

## **Sticking Up To the Boss @ The WSOP Part III**



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As I've detailed in the last two months, I was working the 2006 World Series of Poker for a prominent magazine. My boss was a cocky, incompetent little weasel who had no idea how to lead men.

We were deep into the Main Event, the end was in sight and I was both sad and mad. Sad that my dream job was filled with idiots like Rich B., and mad that I was taking it. The problem is this wasn't high school. I can't just punch him in the face and take away his pride. This was the real world. But sometimes, when things get the toughest, you go with what you know.

In high school, I was picked on. All the time. But I was also respected, because I never took it. If you said something to me, there was a good chance you were going to be challenged to a fist fight. I never started the fights, but I refused to back down. I won some, I lost some, but after awhile, kids stopped picking on me because they knew if they did, they would have to back it up.

In hockey, I'm by faaaaaaaaar not the best player on my men's team. But if you hit me or a teammate, I was going to deck you (still am).

So one day at the WSOP, this little troll Andy started making fun of me in front of all the guys. I had given Andy a ride everyday to the WSOP, but then stopped after I sensed he didn't respect me. So now he made his disrespect even more public. It was early in the day, the players were just getting to their seats, and finally I had enough.

But I had a big dilemma. I couldn't hit him or really even say much to him because we were in public and I couldn't get fired. I had no money to my name and the \$1,150 I was due would only come to me if I lasted the whole Main Event. If I got fired, I'd lose my last check.

But pride is a powerful drug and I lost it. I got in his face and called him a word that I'm not allowed to repeat here. As I was walking away he said, "What did you call me?"

Damn. I just wanted to say it once and move on. I really didn't want to get fired. But I really wanted to hit Andy. A lot. More than you know. So I turned around, in front of both players and employees and said in a voice loud enough for a lot of people to hear, "I called you a X@%@!"

He made a face then walked away. ;) Times that by 10 and that is the smile I had. I felt refreshed. But unfortunately one of our co-workers Sean ratted us out. I give him credit, he manned up and told us it was him. He said we both embarrassed the company. I laughed and said the company embarrasses itself and doesn't need my help. Andy was livid at Sean and actually called me on the phone that night. My feud with Andy was over after that. We both said what we needed to say and he was more angry with Sean than me.

But I still wasn't right. My whole vibe was off. I was still miserable. I was never given any responsibilities and though I saw many things I could correct I barely bothered to. I didn't see the point. I'm not a mail it in type of guy but Rich B. and the company broke me.

But I wasn't going to let this little twerp hold me down. So I came up with a plan. Write the best article I can, and then send it out to the

competitors of my magazine. There was one day left before the Final Table. We didn't have to work the Final Table so this was our last day.

I secretly brought my audio tape with me and started interviewing every pro I could. The story was going to be on the WSOP announcers, Norm and Lon. No one knew what I was doing.

Norm and Lon couldn't have been nicer and my article was coming along good. I found Jennifer Tilly and Phil Laak in a parking lot and I was secretly able to interview them. But then I did something really dumb. I saw Miami John C. and asked for an interview. I tried to hide the recorder but it was in front of a lot of people.

Rich B. came up to me a little while later and asked why I was interviewing John. I was caught. I said I wanted to write an article and send it to him so he would put it in. He accused me of lying and said I was going to sell it to one of his competitors. Hey he's a small little weasel but I never said he was dumb.

I stuck to my lie but he didn't believe me. He said, "Give me the tape." I tried to talk my way out of it. He then told me he was going to speak to his bosses and I maybe fired.

I had no choice to give him the tape. I needed this \$1,150. More than you can ever know. I needed this money. I couldn't get fired. I had to release it.

But you know what is worth more than \$1,150??? My freaking soul. And giving him that tape would have meant giving him my soul. So I said as smugly as I possibly could, "Rich, if you want the tape, you will have to take it from me. And you and I know you're not man enough to do that."

I didn't care. Yeah I needed the money, but I didn't want it. I wanted my pride, dignity, and soul back. I looked into the bullies eyes and verbally punched him in the face, and then spit on him. Yeah you have "power" over me in this job, but not in life son. The tape stays with me.

Luckily, his bosses didn't really care. They are jerks too but they didn't fire me. I wrote what I thought was a kick-ass article but it never got published. I'm sad about that too.

But what I'm not sad about was how this dweeb that *knew* he had me by the (you know what), tried to bully me one last time. But instead of cowering I stood up for myself, stood up to the challenge and won the battle.