

“You Gotta Be Kidding Me!”

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The older gentleman almost shouted

“What? That 3 1/4 by 3 inch paper is your retirement portfolio?
You Gotta Be Kidding Me!”

“Nope. Honest to God Uncle. As a matter fact, something you may not realize, but 34,566,000 Americans have that same investment. And it pays off too. Why just last week a guy in Maryland received \$7.4 million from a piece of paper no larger than this. It got more notice on the East Coast than here in the Rockies.”

This began the final segment of the conversation between an elderly gentleman and his distant nephew when they happened to meet here after years of separation.

The Uncle continuing, “Nephew it’s nothing but a lottery ticket! Real investments are made in the building blocks of this great country, factories, banks, industries that make things, serve America, provide profits.”

“I know all that Uncle. I figured it out. My investment removes all middlemen, is computer driven, absolutely honest, involves full disclosure. you know, the very attributes you told me to look for, before I invested a penny.

“Remember Uncle, pennies were hard to get then, and the only thing I could afford then was the Numbers racket. I remember you did the same, invest a penny, win \$6.00. Why I can still recall you bragging to the family when you won \$600.00 on the numbers 678.”

Just a minute Teddy, that was gambling/ O believe I told you so. And it was illegal.”

Well, Uncle, with Uncle Sam the numbers racket is gone, and the government sponsors the same thing, legally. You give them a buck, and they promise millions, guaranteed. They keep some of the money for schools, other goodies.

”The Uncle’s now gentle reply,
“You sure have the gift Teddy; like your Sainted mother.”

“Yes, she did teach me well.

“Continuing Uncle, this is my investment scheme.
I believe the two best investments I’d ever be offered were, Social Security
and any one of the national lotteries. I have faith in both.
You and I know I win every day on Social Security, just as you did Uncle.
You must get a fortune every month, cause you wage
was so much more than mine over your years.”

“Son, I earned that!”

“I know you did Uncle. I’m happy for your luck in living so many years beyond 65.
That was a gamble too.

“Uncle, I plan to win the Lottery. That’s why I buy a ticket. There are millions like
me, every week. Here’s another thing I plan. I will keep one million dollars.
Weekly I take a few minutes to plan how to give the excess away.

“You know that I wouldn’t need that kind of money any more than I need a
second suit. So because I won’t need those dollars, I have favorite charities,
and start to list them with the amount they would receive. The list keeps growing
until the Jackpot comes to one of those guy before me.
I total those sums, toss the paper.

Some totals have been nine figures. Bet you never thought I’d have that kind of
dough. Then I begin a new list, without being corrupted by my earlier generosity.
I can’t tell you how many lists I have destroyed;
the dollars have got to be in the billions.

“In that, and my dream charities Uncle, I sleep well, win or lose.”

After walking a block together in silence they part. The Uncle’s farewell,
“You are a wonderful fool, a son who would make your mother proud.
Pray for me. Good Bye.

“O yes, nephew, I don’t check regularly,
but has anyone won the Powerball recently?
I only check my numbers when I know that there was a winner.”

As they go to separate destinations, Uncle hears his nephew mumble,
“You gotta be kid-din me.”