

Government's Multitude of New Offices

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Alone in the Mogambo Bunker Of Solitude (MBOS), I crouch like a cornered rat in, as expected, the corner of the darkened room, hunched over a pizza-stained keyboard nestled behind crates of ammo, where I peck out my usual Hysterical Mogambo Tirade (HMT), which I have to do because when I confront people face-to-face at the stupid mall or at the stupid grocery store -- to give them the exact same information! -- they get all huffy! Cops are suddenly everywhere! Guns! Tazers! Pepper spray! Lawyers!

Pretty soon you are thinking "Just don't taze me, bro!", and it is at that moment that you are no longer productively using your time preaching The Gospel Of The Mogambo (TGOTM), quoting such investment gems as "Behold my words, halfwitted loser morons! Verily should thee buy gold, silver and oil as a prosperous line of defense against the destructive evils and travails of unfettered money creation, which forsooth leads to roaring, demonic inflation in prices, which will destroy us all in its murderous flames, as fearlessly proclaimed by The Mighty Mogambo (TMM) himself when he said 'We're Freaking Doomed (WFD) you halfwitted loser morons!'"

But now, writing my typical Stupid Mogambo Crap (SMC) instead of directly haranguing and pestering people with it, I constantly have the overwhelming urge to read what I have just written ("Bah! Rubbish!") and quote from the Declaration of Independence about how the evil British government, against which the American colonists were rebelling at the time, "has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance."

As an aside, I always thought that "swarms" of parasites that "eat out the substance" of people would make a good sci-fi movie, especially if it had beautiful ladies prancing around in short skirts and who have devilish gleams in their eyes that unmistakably say "I want you, my Hot Mogambo Stud (HMS)! Who? This guy? He's just an actor! It's you that I really want! Take me, Mogambo! I'm yours!"

But it was actually an informative email from a Canadian Junior Mogambo Ranger (JMR) named Phil S. that got me thinking of it this time, and although the actual content of his email eludes me now, I distinctly remember that I thought I was being quite clever and, you know, like, dude, so erudite when I responded to his message with -- you guessed it! -- that very quote!

With your razor-sharp brain already galvanized to action by adrenaline to fight-or-flight alertness by the preceding terrifying statistics, you have undoubtedly noticed that all the references to the government's "multitude of new offices" from which is "sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance" have occurred three times in the last four paragraphs!

Three times! And the only paragraph that didn't was, instead, a terrific movie plot and deadly-accurate description of the government sucking the life out of you like some huge, glistening maggot, disgustingly slurping and gobbling you up, bit by slimy bit.

Three times! I mean, what are the chances of that? Astronomical! And yet, there it is! Proof!

Or perhaps it is just a replay of the last 4,500 years of history when innumerable, unremembered governments and kings despicably borrowed themselves into bankruptcy, and the awful things they did while uselessly flailing about in despicable desperation and panic.

So it's, sadly, again coming down to a stark choice between being eaten alive by price inflation and huge, mutant maggots, or, instead, prospering like royalty of old when gold and silver skyrocket in price because of all the price inflation from all the new money and credit created by the foul Federal Reserve to feed the gaping, deficit-spending maw of the ravenous, bankrupt government, (i.e. huge, mutant maggots), and bankrupt cities, and bankrupt banks, and bankrupt businesses, and bankrupt people.

Suddenly, you realize it's a no-brainer! Gimme that old-time gold and silver!

Whee! This investing stuff is easy!