

Gambling Everything

“Wash your balls,” my mom yelled
when the Bingo caller kept calling B4
over and over. Everybody gave my mom
a dirty look, but she didn’t care.
She just kept waiting and
waiting for the number she pressed
with her finger. Harder and harder she
tapped, pressed. B6, BINGO, my mom cried out
and everything in my heart jumped.
Everybody looked at my mom kind of mad.
A man came over to check her numbers.
“Good Bingo,” he said. Then, he put 100 dollars
cash in her hand. My mom checked the bills
and put them in a stack in front of her. The balls
started bouncing again in the machine.
My mom held her favorite green dauber
and waited for the next number. I waited
for the clock to say eleven so we could go home.

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