
The Enlightenment !

Vol. IV No. 1, January 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 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 Umbababbaraba** (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," c/o The Worthy Family, Bird-in-Hand, PA. All donations kept confidential. *Ense Petit Mooj Placidam Sub Libertate Quietem!*

Hey, Mooj Heads ... It's 2000 and, hence, time for a whole new volume of Mooj newsletters. Those of you whom have remained loving and loyal toward me over this last year know exactly what to expect (as far as my newsletters go anyway) and all that I can say about that is sorry. I will try to do better. Yes, even the humble and all-knowing Mooj knows crap when he sees it and, yes, as painful as it is for me to admit, the last few issues of *The Enlightenment* (all of Vol. III to be more specific) have been pretty lacking as far as self-realization and inner holistic type stuff is concerned. I could blame others but because these are *my* newsletters and *I'm* the editor I feel that the brunt of the blame should rest upon my shoulders. Lance Worthy probably deserves some of the blame, too.

What will I do different this year? Probably not a whole-hellava-lot. After all, I'm a fugitive from justice and living naked in the Mississippi jungle. Things really couldn't get much worse for me. But that shouldn't defray from my duties as your guru. Thus, I will make a better attempt to get this newsletter and my life back on track.



Okay, so why the format change? As you may have noticed *The Enlightenment* has changed formats this year. Quality has always been our utmost motto! Plus, we were just notified that some rich guy named Roger Harold Gregory Fallow III died and left a fortune to the Ling-Ling the Musical Ape Fund. His generous gift came with but one stipulation and that was that *The Enlightenment* change its font from Times New Roman to Arial. If you knew how much money was involved you'd change your font too!

I will also begin adding some of my very own **poetry** this year. Some rude person recently pointed out to me that few of last year's newsletters actually contained original Mooj poetry. This person further insinuated that I was primarily relying on the submitted poems of family members, idiots, drunkards, and insane people to fill up my newsletter. This, of course, is not true. Some of those poems were actually very good.

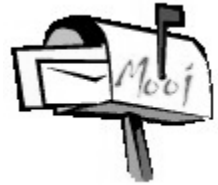
What about all those stories and poems you minions keep sending in? Is there a place for them in this year's volume of newsletters? Sure. As far as I am concerned I will keep including them as long as minions keep sending them in. This year, however, let's keep things more holistic and avoid those lewd teenage coming of age stories.

Of course I will include our usual bevy of minion mail, since this is the easiest way for me to communicate with my forlorn and often troubled minions. I will try harder this year to weed out the fake stuff, though. I am very well aware that some letters are written by people pretending to be minions so that they can insult the intelligence and piety of my loyal minions and me.

Let's begin now by reflecting on the Mooj Mail.

Great Omni-impotent Mooj,

Aloha! We can both laugh at J.J. Bigsby and those rat bastards in the FBI, ATF, CIA, etc. My people must have told you by now that we were onto those rat bastards from the start. We knew they would try to infiltrate The Mooj Freedom Network so we hired a Doug Redhand look-a-like to join the Mooj Freedom Convoy. The real Doug Redhand is me and I am not a fugitive pirate or drug lord. These are just lies disseminated by those ugly rat bastards. I am just a simple man running a capitalistic business, as protected by our great constitution. I am an "exporter" you might say. How dare those rat bastards slander my good name! A good friend of mine, Tom U., of Radio Free Halethorpe, MD, works at WBAL on the graveyard shift and he can identify the arrested D. Redhand as being an impostor and vouch for my integrity. Well Mooj it's time for me to go and tend to my crops so I can send my next scheduled shipment to the mainland.



The Real Doug Redhand
Guano Atoll
An Unincorporated Territory of the United States in the middle of the Pacific

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. The name J.J. Bigsby sounds familiar though. I will meditate and perform a fast for you (since I have nothing to eat anyway). Best of luck, my friend.

Mr. Mujaputtia,

First, let me first introduce myself. My name is J. Edgar Gayson and I am the new acting Deputy Director of Mid-Atlantic Operations for the Federal Bureau of Investigations. I am writing to personally offer you Amnesty (with the exception of the two days you still owe The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania). All you have to do is show up at any local law enforcement agency, mention my name and they will clothe, feed and bathe you until I can come and get you. We will even re-charter The Mooj Freedom Bus if you like when we drive you back to Pennsylvania.

