BONKS, BLONDS, 'N' BUNK BEDS... the return to Sweden

Interviews...

JEREMY jones

DAVE downing

Photo Essay by: KEVIN zacher
On the cover: *Jacob Soderqvist*  
Falun, Sweden  
Photo: Whitey/Destroyer

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Peter Strom is the shred. He wasn't all that stoked on our antics the first time we came to his country. So he showed off for us with a 360° nose grab.*
We were right on schedule. I saw Crawford's freckles from across the terminal amidst the sea of subservient Aryans aimlessly wandering through their travels. He approached me somewhat skittishly. Even though Whitey was right at my side. We'd met on one occasion prior, surrounded by coworkers and tension that could've been cut with a knife. His eyes hugged the floor until we stood toe to toe: he slowly looked up as his neck crooked to the side. With a sideways grin he began to am his mouth to speak. I cut him off mid word. 

"HE STEPPED FORWARD, BUMPING HIS CHEST AGAINST MINE, HIS BREATH SMELLING OF RITALIN."

"You're lucky I don't kick your ass right here."

He looked me over from the floor up and answered, 'Oh yeah bring the pain bitch! whatcha' got for Debo? and raised his dukes. I stepped back feeling a slight tingle in my left testicle. I looked again toward Whitey for a little reassurance, but he hung his head low perhaps from jet lag. But more likely pretending he didn't know me. If I backed away, I would look like a coward. so I went with plan B.

"Ha," I I said. "Just messing with you. I had to give you a little grief for getting with my cousin.' He stepped forward. bumping his chest against mine. no breath smelling of Ritalin."

"I already told You." tie hissed, "me and your cousin is cool. If you bring up that old shit one more time. You're going to feel the wrath of Ol'Dirty Crawford."

"All right. I guess I can be cool with that If your Owns be all tripping aid shit I can handle."

"What?" Crawford gasped."Are you trying to talk shit again. punk?"

"Nah man. I swear." Swear all I was trying to do was save a bit of dignity.

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