

# Mogambo Intruder Alert System (MIAS)

3/7/2012

Bzzzz! The sound of someone pressing the intercom button, and thus activating the Mogambo Intruder Alert System (MIAS), brought me jolting out of a fitful sleep, full of nightmares brought on by the Federal Reserve creating so impossibly-much money that hyperinflation in consumer prices is guaranteed, meaning, of course, that We're Freaking Doomed (WFD), a situation which nine out of ten doctors will tell you is Bad News Aplenty (BNA).

A quick scan of the security video shows it was my daughter buzzing me, probably wanting to talk to me about something, or give her some money, neither of which holds much attraction to me at this point late in our relationship.

So I, still feeling guilty and obligated by the shredded remnants of the duties of fatherhood, hit the "transmit" button and breezily ask "Who is it?" She answered "You know who it is! Like I don't know that you have already had your security cameras on me the whole time, and used that stupid metal-detecting scanner to see if I am armed, you moron! Now open up and give me some money!"

Naturally, my immediate response is "Hahaha! Go to hell, deadbeat teenage albatross around my neck!"

Trying as best I can to avoid a confrontation, and to be a thoughtful, loving father, I tenderly reply "It's YOU that is the moron, or else you would be armed, as only morons are unarmed in these perilous times that are going to get much more perilous because the Federal Reserve is still creating trillions and trillions of new dollars a year so that the loathsome Obama administration can pound it into the economy through insane levels of deficit-spending. And don't get me started on the European Central Bank doing the exact same, stupid, ruinous, suicidal thing! Or any of those other dirtbag central banks around the world doing it, too!"

I could tell that she was stunned by the sudden change in tactics. Pressing my advantage, in a snotty, sarcastic way I ask "And so who is the moron now? Huh? Who? Huh? Who?"

Seemingly stymied, she next tries the crying tactic, blubbering through her tearful sobs "Oh, boo hoo hoo! Poor, poor me! How sad is the little girl whose father will not forgive her for foolishly not buying into the whole Austrian Business Cycle Theory of economics thing, and simultaneously heaping disdain and scorn on loathsome Keynesian lunatics! And woe betide the poor child, namely me, who did not buy gold, silver and oil to protect her frail little self, freezing in the cold of a calamitous 'inflationary winter' caused by such staggering, unfettered creations of fiat money by the despicable, criminally-incompetent Federal Reserve!"

Stunned, I realized that she HAD been listening to me all those years! My heart soared like an eagle! Even to the point of almost -- almost! -- forgiving her for all those years of pretending to ignore me, and telling me what a bad father I was (just because I was a bad father and Big Mogambo Jerk (BMJ), but in a lovable way that would have been endlessly endearing to her if she didn't act like such a jerk most of the time, like that time she was whining about how her stupid friends were coming over and could I change from the Golf Channel (no), or at least put on some pants or at least a shirt, and especially how she could not be made to understand how it was vitally, vitally important that we invest all available money into gold, silver and oil because the Federal Reserve was creating so much money that big, big, BIG inflation in

consumer prices will result from such big, big, BIG increases in the money supply).

And it wouldn't have been so bad for either of us if she hadn't been so distempered as to say nasty things like "Shut up!", and "I hate you!", sounding more and more like her mother every day, and finally, to wound me to the quick, saying "If you say one more word about the evil Federal Reserve, I will kill you in your sleep!", surprisingly with my wife agreeing with her, and even volunteering to help.

I imagined that she could feel my heart swell with pride at her admission of grumbling acceptance that the Austrian Business Cycle Theory is the only correct economic theory, while all those neo-Keynesian econometric nitwit turds are wrong, and now we are going to be destroyed by the Federal Reserve (a hotbed of neo-Keynesian econometric nitwit turds) creating so much excess money and credit.

Perhaps she could feel my outpouring of newfound love, even through the thick steel-reinforced concrete walls of the Famous Mogambo Bunker (FMB), all the way through layers and layers of aluminum foil on the walls and ceiling (to cleverly thwart brain-control rays and spores from outer space).

As an interesting aside, it used to be called the Mogambo Secret Bunker Of Relative Safety (MSBORS), a name chosen for its many delicious subtleties, probably stemming from once imagining my relatives come streaming and screaming over here, desperate to escape the phase of economic inflationary collapse known in professional-economist jargon as "Hyper-collapsoidal death-spiral of freaking doom."

Okay, I admit it is not known as "Hyper-collapsoidal death-spiral of freaking doom", but it ought to be, both because it is eerily descriptive and deadly accurate.

So I speak into my microphone and suavely ask her "Do you agree it should be called Hyper-collapsoidal death-spiral of freaking doom?"

She replied, "Sure, whatever. Who cares? I'll say that if you give me some money."

I say "How much money?" She says "Eight thousand dollars." I say "What? What in the hell do you need to buy that costs eight thousand clams?"

She says "I want to take my boyfriend out for burgers and fries," to which I splutter "But you can do that for twenty bucks!"

So she says "Okay. I'll take the twenty bucks!"

"Whew! That was close!" I said to myself. "Instead of losing eight thousand, I get off for a lousy twenty bucks!" Relieved at getting off so cheap, I slipped the, as they used to say, double-sawbuck to her through the Mogambo Secured Exchange Port (MSEP).

So raising kids is easy, after all!

In fact, it's sort of like buying gold, silver and oil in that regard, because "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"