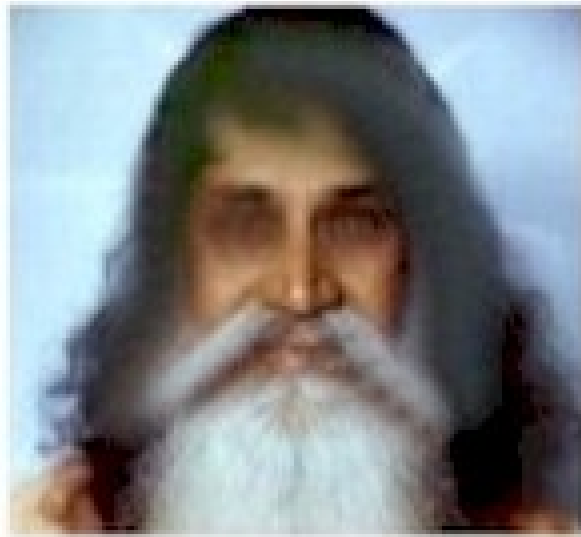


# The Enlightenment ! Complete





# The Enlightenment ! Complete

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Information concerning the publication of this book can be obtained by contacting the  
author at [moojhead@gmail.com](mailto:moojhead@gmail.com).

The Official Mooj Website is [Mooj.com](http://Mooj.com).



# FOREWORD

I forget exactly when I received *The Enlightenment* in the mail for the first time. I just threw it away. I wasn't a subscriber, nor was I into all that new age self enlightenment collective consciousness mumbo-jumbo. Besides, I never even heard of **Guru Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba** (popularly known as **The Mooj**). I had no idea why "He" would be sending me newsletters.

Month after month Guru Mooj's *Enlightenment* newsletters continued to arrive in my mailbox and I, regrettably, threw them away too. It wasn't until early 1999 that I actually read one and, much to my amazement, found that *The Enlightenment* was the most wonderful thing I had ever read! Guru Mooj turned out to be someone I could totally believe in. I became His devotee instantly and remained loving and loyal to the bitter end.

Contained in this book are all *The Enlightenment* newsletters known to exist. I wish I could have included some of the earliest ones; but, like I said before, I threw most of mine away. If you have any of the ones that are missing please send them to me and I will add them in later editions.

It is important that you realize before reading this collection that Guru Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba was a real person and His adventures were true. I only met Him once and it was enough to last a lifetime. May he rest in peace, wherever he is.

-an anonymous minion



# The Enlightenment!

Vol. III No. 2, February 1999

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 1999 by Mooj Publications. Published monthly or thereabouts. Annual subscription rates: US \$27; Canada \$37; elsewhere \$57. All material in this newsletter is written by and for devotees of **Sri Swami Mujaputtia Umbababaraba** (affectionately known as The Mooj by his followers). If you would like to be included on His mailing list, please send your name, address, and a large donation (cash only please) to "The Mooj," Inmate Number 45-4578, Chester County Jail, East Chester, PA 19382. All donations kept confidential. The Mooj is an equal opportunity Swami.

**First Things First:** Greetings, my many beloved minions! Welcome to yet another thrilling edition of *The Enlightenment!* This, as most of you know, is the official newsletter of The Guru Mujaputtia Umbababaraba community. It is written by and for my many happy devotees and is available to anyone wishing to obtain one.

The other day as I was meditating I reflected not on the misery of my unjust incarceration, but on how wonderful it was that even though I am stuck in this filthy God-forsaken hellhole, I am still able to share my wisdom and enlightenment with all of you. Who cares if prison walls divide us? These walls, though tall and rugged, are not enough to keep us apart! If only I could hug all of you. Actually, come visit me on visitation day next month and I will.

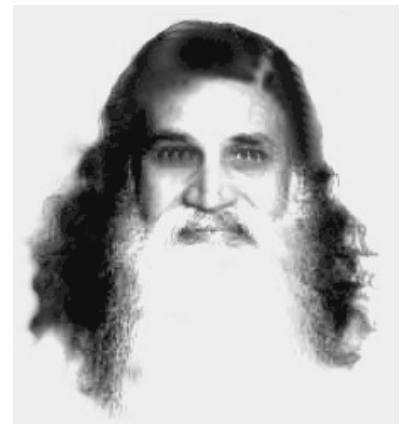
Wonderful News! I have just learned from devotees living in the Sturgeon Falls area of Quebec that I have been selected as their town's prospective Grand Marshal for the upcoming Canadian Multiculturalism Day Parade. I'm not sure if I must be there in person or not. If that is the situation then I will not be able to attend. In any case I will send a full length poster of myself posing with one of my really enlightened looking gazes for them to use as they see fit.

