

Three Days at the Luxor

Room 9214 at the Luxor was tomb-like, cold, and basic. I pulled the blanket closer, shivering, and popped the top from my LargeBucks coffee cup.

Crap! There it went, spilled into the middle of the bed.

Oh well, no matter. We're checking out at eleven.

Shit. Now I don't have any coffee, and I had so carefully crafted my four dollar and eighty cent paper cup of enhanced caffeine. It was top-of-the-line, half Afghan espresso, half caffe americano cooled with one dollop of cinnamon frappacino, topped with a floating island of whipped goat cream, and finished with a sprinkle of pumpkin pie spice. The perfect seasonal stimulus package. Grande.

Should I go get another cup, or take a big drink of Lucy's? Nah...better not, or when she gets out of the shower and sees her coffee gone, well...I shudder to think.

Crap. I stare at the big wet nasty brown spreading stain. I pull the covers up, make the bed.

I stare at my surroundings. I can't tell if I'm looking at authentic faux Egyptian relics or if this is the bastard offspring of Ramses, Ming the Merciless, and the Mummy. I know...I know, that's three people. Anyway...

It's so depressing. I'm not going down to that stinking casino for another coffee, risk getting stuck again in that elevator that won't stop on the ninth floor. Yeah that happened too. It was major anxiety until a sweet little old lady showed me how to use the elevator pass card.

"Put it in slowly and pull it out quickly, dear."

"I tried that," I said, pissed. "Oh. It worked this time." I got off at my floor, then turned the wrong way, walked down the hall. Anxiety mounted.

A zombie hooker shuffled up to me in one of the deserted halls.

"I'm gonna fuck your brains out," she said.

"Huh? So that's how you get the brains?" I asked her. It was tempting.

"Yes, brains," she answered.

"Well, thanks, but I'm married. Gotta find my room now, heh, heh. Before the coffee gets....cold."

"What room are you in?"

"Uh, 9214."

"It's that way." She pointed back in the direction from which I had come.

Look, if in the future I should decide to book another trip to Vegas, even if it *is* to see Criss Angel, I want you, my friends, to restrain me physically, and if necessary, bonk me in the head with a large wooden mallet. It would be less painful than the intestinal spasms I'm suffering now from the burger I ate at the Vegas airport.

Wait, there is *one* redeeming thing. In the plane I found a SkyMall catalog. Here it is on page 97, the Meerkat Gang garden sculpture. It's so cute. I'm ordering it now.

There, I feel better.