

Frisco Eddie's Revenge: The Return

EPISODE 90 -- A Series by Balboa Ron Schweikert -- June 2002 Issue

Submitted Monthly By: Balboa Ron Schweikert, 1140 Coral Desert Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89123 or e-mail: balboaron@hotmail.com

[In last month's episode, we found Eddie's Partner Jack, losing the 1st game and then coming back to win the 2nd game in a "Best out of Three" match off for \$400. With Eddie's prompting, he snuck by on the 2nd game, but it looked like this last game would center on whose lag was the hottest -- REMINDER TO ALL: FRISCO EDDIE'S STORIES ARE "FICTIONAL."]

The final game was, for the most part, a weight for weight event, with the majority of the weights deep. This precluded any good chances for "wraparounds." Anytime Jack tried to put up a shorter shot, Chris would Hit and Go. As a result, the lag was the name of the game.

Things were going pretty equal until Chris started to dump in nothing but solid threes on his lags. Jack was fighting back as hard as he could, but the consistent threes he was facing began to have a psychological effect on him.

All Eddie could do was watch Jacks decline - there was nothing he could do about it, and he knew what Jack was feeling... because he had been there himself before. Finally, with the score of 10 to 13 in Chris' favor, and his hammer, he let go with the final blow. It was a deep deuce lag, and with it also, Jack's moral was shot, and he had no desire to challenge back.

Eddie went up to Chris to pay him the \$800 stake that was up. As he handed him the money, he said: "What's the chance of you and I having a go at it so I have a chance to get even?" Chris kind of smiled as he replied: "Sorry Eddie, I got it from Jack, and the only way you can get it back -- is the same way I got it."

They spent the rest of the night with some drinks, and of course, telling "War Stories" with their friends from Las Vegas. They had some serious gambling to do the next day, so they begged off at around midnight. They really had a good time, and everyone was laughing like hell as they departed.

The next morning, they didn't get going until around 10 a.m., so they decided to go for the Brunch Buffet at the Sahara. It was "so-so," and at least sent them off with full stomachs for gambling endeavors. Eddie had learned that your best odds were off the strip, and head for where the "locals" play.

Their first stop was just the other side of I-15, and also on Sahara Blvd. It was called the Palace Station.

Jack didn't know too much about serious play, so Eddie just had him watch -- for 15 minutes, while he showed him a little bit about "21," or commonly called Black Jack. He selected a \$25 minimum table. To Jack's amazement, Eddie won their \$400 from the night before back -- in just under 14 minutes!

Eddie backed off then, and laid the \$5 tables, and 25-cent Poker machines, until he was able to teach Jack enough about them so he could be on his own. After that, Eddie settled down to some serious Black Jack. In about four hours of play, he was close to \$5,500 winners! He knew when to cash in, and after he did that, he started hunting around for Jack. It didn't take long to spot him. He was all excited -- because he was \$150 to the good!

They had an excellent meal at a very fancy restaurant in the Venetian Hotel/Casino. Some German guy who was always on TV owned the place. His name was "Puck" or something. Eddie knew this was going to be expensive, because there were only four main entrees on the menu -- and NO prices listed!

It was the best meal they had ever had in a restaurant, although the tab was equally as amazing. After finishing their 2nd bottle of wine (at \$150 a pop) they decided to go and get a good nights rest, as their flight to L.A. would be departing at 10 a.m. the next morning.

They headed out for the airport at 7 a.m., and then had a 2-hour check-in for the 30-minute flight to L.A. They felt good once they were airborne. They had some fun, and most of all; Jack got a little "seasoning" while they were there. He would need it all for this stop, because this... was the Big Time.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH...)