

Strong to quite strong.

Kris Brettingen quells the Dave Manley insurrection with extreme prejudice.

Twas the night before LD,
And all through Doug's Crib,
Played those who have discipline,
And those who ad-lib.

The game? Texas Hold 'Em.
The pot? A king's ransom.
The stake for each rake
Grows exceedingly handsome.

The players were many,
Their talent deep-rooted.
But that didn't keep some
From playing pocket [2,4] unsuited!

Some were out early,
Fetched beers as if slaving.
Gorman wears that gold donkey rope around his neck
To know where to stop shaving.

No doubt some had clout
And others had sway.
And others were cursed,
But re-bought anyway.

At the Octagon table
The finalists were those able
To leverage their beverage
And still remain stable.

Armstrong and Berry,
Chip levels hairy.

Anderson and Yoon.
'Nuff muscle to goon.

Manley's hand and smiley Euchal's
Scrotums chock full o' minerals.

Prentiss and Brettingen,
Real tough to bet-against.
Both Armstrong and Yoon

Were out pretty soon
As the sweet scent of “bookie”
Rose up from the room.

In Gormanian’s eye, market opportunity gleaned
His costume was keen, but his action was lean.
It turned out he was just a bookie “for Halloween.”

Still some managed odds
And played side-bet trough feeders.
Gamblers root for underdogs,
But set Phil prohibitive leader.

Leading the side-action was new kid Aloner
A big fan of Prof. Scott,
And LABXP Ink Toner.
Whose early exit nicely illustrated the term Octa”goner.”

Soon Vader met Obi Wan,
Manley versus Phil
Protégé and Mentor,
Teacher and pupil.

Manley’s guns calibrated,
Loaded and fired
Phil took a direct hit and his flag was retired.

Recognized as not token
Phil’s streak had been broken.
From Oakland to Hoboken.
The Honolulu Kid had been smoken.

Then Euchal got nervous and pushed pocket trash
At Bettingen
Who was getting in
To a bath of his cash.

Euchal’s extremities started shaking,
He handled like a shopping cart.
Kris called his bluff
Then called the paramedics to revive Euchal’s heart.

Doug was next to eat shit,
And Marcus soon joined him for a munch.
It was then clear than either Kris or Manley would be buying us all Law cafeteria lunch.

(OK, here's the plan: We'll meet @ noon in the courtyard and everyone will place their order and we'll have a second year go and get it and bring it back for us).

Increased blinds bring thunder.
Ray Charles, Stevie Wonder.
Plain view that one of the two,
Will go under on the next blunder.

Open face tuna sandwich
2, 3, and 9
Manley's been nibblin' at the cookie
His Queen-high buys more time.

Then Kris flexes his muscle
The first real isometric contraction of the game
Eyes it, tries it, and buys it
For 2,000 and a prenuptial agreement
For Lady Luck, What a dame.

At this point the gallery hushes
Except for Papanicolaou
Who points out that the poor guy who introduced the MGM speaker
Might as well throw in the towel.

Final Round:

King, 4, 2 on the flop
Checks from both mean they got slop.

Jack on 4th street
Kris wants to compete.
Fingers his chips
Like Alice fingers Sam's meat.

Flips in Five hundred
Now Dave must decide.
Does he fold out or jump on for the ride?!

Professional, Unquestionable, no doubt superb
So full of action his name should be a verb.
Manley plays to win,
Alerts his next of kin
And goes all-in
On Kris Brettingen.

Sadly for Dave, the fat lady in fact sings.

Kris took his ticket to the window and collected his wings.
Pocket Jacks, tripled on 4th st beats Dave's pair of Kings.
Players keep refining your game, who knows what next time brings?

Congratualtions to Kris Brettingen, 1st place \$350
Dave Manley 2nd place \$210
Marcus Berry 3rd place \$70