

At a Glanz...

First Days in Vegas



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So as I finally pull into my new apartment in Vegas, I get out of the car, kick the tire, and probably kiss the ground. I was alive, but now it was time to live! Vegas Baby!!

Only not. I had no money, no job, and really a not so great plan. The plan was to play poker, win some money, play in the World Series of Poker, and win that too. Before I left New York, one of my long-time friends Marc Herschmann asked, "In the small chance you don't win the World Series of Poker, what are you going to do?" I answered, "What are the odds of that??"

While my prospects were bleak at best, none of that mattered as I called my Mom telling her I made it OK on that Friday night. My roommate Anthony Fiorino took me out to dinner that night and I was excited to wake up Saturday morning, and get on with my new life.

Anthony is a bad man. A very bad man. We wake up and Anthony looks at me and says, "You should shave your head." As someone that was balding, I wanted to keep every last strain of hair I could. But Anthony was insistent, and after 35 years of having some hair, I had none. I bought a bed that was probably a little too expensive but Anthony said we're in Vegas so I should be prepared. I asked him what my come on line to the girls would be? "I have no job, no money, no hair, but I don't live with my Mommy??" He said yes, so I bought the bed.

So with a new bed and no hair, we went to the Strip!! I had \$400 left. It wasn't much, but I'm

a good poker player and I could make this work. But I would need help. So I gave Anthony \$100 bucks and told him we will split whatever he makes. Anthony is an excellent poker player so I figured even if I lost, he would bail me out.

Did I mention Anthony is a bad man? Garrett Carino who recently stole my birthday (May 23) by getting married on it, once said, "Winning wouldn't be so great if losing didn't suck so much." Well Anthony made sure I knew how losing felt. Because when you have \$400, you don't want to lose 25% of it. But Anthony did just that. And thanks to one bad play and one unlucky card, I lost \$175 of my own. Down to \$125 bucks and feeling miserable my 2nd night in, I made a decision. No more poker until I get a job. Come Monday morning, I was suiting up and going to all the TV stations and demanding a job.

As I slept on the couch that Saturday night (the bed hadn't arrived yet) I was depressed. I came here to play poker, and after the first night, I lost almost 75% of my money. The worst part was I couldn't play anymore poker for a long time. What was I going to do?

I awoke Sunday morning, Easter Sunday. Anthony walked into the living room and I looked at him and said, "Lets play some cards." Anthony shot back, "I like your style Glanzer!"

Did I mention Anthony Fiorino is a very bad man?? We went Old School on Vegas. No strip. Binions, There was a poker tournament, I was there.

The Jew that Ruined Easter next month.