

Investing in Gold Will Save Your Butt

By [The Mogambo Guru](#)

11/02/10 Tampa, Florida – When I got back to the office, the place was abuzz, all stemming from how my boss wanted to “see me” as soon as I got back from wherever the hell I was. I knew what it was about. It was about old man Sanderson and the stupid Sanderson account.

The problem was that I had just seen the Britebart.tv video of the megalomaniacal and totally incompetent Harry Reid, Congressional Representative from Nevada and doofus extraordinaire, saying, “But for me, we’d be in a worldwide depression.”

So, inspired, I told Sanderson to stick his problems, and that, “But for me, you would be sued into bankruptcy after using our defective parts, ya moron!”

So I grudgingly went up to her office, and the first thing I see is her stupid secretary, who hates my guts because I once told her to buy gold, silver and oil against the terrible inflation that will result from the traitorous neo-Keynesian econometric nitwits at the Federal Reserve creating so much excess money, especially when the corrupt federal government was monstrously deficit-spending us into bankruptcy.

So, a few days later, I saw her in the hallway, and being a friendly, collegial type of guy, I casually asked her if she had bought any gold, silver or oil so that she could Save Her Butt (SHB) when the devastating inflation and economic collapse hits, which has happened to every lowlife, dirtbag deficit-spending government who tried this stupid crap Every Freaking Time (EFT) in the last 4,500 years.

She admitted that she hadn’t, so I said to her, in a delicate way, like a kindly uncle gently instructing a wayward and ignorant child, “Then you’re a moron! Instead of gold, silver and oil saving your butt, which, by the way, looks big in those pants, it is going to get chewed up by ruinous inflation and economic collapse!”

Well, I figured that she would say, “Thanks for the important information!” since she has beneficially learned – at absolutely no cost to her! – that she is a moron, plus she now knows that those pants make her butt look big. A two-fer!

She did not, as I supposed, thank me. Instead, she’s hated me ever since, and every time I get summoned to my boss’s office, I always ask her stupid secretary, “Have you bought any gold, silver or oil to save that big butt of yours from the raging inflation in prices that will be caused by the Federal Reserve creating so much money?” and she says, “No,” and I say, “Then you’re a moron!” and she replies, “No, YOU’RE the moron!” and I will cleverly reply, “No, YOU’RE the moron!” and she’s yelling back at me, “No, YOU’RE the moron!” which is about when my boss usually comes out of her office and tells us to immediately stop acting like children.

I say, “It’s her that is acting like a child with a big butt! I tell her to buy gold, silver and oil, which is the only intelligent, time-tested, guaranteed thing to do when the loathsome Federal Reserve is creating so much money, but she never does! So she’s the childish idiot, not me!”

Well, my boss, with an angry look on her face, hisses at me through clenched teeth to “get into my office this instant!”

Well, it turns out that she had found out that somebody (meaning me) had screwed up the big order from old man Sanderson, and now the Sanderson account was in danger, and he was really angry.

She says, “What did you do to him to make him angrily cancel his account, threaten to have his lawyers sue us, and make a lot of vague death threats against you personally?”

Well, I told her that the problem was caused by *The Washington Post* breaking the story that the Commodity Futures Trading Commission is, as was always suspected, corrupt. The headline was “Commodity Futures Trading Commission judge says colleague biased against complainants.”

It turns out that George H. Painter is “one of two administrative law judges presiding over investor complaints at the Commodity Futures Trading Commission,” and he writes that the other CFTC judge, Judge Bruce Levine, had “a secret agreement with a former Republican chairwoman of the agency to stand in the way of investors filing complaints with the agency.”

The seamy corruption was a permanent bias against investors in disputes “as a favor to Wendy Gramm, then Chairwoman of the Commission” to “never rule in a complainant’s favor.”

Damningly, Mr. Painter wrote, “A review of his rulings will confirm that he fulfilled his vow,” and that in the last 10 years, “Levine had never ruled in favor of an investor.” Never!

The important part, for me, was when her husband, the laughable former senator from Texas, Phil Gramm, said he would “pass along a message” but added, “I doubt she’s going to want to get involved in this.”

My boss, by this time, was looking at me with this look of unbelieving incredulousness on her stupid face, her mouth actually falling open in stunned stupefaction. Then she says to me, “What has that got to do with the Sanderson account?”

So, I said, as will probably Ms. Gramm, “I don’t want to get involved in this!”

Then I got up, left her office in a huff, and went out to have a few drinks to steady my nerves, figuring that by the time I get to work tomorrow, she will have smoothed things over with Sanderson and we can all start some crapola “healing process” of forgiving and forgetting.

And her secretary? She’s still a moron who has not bought any gold, silver or oil. Just between you and me, maybe that explains her fat butt! Hahaha!

If so, then my new Mogambo Slogan Of Inspiration (MSOI) is, “Whee! Buying gold, silver and oil is an easy investment, and in doing so, I got a great-looking butt for free, too!”