

Title: The Final Plunge! - A GME Story

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Month after month of watching the price of GME shoot up and trickle back down. I have felt the FUD my fellow apes and yet I still bought more, from my little island on the other side of the world. New Zealand.

I feel as though I sit on a playground see-saw, higher up than I started but with my feet still rested firmly on the ground. Occasionally they are lifted slightly, no higher than a tip-toe, only to return comfortably back to their original position. There is no fear here. No doubt in my mind.

Across from me is a porky "Augustus Gloop"-esque fellow, in a cheap suit, suspended a few centimetres above his own side of the see-saw. He is held aloft by an intricate but frail system of pullies and ropes that are already showing their wear. He has fallen so far already. Yet he remains, dangling just above his rightful place on the see-saw, nurtured incessantly by a looming, corrupt shadow of financial disfigurement; donut, after donut, after donut, after donut. Slowly, but surely, he seals his own fate of downwards inevitability with every bite. Each desperate, greedy mouthful increasing his gluttonous mass, causing ever more stress and strain to the already failing system that holds him above me. He does not share his good fortune. I am below him in his eyes.

Though despite this, I do not feel concerned, I smile. For out there somewhere in the vast lands beyond, there is a donut that I can call my own. This donut will not be handed to me, I must seek it out. A special donut. A purple donut. A seat belt for my upcoming journey.

I am certain that when the rusted pulleys and perished ropes that hold his system together finally fail, that greedy bastard is going to plummet earthbound like an overweight sack of mouldy spuds. Driving his side of the see-saw into the ground at the same magnificent speed as the thousand hedgefund bank accounts hitting zero. His forceful descent consequently propelling me skywards to the moon and beyond. I still have no fear, no doubt that my journey towards the land of nanas and tendies will fail, my purple safety belt will keep me safe. Today is the day I finally DRS!

Hold on tight everyone. This move is sure to prompt the short squeeze launch while I wait for my magic letter to arrive in the mail..