

Tranzotron¹ and the FED

by Daniel John Sullivan

“We have a remarkable announcement!”,
exclaimed FED Chair Powell,
streaming live before the wanton mongrels,
the numbed worshipers of the Eccles Temple ...

“This TIME IS DIFFERENT! This time we’ll see the coming debacle!”,
the crowd groaned in the shadow of his words.

So much hubris boiling below the concrete,
so many skanks and cruisers with greasy faces,
too many lawyers and losers smelling blood.

The great one spoke,
the land began to shake,
that torrid snake uncoiling and roiling ...

A stroke of good luck had it,
with this NEW-NEWEST announcement,
that all would be well soon!

SOON,
THE TIDES WILL TURN!
SOON,
THE MONKEY HERPES,
burning so awful in our butt cracks,
will relent!

“This is the biggest change in FED management,
if I may be allowed to state this boldly,
in about ... well ... 100 years ...”,
Powell’s crooked smile betrays him ...

1 TRANZNOTRON is a notional measure of angelic gnat shit.

The crowd became silent,
the rain falling was a soft clamber,
a craven thing to watch this sight,
as God above wept for his children,
and the sun turned blue.

“WE HAVE TRANZNOTRON!”

THE EPOCH HAD ENDED, A NEW ONE UNFOLDS!

And in that hush,
a child asked:
“What is TRANZNOTRON?”

“Excuse me,
young kid,
what’s that you muttered?”

Kid: “What is TRANZNOTRON?”
Powell: “Well, it’s a factor of production ...”
Kid: “What does that mean?”
Powell: “It enhances GDP ...”
Kid: “What’s GDP?”

Powell looked towards the guards,
motioned with his hand,
“... take that terrorist away!”
And the nosy kid?
The smart ass kid?
That kid went to the TACO TIME plant.

“Folks, sorry for that, I have some charts and diagrams!”,
Jerome continued on ...

And now the “journalists” began foaming,
glowing with electric fascination,
their tiny brains maxed at 56K speed.

Engaged,
enraged,
energized,
little fecal monkeys ...

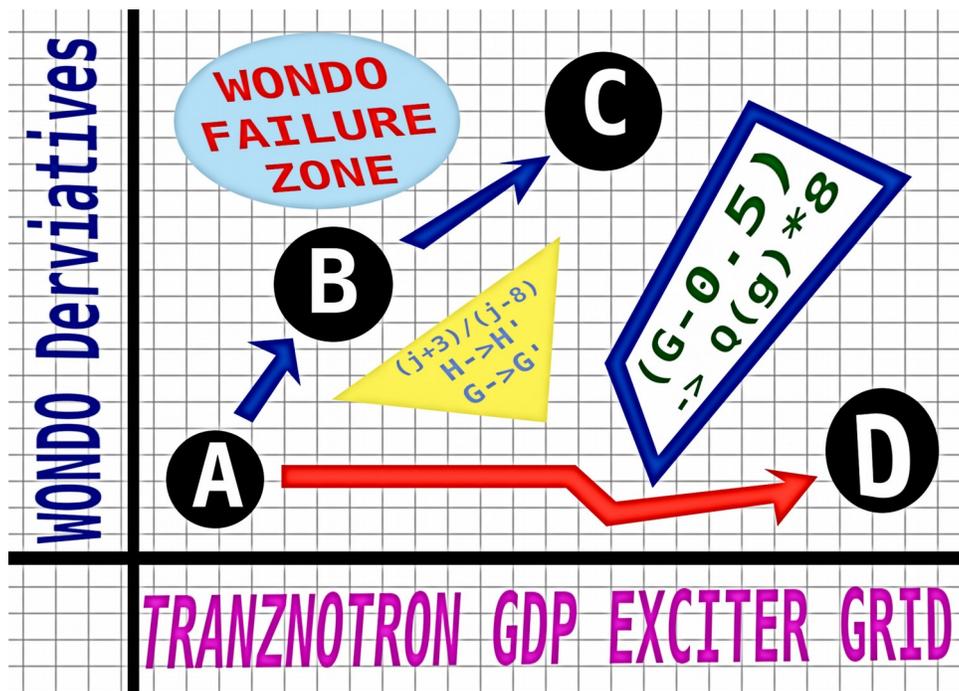
Happening critters,
with cameras and credentials,
gathering knobby grease,
pulling up flowers,
planting weeds ...

Chart 1: **WONDO**² DATA antagonist INFO vs TRANZNOTRON and GDP Growth (WONDO and TRANZNOTRON in notional DOLLARS)

Wondo	TRANZNOTRON	GDP Growth %
233	2	0
454	3	0
564	4	0
1,200	3	1
3,000	6	0
12,384	234	1
32,355	3,424	2
123,999	234,231	9
3,245,352	8,342,894	88

² WONDO: Walking Ontological Negative Dimension Operator - this is the main channel of scoopage.

Chart 2: Visualize WONDO impacts on TRANZNOTRON and GDP via wicked relationships ...



“ALL WONDO and TRANZNOTRON,
per the SCIENCE of the FUTURE,
is assumed to be nominal DOLLARS!”,
JEROME SCREAMED.
He saw some “Karen”,
giving him the stink eye.

... and we continue ...

“As you can see ...”,
and they all looked,
“... the sweet spot is HERE!”

And magical Jerome,
heady and strange,
pointed his skinny finger,
at the highlighted data range ...

“You look at the WONDO derivative belt ...”,

Powell pointed at CHART 2 ...

And they chattered “derivative belt”?
That sounds SLICK!
“It’s so obvious”,
the Wall Street Journal reporter said.

And they whispered ...
“What is this WONDO?”
“Where can I buy WONDO options?”
“WHO IS SELLING WONDO BACKED SECURITIES?”

In those moments,
as the waning sun,
on this dark and dreary day,
slipped lower below the horizon ...

In those crappy scenes,
as jelly-bean astronauts,
and unicycle pony soldiers,
went zooming by ...

As the hiss could be heard,
of the funky folk,
with their N95 masks on ...
AT THAT TIME MY FRIENDS ...
It was the unveiling of one more scam,
one more means of magical **paloofery**³,
another day of deception in DC ...

Catalyst hawks,
fortnight toads,
tremblic bleeders⁴ frantic on their way.
They all saw the burdened man.
They all saw the sawdust pyramid ...

3 Paloofery: when lawyers, or accountants (which are really mathematical lawyers), spin weird sideways stories about incoherent and arcane bullshit ... in the hope that no one can see the mental fart enveloping them.

4 “tremblic bleeders” is another name for an essential worker.

And what of those FREAKS?
THE ESSENTIAL WORKERS?
They spend their days on Tik-Tok,
making videos in scrubs,
dancing and mocking,
awaiting the fall of mankind.

If only the slaves could put down their phones ...
For a second ...
For a brief moment ...
If only they could look up,
towards their direction of motion.

These zombies MIGHT see the sign,
lit LARGE,
in front of them ...

“WOOD CHIPPER: UP AHEAD!”

(but they will purchase WONDO options)

(they will make “markets” with Goldman)