

THE LOTTO WINNERS

You just moved to Los Angeles one month ago and you absolutely despise it. Your job sucks, the traffic's a bitch, and you are drowning in a sea of debt. You've been forced to rent a dingy apartment in the filthy crime-ridden district of Watts, and to split your bills you had to take on another roommate: Jack. Jack has a nasty rock cocaine habit for which he'd anything to support, and he's not to be trusted.

To make matters worse, your car was totalled by some uninsured illegal alien, and you were mugged and robbed of all your money on the way to a store to get help. Desperate, but with a glimmer of hope, all of you pooled your change and invested your last dollar on a lottery ticket. When you finally get home, you stick the ticket under a refrigerator magnet and go to work. At your waitress job, you overhear the winning lotto numbers on the news during a break. You know the numbers by heart, and at the sound of each your heart skips a beat. After the numbers have been read, you break out into a fit of complete ecstatic abandon, dancing on the tables and opening champagne, for guess what? You and your friends are holding at home the ticket to a 30 million dollar jackpot!! You head home.

To your DISMAY, the ticket is gone from the fridge. . . So is your roommate Jack, with all of his belongings.

1. Now for three long and grueling days,
 You've searched for Jack in many ways,
 But for the ticket of the Lotto,
 Persistence is your motto,
 So quickly go down the boardwalk,
 To Windward it's a short walk,
 For it's a clown that you must stalk,
 His name's Sad Sac, do not balk,
 He'll tell you where to find 'ol Jack,
 It's almost worth a heart attack,
 So tell Sad Sac: " We want dumb Jack,
 For without the ticket,
 We shall start to picket!"
 Cuz it's Saturday you know,
 For the Lotto you must go,
 The deadline's 8:00, oh dear,
 But this you must not fear,
 Lest 30 mill you forfeit,
 You'll just have to work a bit.

 And leave Sad Sac a dollar,
 Unless for me you shall holler.
2. Take Rose to Main, then with a left you'll gain,
 And go to our first president,
 Aleft again again,
 And then to Mr. Civil War you're sent,
 You take a right, and after Monticello's host in sight,
 You take a left on 83rd,
 And up you go without a word,
 At Loyola do go west, to LMU is the best.
3. Seven seven three four five,
 Is a number that's alive,
 Pier under this location,
 And you'll find your station,
 There's a red herring here,
 But I must rhyme, my dear,
 It's alive in many ways,
 Best in reverse, Rica says.
4. Near 600 Pier you do beseech,
 For the disco king went to Hermosa Beach,
 Take a left on Valley, and try to park along the alley,
 And somewhere you'll net,
 thirty million yet.

5. Through RB on PCH go you must,
Then right on Torrance you shall trust,
In the garage you shall park, where the rally's very dark,
Then at the first right exit go,
Lest you among the village show,
Near that fishy restaurant,
And near the games your saying vaunt.
6. Almost there, but just beware,
You've miles along PV to fare,
Lest this lotto you should punt,
Just keep to the oceanfront,
And where you see the lighthouse glow,
The lotto ticket's sure to show,
And worry not about lil' Beau,
This is one thing he does not know.
7. Although the kid was in the dark,
His babysitter was a shark,
For when Beau went to sleep,
The lotto ticket she did keep,
She's on her way to claim,
The 30 million and your fame,
The location now you must unscramble,
In two words from this Babel,
It's located in the village,
Hollywood Riviera you must pillage.
8. To 1310 S.Catalina drive,
Push button 306 and strive,
To find your ticket just so close,
And if you do,
With animal too,
Then it's to your health we'll toast!

HOTLINE - 540-6019

Poor Jack is dead, the Mafia shot him in the head,
His ashes in a birdhouse lay, it was a debt he had to pay,
The ticket it's safe to say, is somewhere in South Bay,
He's in Jesus' hands, so make no more demands,
Go just past Xavier hall, Upon your clue you shall call.

SAD
SACK

This ain't no baloney, but the Mafia's Johnnie Valone,
On Jack whose hit was accurate,
While the lotto money he did seeka, Was poisoned by his good wife Rica,
There were grounds for divorce, She had the least remorse,
So with the 30 mill in mind, Took the ticket to a pier of the
Manhattan kind,
But there she met with certain fate,
With a lover who was her date,
She left an item as her bait,
That you must now calculate,
And to travel faster in your car,
Make sure to take Vista Del Mar.

BIRD
HOUSE

John Travolta knows his game,
For unfaithful Rica was his dame,
She told him about the lotto win,
And then he threw her in a lethal spin,
Mean Rica's dead and lost a ton,
By the way, 10SNE1?

SHELL

If a game you interrupt,
Please try not to be abrupt.

John's child's a klepto through and through, And the lotto ticket he lifted too,
His name is Beau, and the ticket he did stow, oh where oh where we do not know,
Just tell the balloon person " I'm in such strife. I have no porpoise in life."

BALLOON

Closest one to Avenue I,
To the Chinaman say " Hi!
We are the lotto winners,
After Jack and the Mafia sinners,
And Rica, Beau and Travolta,
And that babysitter did revolt us,
This is where the ticket was bought,
Clues and miles we have fought,
It was ours from the start,
Tell us where it is, sweetheart!"

IN ROCKS

LOTTO
WIN.