

Mogambo Bunker Of Doom Gets A Fresh Coat Of Paint

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By: The Mogambo Guru

So there I am, minding my own business, standing in my own front yard, yelling at my stupid neighbor "Mental problems? I don't have any mental problems, you whacko! You are the one with serious mental problems! You are the one who is NOT buying gold, silver and oil, even when the nasty Federal Reserve is creating trillions of dollars in new money and credit per year, Right In Front Of Your Stupid Eyes (RIFOYSE), you moron!"

So he calmly replies, with a snotty tone of annoyance in his voice, "This is NOT about me or your mental problems. It's about your stupid Mogambo Bunker Of Doom (MBOD) and how you painted it."

Painted it? I look over my shoulder at the MBOD and suddenly realize that I, in a clever-yet-forgotten ploy to strike fear into any enemies, had painted "Eat Death!" on the side of it.

I instantly recognized the ambiguity of it all, perhaps explaining my neighbor's complaint. "Eat Death"? What the hell was I thinking?

Embarrassed to learn that I was at least partially responsible for the whole unpleasant brouhaha, I cleverly changed the subject by saying "Go to hell, you moron!" and went back into the house, satisfied that, once again, I have managed to maintain good relations with the neighbors.

It would seem, then, in light of my sincerest efforts to be nice to Earthlings that I secretly loathe, that there is no reason for them to still hate me, but they do!

And it's because they are a bunch of halfwits and lowlife scumbags who are not buying gold, silver and oil, even though I have wasted hours upon hours of my Precious Mogambo Time (PMT) telling them that very thing ("You are a bunch of halfwits and lowlife scumbags who are not buying gold, silver and oil!").

Their animosity is, therefore, explained by them painfully seeing that I was correct the whole time about gold, silver and oil, which means that, by logical extension, I was correct about them, too: They ARE a bunch of halfwits and lowlife scumbags! Hahaha!

I hope that this explanation clears up all those unfounded allegations, made by screwball neighbors, of my having mental problems.

And for reasons that are completely, utterly disconnected from the whole constellation of mental problems that make me so paranoid, cynical, hateful, greedy, nasty, a failure as a

father, a sub-par husband, and so-so golfer, I do not hesitate to suggest that you buy gold, silver and oil.

Why oil? Well, the last person to ask me that particular question was Larry, at work, and fortunately, I still have my exact response, transcribed verbatim, in the transcript of the Grievance Committee hearing about it, where we learned that "Big Crybaby" Larry's precious little feelings were hurt. Awww.

First, the record shows that we all agree that my reply was the pithy and succinct "Because I said so, you halfwitted moron!"

In my defense, the record clearly shows that my remarks are fully justified because Larry IS a halfwitted dumb-ass moron who does not know what he should do, and wouldn't understand it if I told him for the thousandth time why he should be buying oil stocks.

Thus, I knew that Larry could not understand all the real reasons why he should "buy oil," especially since it was actually unnecessary for him to know why, or why he was going to prosper as a result of following my terrific advice.

As a bonus, in a demonstration of raw productivity that made America great, I was also simultaneously trying to give the company's productivity a boost, thus improving our "bottom line", by getting Larry back to his dead-end job as quickly as possible by stopping him from wasting time by asking questions.

None of this is in the transcript, including where I noted that I could win the Employee of the Month award if Larry just blindly obeyed me and carried out my every command, like he should.

Actually, the reason to buy oil is primarily because it is such a bargain, coming out of the ground almost ready-to-go, with a massive net-energy-per-unit-volume ratio, it is so critically necessary to such a wide range of economically-vital uses, and because of, oh, so many, many other compelling reasons that instead of listing them all, I will use an exclamation point to indicate a surplus of OTHER perfectly-good reasons to buy oil!

Especially when one considers the interesting factoid that China is adding more cars to its roads per month than America produces in a year!

Gold. Silver. Oil. It's so simple that I laugh out loud, squealing in an excited childish glee that embarrasses the wife and kids when I do it, "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"