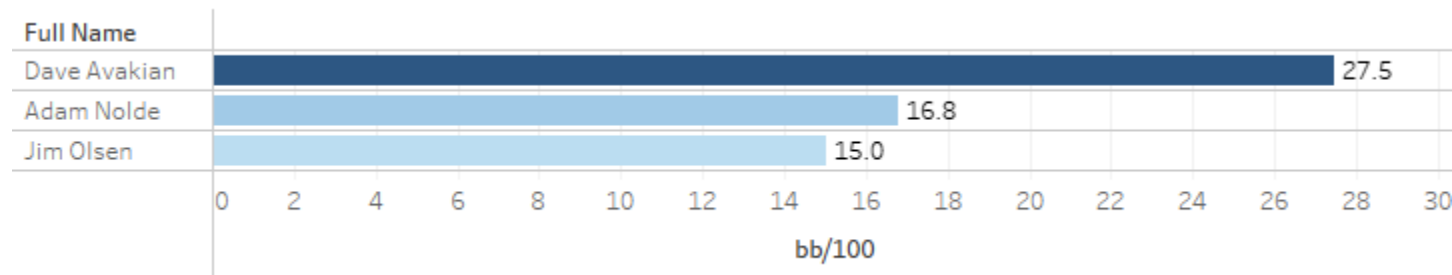


**Dave** is a god among mortals, a man among boys, a Tesla among horse-drawn carriages. At 27.5 bb/100, Dave is *almost twice as good* as the next-best player. In fact, second-place Adam is closer to ninth place than he is to Dave. Here is Dave's domination relative to the other top 3 in graphical form:



I cannot emphasize enough how completely Dave has been annihilating all of us. Because he has been painting masterpieces while the rest of us have been playing with finger paints and eating our boogers, let me put this in words that we simpletons might understand:

You, like me, might enjoy giving Dave a hard time for his wimpy folds and for not knowing the difference between a set and three of a kind. But here's the thing: Dave is better at poker than you are. You should not be giving Dave poker advice. He should be giving poker advice to *you*. You are an Ewok, and he is your golden god:



You are a Liliputian, and he is your Gulliver. Your only hope is to overwhelm him as a pack, because you are too small and insignificant to matter otherwise.



Too literary for you? You are a bug, and he is a foot. The end.



