

lot of questions.

When the dog arrived, he sniffed the van, tracking mud all over the inside, and tearing our bags open and eating our food. The lingering smell must have drove the poor bastard insane, but he turned up nothing. He then came in to sniff us down, and although he made direct and painful contact with the sensitive organs of one of our crew, he found nothing.

So we were clear, but the passenger who had been asked the questions was now in a private conference with one of the small town New England stereotypes.

"...warrant...Halifax...drug..."

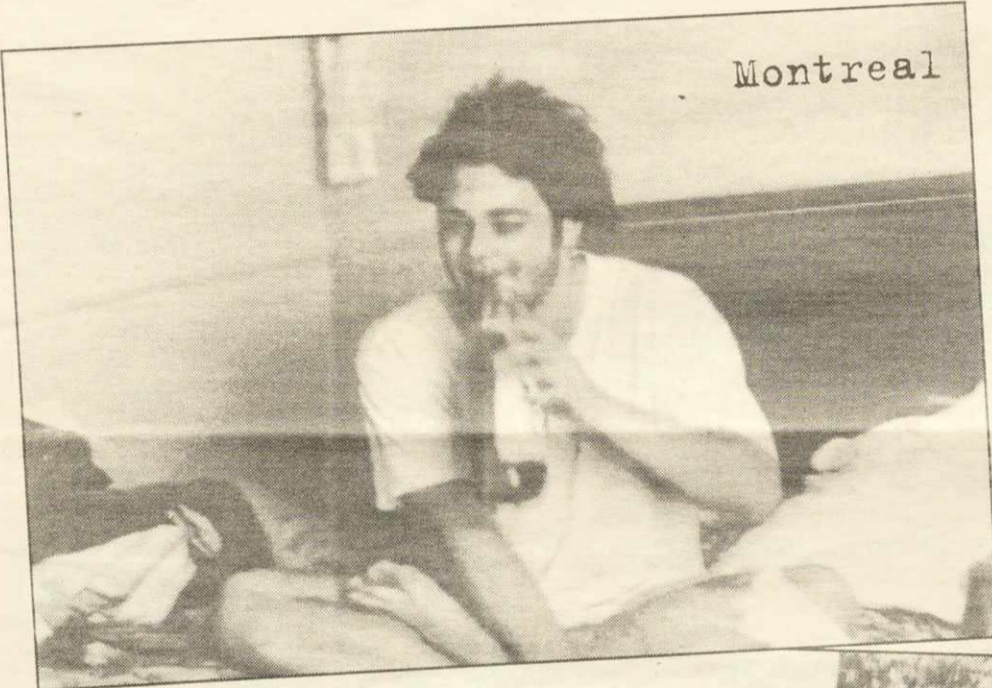
So there was a warrant out for one of our crew, what choice did we have? I was tempted to pull the pistol out of my pants and shoot the guards, but I didn't. It turned out that someone was using an ID with our friends' information, but it was straightened out without guns. However, he was still considered an illegal alien, so we couldn't take him across the border.

We quickly decided that the US was probably not the right vacation spot for a group like us, so we turned and made a B-line for Fredericton to restock on 'supplies,' and then headed for Montreal.

Lost in NB



Montreal



We arrived in the morning, roughly 10 a.m., 24 hours after leaving Halifax. We started our stay there by piling the six of us into a small downtown hotel, rolling a multi-gram cacker and picking up some Colt 45. \$4 for a 40 oz bottle - it works every time. The morning went fast whereas nobody had really slept yet. We polished off several bottles of the vile malt liquor/syrup and passed out for about 7 hours.

One thing Montreal does not lack is an abundance of peelers. Every block downtown has its fair share of strip-pers, but believe it or not, we didn't check any out. What kind of strip club closes at 3 a.m.?

The few days in Montreal are hazed over with a thick coat of CFF, but I do remember the last day. As we sat around a table in a crowded buffet, we debated whether or not to skip the bill. We had just witnessed some severe projectile vomiting out of the passenger window of the van (downtown Montreal, heavy traffic), and we all knew that the puking wasn't over, so paying for the food didn't seem to make sense.

Anywho, before leaving we did get some good advice from a Montreal police officer. After pulling us over and putting us up against the wall late one night, he said, "Don't buy your drugs at the subway station. They're no good." Sound advice.

We had been without drugs for a while, so a huge part of the drive was spent in silence (normal) but after a few hours, we got heavy in to discussion (abnormal). We finally made it to Fredricton, where we would restock supplies. While driving through the city, we thought we hit a dog. The speed at which we were going and the size of the dog made it impossible for it to have survived, but it confirmed its survival by trying to bite my shins. At least I think that happened.

After walking around for a while trying to find a bridge that we could throw a computer off of, we returned to the van and headed back. The arrival in Halifax was early morning, probably on Thursday or Friday, and the whole lot was in hard shape.

So in conclusion, the trip was an educational experience. I would have elaborated more, but some things just aren't appropriate for a student newspaper. Besides, I forgot most of the trip anyways.

The drive home