Between you and me I'm not even sure how Operation Mooj Bait got so out of hand. The FBI has now spent millions of dollars controlling damages and lost two of its best agents. Both of these agents were good friends of mine and I feel I owe it to their families to end this madness. One of these agents was a fellow named C.J. Merryweather. He was a 30-year man with an outstanding record. Agent Merryweather now goes by the name "Special Agent Ziggy" and has turned into a drug-crazed Rastafarian. He now sits around all day down in the Caribbean listening to Reggae music and smoking marijuana. He went there to find you when the Chester County DA reported that you were missing before you escaped. (The FBI neglected to alert Chester County officials about Operation Mooj Bait and someone probably forgot to mention it to Merryweather also.) The other agent lost was a fellow named J.J. Bigsby. He was the best FBI man I ever knew. He was on the short list to be the next director of The FBI. Bigsby was a true professional and was the best crime fighter this Country ever had until he went insane. I should warn you that Bigsby no longer works for the FBI and is hunting you down like a dog. He claims that he is the real Mooj and that you are the impostor and he must kill you to set things cosmically straight. Bigsby is a former navy SEAL and is considered very, very dangerous. He is an excellent tracker and is currently sniffing his way through the Alabama forest looking for you. Be careful!

In closing I, again, plead with you to give yourself up. There's a cup of hot cocoa waiting for you in my office. Maybe you just need someone to talk to; or maybe you just need a friend. I would like to be that friend, Mooj. I really would.

J. Edgar Gayson
New Deputy Director of Mid-Atlantic Operations
Federal Bureau of Investigations

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. The name J.J. Bigsby sounds familiar though. I will meditate and perform a fast for you, too. Best of luck, my friend.



Dear Mooj,

I rode on the Mooj Freedom Bus with you from "South of the Border," South Carolina to Kissimmee, FL. I wasn't part of the official Mooj Entourage, just a friend of one of the girls in the entourage. (Actually, as funny as it sounds, I guess this girl had an entourage of her own.) Anyway, I just wanted to write and thank you for all the life changing lessons you taught me on that trip. Those five days spent on the bus with you were the most enlightening days of my life. Now I know why people are attracted to you and your teachings. You are a very spiritual and holistic person and I consider myself blessed to have been part of your escape. Also, forthcoming, or possibly attached to this note, is a summons for you to appear at the Orange County, Florida Courthouse. This is in regard to a lawsuit that I am filing against you and The Mooj Freedom Network for injuries I sustained at the Green Briar Trailer Park, where I was systematically beaten and hog-tied during a police raid. Since sustaining my injuries and subsequent arrest I have been unable to maintain any kind of meaningful employment or relationship. My lawsuit against you should in no way infer disrespect.

Richie G. Sambucco
Dillon, SC

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. I will meditate and perform a fast for you because I'm doing it for those other guys anyway. Best of luck, my friend.



Mooj,

You don't know me but I was a member of your entourage from Kissimmee to Boca Raton, FL. When I was on The Mooj Freedom Bus I couldn't help but notice that you kept smiling at me. I felt like there was a special connection between us that grew stronger as the day wore on. I could tell that you really liked me. Had I not been arrested the next morning at your friend's house during that raid I'm sure we would have hooked up. Please call me I'd love to see you again. If you don't call I'll rip your heart out you bastard! You men are all alike aren't you? You slimy bastard! You used me! You used me you bastard! I hate you! I hate you!!!!

Gayle King
Suwanee,GA

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. I will meditate and perform a fast for you as well. Best of luck, my friend.



Swami Mooj,

I'm a child prodigy, aged 13. I noticed in this year's MENSA roster that you were listed in several categories, including "true genius" and "imbecile savant." I am unfamiliar with your work but would love to find out more about you. Would you consider adopting me as a protégé? I am currently at Duke University finishing up my Ph.D. in Cultural Diversity. I am also majoring in ancient Tibetan languages and confined plasma kinetics. I like pokémon stuff, too.

Yours Respectfully,
Trent Handjoy,
Durham, NC

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. But in any case I would love to take on a new protégé; especially one that's half-way smart. Vic Taylor, if you're out there somewhere, please send this kid any leftover Enlightening Thinking Essay pamphlets you have so he can begin his studies.



