

Three belts for the Elven Kings under the sky

Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone

Nine for mortal men doomed to die

One for the Dark Lord on his Dark Throne

In the land of Octagons where the cards don't lie

One Belt to rule them all

One Belt to find them

One Belt to bring them all and on the green felt bind them

In the land of Octagons where the card's don't lie

The One Belt

It began with the forging of the Great Belts.

Three were given to the Elves; founders of the game, immortal, wisest and fairest of all beings.

Seven to the Dwarf-lords; final-table veterans, great miners and craftsmen of the mountain halls.

And nine belts were gifted to the race of Men, dead money, who above all else desire power.

For within these belts were bound the strength and will to govern each race. But they were all of them deceived for another belt was made in the land of JKP.

In the fires of Mt. Popovich, the Dark Lord Draper forged, in secret, a Master Belt to control all others and in this belt he poured his cruel capital budgeting, his malicious risk management and his will to dominate all net present value.

One Belt to rule them all.

One by one, creative minds of Middle Octagon fell to the power of the belt.

But there were some who resisted. A gentlemen's party of Tuesday night risk-seekers marched against the armies of JKP on and on the slopes of Mt. Popovich they fought for the freedom of Middle Octagon.

Victory was near, but the power of the Belt could not be undone. It was in this moment that Denis, son of the king, took up his father's sword.

Draper, the enemy of the non-quantitative people of Middle Octagon, was defeated.

The Belt passed to Denis, who had this one chance to destroy evil forever, but the hearts of men are easily corrupted and the Belt of Power has a will of its own.

It betrayed Denis to his death, and some things that should not have been forgotten were lost.

A Long Expected Party

History became legend. Legends became myth and for two whole weeks, the Belt passed out of all knowledge until, when chance came, it ensnared a new bearer.

The Belt came to the creature Holzer who took it deep into the messiness of the Gorman Mountains and there it consumed him. The Belt brought to Holzer unnatural self-assuredness. For 336 hours it poisoned his mind and in the macroeconomic gloom of Holzer's cave it waited.

Darkness crept back into the forest of the Octagon world. Rumor grew of a shadow in the Program Office. Mid-terms and a new breed of cold-calling wizards from Mt. Popovich. Whispers of a nameless fear and the Belt of Power perceived.

And so a great gathering of the minds was called to council in the venerable halls of Dougie's Crib. But council is a dangerous gift, even from the wise to the wise, and all courses may run ill.

The Fellowship of Eight

Strangers from distant lands, steeled in the discipline of Hold'Em, eight players summoned to answer the threat of JKP:

- Setho Weinger
 - Shire Core Rep
 - "I will take the belt, but I do not know the way."
- Danielwise Craigiee
 - Man-servant, gardener and side-kick to Setho
 - Forever cursed to be out of the money
- Marcusiadoc Berrybuck
 - Master of the Maniac-Attack
 - Mischievous lover of Old Toby, (the finest weed in the Southfarthing)
 - One-time belt wearer

- Zimolas
 - Keeper of the bottomless quill of pocket pairs
 - River-runner
 - One-time belt wearer
- Phil the Grey
 - Card wizard of the Rated Order
 - #2 ranked MBA player in Middle Octagon
 - Two-time belt wearer
- Abramson
 - Son of Abram
 - Deck-crippler
 - Steward to the Kingdom of No Limit.
- Bone Armstrong
 - Flop-dweller
 - Lord of the One-Gap
 - Very dangerous over short distances
- Denison
 - Son of Denis
 - True heir to the Kingdom of No-Limit.
 - One-time belt wearer

Middle Octagon stood on the brink of destruction, none could escape it. Each race was bound to this fate, this one doom.

There was only one choice. The Belt must be destroyed. But it was made in the fires of Mt. Popovich and only there can it be unmade. It must be taken deep into JKP and cast back into the fiery chasm from whence it came.

But who is fit to bear the weight of such a burden?

The Return of the King

There is one who could unite them, one who could reclaim the throne of No-Limit.

And so a great battle-royal was staged on green felt to determine the belt-bearer.

In early action, short-stacked Setho went all-in with a Six-Two suited looking for a flush draw. His flop was healthy; landing him two more diamonds, but on the Turn and the River Setho received no love as Bone Armstrong converted his Ace-Eight into a victory, knocking Setho from the table.

Phil the Grey went all in. Zimolas called. When their cards were flipped Phil summoned an Ace-King suited against Zimolas' King-Queen suited. After a King, Ten, Four flop, Zimolas cried out for another Queen to reinforce his army. His call went unheeded and although he was not vanquished, his chip count was critically

diminished. Mental note: Do not take Phil the Grey for some conjurer of cheap tricks.

Marcusiadoc Berrybuck, true to his Maniac style, went all in Blindy-No-Peeky. Catching a straight on 4th street to compliment his pocket Six-Seven off-suit, he wounds Bone Armstrong.

On the next hand, Berrybuck's luck ran dry when Denison proves that trips are boss, especially when said trips are Aces. Berrybuck is banished to the void.

Danielwise Craigee, ever the gamer, held pocket Eights against the Grey Wizard. Catching a Trips Set on the flop, Craigee felt satiated as if on a full belly of Lembas bread. But Phil was rated for a reason, and on the River caught a flush to send Craigee back to the gardens.

Denison then cornered Zimolas into an all-in situation and decimated him with a pair of Nines over Three's.

Abramson and Denison, sons of Abram and Denis, sworn enemies, went heads up. Abramson put a large dent into Denison's defenses, catching a flush on the River to best Denison's pocket Tens

Denison then pushed Phil the Grey to the boundaries of his existence. Gambling his pocket Queen-Six against Phil's pocket Nines, Denison triumphed with a Queen, Jack, Six flop, netting the two pair and flaccidizing the Grey One's mighty staff.

In the end it came down to a three-way battle. A last alliance of Abramson and Bone, each with a pocket King, moved to tag team to chip-heavy Denison. Betting was heavy after the flop of King, Queen, Seven. Both Abramson and Bone had top pair, with victory seemingly in their grasp. But Denison, Heir to the Throne of No-Limit and no stranger to the allure of the One Belt, held steady. Calling his way to 4th street, Denison drew another Queen on the Turn for the Trips. After a brief gasp of relief when the River washed up a Four and not a King. Denison was crowned King of No-Limit and entrusted as Warden of the Belt.

One to become Belt-Bearer. One to survive the treacherous journey through the bowels of JKP to return the instrument of evil to its furnace of creation. One to stand alone above the crestfallen and return the seed of hope to Middle Octagon.

Such is oft the course of deeds that move the wheels of the world: small hands do them because they must, while the eyes of the great are elsewhere.

Proud of you guys,