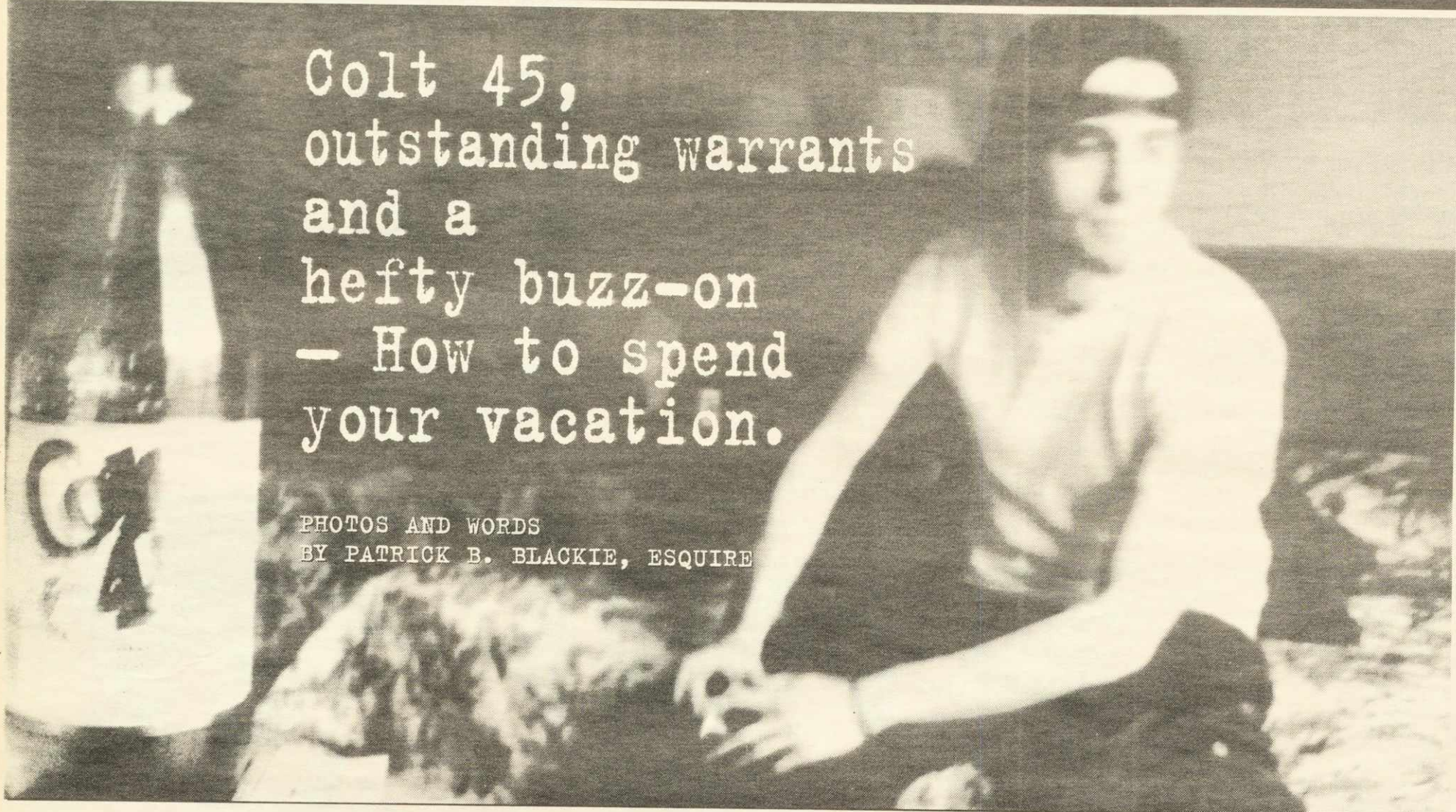


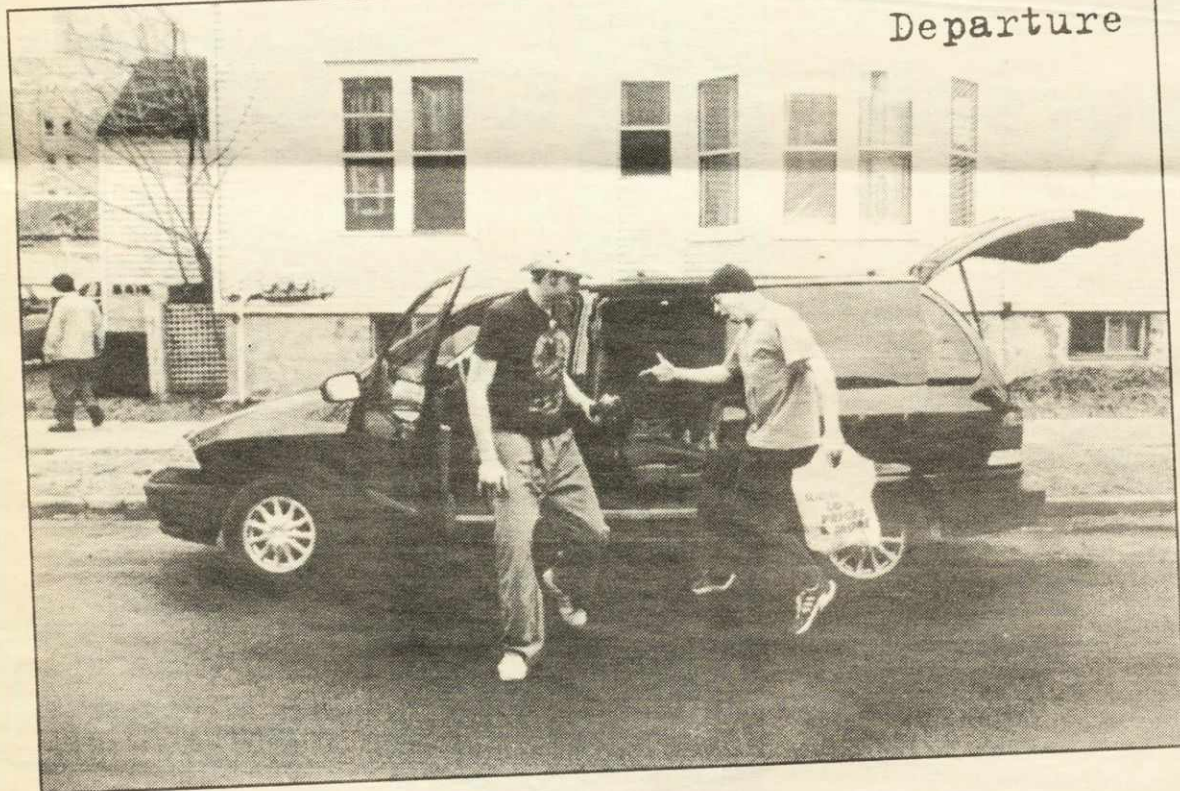
FOCUS

Colt 45,
outstanding warrants
and a
hefty buzz-on
— How to spend
your vacation.

PHOTOS AND WORDS
BY PATRICK B. BLACKIE, ESQUIRE



Departure



The six of us departed on a Sunday morning, roughly 10 a.m., which was surprising, whereas that was remarkably close to the intended departure time. Not everyone had slept the night before, but the sheer excitement — along with some drugs — was all that was needed to keep us going strong. The trip was the epitome of disorganization, just the way we liked it, and although our plans were not etched in stone, we were headed for New York City.

After several hours of driving and a fist-full of doobies, we were but a few hours from the Canada/US border. Having the sense not to try and smuggle drugs across the border, we disposed of them in the most logical way. This created a kind of hazy confusion, which was amplified by the fact that we had no clue where the fuck we were. We were looking for St. Stephen New Brunswick, but the 'highway' we were on had no signs. Not really worried about where we were headed, we drove on and hoped for the best.

After a few hours of driving, we found the border. We drove up, rolled down the window and told the guard our plans.

"I'm just gonna get you boys to

come in for a routine ID check," the bastard said.

Having nothing to hide (so we thought), we entered the checkpoint and forked over our ID's. The guard asked us in a thick New England accent if he could have a look in the van.

"Sure," we said. "We've got nothing to hide."

We waited patiently as the driver went outside with the guard. Within a few minutes, it became apparent that there was a problem. The guard was pointing a flashlight directly in the driver's face, and speaking very sternly. When he entered, he had a theory — one of the stupidest fucking things I have ever heard. I took this

as an indication that these guys were very rarely put to use in these kind of situations.

"It looks as if someone has been sifting marijuana in that van — taking the stems and seeds out. You can make it easier on yourselves if you just tell me where the bag is," he informed us, holding a very large stem in his hand.

So it was sniffing dog time, and we were all quite anxious. We had never been sniffed by a drug dog before, and it sounded like fun.

But it was about an hour before the dog arrived. They were stalling. We didn't care, because we were clean, but one of the guards had been asking one of our companions a