While this thought is fresh in my head I must ask a favor. Would the person or persons continually sending me fruit baskets please stop? I welcome this noble act of generosity; however, as stated in last month's newsletter, I *cannot* accept food items from the outside world. The warden tells me that I get anywhere from three to four fruit baskets a day from my many loving minions. After admonishing me about Chester County Jail regulations, he then restricts my TV privileges. Normally I wouldn't care

except that it's NASCAR season. So please, friends, whoever you are, stop sending me fruit baskets!

With all introductions being concluded it is now time to begin our wholesome and enlightening newsletter.

This month we have lots of wonderful stuff, including our usual Mooj Mail Bag, a truly wonderful poem, a story, many new minions to welcome, a quiz or two, and my usual Enlightened Thinking essay. Come, let's begin reading together!



Have an  
*"Auto Body"*  
Experience

Bosco Brothers  
Auto Wrecking  
W. Chester Pike, Darby, PA

Mooj Minion Discount!

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# Mooj Mail Bag

As we do each month, let's begin first by reading and reflecting on the mail sent in by my many happy devotees and friends. If you would like to ask for guidance or seek a blessing, send your letter to the address listed above. Please, no fruit baskets!!!

Bubbaji,

I am humbled as I write this letter. How I long to come and touch your feet, Divine Guru. The next time I'm in Chester County and it coincides with one of your visitation days I will. To be honest I tried to visit you last month but you spent your whole visitation day doing conjugal visits. But, anyway, that's not why I am writing. Here's my question: I read somewhere that you gained your enlightenment by being struck by lightning. And then, elsewhere, I read that you became enlightened while being caned in a Singaporean prison. Which is the Truth, o humble Guru? Can I gain this kind of enlightenment, too, without so much pain?

Ramoo Rahul Kaloo (minion 669)  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

**The Mooj Answers:** My, *beta!* Enlightenment is not gained outwardly but is received from within. And it shall be for you, too, my *mera nashila yaar*. All you have to do is begin your journey. Look onward, brave soldier of truth! Do you see the path that stands before you? It is the one that has been trampled down by others seeking truth and wisdom. But beware! There are many paths to choose from. Some crisscross and wind back and many end up in utter disappointment. But if you remain true to your purpose in life then the path you have chosen will always be correct. It is your *dharma* to begin this journey now! One step. Then another. Baby steps at first perhaps. That is it. Keep walking. Good. Now walk faster. But don't just focus on the end of the journey. Look around you! The path toward enlightenment is surrounded by things that are just as important as what lies at the terminus. Oh, and another thing, *what is all this crap about me being in a Singapore prison?* Who is spreading these lies? I was never in a Singapore prison. I was only held for questioning in regard to a matter of minor importance and was cleared of most charges pending against me.

Sri Mooj Uncle,

I have followed your teachings for many years and I still haven't found a good way to explain to my friends and family why I give all my money to some guru in jail. Can you help me explain this? First of all, maybe you can tell me why you're in jail. It might help to win friends and family over if I could at least answer that question. Thank you in advance for your help!

Seth Karamchand (minion 405)  
Cuddapah, India

**The Mooj Answers:** Is it not better to ask why a soul yearns for fulfillment? Is it not better to ask why a heart yearns for love? Is it not better to ask why a mind yearns for wisdom? These, my *mera daru peene walla*, are the type of questions you should be asking. How and why some poor Servant of Mankind is being held captive within the heartless legal system of American injustice is unimportant. Asking unimportant questions will lead only to unimportant answers. I will meditate and fast for you, such that those that call you friend and family will likewise be enlightened. I will also abstain from drinking that prune juice concoction that my cell mate is currently fermenting in our toilet to help you focus better on what is most important in life. I suggest you abstain from all vices as well. *Dil kah bhanwar kare pukar!*

---

Dearest Mooj *Bhyai-ji*,

I am old and feeble in my ways. I need some holistic medicinal advice. Since you are my guru I trust only you. Can you recommend a good organic stool softener?

