

Mogambo Decoder Ring (MDR)

6/8/2012

I was, admittedly, drinking heavily, courageously trying to get drunk enough so that 1) I would have a handy excuse for being so incoherent and belligerent, and 2) I would not have to think about the inflationary horrors in prices that will be the ruinous price we pay for the inflationary horrors in the exploding money supply thanks to the treachery and stupidity of the Federal Reserve and the loathsome Obama administration.

Unfortunately, at this particular point in time I was neither of the above, although naturally still blathering in my customary rage. But I was now at the point where I sigh aloud through gritted teeth, asking rhetorically "And who committed these terrible monetary and fiscal sins, and thus condemned us and our children to the hell of complete ruination? To quote Captain Ahab in Moby Dick, 'from the heart of hell I strike at thee!' Hahahaha!"

As if on cue, here comes my idiot son bursting into the room, excitedly exclaiming that his many IOUs to me are as good as paid! "Huh?" I think to myself, wondering if he finally got a job, or was I too sloshed to comprehend what he is saying?

So, through numb lips I managed to ask, "Did you get a job or something, or have some other way to pay me back all the money you owe me, or at least pour me another drink, you lazy little bastard? Or even get your damned mother off my ass about taking the garbage out for a lousy ten minutes?"

He says no, he did not get a job, adding that he is sick of hearing me ask about it, and helpfully pointing out that I was slobbering down the front of my shirt.

Well, I looked down at my shirt, and it was, alas, messy with slobber. Reflexively, I cleverly denied the facts and said "I am not drooling. I deliberately put that slobber there because...because...because..."

Realizing that I could not come up with some vaguely logical reason why I was dribbling on my own shirt, I groggily switched tacks and asked, with a snotty, arrogant attitude, "How is it that a busted-out kid like you can pay off his IOUs to me, his loving father who sees treachery everywhere, even in the bosom of his devoted family?"

I subtly arched an eyebrow to show that, as a loving father, I am curious as to how he has arranged such a wondrous thing.

In reply, he thrusts a copy of the Tampa Bay Times, my local laughably provincial leftist rag, which (as you would expect) carried an essay by Paul Krugman, a man whom I consider, with a particularly acid venom, one of the worst neo-Keynesian econometric halfwits in the known world, the shame of Princeton University, a shame he shares with Ben Bernanke, chairman of the loathsome, demonic Federal Reserve.

Well, my eyes were kind of going in-and-out of focus by this time, but the adrenaline of my outrage soon focused my attention wonderfully when he demonstrated his insanity by

pontificating that, even though it has been discredited for so long that it is beyond incredible that he would dare say it, "Our debt is mostly money we owe to each other."

At this enormous, enormous stupidity I felt a huge Mogambo Laugh Of Scorn (MLOS) building inside me, which I labored mightily to suppress long enough to gently and kindly ask my darling son, as the gentle and kindly father that I really, really am, "What in the hell does that have to do with your owing me far more money than you will ever be worth, you little moron?"

He gleefully explained "Well, I owe you money, see, but Mr. Krugman says we all owe money to each other, and you'll get yours back somehow, like when you enjoy the utility of new bridges and roads, and keeping the welfare population docile, and having a massive military and an enormous government workforce looking for something to do."

My stunned silence apparently emboldened him to continue "Or probably more directly when I am older and paying Social Security taxes to support you in your geezerhood. So Krugman was right; it's money we owe to each other! So it all cancels out! We're even, dude!"

At this, the long-suppressed MLOS burst forth from my lips, my bad breath tinged with sour tequila and old pizza, the stench of which made me realize where he got such a ridiculous idea; he hangs around Democrats and similarly brain-damaged kids at school.

So I gave him a scornful, disdainful look, pointed to the door, let out a loud belch and then an even louder fart as my Clever Mogambo Way (CMW) of wordlessly dismissing him and his stupid ideas from my royal presence.

As for Paul Krugman, I forced myself to read further in his stupid essay to see if he has, by some absolute miracle, showed that the national debt really IS a lot of "money we owe to each other", and not some deadly generator of horrific economy-killing inflation in prices like has always been the case.

I have more than an academic interest in this, as I, a taxpayer, have been paying and paying and paying taxes to pay the interest on the constantly-growing debt (now grown to a staggering \$16 trillion) all my life, and paying the constantly-higher inflation in prices that one sadly gets as a result of creating so much excess money and credit, too, paying more and more Every Freaking Day (EFD).

And now I'd really, really, REALLY like someone to pay ME for a change, which you would expect from something termed "money we owe each other" and, even if unmentioned, paying me back the excess money I had to spend all along the way to pay the inflation in prices that all that excess money and credit produced, too, which is now (hold onto your hat!) running at and unaltered 8% or so, by which I mean "or more!"

Gaaaah! We're Freaking Doomed (WFD)!

Alas, like all know-nothing blowhards, Krugman does not explain how he reached his preposterous conclusion, and that we'll just have to take his word on it, even though he has been wrong about almost everything all his life, except his remark about "Mogambo? Sure I know him! An incandescent brilliance! He's a Big Freaking Genius (BFG) who sees right through me, exposing me as the vacuous gasbag that I am!"

Okay, I admit that he never actually said that, and I just made it up because that is just the kind of petty, spiteful, hateful kind of guy that I am, which I have already been told is not as charming as I had always thought, so to hell with all of you.

Anyway, the point of all of this is not that kids want something for nothing, or that the inmates are running the mental asylum, but that 4,500 years of history says to buy gold and silver when it gets to this point, to which I add "and oil stocks."

And you don't have to believe me just because I'm an arrogant bastard who thinks he is some kind of genius or something. No, sir! You can but listen to the dulcet tones of any Junior Mogambo Ranger (JMR) -- intelligent people all! -- who will likewise tell you to buy gold, silver and oil stocks, too! It's freaking unanimous!

And if you are (be honest!) a lazy bastard like me, then you will appreciate the utter simplicity with which investment decisions are made when it merely boils down to "How much physical gold, physical silver and/or oil stocks should I buy today so that I will be wealthy in the future when this whole stinking, fraudulent, bloated, cancerous fiat-money crap goes bust in some horrific inflationary calamity, as it must because it always has, as so confidently and arrogantly argued by the petty, spiteful, hateful -- yet charming! -- Magnificent Mojo Mogambo (MMM)?"

Then you will, as I do, and as Junior Mogambo Rangers (JMRs) around the world do, and as everyone in this whole freaking quadrant of the galaxy do does do, too, do, gleefully say to yourself "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"

If you are a JMR, then you noticed the code words "do does do, too, do." Now, get out your Mogambo Decoder Ring (MDR) and decipher the hidden message, which is "Buy gold, silver and oil."

If you are a JMR, then you already know that the secret message, "But gold, silver and oil", is always the same secret message. This is because while the advice itself is brilliant, there is no such thing as a Mogambo Decoder Ring (MDR), so you couldn't decipher anything anyway.

So, if you have sent your money for, but not received, an MDR, be advised that the whole thing is a big rip-off, and you will never get your money back because that is just the petty, spiteful, hateful kind of guy that I am, but who is charming as all hell.

But you will wax wealthy from buying gold, silver and oil, which will more than make up for, you know, the ring rip-off thing.

And if you have NOT ordered a Mogambo Decoder Ring (MDR), then simply send \$500, cash, in un-marked, non-sequential bills, in a plain envelope addressed to "Occupant", and then just wait!

In the meantime, don't forget buying the aforementioned gold, silver and oil, as "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"