

Super Mogambo Comments (SMC)

3/26/2012

A lot of people have been very quizzical lately, asking me things like "What in the hell is wrong with you, you idiot?" (to which I answer "If I knew that, don't you think I'd stop taking these stupid pills, you ugly moron?"), and, of course, the ever-popular question "Are you as stupid as you look and sound?" (Answer "Yes").

Of course, these are only two completely random examples of the many, many questions I get asked on a regular basis. But lately, like I said, more and more people are asking about things that I classify as What To Do (WTD) questions.

They plead and cry at me, as I am hunkered down safe inside my bunker, to come out, like I am some kind of idiot or something. Actually, they are idiots in not knowing what "bunker" means! Hahaha!

Anyway, I can hear them whining and saying "Please come out and help us!" Soon tiring of hearing me laughing at them and mocking them (e.g. "Morons!"), they try a vain appeal to my vanity (where "vain appeal to my vanity" is some kind of clever literary thing that I can't remember the name of, which I throw in for free to show you an example of the value inherent in each and every Mogambo Guru newsletter).

"Wonderful Mogambo Genius (WVG)!" they plead. "Surely an intellect so powerful as yours that can come up with clever literary things like the one in the precious paragraph, a man with powers and abilities obviously far beyond those of mortal men, can help us!"

Delighted at the smarmy, servile flattery, I ask, "Do you have gold, silver and oil like I have been advising you to buy for the last 15 years?"

Soon I can hear them muttering among themselves, sounding like the bleating, dimwitted sheep that they really are. Finally, they admit that, alas, they have not bought any gold, silver or oil in the whole time. So I say, with a Huge Stinking Glob (HSG) of sarcasm and replete with Overtones Of Scorn (OOS) in my voice, "Then you people are idiots! Hahaha! You're going to die, you idiots, because of your own idiocy! Die! Hahaha!"

To which they reply, "We know! That's why we need you to tell us What To Do (WTD), which is another of your brilliant acronyms, this one actually referred to in an earlier paragraph of this, your latest Brilliant Mogambo Prose (BMP)."

Sensing a trap, I turned up the Volume Out control of the intercom to a terrifying 11, a rare decibel level invented by the band Spinal Tap. Once adjusted, I screamed so loud into the microphone that my vocal cords still ache. With Occam's Razor-like keenness, I bellowed "The answer is simplicity itself, you morons! Do anything you want! Anything! Do anything you can think of! Unfortunately, whatever you think of will not work, because nothing CAN work, you dumb-ass, lowlife, 'free lunch' losers!"

"Nothing -- repeat, nothing! -- can make staggering, bankrupting debt painlessly go away, you pea-brained idiots! Not somehow, not anyhow, not any way, not any day, not any time, not no how, which doesn't rhyme, but now suddenly does, and not even with a thousand million tons of magic pixie dust.

If it was possible to make debt disappear with nobody losing money, then everyone would have always done it! And we would doing it Right Freaking Now (RFN), you economically-illiterate morons!"

Feeling smug and self-satisfied with myself for having provided such a good education on them, I turned off the intercom, intending to update my Double-Secret Mogambo Enemies List (D-SMEL) which, admittedly, has grown to unwieldy proportions over the years as a result of my rampant paranoia, and we are nearing that time when it will be more efficacious to merely list those people who are NOT on the damned enemies list.

But how can I NOT add enemies?

Like that snotty little grocery bagger at the grocery store who looked at me funny. Oh, you can be sure that HE'S on the list!

Why? Because I could tell what he was thinking. "I know you, Big Mogambo Idiot (BMI)" he was thinking to himself. "I hate you!"

I instantly used my Powerful Mogambo Powers (PMP) to read his mind to find that he hates me because I am a brilliant and handsome economist who has -- mirabile dictu! -- achieved True Mogambo Enlightenment (TME) that the Austrian Business Cycle Theory is the only true economic theory, and (as a corollary) that the laughably inept economists are neo-Keynesian econometric dunderheads, particularly Princeton neo-Keynesian econometric dunderheads, who should all be rounded up in a big mooing herd and kept in some kind of corral until we build enough dank, fetid, stinking hellhole dungeon cells in which to keep them so that they, as the saying goes, "Don't scare the women-folk or the livestock" with their incredible, unbelievable, idiot-savant smug gullibility and complete lack of independent, critical thinking that would have instantly made them say, as I say, as all Junior Mogambo Rangers (JMRs) say, indeed as all thinking people around the Whole Freaking Globe (WFG) say, "This stupid Keynesian crap of continual government deficit-spending to replace lost consumer spending, financed by the evil Federal Reserve vastly expanding the money supply, is a Big Stinking Load (BSL

When he was finished bagging my groceries, I naturally confronted him, accusing him of plotting against me and probably being a closet Keynesian who deserved being dragged into the street and handed over, bound and gagged, to angry mobs. He denied it, of course (the little liar!), and then he suddenly got really nervous for no reason that I could see, so that's how I really knew he was guilty.

His treachery is why he is on the enemies list, and, even worse for him, I will not tell him to feverishly buy gold, silver and oil stocks when, like now (in spades!), the money supply is hyper-expanding and the national debt is being increased so terrifyingly much, for so terrifyingly long, to such terrifying levels.

Then, without this Crucial Investing Knowledge (CIK), this hateful little snot-faced bag-boy will end up broke, filthy, homeless, and starving in the gutter. That will be my sweet revenge! Hahaha! I shall laugh at him and his suffering!

But caution: Instead of celebrating just another bagboy getting what he deserved, heed the essential lesson to make sure that this tragedy won't happen to you: Buy gold, silver and oil today, and buy them Every Freaking Day (EFD) of your miserable life, and only then will you thankfully never hear the mocking and scornful voice of the Mogambo wafting over you, stinging and magnifying the bitter pain of your laying broke, filthy, homeless and starving in the gutter.

And probably cold sober, too, making it all worse, whereas buying gold, silver and oil is a happy thing, as in "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"