

Money Creation Home Invasion

By [The Mogambo Guru](#)

12/21/10 Tampa, Florida – Apparently, late last night, from out of the spooky darkness, there was a sound that woke up my wife, and so she woke me up, wanting me to get up and go see what it was, which I figured would probably end up with me confronting some desperate, drug-crazed burglar who will pull out a knife and stab me over and over.

So I said, “Wait! I have a better plan! I’ll just load up some of these guns with these new, armor-piercing bullets and shoot right through the walls – Blam! Blam! Blam! – thus easily and conveniently ‘taking out’ the intruders from the warm comfort of our own bed!”

Her hasty veto of my plan made me suspicious. “Aha!” I gloated. “You just want me to get killed! Is that it? You want me dead?”

My vague suspicions of her treachery were starkly confirmed when she snapped back to me, “Why do you always ask that? At least, with you dead, I wouldn’t have to listen to you always being crazy about the Federal Reserve creating so much excess money that the economy will be destroyed by inflation!”

With a growing heat went on, “And I won’t have to listen to your constant whining about how the Fed is financially and economically killing us with inflation in prices by creating too much money and credit, either!”

Before I could gather my wits to respond, she continued, “And I won’t have to sit through any more of your constant hysterics that the Fed is willing to destroy us with inflation so that the loathsome Obama administration can deficit-spend us into more un-payable debt, farther and farther, and faster and faster, deeper and deeper into some allegorical cold, dark, dangerous, uncharted depths of crushing oceans of federal debt that already approaches 100% of GDP in terms of cash flow, and which terrifyingly exceeds 5,000% of GDP in terms of accrued liabilities!”

Then, her voice rising to a crescendo, she leaned towards me and yelled right in my face, “And you snore, too, making it all worse!”

Then she lay back on her pillow with a smug grin on her face, finishing with, “So that would be nice for a change!”

Sheepishly, I had to admit that she had a valid point, as someone snoring in your ear all night, every night, is probably the only thing scarier than the ruinous, catastrophic, hellish inflation in consumer prices that will result from the Fed creating so terrifyingly much money, sometimes referred to as “so horribly unbelievably much money,” or “so insanely, catastrophically much money,” depending on my mood.

And this does not even consider the economic nightmare beyond the nightmare of inflation, which is that the new money will be used to buy trillions of dollars' worth of government debt so that the incompetent, over-taxing, over-regulating, suffocating monstrosity that has become the federal government, along with a poisonous, nasty, incestuous spider-web of local and state governments and regulators, can spend it, literally trying to fatten up their tragic citizen victims before the government predators sink their fangs into the businesses and the people, gradually sucking out the life juices – sluuuuurrrrp! – of the people and the economy so that government spending is now fully half of GDP, and yet borrowing more money to finance spending more money to create more parasites addicted to more government spending, each with their own sets of fangs and perpetually ravenous hungers.

Gaahhhhh! We're freaking doomed, and this nightmarish spider thing is really creeping me out, too!

Looking for a way to distill all this economics down to something pithy and brief, and that does not involve spiders, so as to make my wife more easily understand the situation, I finally settled on "Shut up!" by way of explanation as to why the inflation in consumer prices that Ben Bernanke and his Federal Reserve are unleashing will destroy us and everything we love, including truth, justice and the American way, and there is nothing that anybody can do about it, including Superman, the government, her loud mouth, me, or some stupid burglar.

Undeterred, she persisted that I get up and personally root out any burglars, along with any other intruders, murderers, rapists, kidnappers, escaped mental patients, FBI agents, ghosts, vampires, the undead, space monsters or their pods hiding in our house.

When I protested, she taunted me, "What a wuss! Look at the bravery of Ron Paul taking over the chairmanship of the Monetary Policy Subcommittee that oversees the Federal Reserve! He knows that he is a marked man due to his long-professed desire to audit the corrupt Federal Reserve and the despicable banking system, especially since doing so would surely expose decades of slimy governmental corruptions, coercions, extortions, back-stabbing treacheries, poisonous treasons and lies, not to mention outright thefts, frauds and murders!"

She smiled condescendingly as she said, "And yet you are such a Big Mogambo Baby (BMB) that you are too scared to even go see if there is one teeny, tiny burglar? Ron Paul would laugh at you, Big Mogambo Baby (BMB)! Hahaha! Big Mogambo Baby! Baby, baby, baby! Hahaha!"

Of course, I failed to see either the humor or the connection between, on the one hand, the bravery of Ron Paul, heroically proposing to expose a century's worth of heinous criminalities of earthshaking, confidence-shattering consequence by the Federal Reserve, and, on the other hand, my cowardice, especially since the whole point would have been perfectly moot if I had been allowed to install a carefully-placed series of Claymore mines in the living room as per my original Super Mogambo Plan of Defense (SMPOD), instead of having it all being overruled at the last second by her "typical female" crap about how "a house is not an explosive death trap for intruders," which is something that I certainly had never heard before, and she got all huffy when I politely asked, "And just where in the hell is THAT written? In the Book of Stupid?"

Well, we were soon yelling back and forth about who is really the stupid one around here, and any burglar was, by then, long gone.

However, Ben Bernanke remains, and the tragedy of our national fate remains because the history of the last 4,500 years of governments and people over-borrowing remains, and the historically-consistent tragic fate of countries abusing a fiat currency remains, and the only thing remaining to do is to accumulate as much gold and silver as you can with your remaining money.

And the best part is that buying gold and silver is so obvious, and so easy, that you laugh in merriment, “Whee! This investing stuff is easy!”