

Vegas Highroller Weekend: Beer and Scooting in Las Vegas

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Las Vegas, NV

By Robert Volz

Jennifer Parker from San Diego borrowed (stole) money from her 8-year-old's piggy bank. "The kid was saving for a new Gameboy - but this is for Vegas!" said she.

Vegas is different things to different people. Unlike many rallies, your day isn't meticulously planned, allowing for one to drift in and out of different circles and enjoy the free-for-all that Vegas is. These are a few glimpses of the Vegas rally.

Justin Lentz of Portland put his bike on the P-town truck. Figured he could get a ride from someone driving. It didn't happen. He couldn't find a cheap flight either, not even through priceline.com. Ended up on the Greyhound for a 32-hour ride with prison releases. Landed in Vegas with \$60 in his pocket. Spent a little of that on blackjack. A couple of hours later, he was up \$1800. You've never before seen such a big smile on a scootist's face.

Pam Strong and Michelle Higgs, both Denverites, decided to take in the Tom Jones concert at the MGM grand and lucked out with some front row seats. Pam threw her panties on the stage. Tom picked them up, smelled them and said, "I think I remember you from somewhere."

Michelle Higgs got a brand new tattoo, some cherries on her lower back. As she would show them to people, she exclaimed, "Want to see something that will last longer than my Las Vegas husband from last year?"

Every cabbie seemed to have trouble taking people to the Gold Spike. Either it was "Where the hell is that?" or "They really have rooms there?" Perhaps they would say, "That's funny, you don't look like a derelict." One scootist's favorite was the cabbie who insisted on dropping them off at the Fremont Street Experience, a block away from the Spike because it was "safer."

Rob Hodge from Chicago was enjoying a cigarette as he walked towards the "Spike." Before he entered, he paused outside the door and put his cigarette out. "Hey Hodge, that cig was only half smoked, and you know you can smoke in there," said his companion, thinking Hodge was in auto-mode from years of Chicago's anti-smoking laws. "No," said Hodge, "In there I don't need a cigarette."

I lay down to sleep in my non-smoking room at the Spike; I rolled over and burrowed my head into the pillow. "Damn it, I wanted a non-smoking room," I thought as the smell of cigarettes wafted around me. Then I realized, it wasn't the room-- it was me.

Zach Matthews (the Mobboss), Mike Zorn, Robert Benson and Cy Culpin from England took in the show at the Glitter Gulch, a topless joint in downtown with \$8.75 beers and a 2-drink minimum. A lap dance costs \$30. Zach charmed a young Thai woman with his knowledge of not only who the king of Thailand was: Rama IX, but also his birthday on Dec. 5th. So impressed, she knocked her price in half.

Robert Benson from the Bay area summed up the place well with "These girls have more plastic than a Kymco."

Cy Culpin impressed the ladies with his accent and actually made a date with the tallest most beautiful stripper there. Way to go Cy!

Speaking of tall girls, Brittanie from Houston, a tall blonde with a short mod hairstyle and even shorter mod dress was at the Klondike Casino. A man in his 70's, a casino regular smelling like scotch, approached her and slurred, "Do you know how many girls were short-changed to make you?"

Chris Gordon a.k.a. "Soupcan" from Sacramento forgot to pack underwear. He was proud of his pirate theme bikini briefs that barely covered his - um . . . manhood. Chris was so proud; he dropped trou to show them off again and again in the Gold Spike Bar.

The Gold Spike has become rally central in the last couple of years with the combination of inexpensive rooms (\$25 a night) and even cheaper drinks. Last year, the Vegas rally set a record in the bar when they drank over \$6,000 in liquor. This is all the more impressive when you consider that drinks are \$1 each.

Utah's Dana Wilson, Larry Taylor, his girlfriend Megan, Alex and Kelly Pelzel and the Northern Idaho kids were eating at Las Salsa, a Mexican restaurant downtown. The waitress "Sandy" who looked like she was "hopped up" on something asked the table, "Are you guys in the Porn industry? I really want to break into the Porn industry."

Gymkhana was cancelled and the slow race didn't last very long. George Hatton of Costa Mesa thought it would be a great idea to drag race. He wheeled so hard, he wore 1" off the back of his 150 Super, all the way up the license plate. A car was coming so he swerved and rode right into a brick wall. The bodies (both his and the bikes) were OK, but he broke the swing arm...in half.

In all, you can't help but have a good time in Vegas. Reminder to Christophe, at Vegas High-Rollers weekend #2, you stated, "If anybody comes to the 5th year of this, and has all 5 patches to prove they've been to each one, you will be treated like royalty." Let's see if he comes through with his promise.

Check out photos from the Vegas at <http://scoot.net/gallery/2004/02/vegas/>