

Sticking Up To the Boss @ The WSOP - Part II



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Last month I talked about the death of George Steinbrenner, and how I

felt he was being inaccurately portrayed by the media. Though he did many great things, I always found him to be a bully.

I too had a bully for a boss in my time in Vegas, an incompetent one.

After Rich B. forbade me to put the story in the website, the local media found out and put a story in. All the poker sites heard about it and it was the talk of the forums. The other talk was how my company paid thousands and thousands of dollars for exclusivity, and didn't even report on the biggest story of the 2006 World Series of Poker! We were absolute laughing stocks.

Eventually I became disheartened by the company. I loved the actual work, but hated my boss and co-workers. The boss had turned many of my co-workers against me, and my co-workers frequently didn't report on some of the major controversies at the series. Approximately five times I saw two of the same cards dealt. (Meaning two five of clubs or something like that)

There were many times chip stacks were off and in the Main Event, the eventual chip stacks didn't match up with the amount of players that entered. There was many more chips than there should have been, which probably meant some people took chips from other tournaments and

saved them for the Main Event. Though I'm not positive that was the reason.

The Series was the greatest and worst moments of my life. I was poor. I mean real poor. I was living day to day, paycheck to paycheck. Before I got the job I was living off of my poker winnings, and you can't make a living at the small stakes tables I was playing at. So I *desperately* needed this job.

But I was also living the dream. I loved going to work, the actual work and seeing some of the best players in the world play poker.

But eventually, Rich B. wore me down. I couldn't take it anymore. I stopped wearing nice clothes, and just put on jeans and my company issued shirt. The competing company was called Bluff Magazine, and I always wore my Bluff shirt underneath. I didn't want my company's shirt soiling my skin.

When the Main Event finally arrived, it was the boost I needed. Rich B. brought all the interns into the middle, had us all put our hands in the center, and was about to say something inspiring.

As the captain of many hockey teams, I know this is a risky play. Say the right thing and be a hero. Say the wrong thing, and you'll lose power. I had zero respect for him going into the cheer, but I was curious to see what he got.

He then fumbled for words. He didn't know what to say. He started saying all the negative stuff that was said about us. Problem was it was all true. Then instead of saying, "Let's prove the poker world wrong. Lets prove we are the best reporters in the poker industry. Lets get the live updates, chip counts and show everyone that *we* are the best!!;" he said something like,

“Guys...just don't...don't...don't F up. Don't F up on 3. 1-2-3 Don't F up.”

Are you kidding me??? I wanted to say to him, I didn't think it was possible, but I actually have less respect for you now than I did before.

But I had to swallow my pride because I had to work. And picking a fight with Rich B. would mean an immediate firing.

When the Main Event started, I was all over it. My focus was renewed (Maybe it was the speech?!?!?). There were four starting days, and three of the four days I was able to jump to the table to find out who the first person was eliminated. That's a pretty big accomplishment since there were 8,773 entries split into four days.

But I never got a pat on the back or an “Attaboy!” Nothing. Just yelled at when I didn't lie and say our sponsors pro doubled up when he really didn't.

As the days wore on and the excitement waned, my fuse got shorter. And soon, much like Popeye, there was all I could stands and I couldn't stands no more.

The final chapter next month!