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**100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment**  
**Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances**  
**Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!**

**The Gambling Trip**

**By Chris Bradford & Brande McCree**

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I left Atlanta on Thursday morning headed out west. The trip to the airport and the flight was uneventful, except the waitress lady on the plane wouldn't let me pee out the window. Something else I noticed, Them airplane folks don't want you to clean their windows. On every one of the suckers it says something like "Crystalplex – Do Not Clean" . Now, that brings to mind, just at what point did fliers cleaning airplane windows become such a problem that they had to imprint that on their windows?

Now.. I was going out to see some very special folks and I was really looking forward to seeing them. I had imagined walking off the plane and being greeted by these two beautiful blondes.. having them hugging on me in front of the other passengers and making all the guys envious.

Weeeeee, I walk off the plane and look around. Nope, no one there for me. I guess they are going to meet me in the baggage claim area. So, I sulk on over there and there are this ton and a half of folks standing around this little merry go round thing waiting on their baggage to magically appear. I looked thru the crowd real good and note no beautiful blondes.

So, I hang around till my baggage appeared. Every now and again I would reach in down like I was gonna grab someone else's just to put a little excitement in someone's day.

I grab my bags and walk outside and look around. Nope. No beautiful blondes there either. Weeeeell.. that was ok. These two ladies were driving three hours so I figured they must be running a little late. So, I set my bags down, and started pacing around a little and waiting.

And wait I did....

10 minutes...

20 minutes....

30 minutes...

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40 minutes...

50 minutes...

60 minutes...

70 minutes...

80 minutes....

90 minutes.... This little gray car pulls up. Two beautiful blondes hop out and give me wonderful hugs!! It is awfully good to see Jane and Barb again.

We toss the luggage in the car, and take off.

After getting in the car and underway, Jane finally told me those three little words that mean so much too me....

Three little words that I so much wanted to hear....

Three little words that brightened my day....

Three little words that filled me with excitement and anticipation...

LET'S GO GAMBLE!!!!

Next, of course was those three little words that causes men to cringe...

Those three little words that causes men to shudder with fear...

Those three little words that men most hate...

YOU BRING MONEY???

Jane drove us to Station's casino. I wont go into details, but some of you may have ridden with her in the past. (I still have cold chills and white knuckles thinking bout her driving.)

At the casino, things started out pretty good. We lost a little money to begin with, but when we were running low I hit the roulette table. I had tripled my money when Barb sat down next to me wanting to try a system she had heard about for the roulette table. So, I agreed to give it a shot. I ain?t going to explain the system, but each time you loose you double your bet. It is supposed to be foolproof, but I ain?t never found anything yet that was Mark proof. I handed her some money and she bought some chips. Before I know it, she had \$80.00 riding on one spin of the wheel. Now, that might not be a lot of money in your eyes, but to me it is about three trips to the beer can recycling place. The wheel spun

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and we both cringed and closed our eyes saying silent prayers to the ancient gods of gambling. When we peeked we found WE WON!!!!

I hollered "CASH OUT!!!!!!!"

Weeell, that gave us a little money to keep gambling with. So we took the money and started feeding it to the slot machines again. Jane had hit pretty good a couple of times. But, after dinner luck just didn't go our way. Barb was broke (except for \$20 she had in her pocket that she was hiding from us). Jane had a bucket of coins, but Barb kept snatching handfuls. I was so broke I could barely pay attention .

Oh, I nearly forgot to mention, and I don't remember in what order everything happened in, but we were walking thru the casino singing a lot of the time and walking down the stairs in arm in arm and in unison kicking our legs out like showroom girls, and tossing paper airplanes around the casino.

We left the casino around 10 pm and decided to head to a place Barb had heard about.

The only problem was. She knew it was in Kansas City, but didn't know where! So we go for a bunny ride. After getting a real good tour of the city, I finally gave in and stopped for directions. Being the man that I am, I wasn't about to go ask. So, Jane and I sent Barb in. This was sort of a seedy side of town, so we kept a close eye on her as she walked into the quick shop.

Right before Barb walked out the door a young woman walks up to the car. She said "She's in there asking my uncle bout how to get to this place and she ain't understanding what he is saying cause he is talking fast.? (Barb walks up now.) This young woman continues (holding her brown paper bag with her bottle in it) "Y'all need to take your butt ... oh.. pardon my language... take your butt that way (pointing) on 9th Street, then turn left on whatever street, and then turn back on someother street". Then, she pauses, looks at us for a second, and says... "Oh!! You be looking for them frigging rich folks clubs!!! Don't get me wrong.. I like rich folks better than I do poor folks. A lot better!" She kept rambling on as Jane, Barb, and I started just cracking up. It was hilarious. Pretty soon her uncle came out of the quick shop and told her to quit bothering these rich folks and ran her off.

We followed Uncle's directions and pretty soon wound up in the area of the "Rich Folks Clubs". Jane, Barb, and I walked around a little and tried to beg a slice of pizza off a policeman with no luck. We ended up in this country and western bar with a dance floor and a mechanical bull.

We sat down a bit and had a drink or four and watched the bull riders. Jane and Barb kept prodding me to try to ride the bull. I made every excuse in the book, from the fact that I only ride female cattle to my back was bad. But, finally, I gave in.

I tromped up to the guy operating the thing and gave him my \$5. I signed a waiver that basically said that if I am folded, stapled, or mutilated that I would not hold them responsible. After I put on the gloves, Jane told me I was only supposed to wear one glove. So, I took one off. I looked like a cross between Michael Jackson and Meatloaf. I walked out and climb on top of this bull.. and...





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