

# Border Control: A Short Story [B1]

La vita di Jude è distrutta e, deciso a vendicarsi con chi gli ha sottratto il denaro, trama un piano. Ma ciò che inizia come una ricerca di giustizia prenderà presto una piega inaspettata.

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It's my money!" protested Jude. "It's obviously my money. It's in my bag, isn't it?" "I understand that, sir," responded the **customs officer**. "But in order to enter the country with a large sum of cash, you need to prove that it is from a legitimate **source**." Jude tried to stay calm while in a state of panic. He was being interrogated at Heathrow Airport in London for having a large sum of cash in his bag, £8,000 to be precise — just enough to pay off his debt to his **drug dealer**. He'd been leaving the airport, when a **sniffer dog** had alerted the **customs officer** to the cash. Jude had known that **customs officers** used **sniffer dogs** to detect drugs, but not cash! "If you'd found drugs in my bag, you'd assume they were mine and I'd have to prove that they weren't. But when you find cash in my bag, you assume that it's not mine, and I have to prove that it is, or at least that it's from a legitimate **source**," said Jude. "How is that **fair**?" "It's the law, sir," said the officer. "No, I read about this before travelling. It said online that I had to declare cash to a **customs officer** only if it exceeded £10,000." "That is correct. You were not obliged to declare the cash, but we do use **sniffer dogs** to detect large sums of money in case it is associated with criminal activity. Do you have documents confirming that it is from a legitimate **source**? A **bank statement** perhaps?" "No, of course not. Why would I travel with a document like that?" Jude couldn't prove the money came from a legitimate **source** — because it didn't come from a legitimate **source**. He had stolen it from his company's New York office, with the intention of selling one of his wife's expensive **heirlooms** and **replacing** the money before anyone discovered it was missing. "Do you have access to relevant documents online?" asked the **customs officer**. "No, no, no, I don't. Look, I really don't have time for this. I have to go. Now." Jude's sense of panic was growing. He had to meet his **drug dealer**, Ron, in an hour to give him the cash. If he didn't, Ron was going to demand the money from his wife, Sadie, who came from a privileged family and had access to money that Jude did not. And if Sadie didn't give Ron the money, Jude couldn't

contemplate what Ron would do to her and their two children. "If you can't prove the money comes from a legitimate source, we will have to seize it," said the customs officer. "You are free to enter the country, and if you can provide the relevant documents later, the money will be returned to you." "No, you can't do that!" said Jude. "I'm afraid I am legally obliged to." Two months later, Jude was sitting in his car outside the house of the man who had destroyed his life. Jude's wife, Sadie, had given Ron the money, and then immediately filed for divorce and banished Jude from the house. Without access to his wife's expensive heirlooms, Jude had been unable to replace the £8,000 he'd stolen. When the money's absence had been discovered, he had lost his job and he was now being accused of embezzlement. Jude sat up as the door of the man's house opened and he emerged with his beautiful wife and their two beautiful children. The children were about the same age as Jude's children, who he was now only permitted to see on supervised visits. In Jude's car was a bag of cocaine, and Jude was contemplating taking some of it, perhaps taking all of it. His life was over, thanks to this man, who had everything he wanted: a beautiful family, a nice house, a job... Jude had written a letter, blaming the customs officer for his death. He went to the door of the house to post it. But then he saw an open window, so he climbed in instead. He would take the drugs there and the customs officer or his wife or his children could then discover his body.

Inside the door was a set of luggage. They were evidently going on a holiday. How nice for them, thought Jude bitterly. He opened one of the suitcases, out of idle curiosity, his bitterness growing. He didn't really want to die, but he did want revenge on the man who had destroyed his life and that was the only thing he could think of. Suddenly, he had a better idea... "The cocaine is not mine," protested the customs officer, with a growing sense of panic. "The cocaine was in your bag, sir. It is your bag, isn't it?" "Yes, it's my bag, but that doesn't prove anything." He and his wife and two children had just arrived at an airport in Singapore. And now the customs officer had to prove that the cocaine wasn't his...

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# Glossary

- **climbed in** = arrampicarsi
- **out of** = a causa di
- **filed for divorce** = chiedere il divorzio
- **banished** = bandire, scacciare
- **post** = enviar por correo
- **customs officer** = agente di dogana
- **heirlooms** = gioielli di famiglia
- **unable** = incapace
- **replacing** = sostituire
- **to seize** = sequestrare
- **blaming** = incolpare
- **bitterly** = amaramente
- **source** = origine
- **drug dealer** = spacciato di droga
- **fair** = giusto
- **sat up** = sollevarsi
- **luggage** = bagagli
- **suitcases** = valigie
- **idle** = frivola
- **sniffer dog** = cane antidroga
- **bank statement** = estratto conto bancario
- **embezzlement** = appropriazione indebita, truffa