Written by Administrator Friday, 19 February 2021 09:14 -

# By SCOTT SAALMAN

Guest Columnist

"Mom?"

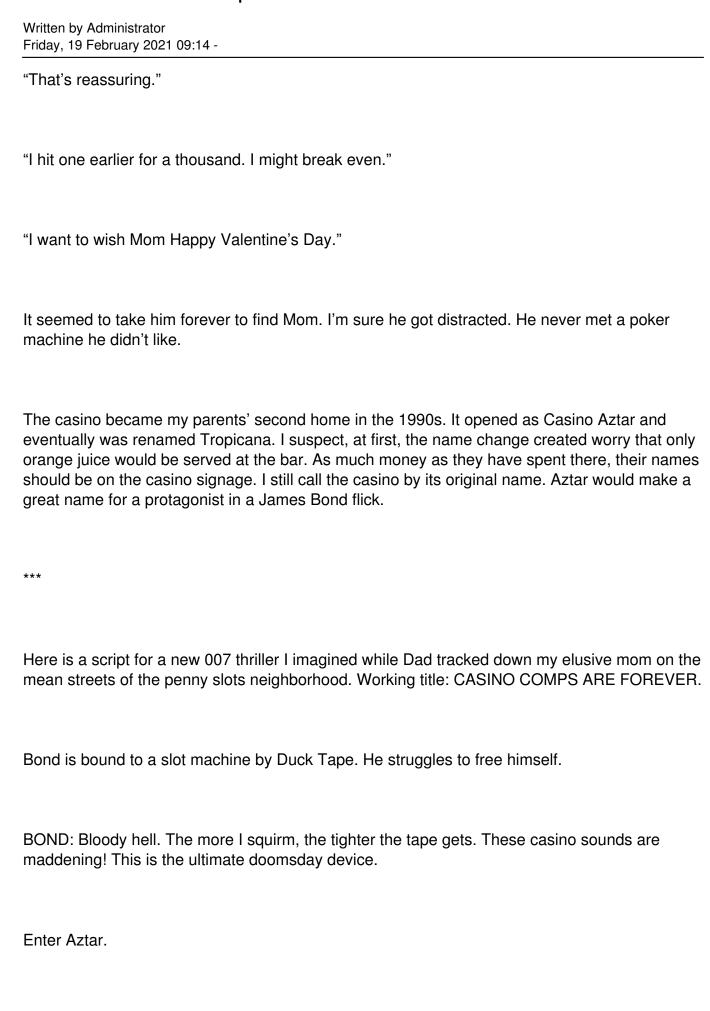
Last Sunday, I called Mom at the casino on Valentine's Day. Sunday is her casino day. Fridays and Saturdays are also her casino days. I don't see my parents on those days. I'm a middle-aged weekend casino orphan.

To call Mom on a weekend means first calling Dad's cellphone. He then hands it to her. She never answers her own cellphone, weekdays or weekends. I'm really not sure why she has one. On weekdays, I know to call their landline (aka wall phones).

A downside to calling their landline is Dad will likely answer it downstairs at the same time Mom answers it upstairs. Then they start conversing with each other, forgetting me. They discuss what to eat for their 2:30 p.m. supper. I become a voyeur on a party line from hell. Eventually, I butt in.

"M.J., do you hear Scott?"
"It's me, Mom."
"Where are you?"
"On the phone."





Written by Administrator Friday, 19 February 2021 09:14 -AZTAR: Welcome to your life, Mr. Bond. BOND: Aztar! AZTAR: There's no turning back, Mr. Bond. BOND: It was YOU all along. AZTAR: Even while we sleep, we will find you. BOND: But that doesn't even make sense! AZTAR: Sorry, Mr. Bond, but everybody wants to rule the world. BOND: Aztar — why are you addressing me in '80s lyric-speak? Is it a riddle? AZTAR: It's no riddle, Mr. Bond. It's an earworm. Tears for Fears was playing in the elevator on my way down. It's my happy song. BOND: You're a madman, Aztar! AZTAR: Perhaps, but who is the one currently in a very sticky situation? BOND: I was assigned to free Scott's parents from the hypnotic hold that your casino has on

Written by Administrator Friday, 19 February 2021 09:14 -

them before they annihilate his inheritance. You have me now, Aztar, so release them.

AZTAR: Sorry, old chap. The gravitational pull of our comps program is far too great for Scott's parents to turn away.

BOND: This assignment was a bloody lost cause from the start.

A super-model-like cocktail waitress arrives.

AZTAR: I took the liberty of ordering you a last martini. James, meet Penny Slot.

PENNY: Your martini, James. Shaken, not stirred.

BOND: Even though you stole my line, Ms. Slot, I must say you are pretty as a penny.

PENNY: Sexist old English perv.

Entire martini splashes in Bond's face.

BOND: This really isn't my day.

AZTAR: Penny by penny, you will remain strapped to this slot machine until your final breath. The calliope music alone will make you wish your mum never met your dad. Welcome to your death, 007.



Written by Administrator Friday, 19 February 2021 09:14 -

Just like that, the call ended. I should've known better than to phone bomb her casino day. Sometimes, a casino orphan can't help but feel both shaken and stirred.

Email scottsaalman@gmail.com to order his new column collection, "What Are You Going To Write About When I'm Gone?" (\$15).

Read more https://duboiscountyherald.com/b/even-007-fails-in-this-casino-caper