Most Humbly,  
Nargis Waheeda (in need of constipated relief)  
Regina, Saskatchewan

**The Mooj Answers:** *Bahhanan-gee*, I welcome your medical question. But, be forewarned! I am not a medical practitioner in the liberal sense. I help people heal their minds and souls rather than their bodies. But you cannot have one without the other. Your problem is a minor one at best. It is understandable that when one ages one seeks comfort in sitting. To soften your stool I suggest you



place a pillow or pad on the stool before you sit down. Or, perhaps, instead of sitting on a stool or chair, why not just sit on comfortable pads that are laid upon the floor? That is what I do.



[Entire letter omitted due to vulgarity.]

Budh Malhotra  
New Delhi, India

**The Mooj Answers:** The great poet *Parseval* once wrote that a fool cannot be expected to drink from the fountain of knowledge without getting his lips soaked. This is as true today as it was in the late 1500s when *Parseval* was conducting his math and poetry experiments. Concerning your letter, my vulgar friend, I am sorry that you feel this way about me, my followers, and this newsletter. My staff assures me that you were removed from our mailing list months ago. But, to be honest, a man with such anger in his pen must also have anger in his *atman*. Not anger toward others, perhaps, but anger at himself. Thus, it would be wrong of me to abandon you when you need me most. So I will keep mailing you this and other enlightened publishings for your own good. I will also send you an official Mooj minion coffee mug and tote bag. I do this because I care.



Most Gracious Swamaji,

Normally I wouldn't ask you for such a thing but I just learned that my eldest son was accepted to college. He is the first person to go to college in my family. I am so proud but I am poor. I would hate to tell my son that he cannot go to college because I cannot pay for it. So here's what I propose, gracious swami. If you told me who wins this year's Super Bowl I could place a bet and use the winnings to pay for both my son's college and then donate the balance to your Ashram Building Fund. How's that sound? Others out there who would also like to contribute to this noble cause may do so by sending a check or money order to The Katmal Chopra College Fund, c/o Passaic County Community College, One College Boulevard, Paterson, NJ, 07505. We must never let a man's dream of being educated die for lack of want!

Madan Chopra (minion 740)  
Patterson, NJ

**The Mooj Answers:** *Baazi!* Under most circumstances I would never allow my enlightened visions to be used for the ill-gotten gains of gambolic vice. However, I am a strong supporter of education no matter how trivial it may seem. That is why I act against my better judgment and say that I do envision this year's upcoming Super Bowl.

It's a good one, too. There will be lots of touchdowns and interceptions. Part of my vision makes sense because I see the Denver Broncos there. They win by at least two touchdowns. But the other part of my vision doesn't make any sense at all because no matter how hard I meditate and try to focus on who the other team is, I see the Atlanta Falcons. It is absurd I know. Your best bet is to just place your money on The Broncos without being too specific. Although this information is for Madan Chopra's use only I see no harm in allowing others to use it if they realize the source of their great bounty and contribute to my good works accordingly.



Sri Mooj Babba-loo,

I am in love with Bhola Singh. He is a boy in my village. But my father has arranged my marriage to Karorilal Funtoosh. I hate Karorilal Funtoosh. He is old, smelly and ill mannered. What should I do?

Belu Khopra, age 16  
Dakshin Pradesh, India

**The Mooj Answers:** *Dil Deewana! Curse these damn prison walls!* Oh, my *beti chhoti*, how I wish I could come and stand at your side while together we fight for harmony and justice. Just as the Punjab is crossed by five mighty rivers would the five mighty fingers of my hand close to make the mightiest fist to bludgeon all that stands in the way of true love! I don't mean this literally, of course, because you can't really fight your parents. They have clothed and fed you and taken care of all your needs. They ask only that you respect and obey them. So what is the big deal? Besides, what do you know about love? You're only 16.



Mooj,

I have no idea who you are but I saw a guy wearing a rainbow wig on TV last week during the big game and he was holding a sign that read "Free The Mooj." I was curious and made a few calls and learned about your plight and struggle to enlighten people. Count me in, brother!

