

How I Saved Or Created 4,730,400,003 Jobs

By

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I woke up this morning and stretched my aching limbs. You see, I've been running the chain saw quite a lot recently, bringing in the wood that will keep me from freezing during what promises to be a cold and wet Ozark winter. I engage in this task not just for myself, and not just for the benefit of Boris, my blind and ancient Alaskan malamute. Hardly . . . I am imbued with a much greater purpose, an overwhelming sense of global obligation.

Despite the pain of stiff muscles, I was filled with a sense of joy. You see, as I do every morning, I quickly punched in a few numbers on my official, wind-powered, Obama-brand, stimulus calculator. I realized that by the act of slicing up trees I had saved or created countless jobs. What's more, my trusty Husqvarna chain saw – named Dexter – had furthered this process due to his razor-sharp chain and 46cc engine. Such largesse, the boon to humanity that has come with embracing the mathematical equation for survival bestowed upon us by the anointed Obama (may his feet be clad in slippers of armadillo fur) made me smile.

And yet, such was but the beginning of the warm glow of universal joy that permeated my loins. In the words of John Paul Jones, we had not yet begun to save or create jobs.

The estimated height of the average oak I lop is around fifty feet. In very approximate figures, that would put said oak at about thirty years of age. Now, according to the population division of the United Nations, the world experiences 216,000 births every day, or 78,840,000 births per year. This next part gets a little tricky – it was Barbie who once told us, “Math is hard” - but please try and stay with me.

If we follow the philosophy of Obama that all living things share equally in the global community, and that we must care for Mother Earth in the same way we care for the smelly wino who lives in the oleander bushes behind Billy Ray's Booze, Beer, Bait & Bullet Barn, then each tree in my forest was an active participant in bringing new life into this world. According to the Messiah of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue (or Kenya . . . I always get those two confused) we are all working to redistribute wealth. This statement – if taken, as it must be, in the context of equitable action and reaction - would seem to infer that the burden of effort and responsibility is also shared equally when any wealth is accumulated.

That said, if we accept that it takes two people to create a child, and that the act of creation could be classified as work (after all, one is supposed to love their work) then in thirty years that single tree has shared in the labor (so to speak) of 2,365,200,000 women.

Thus, when I cut that oak, and it came crashing to the ground with a quite satisfying smack, I was transforming its potential, “saved or created” employment energy into kinetic, “saved or created” employment energy. A job crisis? I think not. My contribution in felling that tree translates to jobs (labor) saved or created to the tune of the aforementioned 2.3 billion women. Since men and women in our present culture are deemed equal in all ways, we must double that figure. We must also add myself, Dexter the chainsaw, and the tree itself.

The resulting number, which I have forwarded to Washington DC for public dissemination, clearly indicates that by buzzing up enough wood to keep me warm for a couple weeks, I alone have saved or created 4,730,400,003 jobs. Oh, and I cooked some bacon this morning too. I think we can throw in a few thousand jobs saved or created there. Also, by lying down on my bed, constructed by mattress builders, the roller coaster of saved or created jobs continues to spiral. Just a guess here, but merely by sleeping I saved or created at least a few hundred positions of gainful enterprise.

I am more than proud. I am an American in the age of Obama. By doing nothing, or at least next to nothing, I am helping the people of the world and the planet itself. I am the change I’ve been waiting for. Boy . . . that’s a relief. I’m sure GMAC mortgage will take that into account when I’m late with the check this month.

So, now that you know the true meaning of jobs “saved or created” please give the most exalted President Obama (may his name be praised by dung beetles and prairie dogs) a little bit of slack. Those figures that he tosses out with reckless abandon are not simply figments of his supremely glorious imagination (may it continue to thrive and prosper with Mickey, Goofy, Tinkerbelle, and all the other infidels who will suffer the hellfire of eternal damnation). I want you to be a good little worker-bees, and accept the following figures as gospel.

Cherish Obama for creating thirty jobs costing \$761,400 in Arizona’s fifteenth congressional district, even though the fifteenth congressional district doesn’t exist. Utter his name in hallowed whispers for spending \$34 million dollars on Navajo Housing projects in that same state’s incognito eighty-sixth congressional district, which was apparently smokin’ in the boy’s room when congressional districts were doled out. Drop to your knees in gratitude for the fifteen jobs, costing \$19 million dollars, in a few more non-existent districts in Oklahoma.

Prostrate yourself in appreciation that our Commander in Cheat performed the same gesture in districts yet to be made manifest in Iowa. After all, that last one only cost \$10.6 million, and saved or created thirty-nine imaginary jobs.

The lord high Obama forgets no one, particularly recalling all those people and places that aren't real. Residents who were never born, located in invisible parts of Connecticut, the U.S. Virgin Islands, the Northern Mariana Islands, and Puerto Rico should send up offerings of song, libation, and imitation burnt offerings. In those locales, our feckless leader, and foremost bowing apologist, saved or created jobs by spending the collective sum of \$233.1 million dollars.

Somewhere, in a hollow tree, the Keebler elves are baking cookies with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. They are secure that their jobs have been saved or created, can rest easy while relaxing in the company hot tub and enjoying a quick game of hoops in the government-supplied gymnasium.

Unless, of course, it was their tree I cut down.

In which case the entire theory of jobs "saved or created" just went up in smoke.