

My call to Scott

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I left work a little early – it's a tradition to have a "power failure" Friday afternoons before 3-day weekends, and I had already worked 40 hours this week, so I was able to stop at home, clean up the patio, pull a few weeds, and change into nice clothes. I took a quick peek at RSA while I was changing, and I noticed that Scott was claiming a "bluff-called" victory a little after 5, and I hadn't even left the house yet.

After getting to the dining room and getting seated, I could see that calling during dinner was going to be a problem. The people seated from my right were my wife, a local politician, a bishop, the guest-of-honor's wife, the guest of honor, and the older gentleman who was paying for the event. Well, I thought, maybe I can work it into the conversation somehow, but it was not to be.

The food and entertainment were excellent. The guest of honor, an elderly gentleman from overseas, surprised everyone by taking over the musicians microphone and serenading his wife with a few tunes, after which she took over the musician's keyboard and played a few pop numbers herself.

However, after dinner was over and the guest of honor and his wife and the Bishop had left, I felt a little less constrained, so I called. I have suggested in jest that the language Scott uses on RSA is all the vocabulary he has, and that theory was not disproved by his conversation tonight. The cleanest words were on the order of "dickless wimp", all in a continuous stream that didn't allow me to say much myself except for apologizing for not calling earlier due to the proximity of the bishop and the guest of honor. (I was hoping to ask about setting up our \$1000 downhill next season, among other things). Scott kept up with things like "I want to tell these people what you do on RSA", and even though they were listening, he missed the opportunity and just kept up the stream of profanities.

Soon, my wife made me turn off the phone and leave the building if I was to continue the conversation, so walking with a friend to the parking lot (where I had to pay \$15 to park in a \$6 lot just because the Padres were playing), I called back. Scott's words were more coherent that time. I understood things like "I'm going to put you in

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the ground", which surprised me because I had told him others were listening (I guess Scott will be hoping that I don't drop dead in the next couple of weeks). He continued with his empty accusations, and just like on RSA, when I asked him for details he responded with "You know what you did!"

Sorry, no surprises. And since Scott has still not published any details to which his bluff was called earlier today, I claim victory again.