swerved and almost made it, clipping the car and flying through the air and landing in the street. Ron had no room to move and he went straight into the back of the car, putting his face through the back window."

Ron told the LAist that his nose "was separated to the point that it was hanging off my face. They moved it to the side and pulled glass out of my face. My front two teeth are broken; they found a piece in the back seat mixed in with all the glass."

Vengeance Is Whose? Gosh, I must have missed the memo. Someone in authority apparently has ruled that it's okay to kill people who piss you off (probably Dick Cheney, but that's just a guess). I can't tell you how happy this makes me—because I have a list, and it gets longer every day.

Political reporters who mistake the campaign for the candidate. Candidates who can't answer a simple question in plain American English. Whoever devises cell-phone plans.

Telephone solicitors who interrupt your dinner, though you're on the do-not-call registry. Waitpersons who stare right through you as you sit there bone dry and unfed. The bovine iPod People who clog every thoroughfare like so much human cholesterol. And anyone over the age of 3 who wears flip-flops.

That's just my short list, and it's still too long. We start killing everyone who makes us mad, it won't be long before we can house the entire population of the United States in Hoot Owl, Oklahoma.

So I say let 'em live, even the deranged motorists who try to murder cyclists for their own peculiar, twisted reasons.

Life in prison is still life, right?