Dear Mooj,

Have you ever heard the old adage that you can't take it with you when you're gone? All my life I have been a selfish bastard and never helped anyone or anything. But now, as I lay on my deathbed, I feel that I must do something to help those less fortunate than I and so you will find enclosed with this letter a check for \$5.00 for Ling-Ling, the Musical Ape. I have no idea how this money can help save a dead ape but it's a start. God Bless!

Winston Howard Kennedy, III.
West Palm Beach, FL

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. And what the hell am I going to do with this check? You could have at least sent cash so I could have used it to buy food. No meditation or fasting for you, you cheapskate.



Okay, this next letter is from some guy named Doug Redhand. I think I already read this. He says he's the real Doug Redhand and the other Doug Redhand is an imposter or something. Let's skip it. This sounds too complicated. The next letter is from some guy named J. Edgar Gayson. He's says he's some kind of FBI agent. This guy sounds more like a nut than an FBI agent. The next letter is from some guy who claims he was on my Mooj Freedom Bus. Who cares? Hey, here's a letter from some woman! She says she wants me to call her. Nice. She sent me a picture. Wow, she looks quite exquisite lying there naked on that bear rug. Here's a letter from some 13-year-old kid. He wants to be my protégé. Good for him. Ah, here's a letter with some money inside! Hey, this cheap bastard only sent \$5 and it's a check. Forget that. The next letter is from Doug something or other. Wait, did I read this one already? To be honest I've spent too many months wandering around aimless and hungry to care about reading anymore of these Mooj mails. I'm tired, confused and hungry. It's now time for me to go away for awhile.

A Note From Vic Taylor: I found the oddest thing in the mail bag this week. It was a poem written by The Queen of England. I seriously doubt that this really came from the Queen of England but just in case it did I will add it to the newsletter.

**A poem/performance art piece written and composed for inclusion in
The Enlightenment for the enjoyment and appreciation of Mooj Heads everywhere!**

by
Queen Elizabeth II of England

Too many News Channels - Not Enough News

I turned on the telly,
Sat back—rubbed my belly

What more can a lonely Queen do?

We've tuned to Fox News
and frankly not amused
Too many right-leaning, biased, views!

C-N-B-C
Ignorance is key
I've had better times on the loo

Cable News Network?
More like Communist, whacko news burp
Pip-pip, poppycock, adieu

The BBC channel
Open my window, yell
"I think I died and went to Hell!"

National Network News
Read you mindless fools!
Then, together, let's slap our heads with our shoes

Headline News?
Where's the Beef?

Oh this subject
Oh what grief!

And now for our top story:

John F. Kennedy Jr., blah blah blah, Y2K, blah blah blah blah, Lewinsky, blah blah blah blah, Janet Reno, blah
blah blah blah, Al Gore, blah blah blah, George Bush, blah blah, Posh Spice, blah blah, President Clinton, blah
blah blah. blah blah blah blah blah blah Blah Blah Blah blah blah!

Good Night, Blah blah blah

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ!

A Note From Vic Taylor: This dispatch just arrived from The Mooj. He asked that it be included in this newsletter. Those of you who are enjoying The Mooj's traveling adventures will surely enjoy this one.

The Crossroads

For three straight days I drove my borrowed car without stopping once to eat, sleep, gas up or go to the bathroom. Since I am a Yoga Master and can control my bodily functions, the lack of sleep, nourishment and waste removal was nothing abnormal; but, how it was that my rental car would never run out of gas was quite puzzling to me. I wasn't sure what kind of gas mileage a Yugo got but I knew it couldn't be *that* good. It was then that I realized that Divine Intervention was keeping my gas tank full! Was this my reward for all the good karma I had gathered over my lifetime? No, it was more than that. It was as if I was on a secret mission from God and this was proof that I was His Chosen One to spread enlightenment! Unfortunately, though, that realization proved not to be exactly correct because as soon as I began crossing the Mississippi River—heading into Helena, Arkansas—all four tires on my Yugo popped off, the car rolled over, caught on fire, exploded and then fell into the river below. If I was the Chosen One then I was going to have to complete my mission on foot.

