

Great Moments in Failed Golddigging

Written by Crackpot



Inspired by a FB post by [Brian Cuban](#) .

I have never been a wealthy man. Sure, I have had good and bad years. I have never been one to break out the Rolo-Spitzer, get an eight ball and head off to Sean Penn's G-4 for the weekend.

Financially, I am a solid C-student.

But in a down economy even Goldiggers have to lower their standards. Rent is always due and a free meal is a free meal. The GDs can pick out the stable guy who is having a good time. Perhaps I just made a DOUBLE the monthly minimum on my Target Visa. Take that Target Visa! And perhaps I will lay it down for a good meal somewhere.

The GDs know the importance of the stable man. It means a treat while waiting to pay their rent and waiting for someone who will pay their rent. He's the in-between guy, the the bartender or the accountant. She will find a use for you. Whether it is a couple of free drinks or getting their tax return done, GDs need stuff around the house too! In any case here some quickies about some GD's who were broke enough to come after me.

Reno-.

Between Xmas and New years is a slow time of year, especially in the gold digger game. You really need to have your fangs into someone by Thanksgiving.

I am rotten gambler but I love doing it. I think I am just too big of a chickenshit to lay down any real money. Once I was at roulette table and the croupier asked this hammered gal if she

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needed anything. "I need a 13 inch black cock!" Immediately, I bet on 13 Black and it hit. Regrettably this was a t some Actor's Studio Monte Carlo Night.

I do get overly excited when I win, even if it \$5. I can't I cheer galavant and make an other wise unnecessary fool of myself.

Visiting my mom, Billy and I were hitting the nickel slots at the Peppermill, a class joint. This was a few years ago when they still had all the cash tumble out of the machine chiming victory. You carry your winnings around in a plastic cup so you boast your gambling superiority to the entire room.

I hit big and won \$30 in nickels! I explode high-fiving anyone around us in the near empty casino. The free beers start coming. My bounty spews forth from the machine and clang to "We are the Champions." I'm shaking my cup in the air and give the waiter a fistfuls of fivers.

That when she appears. Literally out of nowhere! She was in need of a root touch up to her platinum coif, snakeskin plether pants cameltoed onto her rockin' but weary physique.

"Mind if I party with you?"

I give her one of the free beers and the three of us chit chat for a while. She made no beans about it. You guys got a room you want to go up to?

Now a hooker isn't technically a golddigger but it is damn close. They both are trading goods and services for either coin or lifestyle enhancement. Pretty much the same thing.

Bill and I shoot each other a look. Do we want to go there? We weren't drunk enough yet but before any kind of extra-ciricular thought comes in, I squelch it.

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I pick up my tub with childlike glee, “That depends” as I do another victory shake.

“Do you take nickels?!?”

Couldn’t believe what came next. Without any hesitation she exclaims “You Betcha” and she grabs my hand to lead me somewhere.

I was flabbergasted, silent, awe struck. REALLY? NICKELS? My plan had been thwarted, what kind of hooker takes nickels? Do I insert them like a magic fingers bed?

I didn’t know what to say. Fortunately, Bilyl did.

“We aren’t staying in this hotel. You think it will be cool if we go back to Dave’s Mom’s house?”

She paused for a moment to think about. Then realizing she would probably lose a few customers that way, she smiled and plethered her way to the next gent..

LISA FROM ENCINO.

I used to work as an assistant to a studio head. In your twenties that sounds pretty impressive to a lass. What they don’t know is that assistants to Studio heads don’t make shit but you get to go to a lot of fancy things. I had just gotten a great deal on an Audi, my first cool guy car, dressed pretty well and I looked the part of a target.

I met Lisa in a bar in Brentwood and we made plans for dinner. She had been out of work for a few months. I went a little bit overboard with the spending. It must have been a good payment week on the Target Visa. I had forgotten the number one rule of dating, never spend more than \$40 on a first date. The next time she

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promised to treat me.

That's about when the car got stolen. I got it back a week later but it was a shell of it's former self. The tire had been shot out, the radio ripped out, the dash destroyed and the gear box was never the same. I got it cleaned up the best I could and picked up Lisa for our second date.

"You really drive this?" she exclaimed as she got in the car. Then while sliding on her seat belt "You brought money, right?"

Excuse me? What happened to treating me? To save some face, I croaked out "Oh I trthought you said we were splitting this one." With Lisa on the kickin'; in on the bill suddenly bottles of wine turned in glasses of wine and appetizers were the entrée. She didn't return my follow up call.

Then the Audi dies. It just stopped going one day and I was a bus slave. A colleague took pity and loaned me a tits and ass chrome and steel '61 Mercedes. It was a beaut, never washed a car so much in my life.

A year or so later, I took it to the Century City mall to check out a flick. As I was leaving I hear my first and last name being shouted across the parking lot. It was Lisa, with some guy. She ran over to me and after saying hello asked about the car.

I looked her straight in the eye and said "It's been a good year and decided to treat myself." I asked her if she had gotten a job, she hadn't. She told me she was seeing "Galaxy Quest." I told her to pay attention to the credits and left.

I would have killed to have seen her face when the screenwriting credit came up. The writer had the same name as me.

My phone was ringing off the hook from Lisa the following week, I had five voice mail

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messages.

That is, five unreturned voice mail messages

MATCH.COM

You see a few diggers on this site. My favorite was a blonde gal with an impressive rack and the bod to match it. She mentioned in her bikini clad profile that she was looking for a man to take care of her. She then stated, "Am I a golddigger? That depends. Are you a T&A man? I applauded as I read that.

I got an email from a young gal who couldn't have been 21 yet. She had posted a picture of herself in her college cheerleading uniform. Her email explained that she was from a small town and always craved a big city lifestyle. She always that she felt she deserved more money and higher class of life.

My email back:

Dear Jenny,
You are soooooo barking up the wrong tree.