



Running Dogs

THE LEGAL TRADE BEHIND THE MANUFACTURE OF METHAMPHETAMINES **BY GAIL BELL**

Adam is a martyr to his sinuses. For two seasons out of four, his clogged passages throb like the thumb he once caught in a car door.

I know this because Adam has buttonholed me at a party and someone has told him I'm a pharmacist. He has a bone to pick with my kind and I, trapped in a deep chair with a drink and a sturdy bruschetta, have steeled myself to listen.

Adam gets relief from his nasal torture by taking Sudafed tablets, once obtained in a simple commercial transaction at his local pharmacy. Now, the simple transaction has morphed into an interview about *why* he wants Sudafed, with the requirement that he produce a driver's licence to prove his identity.

"I'm not a deviate, and I resent the implication," he grumbles, adding that he is a school principal who has been vetted by more authorities than I've had hot dinners. What committee of idiots, he asks, thought up this red-tape barrier between a sick man and his legal drug of choice?

