

4/20/2012

We're Freaking Doomed (WFD)

I was trying to, even if it kills me, have a pleasant breakfast with the whole family, all of us grudgingly participating in a freakishly stupid "family bonding" activity, when I heard, for the seemingly thousandth time, the boy saying to me, "If you loved me like you are supposed to love a son, then you would give me the money I need."

He obviously wants to buy another useless geegaw, gimcrack or flimsy flapdoodle, like motorcycle mud flaps, or finally getting his stupid abscessed tooth taken care of, or something equally as boring, I forget exactly what, but the irritating part is that it comes after I have spent years very, very patiently making it More Than Freaking Clear (MTFC) to him, and everybody else, that because the Federal Reserve is insanely creating so much excess money and credit and thus creating so much inflation in prices, then any money that fortuitously gets into my grubby, grasping little fist which is not already encumbered by some ill-tempered collections agency getting some ill-tempered judge to order me dislodged from the aforesaid money, must be invested in gold, silver and oil.

And as a good father and provider who loves his family even though the son is proving to be a complete idiot, I am responsibly buying gold, silver and oil to protect our happy little nuclear family.

I remember looking at my son, thinking to myself, "He does not understand my words, and never has. Perhaps a more practical lesson would instruct, whereas my randomly screaming at the stupid little bastard has not!"

So, keeping a phony-baloney smile on my face, I looked down at my breakfast, furtively dipped a soggy Cheerio from my bowl onto my spoon and, before anyone realized what was happening, deftly flicked it at him, unfortunately missing him by an embarrassing mile, damned near hitting my wife.

This is obviously another of my many failed, but well-meaning, attempts be a good dad, and you can obviously see where I try and try to be a good father, dutifully instructing and teaching his children of the evils of central banking, and how those dumb Federal Reserve bastards always create inflation in the money supply by creating too much money and credit, which fuels inflation in consumer prices, which is the thing that always kills economies because price inflation makes everyone poorer as income increases always lag price increases, and economies don't grow when people get poorer.

So, "family togetherness breakfast" be damned, and in desperation, I reached out, grabbed a copy of Forbes magazine and threw it at him! I was dismayed that I missed him again, but by only a few inches this time, indicating marked improvement in my aim, when suddenly he is acting all upset, like, "What's that for?"

So I said, "Read the article titled 'The Federal Reserve's Crony Capitalism' by James Dorn, where we can all read about Ben Bernanke, chairman of the evil Federal Reserve, which has turned into the most evil institution in America and thus, ipso facto, making Ben Bernanke the most evil man in America, not me, despite what you and your mother, and all your stupid friends, say."

There was a stunned momentary silence, and so I continued "So why don't you shut the hell up and say something nice for a change, ya little brat? Maybe something grateful, like 'Thanks dad, for putting everything into gold, silver and oil when you noticed that the quantity of money was being increased by the Federal Reserve, since we know this means an inflationary increase in prices that will match the

inflation in the money supply, and for the bizarre, mentally-ill, economy-destroying reason of increasing government spending and debt, so much so that every minimally-competent sane, sentient being in this whole quadrant of the galaxy can give the startling facts a mere, fleeting, cursory glance, from across the freaking room even, to say, with a voice dripping with dread from the depths of hell, 'We're Freaking Doomed (WFD)'?" Nothing. Not a word. Not even -- at least! -- commenting about the unusual set of punctuation marks at the end of that last paragraph. Instead, he just looks at me like I am some stupid old guy speaking gibberish who doesn't have enough motor control to hit somebody in the head with a magazine from a lousy three feet away.

Meanwhile, out of the corner of my eye I can see my wife, crossing her eyes and sticking her tongue out of the side of her mouth, while twirling her index finger around her temple. Behind me, I can hear my daughter stifling a laugh at the sight.

Well, this is the same disrespectful "he's crazy" motion that she always makes whenever we meet with, for example, stupid policemen, stupid judges, stupid city officials, stupid schoolteachers, and stupid social workers who won't mind their own damned stupid business and quit blaming everything on me, a poor, pathetic old man severely handicapped by poor parenting skills incidental to a lifetime of self-induced misery and a penchant for bad choices, but who still can't get a lousy handicapped parking sticker for his damned car despite obviously deserving one. So I never got a chance to say to them, in my snottiest voice, that if they had bothered to read the Forbes article, they would know that Ben Bernanke thinks he has Solved The World's Biggest Puzzle, namely how to have one's cake and eat it, too!

This -- I am sure you will agree -- is the news of the century! Wow! The whole thing about an ugly economic collapse due to creating lots of inflation in prices with lots of inflation in the money supply, made necessary to finance an insane inflation in the size of government and thus exponentially increasing debt, is now been disproved! It's a miracle! The actual Miracle Of Economics (MOE) was revealed when Bernanke "tried to downplay the idea that mild inflation would erode the value of money because most people would protect their money by investing it, and not put it under the mattress." Hahaha! Fabulous!

I tells ya, I thought I would bust a gut! Hahaha! There you have it! The Big Freaking Answer (TBFA) from the idiots at the Federal Reserve, right from the mouth of the head idiot himself! Bernanke explains to us morons out here that inflation is no problem at all, and that all you have to do is invest your money to offset inflation in prices, instead of spending your money on things whose prices are going up. Like food, shelter and energy! Hahaha!

In that way, see, because your money is invested, it is bringing in enough gains to offset inflation, then inflation will not be a problem for you because you have not spent the money, and thus have not paid higher prices! Hahahaha!

In short, inflation is only a problem for people who buy things! Hahahahaha!

And, just when you think it can't get any weirder, and you think you are going to barf from your stomach hurting from all the laughing, suddenly you have something to barf about, as then, even more unbelievably, Bernanke "admitted that interest rates are low now, but in the long run they tend to 'compensate' for inflation."

So, because rates are low now, then in the future they will be higher? Yikes! Higher interest rates, higher price inflation from our monetary inflation, higher debts and higher debt defaults can only add up to one inescapable conclusion: "We're Freaking Doomed (WFD)." At least, that's the way it has always been over thousands of years of governments getting into financial trouble under the control of corrupt, greedy idiots, just like now.

And, again, just like now, gold and silver have always ended up as the investment of choice at the end. This Highly Important Fact (HIF) makes it so irresistibly compelling to buy gold and silver, and the ease with which it can be accomplished makes you positively giddy with delight, as in "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"