

# The Chinese Economy

As requested by the Lady Floria on the twenty third night of March in bequest of Baron Von Munchausen to one the Honourable Hyacinth Dunkley. Being transcripts of some merit.

**Your honourable lady Hyacinth, perhaps you could tell me the story of the time that you gave in, gave blood, gave up the ghost and didn't give a damn. And why that was so important to the national economy of China?**

As you understand red blood is a very valuable commodity in China, because all their blood is yellow.

I was travelling in China, on my way to the New Hebrides. On was on my way to the New Hebrides because I had heard of a particularly voracious and fast racing culture. I was very excited about the idea of, I'd fallen in love with the idea of owning racing vultures. I'd never owned them before.

I found myself in the middle of this great forest of terracota warriors, all standing silent, all staring, until I was in the middle. Then they burst open and from out of their bodies fell all of these bright red sweet potatoes. Red sweet potatoes I was very concerned about: Purple, very nice, white, immaculate to eat. Red concerned me, red being the colour of passion and war, blood and death.

**Captain Sir Robert: Were these the well known sweet potato warriors that fought off the Mongol invasion?**

This was they exactly and what the Chinese had done, was encase them in terracota to wait for the next great invasion to their country ala the English waiting for Arthur to come alive for the next great invasion. How they considered little old me, and my ten thousand servants an army, I'll never know.

I have my reputation and virtue to protect. That's the minimum, really. My mother was quite distressed when I walked out of the house with only ten thousand people.

I realised that I had an amazing opportunity for white and purple sweet potato were immune to the spatula. However, the red wasn't. So a flick of my wrist and a turn of my fingers I had mashed sweet potato from here to Beijing which fed my ten thousand very nicely and meant that the sponge cake in their backpacks were kept for later, which is important. At that point we realised that the Chinese were not impressed that I had mashed all their sweet potato and they were waiting for me, millions of Chinese, in rows.

I gathered my retinue around me and we talked, and discussed and we prayed and I flicked my spatula for inspiration: Nothing. So I decided that the only thing I could do for the sake of my retainers, my men, to ensure they got home to their sweethearts and their family, and to the mines that were depending on them, was to sacrifice myself.

So I put myself before the Emperor of China and told him he could take me and let my men go. That my blood would recompense the sacrifice of his red sweet potato warriors.

**Lady Floria: No doubt, he objected based on the grounds that while red blood was very much in demand in China, your blue blood was dissimilar.**

I have a confession to make. The reason I don't actually have a title is because, my father, was in trade.

**Baronet Clive: I refuse to believe that.**

He was. It's just too dreadful to talk about.

**Lady Floria: Well, this would be why your mother divorced him and married a prince before you were conceived.**

No, he was actually the man who caused the French Revulsion and is responsible for the sweet potato and rabbit crises. So my blood is actually red. The Emperor killed me and my red blood soaked into the soil of China. The spirits of China came to me and raised me up.

The spot where I was raised was now haunted and it became an incredibly important tourism temple.

**Lady Katerina: But how do the sponge cakes fit into this? I remember you were saying how important they were...**

Absolutely, because my faithful men used them to build a bridge. They were all stale and were able to build a bridge and walk from China, saving themselves and continue on to the New Hebrides. I don't know where they are now though.

Baron Celsius: I take you at your word as a noblewoman, well, er, I take your word. And when you say you died, I totally believe you, but you are quite palpably not dead.

As you are being worshipped by people you gain substance and depth. I was in the temple being worshipped by Pythians of China and eventually I regained my physical form. As such I was able to walk along the sponge cake bridge.

**Lady Floria: I understand being reincarnated this way in China automatically endows one with a Dukedom? Because of the clear superiority of the person**

Normally it does, however, while I kept the riches (because who doesn't need riches?) I revoked the title because it involved actually living in China. I'm allergic to MSG and so it was impossible.

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