



FINANCIAL PREPAREDNESS

"One of life's most painful moments comes when we must admit that we didn't do our homework, that we are not prepared." ~ Merlin Olsen

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Buc-ee's Anthropology

I live in [a bubble of nature and serenity](#): a large, gated community in a rural area up in the mountains. It's like a hidden, little-known Garden of Eden, and the closest thing to Galt's Gulch that I know of. The whole world could be going to hell around you and you would never even know it (unless you went online). The people who live here are generally polite and considerate and have their act together. My family often marvels that "We get to live here" (where other people come to vacation), so I seldom see a need for me to leave the place.

When I do have to go out into the real world, however, it's usually a culture shock for me. One of the things that shocks me the most is not just how many people are obese, but the massive size of the most corpulent. (Yes, as someone who once weighed 255 pounds before I [turned pro](#) and realized that carrying a lot of excess fat on my body was deadly, I'm going to "fat-shame.") Now I know what proponents of DEI mean when they complain about how much space white people take up! I'm in awe of how these 400+ pound creatures have thumbed their nose at death and are somehow still alive (and can even move!). I often see whole families of these people sit down in a restaurant. An electronic pacifier is immediately placed in front of all of the youngest kids, and the vast majority of the adults are on their phones, so virtually no one in the extended family is *present*, which must make for a memorable family meal together.

Related to this are how many people I see whose bodies are physically disfigured in some other way (especially in doctors' offices and assisted living facilities). They usually look pale, frail, swollen, lifeless, vacant, and unhappy. Their bodies have consumed a plethora of calories yet a dearth of nutrition. They are often in a wheelchair or a walker or their torso tilts to one side or forward at almost a 90-degree angle. I don't know how they got like that (though I suspect the Standard American Diet, lack of movement, chronic [dehydration](#) and Pharma products played a role), but I want to do whatever it takes to avoid that fate.

Another shock is how “multicultural” the general population appears. In recent years, I've noticed a significant increase in the number of people who are (apparently) Muslim (the headscarf gives it away). I live in a state not known for its south Asian population, but if one went into a local Costco, they might wonder if they were in New Delhi or Islamabad. I remember how, back in the '70s and '80s, when my family would visit the mountains in North Carolina, the locals up in the hollers would refer to us as “foreigners.” The world (including the U.S., thanks to 10-20 million illegal immigrants during the Biden years) has changed. For example, the next mayor of Minneapolis will be [a 35-year old socialist from Somalia](#), and the Democratic nominee for the mayor of New York City is [a 33-year old Marxist Indian from Africa](#).

Recently I had to take a road trip, and when I travel (I basically stopped flying after 9/11, as it's too much of a depressing and dehumanizing security theater), I prefer to stop at [Buc-ee's](#) for gas and a potty stop. Buc-ee's is a Purple Cow (i.e., it's remarkable). Although it's primarily a gas station, you would never know it from its billboards, which merely contain brief, weird or cryptic jokes. They don't need to advertise their gas price because most motorists know that they are well below whatever is the next lowest price around. And each Buc-ee's plaza has many dozens of gas pumps, ensuring that you virtually never have to wait to gas up.

It also has spacious, clean bathrooms that can accommodate a large volume of traffic (though for some reason, there is always a line to get into the ladies' room). The large hallway leading into the bathroom doubles as an art gallery, with American-sized, mostly cheesy works going up to the ceiling.

One of the most remarkable features about Buc-ee's is its large store, which is dominated by its barbecue fare and [branded merchandise](#) (in the photo below, Tulsi Gabbard rocks a Buc-ee's morale patch on her tactical vest). I always see a lot of customers walking out with huge cups of soda and large bags of food. I'm sure that after a long day on the road, a [CAFO](#) meat sandwich drenched in high fructose corn syrup sauce all chased down by 32 ounces of fluoridated water with artificial sweetener really hits your spot. I've never perused the wares on display (my goal is to efficiently navigate the gauntlet of self-awareness-challenged customers coming at me from all directions so I can get to the bathroom and back on the road as soon as possible), though they must be more remarkable than the typical Chinese-made truck stop merchandise, as most customers seem enthralled.



Most of the customers are obese, pale, pierced and tatted up, underdressed, in need of a haircut and a good shower, move without purpose, and seem like they would have below average IQs. Generally, they look like they're in the shallow end of the gene pool. As I make my way through this mass of mediocrity, I often remind myself that these people are not just my fellow citizens, they are also the electorate, which leaves me quietly horrified. And these people aren't even in the lowest socioeconomic tier of society, as they can

afford to own and drive a car. People who fly are probably a bit more affluent, but probably not too culturally different.

In conclusion, if you haven't yet experienced (because it is an *experience*) Buc-ee's, I recommend you do so the next time you see one. You'll love the gas prices and bathrooms, and the clientele are a fascinating case study of the continuing decline of our civilization.

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