

It makes no difference

by Walter Bjorkman

"One, two, three, four, five and six. Why not play them?"

"You crazy? That'll never happen."

"Last week's winning numbers were three, thirteen, eighteen, twenty-six, thirty-nine and fifty-two, how about that?"

"Same six numbers twice in a row, what are the odds of that?"

"Same as if you picked one, two, three, four, five and six."

"See what I mean, never happen!"

"What are your numbers?"

"Four and six for my son's birthday, fourteen for my favorite baseball player as a kid, twenty-four because as a kid I always thought I'd get married at twenty-four and didn't until I was thirty-four, saving ten years of grief. So I'll throw in ten. I once walked into a bar in Elko, placed one ten buck bet on thirty-three, which was my house address as a kid, it hit for the three hundred sixty buck return, so that's in."

" Just as likely as any other numbers, like one, two, three, four, five, and six. "

"Now I know you craaaaaazy, man, that's never gonna happen!"

"Sorry guys, too late, computer won't take any more bets."

"Shit! Man, I felt good this week, all this talk of one, two, three, four, five and six made me miss it! You gonna owe me a hunnert million when they hit!"

I'd like to say that one through six hit, or our latecomer's numbers, in a cruel twist, but no, it was two, three, four, five, six and seven. The lone winner picked her lucky numbers.

