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updates on the insane world of money and power  
*When What Was Once Fiction—Becomes Reality*

In 2017 I self-published a novel, a love thriller, *The Audit*, which was fiction then, but is fast becoming reality. In lieu of an article today, here are some excerpts from *The Audit*. If you want to read my novels/stories/poems, they are posted at: neverhadaboss.com.

Also, after being stuck for months, I found a way forward for my apocalyptic love story, *Hey, Siri*, which I am now forging ahead with (along with articles). Each Sunday you can find my progress at neverhadaboss.com. Corrections/comments are appreciated.

EXCERPTS FROM *THE AUDIT* Page 185: Coming into Yuma, we hadn't eaten and it was now early afternoon. I dropped Rose out front of a truck stop while I gassed the truck. The last four or five stations had been closed. This place wasn't what I was used to—the pumps were padlocked and I had to wait for the attendant to come out to unlock them. Regular was now a flat \$10 a gallon, with a sign—cash or silver only.

“How long have you been locking the pumps?”

“Since yesterday. Twice, cars drove off without paying. Never had it twice the same day. And both those cars headed east—nothing out there for a 100 miles. They're either desperate or not worried because there's no cops, and when there are cops they're not bothering with idiots that don't pay for gas. Two nights ago we were robbed inside—at gunpoint. Now, nobody works here who isn't armed, and women don't work behind the counter without a man back there.”

Over breakfast, I told Rose what I had heard. But I didn't tell her about finding her a new home. Looking around, it was obvious how poorly stocked the place was—most of the shelves were bare. Paying was another problem. With no currency that is trusted, what do you do? My gold and silver wasn't going to last forever. And where would I exchange gold for silver? I had to quit moving—find a place to hold up.

Page 186: What insanity our world has become—with each of us trying to find a seat in the theater of the absurd. It was the Romans who invented credit. The word came from the Latin—trust. Credit has to be backed with something and we'd made a mockery of that. Why does every household need to settle-up with creditors at the end of each month while the government gets to avoid its obligations? Who the hell do they think they are?

Page 186: Tuning up and down the AM band for a song I could sing, I found news at the top of the hour. The banks were to re-open in the morning. Not as the banks they used to be, but as IMF—International Monetary Fund Banks—the monetary propaganda arm for western imperialism. I smiled, thinking back on Paul Wolfowitz, made famous by Michael Moore for putting an entire black, Ace comb in his mouth, wetting it, to comb his hair during 911. Of course, Paul is lesser known for the doctrine that bears his name, wherein, all countries are and will remain vassals to the US.

The news could not be more absurd—the entire broadcast could have been news from *The Onion*. The proposed solutions from the Fed to shore up the economy was like a suggestion to find warmth on a very cold day by peeing your pants—there would be some icy crotches before this was over. What the commentator said, this was NPR, was nothing more than talking points from the government. Nothing was questioned. There was not a shred of investigative journalism. Instead, that saccharine, liberal, hypnotic tone, persuading the listener to continue dozing.

It won't work and I'd been sure they wouldn't do it, but they were finally calling in the cash, with no mention of what this would do to more than a billion people around the world with no bank accounts, people who lived in a shadow economy where paper currency had been king. Without currency they have nothing but barter. They were being re-assigned as outcasts in a medieval caste hell—to starve.

Although China had backed the yuan with gold, the price of which had now risen to more than \$10,000 an ounce, the United States government had only changed its dollar peg for gold, from \$42, to \$900 an ounce,. And no gold, held by U.S. citizens, could be sold to any entity other than the United States Treasury, under penalty of law. It was now illegal to transport gold out of the country—or across state lines. The price of silver was set at \$20 and could be exchanged for IMF notes.

Soon, we cut off 86 and headed for Palm Desert, which had become a more wealthy place than Palm Springs, with lavish developments fanning out east along the mountains. The area still looked prosperous but there was less traffic than I remembered. The ten or fifteen miles between the two cities is indiscernible now from a long affluent strip mall.

But something was different. There were vacant buildings—not just stores and markets. I couldn't remember which auto brands they sold, but several former car dealerships were now empty buildings and lots. When did they go out of business? As things fall apart and buyers stay home, businesses dry up fast. Now, it wasn't just the poor and middle class who were being affected. It was also the rich.

For so long, the markets had one trend—up, up, up. When one pushed a button it was usually the buy button. Buying had been relentless. Now it was sell, sell, sell. Which was equally relentless. Except now, there was no one on the other side of the trade. Now, many would-be sellers were the formerly complacent rich, the same ones who had neither bought gold nor silver because they cared-less, assuming the Fed would always be there to bail them out. They were Fed, trust-fund babies. Only now their default parents were dead. They would not be bailing them out. They would not be buying that new Mercedes!

As Bill Holter reiterates—its all based on credit—and when the credit spigot gets shut down, the game is over. The dollar either disappears or is not accepted in exchange for goods/services. If when that happens, you have no gold/silver—you become a statistic.

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