After escaping from the sinking and exploding remains of my car I surfaced and swam to the eastern bank of The Mississippi River. Those fishing nearby were too busy running for their lives as assorted fireballs fell into the river to notice me emerging from the muddy waters and crawling into a nearby swamp. For days I wandered aimlessly through those murky, half-frozen swamps, collecting what I could to eat and drink from the wilderness. Luckily there were plenty of dairy cows around this part of Mississippi so I was actually eating pretty well. (And I got plenty of fresh milk to boot.)

After weeks without human contact I was beginning to feel mighty lonesome. Those glorious days of travel on the lavish Mooj Freedom Bus surrounded by my many happy devotees now seemed so long ago. If ever I was sadder in my life I could not recall. Then one night I heard the sounds of some good old-fashioned delta blues filtering through the magnolia trees. It was coming from a small hamlet far off in the distance. It was well past midnight and the moon was full. I began walking toward the sound and heard an old hound dog howling off in the distance. It was a bad omen, true, but I was too lonesome to stay in the swamp that night.

As I walked along the old dusty road I lurked in the shadows to avoid being seen by the old folks sitting quietly on their porches. Soon, I was standing in front of a small ramshackle hut. It was a juke joint of some sort. The crowd inside was loud and rambunctious and there was a band inside playing live music. I stepped inside and the place fell silent. All eyes were upon me as I walked through the door and approached the stage. I wasn't sure if it was because I was naked or because I was carrying my old trusty sitar, which I had brought with me all the way from Chester County. The Mooj was there to "cut heads" with whoever would dare challenge him in a raga duel!

But the crowd remained silent. Finally an old man stood up and said:

"Look here, nature boy. You can't just walk in here and play music—this is the Mississippi Delta and we got rules about who can and can't play in these here juke joints!"

I didn't wait for the man to finish. I squatted down on stage, assumed my legs behind the neck Yoga position, and began plucking my instrument. Never before had I droned and sung so passionately and with so much feeling. For over a month I had been so lonesome; and on that night—that cold rainy Mississippi night—I sang about it in my tortured raga. Not a person in that crowded smoke-filled room could speak when I was finished. Men, women, children—all—just stood there crying. But that didn't stop them from pulling me from the stage and throwing me to the street. If I was going to make it as a raga singer in Mississippi, it wasn't going to be there. I lit off for the woods and slept beneath the stars once again. My heart was heavy with more sorrow than usual.

I had no luck. For weeks I barrehoued up and down the delta and couldn't land a gig as a raga singer anywhere. I became desperate. Finally someone told me about a crossroads near Friars Point—the very same place someone named Robert Johnson went "to make his deal." I swore to myself that I wouldn't even think about such a thing. And then one night I found myself there—at the crossroads. It was midnight and nary a creature was

stirring. I could feel the sadness of a million souls as I stood there waiting in the moonlight. I began playing my sitar and waited for "him" to arrive. Finally I decided to leave before "he" showed up. *What was I thinking?* How could I even think about doing what I was about to do? I quit playing and started walking back along the road from which I came. But it was too late. I was no longer alone. "He" was walking beside me in the darkness.

"So you want to play ragas in Mississippi?" said the stranger.

I was too scared to talk. I just kept walking. But the voice continued: "Sign here."

I took the paper and signed it. The man then handed me my union card. And then he was gone. There was no turning back. It was official! I had joined the American Federation of Musicians, Local 777.

Final Thoughts ...

Hello again. I feel better. I just needed some sleep I guess. Is this still the January 2000 newsletter? I hope so. Anyway, I just learned that with the money The Friends of Mooj Society inherited from the late Mr. Fallow, they are setting up an office in West Chester somewhere and will hire interns to assist in the editing and publication of this newsletter. This will help me tremendously! Perhaps these new interns can make our backlog of minion applications a priority!

Well, minions. It's time for me to now go off and assume my work as a Mississippi Raga singer. If you are traveling along Rt. 61 be sure to keep your eyes and ears open for me.

Blessings and Such,

मज्जपती उषाबारावा

The Power of Positive Thinking and Good Karma

The Mooj Self Realization Network Presents a 1-day "karma bolt" personal development, motivational and goal setting seminar that energizes participants onto the path to achieving, having and doing all they want and desire. Throughout this fast-paced, dynamic seminar, you will uncover the foundational elements of turning your goals into reality. The curriculum for this exciting program includes:

- How to instantaneously transform fears into actions and actions into fears
- Discover the pain/pleasure/dopler effect
- How you can leverage your hidden assets to build better karma
- How to conserve synergy
- How to consistently expand your "confinement zone" without leaving your house
- Learn how to create your peak mental performance while asleep
- Master the key to wealth, happiness and Feng Shui



This is The Ultimate Success Formula!!

