

Who is Lady Luck?

After a long hard emotional two days of poker, I'm broke in Las Vegas with 2 ½ days left on my trip. Poker players worst nightmare. I took the exact amount of cash that I was willing to gamble with (amount not disclosed☺) I have \$12 cash kept for tipping valet parkers.

The essence of my trip started me out right away questioning luck.....
The hustle of a busy summer and all the activities kept me from really thinking about my Vegas trip. Then it hit me about 3 days prior to leaving. In less than a week I will be playing in the World Series of Poker. I thought about how busy the next 3 days were and how time would just fly by and I would be on my way. I even "facebooked" : poker, softball and Las Vegas....life is good. I received a continuous stream of emails and texts wishing me luck on my trip. I always gave a big "thank you" because you always need a certain amount of luck in poker.

Now my adventure begins to take an interesting turn. We had a double header softball game on Thursday, the day before leaving for Vegas. I am really excited to play softball because we had not played for quite awhile and were playing one really competitive team. The first game was a close one and it came down to the last inning.

We were down by 1 point and I was the winning run standing on first base. My teammate got a hold of one to right field and I knew I was going to have to try and score. I approached 3rd and was sent home so I really turned it on. About 5 steps from home plate I heard a tear and knew it was serious. My adrenaline took me across the plate and I dropped to the ground not being able to walk off the field with out assistance. We went on to win the game but I knew my injury was serious and crap what bad timing.

We collected some crutches and a cane trying to brainstorm how I was going to get along in Vegas by myself unable to walk. I was actually really nervous about the idea of how I was going to get around the airport w/ my luggage? How do I make those long walks through the casinos and up to my hotel room? What if I'm in my room and just want to go do something spontaneous?

It was a long drive to Seattle contemplating all the "what if" scenarios in my head but I just reassured myself the universe will take care of me. As soon as

I had talked myself into a happy place I got stuck in a traffic accident on I-90. It was about a 6 car pile up and traffic was at a stand still. I was stuck for over an hour and so close to my turn off onto I-405. I had given myself some extra time but I am cutting it a little close to be able to park at a place I always shuttle into for \$8 a day. I was worried about hustling about with my injury but thought I could do it.

I hit 405 and blazed down the road. Then around the bend 405 was backed up. Now I know there is no way to self park. I am going to have to go directly to the airport and park there. I have always heard that the parking there costs a fortune but I had no choice. Sure enough the cost is \$130 for the time I was there, a far cry from the \$50 I was going to pay. I race around the airport parking garage looking for a space and keep coming up empty. At this point I only have about an hour to get to my flight.

I finally get parked and I know I need to find some assistance to walk. I hobbled as fast as I could over to the elevator and asked the lady for some assistance. She had told me I would need to make it to my airline check in to get help. I was already working against the clock and not being able to hurry when I crossed over the sky bridge anticipating my airline check in station and hoping I had landed close to it. Oh, of course not. I was on the far south end of the airport where all the foreign airlines are. Walking, walking, walking and in a pool of sweat from the pain I finally reached assistance. The airline whisked me away in a wheel chair and I bypassed everyone and went straight to my gate.

I had about 15 minutes until check in and there was a bagel shop next door and I was starving. I limped over to get a bite and some coffee before boarding my flight. I sat down, took a deep breath and said to myself "I hope this is no indication of my trip" then I fought with myself "Don't even put those kind of thoughts in your mind. You know how powerful the law of attraction is" I sat there and recited some positive affirmation in my head and tried to clear my mind of the negative thoughts. Then as I'm having my moment the bagel I was eating slathered with cream cheese fell out of my hand and stuck right on the chest of my black shirt. I have to say at that moment I just wondered if I should just turn around and head home. Had all of these things been signs? I boarded the flight, closed my eyes and gave myself a rest from all of my brain chatter. The next part of the trip goes rather well. I was a bit of an inconvenience to myself but I was making the best of it.

Now for Poker.....

