

# *Frisco Eddie's Revenge: The Return*

*A series by Balboa Ron Schweikert*

*(In last month's episode, after Long Beach Lil, Tacoma Tim and Frisco Eddie thought they would fall victims to Dollar Dan's revenge, Eddie made the decision that he was OUT and would return home on the first available flight.)*

Everyone in the room was left speechless. Eddie finally broke the silence. He looked at Tim and said: "Could I please have the keys to the rental car? I'm going back to San Francisco on the first flight out." Tim knowingly gave him the keys and said: "Nice to have met you, Eddie."

Eddie look straight at Lil then. They looked long and hard into each other's eyes, but not a word was spoken. It seemed as though they had a "mental" conversation....and a clear understanding was there.

Eddie gathered up his travel bag then and started to leave. Just as he began to open the door, Lil spoke: "Maybe I'll see you around?" Eddie turned and said: "Yah, right -- maybe," and he was gone.

One the drive to the airport, Eddie was thinking about how close he came -- but he was also thinking about how great it was going to be to get back home to Shelli and the Blue Moon. Indeed, he had a lot of thoughts going through his head.

He didn't know why, but he began to reflect on some of the things Tim had told him. He had been beaten by Tim very badly because he was halfway "smashed" and also because it was Tim's board. He made a mental note that he'd surely lay off the booze when he had any serious competition.

He also recalled Tim's response when he asked him why he didn't compete in the big tournaments any more. Tim had explained that, in like manner, if you had learned to play the game while you were drinking (as Tim had) and also competed that way, you virtually lost most of your skills if you tried to play sober!

Tim had told him that in addition to that, you couldn't just sign up for a tournament and expect to play ANY kind of a game (under any circumstance) if you had a long lay-off from serious competition.

Tim had revealed a true story about how he had tried to give it "one last shot" in a big tournament on the West Coast a few years back. He said that he not only didn't shoot good -- he didn't shoot at all! Eddie vividly recalled the look on his face as he explained how he had "frozen-up" completely. He told of how embarrassing it had been for him. But, even worse was the humility and remorse he felt because he had let his partners down so badly, that they didn't stand a chance. He said he actually had nightmares over that experience! So, the "big time" was

over for him. He had finished by saying that he still enjoyed a little "local" action, and that the game of shuffleboard would always be there for him.

Eddie made a mental note to remember ALL of Tim's advice. He also had a smattering of thoughts about all of the things Lil had told him -- some of it good -- and some of it very bad.

He was almost at the airport now, and he started thinking about home again and how swell things were going to be. He turned off the highway then onto the airport entrance road. He found the car rental entrance and pulled in. After he had paid to top-off the tank and the remaining charges, he started to make his way to the "Departing Flights" area.

Fortunately, he didn't have far to walk and he was close to the Northwest counter after he got inside. He figured that his quickest way to get home would probably be with Northwest. He waited in line for a short time and then it was his turn to arrange for his flight home.

The ticket agent looked at Eddie and, seeing he didn't show her a ticket, said: "What's your destination, sir?" Eddie looked at her but didn't reply. He had a wierd look on his face. The agent asked him once again: "Could I please have your destination, sir?"

Eddie's mind was whirling a thousand miles a second now, and he couldn't reply -- because he had just remembered something. Lil had given HIM the \$10,000 they had won in Texas, because she felt it would be safer that way. It was inside the travel bag he held in his right hand!

Eddie was finally able to mumble something to the agent that sounded like: "T'll, uh, have to move out of line. Uh, I have to think a little."

He moved back and took a nearby seat in the waiting area. He placed the bag on his lap and folded his arms over it. He realized then that he didn't have a LITTLE thinking to do.....He had a lot!

*Will Eddie return the \$10,000 to Lil or will he go through with his plans to return to San Francisco? Don't miss the next exciting episode.*

## **Attention Readers:**

***If you are enjoying Balboa Ron's "Frisco Eddie" series, please let him know. Your feedback is the only "pay" he receives!***

***Balboa Ron Schweikert***

***8301 W. Charleston Blvd. #1050***

***Las Vegas, NV 89117***