Dr. Peter Boyle  
Philadelphia, PA

**The Mooj Answers:** Yes, it is an honorable thing you do by coming to the aid of those who struggle for self realization. But, sadly, when I opened the envelope containing your letter the donation you enclosed had gone missing! I can only hope that it was pilfered on this end and not by you.

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Hey Nostra-dumb-ass,

You're pretty clever sitting there in your cell interpolating people's dreams and such. I had a real weird dream last night. Maybe you can help me figure out what it means. There's this guru-like fat guy sitting in jail. He's big and hairy. He runs this scam Enlightenment newsletter that takes lots of money from unsuspecting idiots. What does my dream mean?

"King Latifah"  
Chilliwack, PA

**The Mooj Answers:** Far away in the village of *Simlachhota* arrived two shoe salesmen. When these salesmen saw that no one in the village wore shoes, the first of the two *shoe-wallahs* thought: "This is dreadful! These people don't wear shoes so how can I sell them any?" But the second *shoe-wallah*, a more enlightened chap, thought: "How wonderful! None of these people have shoes yet so look how many I can sell!" You, my *kathor nila kurta*, should be like the second *shoe-wallah* not the first! This is what your dream is telling you!

---

Dear Bubbaji Mooj,

Okay, say a friend of mine is totally in love with this guy. He teases her a lot and treats her differently than everyone

else he knows. Everyone else thinks he's this tough person. But with her he doesn't even swear. She thinks he likes her and with good reason, too! But when she tells him how she feels he gets weirded out. He says that he likes her a lot, but just wants to be friends before they jump into anything deep. He says that he's not saying he never wants to be with her, but he just doesn't want to rush things. What I want to know is if there will ever be a chance for the two of them to get together. His birthday is August 7, 1983 and hers is November 3, 1982.

Julie Tam, age 17  
Toronto, Canada

**The Mooj Answers:** The great pundit Guru Dutt once said that love is like a multiple colored sunrise. It fills your senses with splendor, bewonderment and joy. But soon it festers into daylight—where, perhaps, clouds may gather and storms may wail. But with patience comes again another sunset; and with it, perhaps, more splendor of joyous wonder. Or maybe it's the other way around and starts off like a sunset followed by the blackness of night which is then enlightened again by sunrise. No, I was right the first time. It wouldn't make much sense if it went sunset/darkness/sunrise. But then again it doesn't make much sense being sunrise/daytime/sunset either. To be honest I never cared much for Guru Dutt and that whole sunset/sunrise allegory.

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## Poetry Corner

Be it known to all that **The Mooj Poetic League** is still collecting poems for this year's Annual Poetry Showdown. So far only six poems have been submitted. That's nothing to be proud of, my many poetic minions! And, without sounding too pompous, might I add that most of these recently submitted poems were awful (or marginally awful at best). It would almost seem as if people thought this poetry contest was a joke or something. My hope is that it is not.

Yesterday, however, I received a videotape in the mail. At first I thought it was one of those love offering tapes I get from my many naughty female admirers. But it was even better! It was a videotape from Ollie Khan of Mangalore,

India. In it he performs his latest interpretive dance poem. Does this chap sound familiar? He should if you have been a loyal subscriber! Yes, indeed, this is the same Ollie Khan that won **Minion of the Year 1997!**

For this month's poetry feature I will describe what was shown on the tape. I will have to make some adjustments, however, since the performance was recited in *Munda*, a Mon-Khmer dialect spoken principally in Eastern India. Portions of the poem were also orated in *Greek, Santali, Latin, French* and *Bengali*. I assume this was for artistic embellishment since it wouldn't make much sense to do so otherwise.

## ***Main Apka Gana Sunana Chahti Hun!***

(In English this means something along the lines of "Listen Whilst I Sing about my Pain.")

---

The poem begins with Ollie Khan walking onto a brightly lit stage.  
He shields his eyes from the light and then kneels down.  
He then shouts loudly:

**"Woman!"**  
**"Man!"**  
**"Pain!"**

(These, of course, are translations.)

Then Ollie Khan stands up, does a kick, and then begins disrobing.  
Next he stands there naked, exposed ...  
His arms and legs stretch outward.  
He speaks again. This time in a softer voice:

**"Ice!"**  
**"Fire!"**  
**"Pain!"**

Now Ollie Khan takes a golf club and begins hitting himself over the head with it while kicking and turning in circles.  
Now he speaks, yet again, even more softly than before:

**"Thirst!"**  
**"Hunger!"**  
**"Pain!"**

Ollie Khan then does one last kick, falls down and crawls out of view of the camera.  
Off stage you can hear him whimper and moan in pain.  
Then the camera is turned off.

