

Sometimes my ideas seem like a slam dunk but my idea about going to California and getting into the medical marijuana business was far from easy. First stop was at Cousin Dans (Cuz) place in Carlsbad to hang out and get a feel for the area. As you know I really smoke pot, so I asked Cuz if he had any and we proceeded to the garage where he kept a freezer, he opened it to expose 10 pounds of gorgeous pot! This trip was full of surprises both good and bad ad I'll tell them both but the next thing that happened was 2 brothers showed up to buy pot and they were the great grandsons of Frank Sinatra so that's the good and we talked for hours about the Rat Pack. I just have to say, Cuz is one of the smartest people I know and I realize we have some brilliant cousins but he's pretty damn impressive. How did Cuz get the pot, he has a friend in northern CA that grows so he travels the 400 miles a couple times a year to stock up. We eventually took a trip to get pot and see his friend Big Frank and it was like stepping into a movie set! It's hard to explain the culture and the people but it was one of my best trips ever. Here's a weird one, we had a get together at Big Franks place, it's 5 acres of beauty, and a guy with the last name of Hakala (not correct spelling) showed up from Reno and as we were talking, he mentioned he grew up in northern MN and come to find out he was a cousin of one of Wayne's wives (Carol). So, I bought a 5-acre ranch

in the mountains east of Temecula with a big house and proceeded to setup and start growing, by the way I was licensed by the state to grow and sell to medical patients. The next person I met was outside a business that sells grow equipment and his name was Antoine, oh like great grandpa, no like a f@#king gang leader from la that was driving a \$200k Mercedes, oops! I continued to get the operation up and running and Antoine kept in touch and eventually asked if one of my growers could help with his grow operation, he had in Riverside that he couldn't get right so poor quantity and quality. I sent one of my growers there which happen to be the son of an ex-business partner of mine that literally lost his mind and could no longer function, I'm guessing he had too much of me! I had other business to attend to in Florida, so I went back home feeling pretty good about the operation being up and running. That lasted a couple of days, and I got a call from Antoine, and he said, I've kidnapped your grower and here's is what I want, I stopped him by laughing like hell and saying, this is not the wild west and if you hurt my grower mentally or physically you'll get a visit from the Hell's Angels San Diego, he hung up! F@#k hope that worked, and it did because I got a call from my grower a short time later saying he was ok. Things went smoothly after that for a while and we were serving a lot of cancer patients (ironic) with

medical marijuana, and it seemed everyone was happy, until we got robbed. We had just cut down a grow, about 20 pounds and hung it for curing when we decided to go to a restaurant not far away for a celebration. As we pulled up to the property we saw the lock on the gate was destroyed and as we drove down the driveway we saw one of the sliding glass doors was laying on the ground. As we entered the house, we saw all the newly cut pot was gone along with 20 pounds of cured, processed, and packaged medical marijuana for our patients. Oh well, it gets harder every day, and the next step was to hire a bodyguard for the growers and because we were a licensed grow for medical and now, we have a recreational license, so we couldn't have firearms on the premises. But oh no, we hired a guy called Crazy Frank and he was a hand full and had so many guys I couldn't tell how many. Yep, we got robbed again in broad day light with no one at the property and the neighbor decided he should stop the U-Haul rental truck by shooting it with a shot gun. Thankfully no one was hurt but when the neighbor was standing at the gate shooting at them, they took the road less travelled and ran through the 6-foot chained link fence surrounding the property and ripped out about 300 feet of fence. We arrived a short time later and called the police and sheriff so they set up roadblocks in the nearest town but when they stopped the truck, believe it or not, they didn't

open the back, and let them go, California!!!! That was almost it for me by then but one more incident and I was done, I told myself. And sure enough, someone obviously reported us to the authorities for having firearms because the swat team showed up one evening and raided the house, took Crazy Frank and all his guns and arrested 2 growers because they didn't report the bodyguard. That was it for me but let me tell you it was one hell of an experience, and I would do it again given the opportunity. I believe that whatever you do should be for the good for everyone involved and I think we helped a lot of patience by what we did, and no one got hurt even though most of the time we were under constant threat from all sides. MK