At the end of the seminar, you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE:

- An exclusive special report written by The Mooj himself, titled simply, "How to be Like The Mooj"—Valued at \$99.95
- A rare audio cassette of The Mooj sharing his personal secrets of his massive success—Valued at \$35.95



REGISTER NOW! Seats are going fast! Only the first 100 people will be admitted. All seats \$750. (Corporate rates available.)

Two Sessions to be held on Jan 21st and Jan 22nd
Seating begins at 8:00 a.m. Seminar will last approximately 4 hours. (Less if it's cold outside)

The Amish Beer Garden

126 Old Lancaster Pike
(In the barn out back)
Bird in Hand, Pennsylvania

Motivational Speakers to Include:

Lance Worthy
Lance Worthy's Grandma
Lance Worthy's Grandpa
A Cal Ripkin Impersonator



The Enlightenment!

Vol. IV No. 2, February 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 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," c/o Madhuri Dixit Fan Club, Cubicle 103, Desk 3, Patel Travel Agency, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. All donations kept confidential. Remember folks, Lance Worthy is your Pal!

Sitting In for The Mooj This Month is Lance Worthy!



Hey, Mooj Heads ...
Long time no see! I was thrilled to be asked to sit in for The Mooj again. Yeah, I know. I was "forever banned" from editing *The Enlightenment* but you know how it goes. The Mooj is in heep big trouble

(that's Injun lingo) and whether or not I guest-edit this newsletter again is of little importance to anyone now.

I had a blast editing last October's newsletter. No fooling! This time I'll make a well-meaning effort not to offend anyone. I had no idea so many of you were that sensitive. I do apologize. If I made a few jokes that missed their mark, well I'm sorry. Heck, I was just trying to liven things up. We all need to smile more! That's what Grandma Worthy says. It's even written on that sign in front of her humble Amish house.

Oh, before I forget, thanks for all the cards and letters I got while "chilling out" in the Chester County Jail. I finally got released last Friday. I would have stayed longer but there's some stupid Pennsylvania law about a prisoner replacing another prisoner not staying past the previous prisoner's allotted time. Since The Mooj was scheduled for release three days after his escape, I was forcibly removed by court order (but this took several months since I kept filing injunctions). I'm ashamed to admit that the reason I wanted to stay in jail was that I'm lazy. It's a thousand times better kicking back in the hoosegow than being Amish during harvest season.

Important News! As many of you know The Friends of Mooj Society has established their new headquarters outside of the Chester County Jail. The office is located in downtown West Chester, PA in what was once known as the Patel Food Emporium. All Mooj mail, donations, minion applications, etc. should now be sent there. Do not, under any circumstances, send Mooj mail to my grandparents. They have no idea who The Mooj is and will not forward anything. I'm not sure who volunteered them but it wasn't me. They were pissed. If, by some chance you already sent something through them, well, forget about it. It's gone. Also, Vic Taylor got fired from the Volunteer Fire Department so don't send mail there, either. The new address is located above and is repeated here for your convenience:

The Mooj, c/o Madhuri Dixit Fan Club,
Cubicle 103, Desk 3, Patel Travel Agency,
Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA.

Before I begin, let me just say that those of you who know me, know I'm a nice guy. If I sound harsh or condescending, it's just an act. I'm actually a very shy person and, perhaps, I hide my true feelings by appearing rude or insensitive. The real Lance Worthy is kind and compassionate. I'm your pal and together we share The Love and Happiness of being Mooj Enlightened. To prove that I care I will do everything in my power to edit this wonderful edition of this newsletter better than anything you saw last year. I'll even add my own poetry and stories. I'll also hand-select our newest minion brothers and sisters. And, because I love you, I will be your minion friend. Come, let's hold hands and begin reading this newsletter together! Hardy-har har!

MOOJ MINION MAIL BAG

Great One,

Since you are currently wandering around naked through the jungles of Alabama, how is it that you are able to write and edit Mooj newsletters? Do you travel around naked and hungry with a typewriter?

