
//--\\--//--
\\--//-- Read em and weep [+]
--\\--

So, every once in a while I have to entertain myself with some of the things I hear about...
...and find some way to EXPAND that story.

I'm going to talk about Bill Gates and [The Road Ahead, 1995], and how the dude kicked the shit out of a bunch of people playing poker, while skipping classes, and then cramming for his final exams just to see how high of a grade he could get in the class that he skipped out on in order to beat everybody at poker.

Anyway, PRIOR to starting to read this book back in June 2020 at Saratoga Hospital, I tried to tell the people who work there, about the numerous files I had that catalog my brush with death on 05/26/2020... BUT- SOME of the people at the hospital (namely Richard Todd Loeber) are really stupid.

And, that's ok. He's not alone...

The reason I was at the hospital between 06/13/20 - 06/15/20... was because on 06/13/20, a DISTURBANCE occurred on MY PROPERTY, and I contacted either 911 emergency services or I contacted the Saratoga County Sheriffs Office at 518-885-6761, to report the DISTURBANCE.

The reason why I called in a DISTURBANCE, is because my neighbor William Moak came onto my property and attempted to hit me with his baseball bat. There were other things that occurred, but- I'm making a very clear and concise statement right here and now, that the Moaks have had MANY ALTERCATIONS WITH ME ON MY PROPERTY IN THE PAST. MY CHILDREN HAVE WITNESSED MULTIPLE OF THESE EVENTS.

As for 06/13/2020, William Moak's wife Janet Moak, AND my stepfather Michael H. Streeter, had to RESTRAIN Bill Moak from hitting me with his baseball bat, on my property.

My property.

Not his...?

Not even remotely close to his lot at all...?

Not a delusion...?

Not a figment of my imagination...?

But- very clearly, the man came onto my fucking property and literally attempted to hit me with his baseball bat.

Then, MARK SHEEHAN showed up after I called in to report the emergency.

0	SCSO-2020-003564 (1).JPG	https://drive.google.com/file/d/1wYsaD825xVjkJ7eCbve6DwflW5v1KYCx
1	SCSO-2020-003564 (2).JPG	https://drive.google.com/file/d/1uwgrUG3MCA9AU6jue_7GtDZyoz5YDKxz
2	SCSO-2020-003564 (3).JPG	https://drive.google.com/file/d/1AUscW2inUcTlCgps-qX0QrBmUKdLOE4h
3	SCSO-2020-003564 (4).JPG	https://drive.google.com/file/d/1DwVB9wRN-mHBLKciGRinwMrdCZZgwIeI
4	SCSO-2020-003564 (5).JPG	https://drive.google.com/file/d/1CTmhJEd-6vz1MZHv6iCeEcCjpc80Tjbs

The position that 1) Bill Moak, 2) Janet Moak, and 3) Michael Streeter were standing, was right next to the lilac bush adjacent to my father's trailer located at 201D Halfmoon Circle.

Basically, the details listed in those screenshots outline these (3) people committing perjury, which is a crime that the police RARELY EVER ENFORCE NOR DO ANYTHING ABOUT.

Regardless, that position adjacent to the lilac bush, was the SAME EXACT POSITION that

1) NYSP Sergeant Bosco,

2) NYSP Trooper Cameron Missenis, and

3) the SCSO female deputy <unknown>...

...were standing on 06/28/22, when they illegally arrested me after I told them about the audio recording that I uploaded to the internet prior to my mother's 911 call that day.

| 06/28/22 | <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1RHValSr-7-fz5YfNunLqbVFCnE9fnPgH> |

That same position these (3) lazy cops were standing on 06/28/22 when they made that unlawful arrest, is where my stepfather, Janet Moak, and Bill Moak were standing earlier on 06/13/20 when they had to RESTRAIN Bill Moak from hitting me with his aluminum baseball bat.

I've learned that SOMETIMES... calling the police is basically a (GAME/JOKE).

Sorta like playing the game poker, which is the point of this post...

Much like in poker, SOMETIMES if YOU call the police...?

They MAY give a shit and do their job correctly, and then your winning hand is accurately documented.

It isn't a consistent case, I'm afraid.

Because there are other times where they won't give a shit.
And, that's when they exhibit a pattern of PREJUDICE.

THEN, your winning hand will have the cards swapped out for a shittier hand, and that's because they'll either IGNORE or SMEAR somebody instead of documenting stuff correctly.

That's a lot easier for them to do sometimes, especially when Bill Moak has friends at SCSO.

Anyway, when I spoke with SCSO Sergeant Mark Sheehan, I volunteered to receive a psych evaluation because I know that when I talk, I'm typically A LOT SMARTER than MOST PEOPLE around me.

People like BILL MOAK, they're really stupid.
They'll confuse terms like VIDEO EVIDENCE and TIMESTAMPS for → GIBBERISH, or NONSENSE.
And that's what it's like to live a day in the life of people as stupid as BILL MOAK.
Nothing they can actually DO about it... here's why.

Bill Moak's STUPIDITY LEVEL is best described like this...

When someone tells a mentally challenged person a joke...?
The mentally challenged person just does not QUITE understand that JOKE, nor the PUNCHLINE to the JOKE.

So, Bill Moak will stand there, scratching his head, thinking that the person who just said a joke, is just DELUSIONAL or INSANE... A lot of people are AT or ABOUT Bill Moak's intelligence level.

And, that's ok. When someone decides to take all of my equipment from my fathers house and turn it in for scrap metal or whatever...? I have to consider EXPANDING upon the STUPIDITY LEVEL of IGNORANT FUCKS.

