

Excerpt: Chapter 1

I checked the time as I pulled out the lot. Two hours since I received the call from Unc. Two hours work; \$400,000 earned.

Why do I even bother going to college? Why do I even bother working a regular, full-time job? Because what I just did was totally fucking illegal: thank God it went smooth as glass. *One fuckup by either of us and I could have easily found myself standing in front of the federal magistrate judge at arraignment charged under Title 21 USC §§§846; 841(a)(1); 841(b)(1)(a) which is: Conspiracy to posses with intent to distribute 5 kilograms or more of cocaine, which carries a Mandatory Minimum of 10 years.....*

Is it really worth it? To me, it is. Why? Because I'm too sharp to get fucking caught. On top of that, I don't plan on making a career out of this shit. That's why I go to college. That is why I work a regular, full-time job. Besides, what I do is not a job; it's a fucking adventure.