

# PALO ALTO ODYSSEY

## Miranda worries about young drug dealer

MIRANDA winced when she heard that neighbors had formed a vigilante committee to monitor the drug dealing activity of a 16-year-old boy five houses down the street from the Southgate home in which she had grown up.

Southgate was a lovely Palo Alto neighborhood, but in the afternoon and at night, sometimes there were strange cars parked in front of the teen's house; or along the curb at nearby Peers Park.

One neighbor went to the drug-dealing teen's mother and asked what they should do. The mother freaked out. She was a single mom, an attorney at one of the big Palo Alto law firms, and she did not want her son to be arrested and put in the "system."

This is part 42 of a 48-part fictionalized serial appearing in the Daily Post, written by John Angell Grant.

She said she would handle it. Eventually the problem would go away, she thought. Miranda hoped the boy would be OK.

She thought of her own brother Tom, who was a true child of the Sixties. He became a pot dealer, then a pot farmer, and eventually died of a drug overdose.

Tom bought a piece of land first up in Mendocino, and later up in Humboldt, and grew weed there. He battled the larger growers who tried to force him out and take his land.

Earlier, as a teen himself, Tom, with

his friend Lorin, had grown pot up in the hills of San Mateo County, behind Crystal Springs. It was possible to do that in those days, if you kept your head low.

In those days, Tom was a regular at concerts at Keystone Palo Alto; and was known as the guy who could get you weed if you happened to show up at the concert without it.

Miranda remembered the \$5 lids, which were an ounce or more of mediocre "shake." But as the business changed, the weed got stronger and stronger; and Tom moved north. The medical marijuana of the present day, Miranda was told, could cause psychosis, it was so strong.

Miranda herself no longer smoked weed, and rarely drank alcohol. "I

drank all mine already," she would sometimes joke to her friends.

It was a dangerous and heedless time, her youth. She recalled the night she and Tom drove up to a concert at the Fillmore in San Francisco, and on their return barely missed getting into a serious auto wreck.

Her deceased brother Tom was her niece Christi's dad; and Miranda could understand why Christi was so worried about money, marriage and her future. Christi was thinking about marrying a start-up tech billionaire whom she did not love.

Miranda was glad that she had found meetings of Adult Children of Alcoholics, which had helped her out enormously with these issues.

**More tomorrow.**