

Terrific Mogambo Plan (TMP)

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As a loving, thoughtful, devoted father and husband, I occasionally have a thought for my loving family. Not entirely free of selfish intention, I hope that the wife and kids would see what a terrific dad and husband I am, decide that they have been wrong about me all this time, and that out of sheer gratitude, if nothing else, they would stop being such big pains in my Huge Mogambo Ass (HMA).

I know that my fantasy world of "Leave me alone and get out of my way!" is impossible to actually achieve, in that almost everything you can name (except playing golf and consuming something that is tasty, perhaps something delicious in either the "fried" or "sweet" categories) seems to be a royal pain in my HMA these days.

But, as seemingly always with Big Mogambo Plans (BMP), things started going awry right away.

It started, innocently enough, at breakfast, when I merely asked, in a casually offhand way, that everyone please sign a simple, common, everyday, nothing-special, standard Mogambo Loyalty Oath (MLO) which, they did not even suspect (suckers!), secretly binds them contractually to obey my every command.

Their responses to my suggestion were immediate, and they were all very, very loud and very, very completely against it.

This is too bad, because I need to get complete and utter control over the kids, because what they don't understand -- although I tell them over and over! -- is that it is absolutely necessary for them all to work, work, work, ignoring child-labor laws to earn slave-labor wages working 18 hours a day in some stinking illegal sweatshop, so that we, as a family (me), can buy more gold, silver and oil to capitalize on the horrifying inflation in prices that is sure to come because the evil Federal Reserve is creating So Stinking Much (SSM) excess money and credit.

You can see how this is such a terrific, fool-proof plan that I naturally called it Terrific Mogambo Plan (TMP).

But, believe it or not, when I brought up the Terrific Mogambo Plan (TMP), their rude protestations were vexing indeed, even though I cleverly interrupted their cruel, cacophonous carping by gently reminding them that they should "Shut the hell up!", explaining "Only then will you be able to hear any more terrific, yet seldom heard, phrases like 'vexing indeed'! And by having gold, silver and oil in our possession, the effects of inflation and suffering caused by the evil, demonic Federal Reserve creating so much money and credit, will pass us by! And isn't there something in the Bible about how being passed over by financial death is a good thing? What are you, atheists, too?"

I could see by the way they stared blankly at me that this new, religious-themed line of argument had reduced them to slack-jawed awe. Quickly seizing the advantage, I continued "And so isn't it thus some obscure religious duty of yours where, and I again quote from somewhere else in the Bible, 'Children shall shut up and do as they are told'?"

Well, a long and nasty debate ensued. It was mostly about how Biblically-illiterate I was, how "blasphemy" was henceforth disallowed at the breakfast table, and that (by the lopsided vote of a bunch of biased, ignorant morons) I am the anti-Christ.

The biased vote also went against me in debating the resolution that "The Federal Reserve has been creating gigantic amounts of credit and money since 1987 when that arch-bastard Alan Greenspan took over the chairmanship of the Federal Reserve and continuing today under the leadership of that economic horse's ass, Ben Bernanke -- 25 years of monetary debasement! -- leading to the inescapable conclusion that we should be panicked into buying more gold, silver and oil like all the other intelligent people in history when their economies got as bad as this because their governments got to be as bad as this, and that anybody who says differently is a halfwitted, moron, lowlife, piece of stinking dog turd."

I know what you are thinking, because I was thinking it myself! You are asking yourself "How could anyone vote against such a wonderful proposition to buy gold, silver and oil, as so charmingly and wittily postulated by the Wonderful, Marvelous Mogambo (WMM), unless they were, indeed, a halfwitted, moron, lowlife, pieces of stinking dog turds?"

Beyond proving either that democracy does not always work, or that my kids are a bunch of halfwitted, moron, lowlife, pieces of stinking dog turds, which I have often suspected, this whole sorry episode is but an ugly prelude to the day when they will rue their lazy, selfish, me-me-me-centric decision not to work themselves into early graves for the sake of the family (me).

And it is too bad, too, because on that special day that they will hear the Happy Laugh Of The Mogambo (HLOTM) ringing in their ears because I HAVE been buying gold, silver and oil, like all the other intelligent people that ever existed in the world when their economies got like this because their governments got like this, with or without either the help or approval of any damned kids because, to use a line from Portnoy's Complaint, "The way it works around here, in case you ain't heard, is that I am the boss, and I call the shots!"

Thus, any unilateral decision to buy gold, silver and oil becomes so easy, so obvious and so seemingly guaranteed that you veritably chortle with glee "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"