

All went out on their glorious quest,

To be number one, to be the best;

The competition a way of mind and skill,

A compilation of brain and physical will.

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The competition is the right in a simple game,

To test how sharp and to find your name;

The will to win in the fight for fame,

A passion to beat and a heart of flame.

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Mysterious might and ancient art,

The ability to see the opponent's heart;

To read the thought ahead of time,

To win with words in a twist of rhyme.

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The truth of old is a subtle test,

From life to death to be the best;

The game is life we know it well,

To rise again from the depths of hell.

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Of brilliant mind the game at hand,

The treasure life, the prize so grand;

A minute verse will teach the plan,

Of a million times to preach to man.

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They all came back from various ways,

The answer of how they spent their days;

The judgment decided in this story told,

A victor comes before his God of old.

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**Signed,**

**To beat all odds.**