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Money: An Autobiography

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Claude M. Riendeau



Money: an Autobiography

Timothy L. Chaffin

Through the years I have fathered many devoted children – some of whom have founded civilizations and ideologies in my honor. I poisoned my brother, much to the dismay of my mother and father; for although he was weak and undernourished, it was believed he could best act in their interest. I patiently watched his slow, cruel death and had no sooner buried him until I was spreading the seeds of a harvest that blooms this very day. The years have passed swiftly and mother and father have grown lax in their business dealings. It is for this reason that I have taken control of the entire business. I occasionally incorporate one of their feeble ideas, so as to not upset their fragile security of mind. It is of no consequence though, for I am in total control with my sons acting as my advisers and the public at my beck'n call, I am assured of limitless power and an undetermined life span.

Having cautiously spun the above web, it is appropriate that I should name those responsible for my attainment of power and immortality.

My mother and father were caring souls who adhered to the fact that they could not be separated. Respectively, they were Society and Enterprise. After years of indecision, they pioneered a settlement which later became known as Economy. A flourishing community, Economy grew on dreams and ideas instituted by my parents.

There was something lacking in the area of organization however, and this was to be compensated for in the birth of two children. The first, my older brother, was born under bad conditions and became a sickly child. His name was Barter and he was well liked by everyone. It was believed he and a friend named Utopia would one day run Economy – but I undermined that foolish belief.

I was born considerably later than my brother, and under better conditions. My name is Money and although I was a robust, healthy lad, I was often taken advantage of. My only true friend was a wise prince who encouraged me to act in my own interest when I gained control of Economy. My parents favoritism for my brother prompted me to kill him. I poisoned him with the brew of self-interest and buried his body far from Economy. I hear his body was stolen by some dark group of fanatics who to this day worship his lifeless form.

In gaining control of the community, I was expected to do the respectable thing and marry. My first wife's name was Heritage and together we had a son – Monarchy. Heritage died shortly thereafter, leaving our young son with no memory of his mother whatsoever. I remarried; this time to a fiercely independent woman named Greed. From her womb came my second son – Capitalism, a fighter and favorite of mine. My third son, Communism, was the bastard result of an adulterous affair with a woman named Sharing, whom I later banished from Economy.

My sons have grown and diversified their interests, but they don't make a move without my say so. We are a close family, with the exception of Communism, who is still bitter over his mother's banishment and has gone in search of her. We keep in touch however, and along with the other members of my family, we have made Economy into a thriving community. My only fear lies in the public's hands. As they now cripple my family with the same poison which I used to kill my brother.