

## Dime Bag

It was the day after my mom's birthday party. I was a lucky child, to have the coolest parents on earth. This is when I took pleasure in the meaning of "Bragging Rights". For the party, beautiful people filled our home and the aroma of Marijuana filled the air. The little white joints passed through everyone's fingers, with words of please and thank you following. What other child could be so lucky to have awesome cool parents. The Gods surely blessed me.

The day was sunny and a bit cold. I was hanging out in my usual hamburger joint, I have a dime bag stashed in the upper part of my boot. Back in the day, a dime bag was almost an ounce of Marijuana. Somehow the precious bag of weed came up missing. I looked in the bathroom, under the table, walked back through the park, nothing, it was gone, someone other than me got lucky that day.

I returned to the hamburger joint to meet up with my friend Charlie and tell him the awful news about my dime bag. Charlie was the coolest dude I had ever known. He was almost 6 feet in height, lean, long blond hair to the middle of his back. He wore those mirrored glasses so you could see yourself in conversation with him. If his hair wasn't so long you might even take him for a motorcycle cop, because he wore the black boots and a black leather motorcycle jacket, he had it all except for the motorcycle.

Charlie took my dime bag loss to heart and came up with an idea. We would go and visit his uncle, his uncle was a weed dealer and a dime bag we could probably get for free. How to get there? His uncle lived 35 minutes away by car. Charlie said, "Not a problem, I know how to drive." At the age of 15, yes Charlie knew how to drive his father's classic white Mercedes. So off we went, us 2 kids without a drivers licenses or a parent. We arrived at his uncle's house without even a call first that we were coming, those were the days of dropping in without asking first, of course the whole world was waiting for our arrival.

Charlie's uncle had the coolest home, one room was all in black and white with black and white bean bags to match. You could pile the bean bags to the ceiling or lay them all out as you tried to walk on them as a floor. That room was every child's dream, giant legos that went soft.

As we entered the uncle's home, Charlie spoke of the sadness of the missing dime bag. The uncle was looking a bit disturbed and began to tell us a story. He first started out with the words, "You did not hear this from me and if anything happens, you don't know me." Then he proceeded to tell us where we could find large trash bags of Marijuana down by the river. He also added the cops might be watching and this is all at our own risk and he reminded us, "You don't know me and you did not hear this from me."

I thought, wow what a load of crap to send us off on a wild goose chase, he must be laughing that we were so gullible to

believe his story. But Charlie and I drove to the river. There it was, big garbage bags everywhere. We just looked at each other as we looked around to see if anyone might be watching. Notta person in sight. We opened up a bag, it was more than a dime bag of Marijuana, it was pounds. Charlie grabbed one bag for himself and I took one for myself. We had no idea what we were going to do with all this weed that we just packed into the trunk of Charlie's father's car, as 15 year old Charlie and 14 year old me hit the road back to Ann Arbor. Still without a drivers license.

On the drive back we could not believe how the day was turning out for us. Only 2 hours before, the sadness of the lost dime bag, now we had millions of dime bags. I started thinking what can I do with all of this? I surely cannot smoke all of this in one lifetime, then it hit me. My mom's birthday, she will never have to buy pot again, I can give this to her as a birthday gift. But I can't really claim that I did anything to make this as a gift, so I came up with the idea, I will clean it for her, remove all the unwanted twigs and seeds. Now that would make it "A Proper Gift".

Charlie dropped me off in front of my house. I grabbed my Marijuana trash bag and ran straight up the stairs to my room. I opened the bag and went right to work on cleaning the pot. My floor was covered with Marijuana everywhere. Then my mom walked into my room to ask me if I was hungry when she stared at it all.

I quickly said, Mom this is your birthday present, it is to be a surprise for you, I am just cleaning it.

My mom shot back and said, "I don't want to know where this came from, get it out of the house now, not in the garage, not in the trash can, and I don't want to know where it goes".

I put everything back into the garbage bag, even the twigs and the seeds and left my home with the big trash bag. I walked to the corner, I was just a kid with a big garbage bag half my size. At the age of 14 it is not easy to think what to do with a big garbage bag that is filled with pounds of Marijuana. With all of my friends I never heard of such a problem, I just knew that I needed a quick solution.

Around the corner from my home, was the White Panther Party. They were a cool group of activists and I think that they can help me with my dilemma. So off I walked, 4 homes away from my home, it was a short walk. As I walked in everyone started saying hello to me and then asked me about the worried look on my face.

I then opened the bag and said, "Will you take this? My mom is mad at me and does not want this in the house."

Each person took turns sticking their head in the bag and looked back at me with a smile on their face. 2 guys went off into another room and came back with \$600 dollars to give me for the bag. This is where I started to explain the story. The loss of my dime bag. The uncle and the free Marijuana garbage bags.

My mom's birthday gift. It was free, I must give it away for free, plus if I returned home with \$600 dollars, my mom would kill me and I would then have to get rid of the money.

So it went from \$600, to \$500, to \$400, to \$300, to \$200, to \$100 and then I said ok to \$75. \$75 was enough for a year's supply of dime bags.

When I returned home, my mom was adamant about not wanting to know anything about the Marijuana and where it might have gone. And nothing was said until.....

Many years had gone by, like 15 years, I finally asked my mom, "Do you want to know what happened to that trash bag of Marijuana?" My mom started laughing and said that that incident was her favorite dinner tale she liked to tell and they are still laughing about it. All these years I felt like I was still in trouble and here all along my parents are still laughing. I guess I got my mom a birthday gift in a roundabout way.