

## Sample from Chapter: The Amazing Law Bender (reformatted for website)

[Amir] and a friend drove to Vegas with some fake checks in the car's fuse box and cocaine under the seat. They got pulled over for speeding, but managed to make a friend out of the cop. They even convinced him not to write them a ticket. All was going well until he asked to search the car. "Come on bro, I thought we were cool," Amir said. But the cop would not let up; he wanted to search the vehicle. Since Amir and his friend refused, the cop called in for a K9 unit. If the dog indicated there were drugs in the car, that gave the police the legal right to search it.

Sure enough when the K9 unit arrived, the dog went nuts with excitement as he could smell the blow. The cops made Amir and his friend sit on the curb as they proceeded to strip the car apart. They popped the hood, tore the seats open, and ransacked their luggage, but could not find an ounce of drugs which puzzled Amir just as much as it did the dog. Then one of the officers moved his hand towards the fuse box. Amir's heart pounded in his chest at the sight of this.

However by some kind of reverse miracle, the officer only rested his hand on top of it and then removed his hand without actually opening the box. The cops were pissed at the lack of results their search produced. They wrote Amir and his friend a speeding ticket before angrily speeding away themselves. The funny thing is, as thorough as the cops were with searching the car, they did not bother to search Amir and his friend; and his friend had actually grabbed the blow and slipped it in his pants before they were forced to exit the vehicle.

This was the man that took me under his wing. He became a good friend that was a bad influence, sort of an anti-Lumpy. Amongst other things, he taught me how to build corporate credit without having to pay it back, how to steal leads, and other ways to rip off the system. Once, I found out just how shady he really was. It was time the two of us were driving out to meet with a client. Since we were coming from different locations, we had taken separate cars; but there was a point where our paths came together on the 60 freeway. Thus we both took the same exit so as to continue the rest of the way in one car.

I saw Amir follow me off the exit and I also saw a flash of blue light, and somehow I just knew it was him that was getting pulled over. Sure enough, I got a phone call from Amir a few minutes later. "I just got pulled over. Walk down here and call me 'Matt' in front of the pig." The cop wrote him a ticket for I forget what and drove off. In Amir's case, getting a ticket is practically a best case scenario when dealing with cops. Once the cop left, he explained to me that his fake ID had "Matthew" as his first name which is why he wanted me to call him that.

Since Amir was already in his mid twenty's, the fake ID obviously wasn't for getting into bars. I asked him, "You have a fake ID? What if they ran your prints?" "Look at this thing!" he said as he showed me his destroyed thumb.

Apparently, he chewed and chewed at his thumb all day, every day so that its print eventually became unrecognizable. Good ol' Amir. He always had an answer for everything. For his birthday, I gave him a card that listed all his aliases. It read: "Dear Amir a.k.a. Jose a.k.a. Matt

a.k.a. Robert a.k.a. Nate, you have many names fool, but I call you homie.” He got a kick out of that one.