When you're a lot more intelligent than a lot of other people, you may find yourself trying to tell a long list of mentally challenged people a really easy to understand joke, over and over. But- they'll never quite understand WHY the joke is actually funny.

Or, they may even say something like:

It's just your OPINION, that the joke is funny, because I don't think that...

But- that's something mentally challenged people typically say when they hear a joke they don't understand.

This is actually a very accurate representation of what my daily life was like, when I lived at:

201D Halfmoon Circle, Clifton Park, NY 12065

So, to put it into perspective, if I tell people JOKES or THEORIES...?
They rarely ever understand the punchline to those jokes.
THEN, when I attempt to EXPLAIN the (COMEDIC/SEVERITY) VALUE of the (JOKE/THEORY)...?
...they perform the verbal equivalent of this dialog.

/--_

Them : So, (3) guys are about to walk into a bar, but- (1) ducks...?
I don't get it...

Me : Well, you know how the word BAR can mean either a 1) tavern, or 2) a piece of metal...?

Them : Yeah, THAT part I get...
Why would one of them DUCK, though...?
I just don't understand the motivation to do that...
Or, is it like an actual animal DUCK...?

Me : No animal ducks.
The bar is a piece of metal.
(2) guys walked into it, and the (1) guy who DUCKED, avoided walking into it.
It's literally that simple.

Them : I don't understand, dude...
Can you explain why that's supposed to be funny...?
I don't understand how that is supposed to be funny...

Me : So, if (3) guys are about to walk into a bar, but (1) of them ducks...?
That means (2) of them are either REALLY STUPID, OR... they weren't PAYING ATTENTION.
The (1) guy that DUCKED...?
He's not stupid at all, cause he was PAYING ATTENTION.

Them : He isn't...?

Me : Nope.

Them : Why isn't he stupid...?
For what reason are the (2) guys that walked into the bar, considered REALLY STUPID...?

Me : Alright, I just said WHY...

Them : You did...?

At first...?
He thought he would just do it (1) time, and that he'd set an example, and send all of the boys home, crying to their mommies just as he stated.

Because he realized, the classes were really easy anyway. He thought to himself:

Now, was he mean about it...?
Probably not... Because if there's anything that anybody can say about Bill Gates...?
He's probably one of the nicest dudes anyone could ever meet.
He just so happens to know how to kick people's asses at poker AND ace the final exams at Harvard College.

He'd be able to read people's facial expressions, vocal intonations, demeanor, and rhetoric, to gauge what BETTER HANDS they could mathematically have in their possession...

Because it'd actually cause his competition to think:

...and Bill could've had like nothing but a pair or three of a kind.

Dude's basically a walking calculator.
He knew the chances of the guys at his table having a (better/worse) hand...
...and when those percentages matched his observations of their psychology...?

He was able to tell.
That's what makes him such a cunning, intelligent son of a bitch, to be perfectly honest.

Dude made a name for himself, both at class, AND at the poker table. The rumors spread real fast, "Billy Gates kicks everybody's asses at poker..." Then, everybody that thought they were really good at poker came around.

Dozens of kids would be watching these guys playing poker, they would murmur to one another. Bill and the last dude standing would always have an intense staring match, when it appeared as if they were BOTH all in on this charade...

They'd talk smack back and forth. Since he could do the math in his head, sometimes he would spout percentages to REALLY get inside of people's heads...

Gates : Ya know, the chances of you having the ROYAL FLUSH is about 0.09%...
...FOUR OF A KIND with either the KINGS or the ACES is about 0.85%...
...the FULL HOUSE with the KINGS and ACES, 1.15%...

That was the expression that Bill Gates was waiting for.
The nervous gulp.
That was ALL he needed to see, to know for certain, that he didn't even NEED the winning hand...
...and he was already inside that dude's mind, whereby causing him to quiver at the buttohole, in fear.

Dude : Yeah, yeah yeah, you always say those numbers like they really mean something...
Gates : Oh, they DO, pal.
Dude : It's just your OPINION that they mean something...
Gates : Nah, they're just realistic probabilities...
And you and I both know that the probability that you're up against a losing hand is very high.
Dude : *exasperated sigh* LOOK Billy Gates...
You might be able to open some gates for a lot of people and stuff...?
But, don't you sit there and try to mess with MY head.
It's NOT gonna work, not THIS time, pal...
Gates : Alright, whatever you say, chum.
Dude : I'm all in.
I think you got jack squat...

```
Dude : *throws cards down* Four aces...
Kids : 000o000ooHHhHHHHhh~!
Gates : *chuckles* Heh, damn.
Dude : *starts reaching for all of the chips*
Gates : You know, you're doin' that a little too early there, pal...
Dude : Yeah right, dude.
       You even said it yourself, the chances of me having a ROYAL FLUSH is about 0.09%...
Gates : Oh I know. *throws cards down*
       Read em and weep, chum.
```

```
Kids : WOW, DUDE...
Dude : ...Billy Gates...
      ...just cleaned me out.
      Ho-ly shit, dude...
```

Bill Gates, literally caused some dude with a very large reputation, from a very wealthy family...
...to be completely cleaned out for the rest of the month.

Bill Gates was addicted to doing this to people.
With one opponent from a larger town, with a larger reputation of being one of the most lethal poker players around...?
...came another winner being ensnared in his trap.

Nah.
Some people might think that Bill Gates got to where he is, by opening gates for a lot of people.
While that is true...?
He earned a name for himself by being the kid with the reputation...

| Going up against that dude, is suicide... |

And, that's a legacy that continues to this very day.