

ObamaCare: No Cure for Government Spending

By [The Mogambo Guru](#)

04/06/10 Tampa, Florida – I know that I should write something about ObamaCare and the new health insurance law that is over 2,000 pages long to achieve a blatant socialist takeover of the healthcare and health insurance industries, and perhaps I should produce a short screed to show that I am up-to-speed on current events, even though (as my boss is fond of putting it) my “real” work is piling up on my desk, which would normally not be a problem, but now it is, and all because my last intern (whom I would normally make do the work!) just abruptly quit, just like all the others, only this time after giving me a “piece of her mind” right to my face about what a terrible boss I am, which I easily countered by reminding her “Would a terrible boss generously donate his Precious Mogambo Time (PMT) to tell you that maybe, helpfully, perhaps if you did something nice with your hair, you wouldn’t look so ugly?”

Naturally, I thought to myself, “Aha! Game, set, match!” when, instead of misinterpreting my intentions, bursting into tears and running from the room sobbing hysterically, she, inexplicably, reaches out and throws my prized “World’s Best Boss” coffee mug – which she had no right to break because I had bought it myself – on the floor where it breaks! And then she starts stomping on the pieces with both feet while rhythmically chanting, “Die, die, die!”

So, I mean, what in the hell is going on here about ObamaCare that makes people so angry? And what does my coffee mug have to do with it, for crying out loud?

And so, when people ask me what I think about Obama’s usurpation of the health insurance and healthcare industries, I could just point them to read what I wrote, and then I would have the time to get down to, as we used to say when I was young, “the real nitty gritty”, which is the doleful fact that this is what governments try since nothing else they tried has worked, and people are getting angry as everyone starts realizing that nothing can be done about the greater economy.

“Nothing can be done and you are a moron for trying” is a snotty-yet-unshakable Foundation Stone of the Mogambo Grandiose Economic Theory (MGET), which, as a corollary, also says that you should always bet against the government using a fiat currency over the long term because that particular bet has always paid off, paying out unbelievable odds, which means you should be buying gold, silver and oil with Both Freaking Hands (BFH).

I mean, consider that the entire last 4,500 years of history should show the modern, sophisticated 21st-century person, like you and me, that everything that can be tried has been tried, over and over, in wild, desperate attempts to preserve the booms and prevent the busts at the end of long money-fueled booms, over and over, and although everything that can be tried was tried, over and over, everything they tried failed in the end, over and over, sometimes tragically so.

In light of such damning evidence, plus the fact that It Is Happening Again Just Like It Always Has (IIHAJLIAH), it would seem to prove, to all but certified idiots who could possibly think otherwise, that nothing can be done, and that is why it is so vitally important that countries not get into this ugly economic situation in the first place, which we wouldn't be in if we had had a stable money supply, like under the gold standard, where it powered the glory of free enterprise, resulting in a combination of forces that worked so well, for so long, for so many, to such marvelous effect, that it raised this country from a collection of religious cults eking out a subsistence living into the economic Colossus Of The World (COTW) where a rising tide truly lifted all boats!

But this is not about the contempt with which I hold anyone who seeks to change from a system of free enterprise and stable money supply to the current fad of socialist crap, but about my vain bid for attention by writing about, perhaps, something fitting, yet in the “We're freaking doomed!” vein, as we surely are, about the new healthcare legislation, but to tell you the truth, I am now so shocked and frazzled by one long, long series of outrages, month after month, year after year, one outrage after another, that I just don't have the energy anymore to be outraged any further than I am already, you know, outraged.

For instance, like when I surprisingly did not have to be actually restrained and sedated when I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, Obama say, unbelievably, that spending \$940 billion for universal healthcare over ten years would be, somehow, at the end, the “biggest middle-class tax break in history”, or something to that effect, although I am not sure he actually said that at all, but he said something as shocking, and I sure wouldn't put it past that lying Marxist dirt bag.

And I said so, too, in my fortnightly report for Xlaxxar, Supreme Overlord of this sector of the galaxy, who really isn't interested in anything around here ever since that party at Snorgli's house, that little butt-kisser, in the Andromeda district, where Xlaxxar got really blitzed and said, “Mogambo reports that Earth people, individually and collectively, owe much, much more than they can possibly repay, thanks to central banks constantly creating so much money and credit that it fueled a multi-decade indulgence in an embarrassment of financed/leveraged private and governmental feel-good gluttony. Now the inevitable bust-after-the-boom is here, they are surprised and angry! Hahaha!”

Well, everyone at the party agreed that such imbecility showed real stupidity on the part of Earthlings, and everyone started joining Xlaxxar in laughing at Earthlings and ridiculing them, waving their tentacles around and making farting sounds using various kitchen utensils, a degree of contempt that resulted in a “new social order” where me, the failure of my mission here on this planet you call Earth, Earth itself, and the creatures upon it that use a fiat currency all have a social standing at an all-time low in the omniverse, which means that nobody wants to be around me or process my request for a transfer, and so I will be stuck here for a long time because there will be no spaceship arriving to take me home as long as Xlaxxar is running the show.

Thankfully, I have gold, silver and oil to protect me against the inflation in prices that will doom this planet, and unless you have a spaceship coming to pick you up and take you home – and pretty soon, too – I suggest you do the same.

