

The happiest time of the year

By: Joseph Andalina

Yes, folks, those of you who are constant readers know that I am referring to *Shark Week* on the Discovery Channel.

I love it and them, although I honestly don't go in the water past my knees when in Florida. I choose to avoid that particular possible nasty end of my life. And I know of all the dangerous encounters I have survived as a police officer—it would be just my luck to have a not-so-nice experience there. Florida is, as you probably know, the shark capital of the USA.

I still have so much to do. Pension and retirement issues here at home. Critical shooting encounters by our members need attention, as well as other everyday examples of discipline.

We have our own “sharks” at every PD. When they get a whiff of blood in the water, it's just a matter of time before they start circling. A few days off is usually in the offing. It is my job and others to ensure that the “bite” isn't too bad. Am I a bad man for comparing some brass as being mean and aggressive as a big fish?

We also have contracts to negotiate and grievances to resolve. Newsletters and the political arena always need to be written and maintained.

Constant awareness in order to survive in this labor business just as is needed in the oceans. I know, I know, this piece is kind of a stretch from my usual written monologue. But it is fun to add a bit of silliness to the mundane as I prepare for some time on the beach and the ocean in sunny Florida. Maybe if I stopped going to the beach after watching a week of blood thirsty monsters mistaking people for seals on Shark Week, I wouldn't be so chicken.

I'll let you know if I come back unscathed before it's back to a different kind of “shark encounter” in the world of labor. Believe me, the labor wars can be pretty bloody at times, too, but always survivable.

Vita é bella