

The prologue that Jeff and I wrote together:

THE GLIDE

It wasn't winter. It may have been late fall, but the weather was sunny and the air temperature was quite mild. I'm sure my father picked the day real carefully because it was perfect for me. The tide was a little bit full and there were four feet peaks at The Cove, which is about as small as it breaks. You know, it was mellow. The new board my Dad had made me was seven feet eleven inches and twenty inches wide. He'd single-glassed it to keep the weight down and it was only fifteen pounds, so I could carry it down the hill by myself.

We paddled out and Dad got me into position just as this set came through, a little bigger than the ones we'd watched. He pushed the nose of my board in the direction of the cliffs and yelled, "Paddle, Jeff, paddle!" I thrust my arms into the water and the wave picked me up. I got to my feet and suddenly I'm gliding down the face of a green wave. At the bottom I knew enough to lean into the wave, stick that rail into the wall and go.

There I am, trimming along the face, gliding, with the wave breaking right behind me. Just incredible! That's what stays with you forever, that sensation of speed, the effortlessness of the whole thing and the beauty of the glide.

THE SLIDE

My average day I'd wake up and have a blast to get me to work. That's if I hadn't been too greedy the night before. If I had, I'd be running around waking people up, trying to score. Sometimes I'd have to score three times a day and it would take three or more hours out of your day. If you could channel the drive you put into scoring into something creative, you'd be so successful.

At Balboa when I had money in the bank I had a \$500 a day habit. One time there's this new dope in from Pakistan, very different and much more powerful than the usual China White. It was late at night, we'd been drinking and my friend's girl has a blast and goes right out. We drag her down the hallway and into the bathroom and splash water on her face, blow air into her lungs, but it's serious. We're about to call the medics when she comes around. Then my buddy has a blast and he goes out too. Jesus! This is how twisted I am, I'm knocking on my room-mate's door to score some coke to try to bring him around. Then we're dragging the blue body up the hall again, panicking. And behind those bedroom doors, my room-mates have no idea how bad this whole deal has become.