



Home About Rules News Media Results/Stats Weekly Tournaments Forums Blogs Contact

ROBO-PONG
Where the Excitement of Ping-Pong® Begins!

Great Fun!
Easy to Use!
GET ROBO-PONG TODAY

NOW YOU CAN PLAY PING-PONG® BY YOURSELF WHENEVER YOU WANT!
Starting at just \$99

Millions are playing ping-pong... Now you can too!

The Return to Mesquite Recap

I told myself I was gonna put this writeup off as long as it took for the now semi-annual pong flu to wear off. This morning I was able to think of alcohol without convulsing, so I guess that's as good a sign as any.

If you didn't make it out to Mesquite, NV for this year's Summer \$10k, I feel very sorry for you. I wasn't around the scene back in the WSOBP I and II days, so I'm not sure how this compared to those first years, but I'd be surprised if it wasn't as fun as this past weekend. It felt almost like trying to cram the craziness of a three day event into only a day and a half, and damn if it wasn't worth it.

Day 1

I woke up at 6:30am, dreading the drive ahead. Second to the NorCal guys, we would have the longest drive of any team to make it out to the event. In the future I will definitely fly, no question, but what good story doesn't start with a road trip? PeeWee, Sonny, Glaser, and I piled our crap into my car and made our way to the rental. I didn't want to put my car through what was supposed to be a 10 hour drive each way, so we picked up a Ford Focus hatchback (read: spaceship), and got on the highway.

I'll try not to bore you with details here. Anybody reading this has more than likely been on a beer pong road trip, and knows how the drive out is. It's a lotta shit talking, hyping up, remembering past wins and other exciting pong memories. You gotta set the tone right. I will tell you that driving through Vegas without the time to stop at even a single poker table or bar was the most difficult part of this trip (well, until the drive home).

We pulled into the Casablanca parking lot with a good three hours to spare before prelims started. It had helped that we gained an hour on the drive, but we were planning on arriving only an hour early. That gave us plenty of time to liquor up and get some games on in our room.

With an hour to go, we made our way to the tent. Like most pongers these days, my only experience with the Mesquite tent is from the Last Cup documentary, and all the scenes of dejected drunkards walking in and out of the doors. Walking up to the tent, I was dreading the temperature inside. Let me explain something. I spent my honeymoon in Antigua, so I know what hot is. This was hell. Any time spent outside in Mesquite, NV, was a test of endurance. Opening the doors I winced at what I expected to be waiting for me. I was shocked to feel the blast of cold air rush at me. After the sauna outside, the tent was straight up Arctic. I proceeded to the bar.

Next to the bar were the 10 or so practice tables, with plenty of teams warming up for the day. PeeWee and I warmed up against a team from Utah (we later learned that half of the team was actually from Peru, go figure). They were great guys, but just like poker, nice guys are usually the least likely to take a game down. We got our games in and felt pretty good about the prelims ahead.

The format for Day 1 was 4 prelim games (everyone divided into two groups). Day 2 would start with 4 more prelims, followed by a break, and then the top 32 would be split into two 16-team double-elim brackets. People who attended the last Series will be familiar with this setup.

After round 1, both SW teams were 1-0. PeeWee and I had an awesome first round draw, and started with a +7 cup diff. We were riding pretty high from that win when we faced our second team, Fighting Testicles. This was a father-son team (the first of two father-son teams we would play over the weekend), and we kinda laughed inwardly, thinking we were getting a pretty sweet prelim road. The father, a jolly, mustachioed gentleman, took the first shot and rimmed. Easy money. We two-balled it, then they three balled. Ok, we're thinking, they can get lucky once. Then they two balled it, twice. We were behind by a good 3 cups. On their last round, the son opened the three cup and hit. The father stepped up, a smile on his face (as PeeWee and I were in full-on desperate distract mode) and made the split. Then the dad takes the third ball! He actually laughs during his shot, and the ball makes a clean splash. We lost by three cups. So much for an easy road.

Sonny and David had gotten their second win, and seemed to be coasting through. The next two rounds went pretty quickly, with both teams winning out. 10 Inches ended the day as the 9 seed, PeeWee and I as 16th. In our last game of the day, PeeWee and I faced our second father-son team. Sonny was properly plastered at this point, and any of you who know Sonny know what he is capable of when he sets his mind to distract. Trying to be a good supporter, Sonny parked right behind the father-son team, and proceeded to talk shit, hard. At first they were laughing, having a good time with it all, then Sonny said something that pushed the old man too far. He walked out of the playing area into Sonny's face, and I thought I was going to have to break up this multi-generational squabble. Apparently the guy thought Sonny said something about his girlfriend (a sweet, tiny, granny looking woman who was standing to the side). Sonny denied this, but who knows. The game ended without incident (another 8 cups for us!). The next day the guy was wearing a neck brace, so I'm not sure what other trouble he got up to later that night.

Feeling pretty decent about our performance, we walked back to the hotel to drink more. After getting kicked out of one of the Kick Rocks rooms (water thrown on my phone no less), we hit up a NorCal room. Eventually I wimped out and called it a night around 2, eager to keep up the momentum for Day 2. PeeWee thought differently than I, and didn't walk in until about 6.