Now that was a poem! I'm almost speechless just thinking about what it all must mean.

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## **New Minions**

Many new enlightenment-seekers have joined The Mooj Family of happy minions this month! Below is a summary of their application data. To eliminate any conflict of interest or suggestion of favoritism be it known to all that I abstain from choosing my new minions. Prospective minions are selected by a panel of peers (bylaws and meeting notes of this complicated process are kept confidential). If you would like to become an official minion, write for an application. If you would rather just buy a Mooj minion T-Shirt and pretend you're a minion, that's fine, too.

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### **MEET MINION # 1452**

Name: Brian "Big Boy" Berkowitz  
From: Tempe, AZ  
Occupation: Graduate Student Researcher  
Age and Sign: Pisces, age 25

Education: I am working on my PhD. at ASU.  
Height: 6-4  
Weight: 375  
Hair Color: Red  
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was in an amateur adult video called *Big Boys Gone Wild: Spring Break Bananas III*. God help me if my mom ever finds out!

Minion Application Essay:

The Mooj experience is about erasing one's material attachments to the world and putting them in a place that can only be reached when The Mooj comes with you. That's why I am now wire transferring all my wealth to The Friends of Mooj Society. Most people read this newsletter and skip over the important stuff to read the stories and poems. I used to be like that until one day I was watching Beavis and Butthead and an electric arc came from my TV and struck me in the head. I lay there unconscious for what seemed like hours. But it was like I was conscious at the same time because, though I couldn't move, I could hear children playing in the street outside, birds chirping in nearby trees and an ice cream truck drive by. I felt so at peace and didn't want to ever be disturbed again. Then my roommate came home, found me, and gave me CPR. I was sad to be brought back to life and thought that, perhaps, I may never feel so tranquil and numb again. Then I found you Mooj and my head is numb again. It's like Nirvana, dude!

**MEET MINION # 1453**

Name: Stacey Kendal-Hoffman  
From: Canoga Park, CA  
Occupation: I work in the medical profession  
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 35  
Education: I am a graduate of The Bryman School  
Height: 5-5  
Weight: 100  
Hair Color: Ash Blond  
Eye Color: Green

Something Special about Me:

Something about me? Hmm. This is really a difficult question because one can ascertain the depth of the sea but never the depth of a human heart. I guess the best thing to say about myself is that I am buxom, beautiful, bilingual and proud to be part of the *free-trade-uber-alles* crowd.

Minion Application Essay:

When I was growing up my phone number was 867-5309 and my mom could never figure out why we got so many calls asking for Jenny. I knew the answer but I pretended that I didn't. It was as if I had superior knowledge and it gave me power. Absolute power! Day after day my mom would go crazy when the phone rang, she'd answer it, and some idiot would sing, "*Jenny don't change your number - eight six seven five three oh nah-eeh-ah-ine.*" I just sat there all powerful, all knowing, and all wise as my poor mom became more and more confused and tormented. I was like you, Great Swami!!! Finally my mom had the number changed and I lost this power. It was a very sad

day in my life. So sad, in fact, that I never recovered. If I was made a Mooj minion it might make me happy again.

**MEET MINION # 1454**

Name: Stevie Owens  
From: Philadelphia, PA  
Occupation: None  
Age and Sign: 30, Libra  
Education: None  
Height: 5-9  
Weight: 150  
Hair Color: Brown  
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

i am homeless

Minion Application Essay:

i have no idea who you is or what you does. all i knows is i was standing on a street corner and this guy comes up to me and asks me to get into his car. he took me to a fancy resteraunt and gave me a big steak dinner. he then give me some money for cloths and a motel. all he wanted in return was that i fill out this application and send it in. he even give me the \$75 fee. i figures i can do that since that guy was so nice.

**MEET MINION # 1455**

Name: Kelly Torres  
From: Taft, OH  
Occupation: I work in the county tax assessment office  
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 29  
Education: BA from OSU  
Height: 5-5  
Weight: 135  
Hair Color: Black  
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I am currently dating a man who just might be the biggest moron in the world.

