

Craps champions swear it's more mystique than math

By David Montero, Los Angeles Times

Richard Favela rested his hands over the wooden chip tray lining the craps table as the lights from above glinted off rings adorning his lithe, brown fingers.

Favela reached down for the dice and positioned them with great care. Turning them slowly. Methodically. Wholly unsatisfied until he had the white dots facing up the way he liked them. Six on one. Three on the other. They must add up to nine. Always nine. Otherwise the magic would surely end.

A dozen pairs of eyes fixated on him. The four dealers at the table were deferential toward the legend – identifiable to the trained eye by his blue shirt. He would not be rushed.

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