Arrestee #1

There was a party at my house and an assault/robbery went down like two streets over and the robber came to my house and to hide so the cops arrested him on my porch. They thought he hid the shit they stole in my house, which he didn't. So they wanted to search the house and i made them get a warrant. So they swept the house and detained fifteen people outside for five hours until the warrant came. They were trying to intimidate me into waiving my rights. so not understanding. They didnt find anything they were looking for when the warrant finally came so they pulled some stuff that they allegedly found in my room and charged me with three misdemeanors. they cuffed me and took me to prison (in hillsboro) barefoot and then told me i had to find my own way home with a dead phone. They were looking around in my backyard with flashlights so i walked up and asked them if i could help them with anything. i had just pulled up back to my house after dropping some friends off. it was like 4 am. and i just dealt with them from there since i was the only tenant outside. They didnt mirandize me. i was actually cuffed once before the arrest because i was yelling that they couldnt go into my house without a warrant to do the initial sweep which im still pretty sure is true

Arrestee #2

I had a house party at my house and the cops busted it. They were very rude to my boyfriend and I an breathalyzed us three times (usually it's just one). So that was excessive. Anytime my boyfriend would speak they would tell him to shut up and swear at him. The next day, they entered my house without a warrant and without anyone letting them in and began searching through the house. My family's contractor was in the house and witnessed this. When the contractor questioned the cop's presence, he was very rude to them and wouldn't leave. But he was ultimately fired because he was repeatedly doing illegal things such as this. So I would describe the whole thing as excessive, intimidating, and illegal. The cop felt like just because he was a cop he was above the law and and could treat people how he wanted.

So we are scared shitless at this point. He walks up to our car, still holding the gun and tells us to keep our hands where he can see them. The first thing he asks is if we have any drugs and at that point, lying will only make it worse, so I say yes, we have some weed, although we also did have beer (were under 21) and other drugs.

He orders us out of the car, puts us against the hood cuffs us and pats us down. He then asks if we have any weapons, and we tell him that we both have two large knives in the car.

At this point, we get sit on the bench and once he secures the weapons, he then searches the car for the weed. He searches for about 30 min because he can't find it, and finally calls me over to help him find it.

While I go up to the car, he puts his hands on his holster and i point out the weed for him. He secures it and then puts me back on the bench with my friend.

At this point, he's just found the weed and the booze and stops searching the car. He puts it all in his car and then he uncuffs us and starts talking.

He said because we are UNC students and because he loves UNC basketball, he's gonna let us off with nothing but a paraphernalia charge and a camping in a closed space charge (it helps being a white college student).

He wrote us our tickets, gave us our knives back, and escorted us out of the campsite.

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Arrestee #3

I was almost arrested when I was 15 at a house party I was hosting. They definitely wrangled us up, but once they started asking a lot of questions I kinda took charge and let them know who's house it was/ who all the stuff belonged to (I don't remember the specifics, but I think it was all mine, I think I claimed it all anyway) they kinda singled me out. Their tone to me sounded arrogant, but that could be a biased memory. Almost like they enjoyed the fact they were about to ruin some kids lives. This didn't end up being the case since they let us all off (they had to leave early due to a shoot out happening elsewhere in town). They were pretty instructive too, they asked if my parents were home and if I could go get them.

They kept everyone around, no one got away, since they were planning on breathalyzing us and wanted to make sure to write citations.

We actually had one kid who was too drunk and kept refusing to do it and they were trying hard to get him to, since they didn't want to make things harder for him down the line.

They came over on a noise complaint btw.

I've been at a party in the woods before where some older guys yelled "Cops" in order to rob some of the younger people of the stuff they left behind. I think in a situation like that the kids would easily have time to scramble and get away. My old party den was outside the main house and was kinda cornered by a large fence, so we didn't have the chance.

They pulled into the driveway very silently and kinda cornered us indoors.

We did scramble, but it was more of a desperate attempt to flush anything we could.

I remember being scared out of my mind because it was my first (and only) breathalyzer and I had had one sip of beer way earlier. They basically just made us go up one by one and blow into the test.

I was totally sober, we were actually just playing water pong at the time. Watching a lot of friends get written down for having any amount of alcohol in them was kind of jarring. I felt a little bit of survivor's guilt on that, but knew the real punishment wasn't for the drinking.

And knew everything else was gonna fall on me.

Ooh, so they did tell me as they left that they would let me off this time, but if my name came up with as so much as a traffic ticket they would be willing to pin it all back on me prior to me turning 18.

I was the only one talking to the police really. Most of my friends were too drunk. My closest friend present was basically just trying to talk me into being less scared (he was also drunk). All the other guys had very different reactions that changed with their personalities. One guy was drunk but you could see wheels spinning in his head to see how he could avoid all punishment (He got away with it too, even called an older friend of his and convinced the cops it was his dad), one guy was pretty silent, and another was being a drunk asshole and kinda taunting the cops.

If it mattered the scare tactic worked for a while, but overall I don't think It still bothers me. I don't really do big parties anymore.

They took all of our stuff. Came back later to get my parent's name.

In my fear I did something I'm not proud of, I offered the address of a drug dealer for leverage, but they didn't actually follow up on it.

I wasn't pressured to do it, but I did out of fear and from seeing stuff on TV.

it took much longer than I imagined.

There were no guns, no stupid bravery, just a routine for these guys.