Minion Application Essay:

We live daily with violence, hatred and intolerance. That is why I follow The Mooj. He teaches us peace and love. And from what I hear he's got a decent size tally-whacker, too!

**MEET MINION # 1456**

Name: John J. Hollow  
From: Darby, PA  
Occupation: Car salesman  
Age and Sign: Taurus, age 41  
Education: Haverford High, class of '77  
Height: 5-10  
Weight: 190

Hair Color: Bald  
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

Many years ago I found myself traveling in another dimension. All my matter turned into antimatter and I became totally invisible. I could see the world but it couldn't see me. So I did what any other red blooded American high school kid would do and went into the girl's locker room. About ten minutes into my eye-popping excursion I sensed that my antimatter was starting to turn back into matter so I ran as fast as I could towards the exit. As I ran I tripped on a bar of soap and fell and hit my head on a bunch of lockers. When I came to Mrs. Reynolds (the girl's PE coach) was standing over me. She took me by the arm to the principal's office and I wound up getting suspended for two weeks (but it was worth it).

Minion Application Essay:

Well, swammy, what can a man say at a time like this? I mean really. You want minions... I want to become a minion .... So it's pretty much a done deal, right?

**MEET MINION # 1457**

Name: Chandrachur Singh Govinda  
From: Fullerton, CA  
Occupation: Engineer  
Age and Sign: Leo, age 44  
Schooling: IIT (BSEE)  
Height: 182 cm  
Weight: 80 Kg  
Hair Color: Brown  
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

Among my most prized possessions is a big ribbon that says: "I made a Pig of Myself at Farrell's." I got it by eating a giant trough of ice cream when I first came to America. I am single. I hope to meet "Mrs. Right" one of these days, if and when she becomes available. Hopefully she has big *putalis* and a nice round *thodi*. It wouldn't hurt if she could cook, either.

Minion Application Essay:

I see that this minion application thing says I need to write a 500 word (or less) essay. I don't think I can. I'm too tired to think. Perhaps I'll just enclose another \$50 along

with the \$75 application fee and see if that helps facilitate things. Oms to you, great Swami Mooj, whoever the hell you are!

**MEET MINION # 1458**

Name: Jessica Maria Franco  
From: Garden Grove, CA  
Occupation: Receptionist  
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 32  
Schooling: I went to Edison High School  
Height: 5-6  
Weight: 125  
Hair Color: Brown  
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

My mom thinks I am one of Screamin' Jay Hawkins' illegitimate children.

Minion Application Essay:

Mooj, I love you. Want to know how much? I tattooed your face on my butt (see attached photo). I would do anything to become a minion. Come visit me and find out!



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# Storytime!

**Not many** of you enjoyed last month's story by minion 1209 (entitled "Fist of Joy"). To be honest I thought it was rather awful myself. That is why it pains me to have to submit you to another minion 1209 story (entitled "Fist of Joy, Part II"). Sadly, this was the only story sent in this month and so we have no choice but to include it since I am too languid to write a story myself.

**Oh wait!** Someone just informed me that another story was just submitted! How grand! It's from our old pal Larry Kenwood, a.k.a., minion #1119! Larry usually sends in good stories. I haven't read this latest one (below) and will just have to trust that it meets with our usual high standards.

## The Stranger Who Was I

On January 12, 1965 I was sitting on a bench waiting for the bus. That was a special day for me because it was my 16th birthday. Back then I went to a private school and had to take the public bus. Since I lived far from school I had to be at the bus stop by 6:30 a.m. each morning.

That morning was like most others as far as I can recall. There were few people out and hardly any cars driving around. The streets were pretty much deserted.

Then out of nowhere a man came and sat down beside me. I was surprised since I didn't see or hear him approach. He said nothing and just sat there. The man looked so familiar that I couldn't help but stare at him. Finally he turned to me and said, "Happy birthday, Larry!"

"Thanks," I said and then asked him who he was.

"I'm you at age 50," he said. I was silent.

"So you don't believe me?" he said, "then I'll prove it." He then began rambling off stuff that only I could know; stuff that I never told anyone. Some of it was really private.

"You see .....", the old man continued, "when you're older, your fiftieth birthday to be exact, you will be granted a special wish. Your wish will be to travel back in time to give yourself advice when you are young."