Your Devotee,
Siddan Jay Gupta
Avondale Township, PA

Lance Responds: It's too bad I have to be nice to this idiot. But I will. Because that's the kind of guy I am. So, yes, my enlightened brother; it is indeed quite remarkable that The Grand Swami of all Swamis can do all that he does. That's what makes him a super guru I guess.

Re: Reference in Enlightenment, Vol. III, No. 12 to setting of Hardy Boys Mystery Books:

Sir,

For your information *The Hardy Boys* mystery novels were set in Morris County, New Jersey, not Cecil County, Maryland. An inquiry was made concerning this matter by a subscriber of your magazine and I feel compelled to correct you. Some may find it odd but I have devoted my life to researching and writing about The Hardy Boys. In fact, my Ph.D. dissertation from Brown University was on how The Hardy Boys have influenced a generation of American boys to lead more productive lives. If you have any more questions or concerns about these classic adventures please feel free to contact me.

v/r

Leslie Alberto McFarlane
Curator of The Hardy Boys Museum
Larchmont, NJ

Lance Responds: Huh? Is this guy for real? Thank you, sir, whoever you are. Your input has made this edition of *The Enlightenment* more enlightening (Yuk yuk). To be honest I'm not sure what this guy is talking about. Whoever said anything about The Hardy Boys? Most confusing of all (and I mean this in the nicest way possible) is that I'm not sure what makes this guy a bigger moron: the fact that he is the curator of The Hardy Boys Museum or that he

went to Brown University. Hey, chump, instead of worrying about an error in a low-budget newsletter published by a fugitive Punjabi Swami poet I suggest you worry about why you never had a date with a real live woman before. Get a life, you loser!

To Lance (c/o *Mooj Enlightenment Magazine*)

Hey Lance, I think I may be your long lost twin brother. I checked your web site a few days ago and saw that you looked exactly like me. Almost every feature of your body matched mine right down to that dimple on your left butt cheek. I know nothing about my childhood except that I was adopted or stolen by gypsies when my Amish parents abandoned me.

Shem Stoltsfuss
Claxton, TN

Lance Responds: Everyday some clown writes me and tells me that he or she is my long lost brother or sister. I suggest these people reevaluate their dull lives if being my brother or sister appeals that much to them. I know little about my mom and dad other than they left the Amish way to become wandering hippies. As loathsome as they must have been I doubt that even they would stoop so low as to hang around in Tennessee long enough to give birth to some turd farmer like this guy. Hey bud, get a life!

El Mujo:

Recorro a veces solo y descubierto a través del desierto. Paro para saludar solamente el viento. Entonces continuo mi caminata hasta que el sol fija.

Jose D. de El Paso, TX

Lance Responds: Stand back everyone! The Durango Riddler has struck again! Sorry, Jose D. from El Paso. I'd love to sit and listen to you profess your Mexican wisdom but I feel a bowel movement coming on and feel that that experience will be more satisfying than whatever random sampling of idiocy you're about to let spew from your complex mind. No hard feelings but adios, dorko.

I'm on an all corn diet! I eat corn for breakfast, re-eat it for lunch and then re-eat it for supper! *Oh what a pip I am!*

Prof. G.H. Lewis
University of the Americas
New Gabon

Lance Responds: Oh not this old fool again. Isn't this the same idiot that was forever banned from the Mooj Mail Bag several years ago? Sorry professor, you have to go away now. Don't take this personally but you're a moron.

Swami Mooj,

I need your help. I need to find true inner harmony but I don't have much patience. My guru says I can achieve true inner harmony only through fasting and meditation, but it will be a very long and treacherous journey. Perhaps you can lead me there and it won't take as long or be as dangerous.

Wolfgang Krueger Jr.
Nottingham, PA

Lance Responds: Wolfgang? Is that your real name or the name your astro-glide pals gave you in drama club? I suggest you first try to figure out why you're such a big fat loser. There's plenty of time to find true inner harmony after that.

Mooj,

When I was a little boy the Romper Room lady always looked through her magic ring and said she saw everyone in my kindergarten class except me. She saw Billy, Suzy, Frank, Joanne, Mary, John, Greg, Helen, Barbara, Steven, Karen, Manny, Mark, Joe, Danny, Robert, Henry, