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At a Glanz: Positive Outlook Yields Positive Results

I'm not one of those karma people. I believe whether I do right or wrong by someone, it will have no effect on anything not related to that incident. I mean don't get me wrong, I try to be a nice guy and do the right thing, but I just think it holds little bearing to unrelated events.

However I feel different about thinking positively and negatively. I just came back from a Vegas trip, that I have to say wasn't the best time of my life.

I consider myself a good poker player. Not a great one, or even a pretty good poker player, just good. But I got off to a really rough start on the trip, losing \$300. I don't blame all of it on me as I was faced with really bad luck, but at the same time I didn't need to lose that much. Better players would have lost money that day, but wouldn't have lost as much.

Then I played an \$80 tournament to get into a \$340 tournament. I played well but then the blinds went up really high, and I ended up losing. As I left the table, the player that took me out said, "You played really well." I appreciated the compliment but I was depressed. I was down a lot of money and just didn't feel any mojo going my way. Yet I stupidly plunked down the \$340 to get into that tournament and decided to give it a try. I went in thinking I was going to play some good poker, but probably lose anyways. And that's exactly what happened. I played really well for an hour or two, took a horrendous beat by a horrible player, and was eliminated soon afterwards. No one wants to hear bad beat stories so I won't tell mine, but honestly, it wasn't a bad beat. It was deserved.

I went in with such a poor attitude that even though I played well, God decided to rightfully smite me. I needed to go in thinking, "Who's better than me? No one!" But instead I plunked down \$340 thinking, "There's no way I will win." And I truly believe because of that attitude, I was destined to lose.

So after that tourney I decided to go back to my friend's place. But luckily, I couldn't find a bus. So I walked up and down the strip and started to feel better. But I needed a pep talk. I needed to feel loved. And my friend Melissa was there for me. Big time. She offered to lend me money, and though I didn't need her money, I needed her support. After talking to her I felt much better.

I walked into this Irish casino called O'Sheas. I was going to have some fun. I wasn't going to play poker, I just wanted to hang out. So as I'm walking through this very small but fun casino, the poker tournament director tells me they could use one more for a tournament. I saw 9 people sitting at the table and I said, "What the heck." (Actually, I said something else but this is a PG blog) So I sat down with a smile and decided win or lose I was gonna have a blast.

I tried to pretend that I didn't know what I was doing. I tried hard not to shuffle my chips and I asked some questions I knew the answers to. I just wanted to be young and have fun. Winning meant very little. I was having a blast, making fun of the old man at the table, and teasing a few others. Finally I got all my chips in with three other players. I had the worst hand by far. With only one card to go, I had a 7% chance to win the hand. I needed a six. I screamed, "SIX!" And BOOM! A six shows up. I swear it was my positivity that got it. I wasn't lucky. I earned that six.

I then went on to crack aces, beat a few other hands that were better than mine and I ended up chopping the first place prize. Though the other dude had more chips than me, I insisted he give me a quarter from his pocket so I would make more money. He did. Hero. Me, not him.

Basically, I went in to one tournament knowing I was going to lose and I did. And I went into the next thinking I was going to have a blast. And I did. It's a great life lesson and I hope to incorporate it in the future.

SIX!!