The old man continued, "Now listen, we don't have much time. So here's what you need to know: Don't worry about anything. Everything will turn out okay. Never take the easy way out of anything and always push yourself to do better. Study hard in school and always challenge yourself. Don't be afraid to take chances in life but don't do anything foolish. And above all, don't ever do anything that is unethical or illegal. Trust in yourself. And, above all, trust mom and dad because they know what they're talking about. And, what the hell, when you start earning money don't spend it foolishly—instead, buy stocks in companies that make computers and electronic things."

Then before I knew it the bus came screeching to a halt and its door swished open in front of me.

"Are you coming aboard or not?" yelled the driver. I snapped out of my daze and stood up. The old man was gone. Was I dreaming?

As the years wore on I couldn't help but notice that I began to look just like that old man at the bus stop. I knew then that it really was me that came and sat next to me on the bench.

Tomorrow I turn 50. I'm wondering how it is that I get granted that special wish to travel back in time so that I can talk to myself when I'm 16. I'm not even sure what I will say to myself this time. It'll probably be the same stuff I told myself back in 1965.

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# Keystone Trivia!

(Sponsored by the The Historical Society of Pennsylvania)

**The Mooj Pennsylvania Heritage Trust** (same mailing address as this newsletter) is pleased to announce that the winner of last month's Keystone State Trivia Contest was Kharab Chakarborty of Schuylkill Township, PA. Young Kharab is only six years old. Boy, what a smart little fellow! The first person with the correct answers to this month's quiz will win a Black Banana Club T-Shirt (I have no idea where the Black Banana Club is but someone sent it to me and it doesn't fit). Here's The Quiz:

1) T or F: Delaware County, PA split from Chester County, PA during the War of Northern Aggression because the people in Delaware County refused to serve under that evil tyrant Abraham Lincoln.

2) At the top of City Hall in Philadelphia is a statue of William Penn. Whose statue was up there first, before it was replaced by the pompous William Penn?

3) Which of the following beers was called "Raging Fire Water from Hell" by infamous Susquehannock Chief Blackhoof: Schmidts, Ortliebs, Ballantine or Yuengling?

4) King of Prussia, PA was not named after the King of Prussia. So who was it named after?

5) T or F: Forget Pat's or Geno's. You want the best cheese steak in Philly go to the snack bar at the Franklin Institute.

**Mooj Note:** The above questions were collected from various unreliable sources and so I have no idea if they can be answered or not. The truth is we here at *The Enlightenmet* could care less about Pennsylvania history. The only reason we address it is because we accept grant money from the The Historical Society of Pennsylvania under the guise of educating people about Pennsylvania history. I suspect they have no idea who we really are or what we're really using the money for. Since it would be bad karma to just take the money we at least do this.

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# Enlightened Thinking!!

Whenever I sit down to write and edit one of these newsletters I put aside a large margin of time for a feature I like to call **Enlightened Thinking**. Each and every subscriber to this fine upstanding newsletter knows that when he or she reads this newsletter, he or she will become a wiser, more enlightened person because of it. And most importantly those that call me Swami know that the meat of what wisdom I shall dole out each month is found here. This is where the rubber meets the road. This is where it all comes together. **This, my multitude of minions, is why you have chosen me as your Guru!**

I don't mind if you skim the Mooj Mail, brush over minion-submitted poetry and stories, lightly touch upon other topics—**BUT ALL**, each and every one of you—must know that when you reach *this* portion of the newsletter, this is what really matters. Who cares about minions and their problems? Who cares about stupid stories and ridiculous poems? It is for my **Enlightened Thinking** that you support me as your guru, mentor, and guide along the troubled path of self-realization. This, here and now, is why you fork over your hard earned money to keep me fed and thinking. This, my humble minions, is where you learn what it means to be Mooj-like. Where you learn what it means become one with The Mooj. *Where you learn what it means become Mooj enlightened!*

But, then again, I am a busy guru and so I didn't actually get around to writing my **Insightful Thinking** essay this month. I will try to write something next month.

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# Final Thoughts ...

Okay, that about sums it up for this month. I have already begun working on next month's newsletter and I can safely say it should be a little more enlightened than this one.

Blessings and such,

મજપતી ઉમવાબારાવા

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