I've decided to play in the LIPS satellite to try and win my seat into the WSOP. It cost \$175 and the prize was \$1400 to the top 10% of the field. I really just couldn't get anything going. I picked a horrible time to make a "move" short stacked on the button. The blinds were big enough for it to be advantageous to steal. My raise was for a huge chunk of my chips and behind me the small and big blind went all in. I only had K9 so I was sure I was way behind in both hands. Well sure enough the small blind had AK and the big blind had AA....damn what are the odds! I wasn't too terribly disappointed because I would rather go out making a move than to get blinded out. I asked around where a juicy cash game was and heard a couple of ladies say the game was at the Venetian. Figured I could make up a little ground only to leave at 1:30am \$300 down. Got a good night sleep and arrived at the Rio at noon to register for the WSOP. I sat down at Starbucks to clear my mind and begin to mentally prepare. I did not want to play with the same strategy I did the year before.

Its GO time and I am so ready! I am actually surprisingly calm and in a really good zone. My seat ended up not being in the main room. I was down the hall in a side room. Just as they were about to announce "cards in the air" a voice comes over the speakers and say we are moving all of you ladies into the main room. Some of the ladies had complained they did not feel a part of the WSOP experience. Unfortunately as they were trying to move us the clock started and we were losing valuable playing time. The main room kept playing while we were still trying to find our way. It took us over 15 minutes of utter chaos to finally get seated. They did add 15 min. to the clock but the other ladies had 15 min. extra playing time. I really tried not to waste too much energy on being upset about it and just concentrated on playing poker. Some of the ladies were really pissed.

Cards are flying around the table and I'm feeling and playing very confident. I have a good table with ladies seemingly knowing how to play. I'm doing exactly what I want to be doing, playing small pot poker and picking up little pots and staying out of the "all in" situations. All seems to be going well and about 3 hours into it I pick up AK hearts in late position. The lady to my right (also the chip leader) raises. She has been a solid tight player. The blinds were 25/50 and she makes it \$300. I called. The flop came A Q 6 rainbow. She bet \$700. I raise to \$2000 and she went all in.....sigh! I call

and she has a set of 6's and I am out, she had me covered. I was just so sick to my stomach like I had just been sucker punched.

I switched hotels for the last 3 nights to the Stratosphere and quickly found their poker room. After all it is still early..... This game is definitely what you dream of, drunk tourists that have no idea what they are doing. Now I only have \$300 left for my trip so I want to make the most of it. I wanted to play in another ladies event the next day at the Golden Nugget and it was \$250 so I wanted to be sure to have enough to do that. I was up about \$150 when I looked down at pocket Aces. I was playing a 1 - 2 no limit cash game. I raise to \$15 and got one caller. Flop came out a perfect rainbow for Aces. No seemingly threat. I bet \$50 and he pushed all in. I call, he has trip 7's.

Now I have only \$80 left for the entire trip. I have a new goal. Just build it back up to \$250 so I can go play at the Golden Nugget tomorrow. I only had to wait about 15 minutes to look down at pocket Kings. I raised it again to \$15 and a guy re raises me to \$55. I thought, I'm not messing with it I will just go all in for my \$80. He had pocket 8's. HE RE RAISED ME w/ pocket 8's? I buried my head and said I can't look. The flop came and all I hear is silence. I hear the turn come and the whole table gasped. I looked up with disbelief. Sure enough it was an 8 for my last \$80. I was out of money just like that with two more days left devoted to playing poker.

I stormed up to my room not knowing weather to cry or beat the hell out of my room. Made a couple of phone calls looking for a shoulder to cry on and then scrounged up another \$80 I had stuffed in pockets. I was DETERMINED to march back down there and turn it into \$250 so I could go downtown. I took a deep breath, sat down and patiently wait to pounce. Not even 10 minutes into it I look down at pocket Jacks. What do you think happened? All weekend long I have been annihilated by trips.....sure enough trip 5's. Are you kidding me! This did not just happen I'm screaming in my head. Aces, Kings, Jacks all get beat by small pairs? This is unbelievable to me and no limit is not forgiving.

So the question persists, is there such thing as Lady Luck, because I really think I pissed her off!!

Barb Andre'