

Bunker had always suspected his brother of not being very bright. Which is why he was all the more taken aback by Herbert's brilliant idea. Herb had never been one for business, and the family tried to steer him away from their dealings as much as possible. To avoid a petty uprising on his part, they indulged his every whim. It was disgusting, frankly. Various stints at some of the better educational establishments in the State, megalomaniacal decorating tastes, and now these dumb emus that he had imported from Australia. He didn't even breed them. Just sat in his chair and stared out the window at them for several hours a day. On this particular morning, Bunker watched his brother absentmindedly chew on a piece of toast while he mused over those ridiculous-looking creatures. Bunker muttered to himself and picked up the paper that had just been delivered. He sat down to his coffee and examined the day's commodities prices. The family had recently expanded their dealings to grains, and their position was not looking good. Soft commodities. Bunker hated being beholden to uncontrollable elements such as the weather. Just thinking about it gave him a headache. He decided to engage his brother in some small talk instead. "So Herb, what do you wanna do today?" Herbert looked up from his emu watching, pondered his toast and said "Let's buy ourselves some silver".