

# Laughing It Up To Keep From Crying

November 29, 2012

By: The Mogambo Guru

I was taking a much-needed break from keeping an eye on my weird neighbors, whom I suspiciously think are some of the idiots who elected the commie knot-head Obama instead of electing the religious knot-head Romney.

Of course, my heart was with Ron Paul the whole time, who would have been a good president -- perhaps even a terrific president! -- forty years ago when there was still enough time to stop the suicidally-stupid deficit-spending, money-printing, entitlement-creating, government-centric, "impossibly huge government taking care of everyone," typical Democrat horse-crap nonsense.

And maybe back then he would even have gotten get us back on a gold standard monetary system, with no fractional reserve banking allowed, to automatically make the currency as strong as the inflation-free economy, because it would be based, as it should be, on real, sustainable demand, instead of relying on phony government deficit-spending-financed demand, with a crazy Federal Reserve creating the excess money and credit to buy up all the gluttonous globs of government debt.

And, as reasons to print money, let's not forget that Consumer Installment Debt astoundingly went up by about \$250 billion -- a quarter of a trillion dollars! -- over the past year, and that money had to come from somewhere, too!

I mean, it's all freak, freak, freaking me out here! Gaahhhh!

So, I was trying to focus my Mighty Mogambo Mind (MMM) on something new to stop my thinking about what idiots we are and how completely devastating it will be when that far-left Obama (who has horrifically given himself, Stalin-like, the power to order Americans murdered without a trial!) really gets started.

I was thinking of starting a completely new career, never to think of that ugly economics stuff again. Sleep well at night without waking up screaming in fear at the inflationary horror that awaits us, dreaming of devouring demons!

It's that kind of "fear" thing that makes me figure that people would LOVE to have some comedy when the whole thing starts falling apart because the evil Federal Reserve is creating so much, so much, so impossibly much money, and, predictably, inflation in prices is skyrocketing, people are rioting, cities are burning, murderous gangs roam the streets, zombies are eating the dead, aliens from outer space have landed, and blah blah blah. You know.

So, seeing the obvious opportunity, I was considering being a (ta-da!) stand-up comedian!

I had even been working on my new act, as the other choice that occurred to me was "homicidal maniac," instead of being just an irritating, gold-bug, paranoid, angry, cynical old man and all-around nice guy.

And since it doesn't take a lot of planning or training to be a homicidal maniac, I chose that option as my "fallback" position, and was working on my stand-up comedy routine. In fact, I had already written one terrific joke! I was on my way!

It goes, "Why did the chicken cross the road? Because he wanted to get the hell out of this stupid country before the monetary and fiscal madnesses of, respectively, the evil Federal Reserve and the corrupt governments of the federal, state and local varieties destroy our money, the economy, the Whole Freaking Country (WFC), and probably the Whole Freaking World (WFW) with horrendous inflation in prices caused by such irresponsible over-creation of money and debt, all to create a huge, suffocating, government-centric economy, so that you slowly starve to death because you can't afford food.

"But the 'all natural and organic' weight-loss makes looks you look fashionably thin the whole time! Hahahaha!"

After a brief pause, I deliver the boffo punch line, which is "Except for maybe, you know, that part at the end, right before you die, where your bones literally stick through your skin. Hahahaha!"

I deliberately put that "Hahahaha!" at the end so that the audience -- and maybe Jay Leno would be watching! -- would all know that it was a joke, and that they should applaud like maniacs and laugh heartily at this classic Mogambo Dark Humor Of The Damned (MDHOTD).

So you can see that my life was, for a change, working out just fine, and I was really getting into this comedy thing, when I, coincidentally, got a devastating email from Junior Mogambo Ranger (JMR) Paul P, who had written a much funnier original joke.

After the obligatory sniveling and servile salutation "Oh Mighty Mogambo," JMR Paul humorously writes "With the economy being so crappy I have decided to join the army and change my name to Clifford Fiscal. That way, during roll call when they call out 'Fiscal, Cliff', I can yell back 'It's here! Here I tells ya!'"

I, of course, laughed, even as my Mighty Mogambo Heart (MMH) was breaking because his joke was better than my joke, all my plans are for suddenly and cruelly for naught, and I'm actually kind of pissed about it, now that I think about it.

So, I am laughing, sad, and angry, all at the same time. You can see how that "homicidal maniac" idea seems suddenly so easy and natural.

Of course, when it comes to easy and natural, 4,500 years of history says ain't nuthin' easier than capitalizing on these kinds of inflationary idiocies of government: Buy gold, silver

and oil! And keep on buying them, gradually, more and more, month by month. And when any one of them drops significantly in price for no apparent reason, as they mysteriously do from time to time because of all the corruption and manipulation of markets these days, then buy LOTS more!

See? It's easy! Repeat along with me: "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"