

At the Store

November 20, 2012

By: The Mogambo Guru

As I stood in the line at the grocery store, I watched the family in front of me, which reminded me of a Norman Rockwell painting; an all-American family, out happily shopping together, what with the mom, the dad, and the two little kids.

As I watched, my heart went out to them, knowing that they had no clue as to the economic cataclysm that is going to befall all of them, especially the cute little kids. So I kindly stepped forward to help them.

I leaned forward towards them and politely said "Pardon me, but I see that you are buying Froot Loops cereal for, I assume, your darling children. And speaking of Froot Loops, did you know that the horrid Obama deliberately deficit-spent a monstrous \$1.5 trillion every year for the last four years, which was on top of the \$2.4 trillion that the government already collected in taxes, fees, expenses, tip, tag and title?"

Well, bless their hearts, they predictably tried their best to ignore me, and I could see them furtively looking around for a way to get away from me. Unfortunately, there were other shoppers in the checkout line ahead of them, blocking their path. And I had cleverly stationed my shopping cart between them and me, both blocking the aisle to prevent their retreat, and (very importantly!) keeping out of range.

In their best interests, I earnestly continued my loud line of highly-instructional questioning by asking them "And did you know that his blithely increasing the national debt by a whopping, eye-watering, gag-inducing, terrifying six trillion bucks in 4 short years is equal to a staggering 40% of our \$15 trillion GDP? That's almost half of our Entire Freaking Economy (EFE)!"

I could feel my panic growing as I continued instructing them "And did you know that it was all outrageously heaped on the aching backs of the 300 million overly-indebted men, women and children living in this country?"

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the store manager coming towards us, huffing and puffing, with that "Oh, no! Not you again!" look on his stupid face.

Instantly I knew that I had to make a crucial tactical decision: Whether or not to abandon my groceries, leap atop the checkout counter, run to the end to make a glorious, fabulous, flying leap towards the door and thus making my getaway, taking my leave with my standard shout of farewell, "Buy gold, silver and oil, you morons!"

To do so, however, would be to suffer the sad, sorry loss of a lot of delicious "buy one, get two free" frozen burritos, and who knows when they are going to have a sale like THAT again? I mean, c'mon! What to do? What to do?

I thought to myself "My time to educate these people grows short if I am to, heroically, before the manager gets here, teach these morons about how the evil Federal Reserve is creating So Freaking Much Money (SFMM) that inflation in prices will destroy those who do not wisely buy gold, silver and oil!"

Quickly, I summed up by saying "And this is just the INCREASE in the national debt to an incomprehensible \$16 trillion, which is already bigger than the aforementioned Entire Freaking Economy (EFE), which comes to a debt of \$53,000 dollars for each of you two adults, and the two little tykes, too, which comes to a nice, round \$212,000 just for YOUR little family. How you like them apples?"

I was hoping they would, at least, enjoy my witty reference to apples as we are in a grocery store.

But no. Seeing that I was getting nowhere with the adults, I turned to the kids and said, "Kids, enjoy that Froot Loops cereal, because soon prices will be so high that you will be eating horrible, soupy, microwave gruel, making the huge assumption that your folks will have a microwave oven and can afford the electricity to cook gruel, unless your parents wise up and start buying gold, silver and oil!"

Just then, the little manager comes storming up and says, predictably, "You again?"

I said "Yes! 'Tis I, The Wise And Wonderful Mogambo (TWAWM), spreading the gospel of TWAWM, namely the revelation to buy gold and silver to capitalize on the guaranteed cataclysmic inflation in prices that you get whenever your idiot government is allowing the Federal Reserve to create so excessively much, so monstrously much, so stupendously much, so impossibly much money and credit. And proud to do so, sir!"

I was thinking to myself, of course, "And there ain't nothing you can do about it, you little bastard who probably has all his retirement funds idiotically 'invested' in common stocks and/or in the most ludicrously overpriced asset of all, namely bonds, and who is going to tragically get The Royal Screw Job (TRSJ) because of it."

The bad news is that the store manager stood there, glaring at me, the whole time I am in his stupid little store, and I am wisely keeping my mouth shut, just in case I put a lot of innocent frozen burritos in jeopardy.

But the good news is not only did I, Mogambo, heroically help a young family with TWAWM, but when their turn soon came to check out, they just pushed their cart out of the way and ran out the door! I was able to start checking out right away! Great!

It just goes to show you one more way, on top of a million other ways, that good things happen to those who buy gold, silver and oil.

And that is, perhaps, also one more reason that people who buy gold, silver and oil say "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"