Day 2

It was all about beer for breakfast on Day 2. After shooting a couple games in the room, we made the trek to the tent, and got to work at the bar. Our first game of the day we played Kick Rocks: LeLo. The coed team didn't seem too happy to be playing pong so early, but still made it a close game (since I was shooting god awful). Our second game was against Chris Van Nest and his partner, who apparently was new to the big pong scene. Sonny, of course, was doing his thing talking shit. Van Nest's partner struggled with the abuse, and ultimately lost by one cup. Our third game was against none other than Mike Wan and Paul Beshaw. I had regained my shot by this point, but still had no expectations of winning the game. Fortunately for us, Wan decided his one bad game of the tournament was going to be this one. I don't think anyone's ever witnessed the pretty boy miss that many shots in a row, but it was Marx-esque as far as epic failures go. I bring up Marx at this point because it was when he faced Wan and Beshaw in the bracket that the legendary trolling occurred. I guess Mike found his shot.

By the time prelims were over, PeeWee and I found ourselves at the 9 seed, and 10 Inches were sitting at the 2! They would have held onto the 1 seed, but for some reason just couldn't take down their last game by more than a cup. That game was against AZ's Tracy and Lauren. Lolbeerpong

After the last round of prelims, it was announced that there would be a four hour break before the final bracket started. The four ABQ players hit up Fez for some dinner before hitting the pool. I decided it was a good time for a nap (being the old man that I am), and went back to the room for a two hour siesta. PeeWee woke me up in time to get a couple games in before it was tournament time.

At first I was a little worried the nap was a bad idea, as I felt weary walking over to the tent. When the tournament started, however, I was ready to go. Our first game was against It Was Luck, which we took down. After doing some quick bracket math, I figured we only needed to win our next game to make the money. At that point I was really happy with BPong's decision to spread the prize pool so deep. After our second win against Mile High, you could feel the mood lighten in the tent. Most of the teams that were going to make the money knew it, and the stress that comes at bubble time was lifted across the board. 10 Inches had also won their first games, so it was guaranteed that all ABQ players were taking some cash home (barring some pretty bad cash games later on).

Our next game was against Gracia and Cunningham from AZ. Seeing Gracia on the lineup, I knew one of two things were certain. Either Nate's complaints all weekend would hold true, and Chris would miss every shot; or Chris would have a perfect game. I was wrong, Chris missed once. With that loss logged away, we knew we'd have to start hitting every shot if we wanted to make a deeper paycheck. Our next game was against SoCal's finest, Peter Rusch and Mark Pimentel.

Before my recap of this particular game, I have to tip my hat (as I do whenever I can) to the SoCal founder and his partner. You won't meet nicer guys in this game. In a game full of assholes and self-righteous douche bags (myself included), Mark and Peter stand out as guys you just want to have a beer with. In this particular game, PeeWee and I shot our lives away. It was at the one cup that a certain amount of drama occurred. PeeWee missed his shot, and I stepped up to shoot. Over the course of my shot, Mark and Peter both went for distractions that ran into each other, landing a cup in front of the last cup on the rack. After reviewing the video it's pretty apparent the cup never interfered with the shot. However, Billy (who happened to be spectating the game) made the call right away that it was interference and a made cup. After the confusion settled, Billy asked me if I wanted to take it as a made cup, or take a reshot. I, of course, took the

reshot, and made it. Mark missed his rebuttal attempt, and Peter made it. Ok, everything is reset, all the players are happy. The sidelines (being California fans) weren't too happy with me and PeeWee, but we went through the game as normal. PeeWee and I eventually took it down, after Peter and Mark decided Mark should take the last rebuttal shot and bricked it.

After that emotional game, we weren't prepared for our next game against All Night. Another team of great guys, so if we had to lose I don't mind losing to them so much. They went on to take third place, so good for them. 10 Inches played their elimination game against MoonPoon, and even though they ran three in rebuttal twice, they couldn't pull it off in OT, and bowed out at 9th place. PeeWee and I tied for 7th.

The finals saw NorCal's Seivert and Tiny play against the Midwest's Dan Range and Syrigos. While I hold no ill will toward Standing O, NorCal had my vote for the win so I had to give them my support. I haven't talked that much shit since knocking out Vit and O'Neil at WS VI (sorry guys). If you haven't watched the first game of the finals yet, it really set the tone for the rest of the match. Seivert and Tiny were shooting amazing, and Range was falling off (nearly trolling till the end), when Tiny went to slap a ball and knocked four cups over. That was when Range ended his near-trolling, making it an even five cup turn. NorCal still managed to win that first game, along with the third to take the win. Congrats to California for taking every prize in the tournament, including the \$2k and the four WSOBP VII bids for the highest coed and girl-girl team.

After it was all said and done, it was time to get plastered back at the hotel. We ended up playing an epic flip cup match up in one of the Vegas rooms (Herby's I believe, who managed to disappear sometime in the night). It was in that room that I lost track of time and bruised just about every bone in my body. I told Skinny that we need a 5-man flip cup side event at next year's Series, make sure you write your BDS representative to get this in motion!

The ride home the next day was one of the worst experiences in my life. I am trying to forget that awful day, and the week of pong-flu that followed. This was one of (if not the) best pong trips I have participated in, and I thank BDS for putting in the time and effort I know it takes to put something like this on. It was an awesome time, and I hope it happens again next year.

Until January folks, good ponging!

-Clawless