

Dear U.S. Customs,

I am a seasoned traveler and I must say I am very disappointed in the amount of searching you did on my return trip from the land of Ganja (Jamaica).

While visiting this poverty-stricken but beautiful country, I "accidentally" bought about an ounce of the finest marijuana I've ever had my hands on. It was mellow, yet potent; sticky, yet smooth. I spent six days smoking around the clock trying to burn through this sack of green happiness. But alas, it was a project too large for one man to complete in a week.



For fear that I would be routinely searched and sniffed by dogs looking for illegal substances, I was forced to leave my leafy treasure behind. So I performed a ritual that I sincerely hope I'll never have to repeat. I looked to the sky, said a few ceremonial words, and spread this herb of the gods over an area of several square feet on the lawn outside the building where I stayed. Just then I heard a newborn baby cry, the sky opened up and I heard the sounds of angels weeping for my loss. The ground shook, waves were crashing on the shore a mere 20 feet away and I was filled with a sadness that could only be compared to the woe one would feel if they found out they had only 2 weeks to live.

Needless to say I was hoping, praying that all of this pain and suffering would be well worth it as I was sure to be checked for such contraband at the airport when I returned to my home country. (A country that stands on legs of security and pointless harassment of innocent travelers to prevent other innocent people from being hurt.) I was not. I was not searched, my bags were not searched, and I was not even questioned about any items I was returning with. What a bunch of shit. I threw away almost an ounce of great pot for nothing. You could have at the very least opened my suitcase, patted me down, or stuck a finger in my ass just to be sure. Unfortunately, my sphincter went unpenetrated.

Wait, I'm mistaken - I was required to remove my shoes while walking through a security checkpoint. OOOOOOH.... Like I'd be stupid enough to stick it in my shoes. Any moron who watches the evening news knows enough not to do that. Great job, ass-wipes, you discovered my Dr. Scholl's Odor Eater insoles. I, on the other hand discovered that whatever they're paying you dip-shits, it's too much.

*Love,
Bill Scott*