

Paper Caper


a True Story

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First Edition: April, 2024

For my daughter Tabby
Told you I write for a living.

Welcome, dear reader, please pull up a chair,
To the great land of Fedville, a rich country where,
The buildings stretch high, and the cars they zoom fast,
And small bits of paper hold futures and pasts.

In Fedville, the bankers with top hats so bold,
Fill up their pockets, with paper they fold,
They whisper a secret, not quiet and not meek:
“Paper is precious! It’s the wealth that you seek!”



But oh, what's this trick? What's the game that they play?
They print lots more paper, all night and all day.
Each minute, each second, and all with no care,
More paper, more paper, fills up the air.

“More paper!” they cry, from their rooftops, they shout.
But the more that they make, the more value goes out.
This paper, once rare, now is common as muck,
And the people of Fedville are losing their luck.



Nobody knew, as they carried their stash,
That paper, their paper, could up in a flash,
Turn from bundles, so heavy, so rich and so thick,
Into mere paper weights, a bank trickster's trick.

And so it began as the bankers watched on,
The value in paper, their paper, was gone,
As Fedville was hurting, each citizen sore,
The bankers they shouted, yet once again, "More!"



To turn less to more, they made more than before,
And they gave all this more, to their friends at the door,
Of their palaces; wealthy from being a friend,
To their friends, with new paper, the bankers said “Spend!”

“Spend! Take this paper and buy Fedville land!
Spend! Do it quickly, before *they* understand!
Spend! Buy up homes, shop, workshop and farm!
By spending this paper, Fedville won't be harmed!”



And it worked in a way, for a year and a day,
'Till a Fedvillan woke, with a start and did say,
"Where is my paper? And where is my home?
Once it was here, but look now, it is gone!"

As his cries of despair, filled the air, and his fear,
For his future, and life of those, whom he held dear,
Others they heard and looked at their OWN lives,
Their wealth was all gone! Their paper was lies!



Nobody could buy, and nobody could sell,
So the bankers they need a new tall tale to tell,
“Oh people of Fedville, we feel your great sorrow!
We’ve plenty of paper here, for you to borrow!”

So the people of Fedville, they queued out the door,
And the bankers made paper – and just like before,
They printed *more* paper, all day, and all night,
And Fedville was saved! *They would all be all right!*



And it worked in a way, for a year and a day,
'Till a Fedvillan woke, with a start and did say,
“Where are my borrowings, where have they gone?
Once I had paper and now I have none!”

As his cries of despair, once again filled the air,
Of his fear for his future, and of those he held dear,
He knew a new fact, he would never forget,
They DID have a something, and that thing was debt!



Poor people of Fedville, no paper to pay,
Looked on as their whatsits got taken away,
Their hoo-hahs, their doo-dahs, their gippity-gees,
In payment for interest, late fines and fees.

And the friends of the bankers, they bought from the banks,
All the doo-dahs and hoo-hahs and whatsits, as thanks,
For the time, that they helped, all the bankers by making,
All farms and all homes, to be theirs for the taking.



The people of Fedville, now less than before,
Less happy, less healthy, less wishing for more,
Work longer for less, and keep less for themselves,
While Fedville itself, is still famed for it's wealth.

It's castles and palaces, bigger than Kingville!
Walls taller than Mountville! Land greener than Greenville!
Where more is much *morer*, and rich is *much richer*,
For bankers and friends of theirs, life is a picture!



It's a thing they can't make, it's a thing they can't fake,
The more paper they print, the more paper it takes,
To buy gold, and so gold, in value it rises,
To own gold, to hold gold - is one of life's prizes!

Had those Fedvillans gold, and not gibbets or doo-dahs,
True wealth they can hold, not those grubbits or hoo-hahs,
The more of the paper the bankers all printed,
The richer the gold would make Fedvillans minted!



But no, as you know, bankers all have a way,
Of making our rulers do just what they say,
Making paper our goal, owning paper our plan,
While they print paper, more paper, quick as they can.

Let the fate of poor Fedvillans, out on the street,
Guide you, holes in their stockings, old shoes on their feet,
Help you not make the choices, they took and they did,
But instead tell the bankers “your paper be rid!”



For it's not just the paper they print, but the price,
Of ALL papery things they control that seem nice,
But look closer, see all paper carries a tell,
If it's made in an instant, it can go fast as well!

Only gold is the answer, it holds its own weight,
A keeper of value, a guardian of fate,
Turn paper to gold, real wealth you can hold,
To a seller of gold, you can tell them it's SOLD!



**So reader, dear reader, I ask this of you,
To share what I say, if you know it is true,
Don't let your friends suffer the might of the banks,
For one day - a soon day - it's YOU they will thank!**



For the Grown Ups

Sadly this story is entirely true.

Fedville is in fact the USA.

To avoid a similar fate to the poor citizens of Fedville, Bullion.Directory has made available a number of gold investment guides from some of America's most trusted gold dealers - and all are completely free of charge.

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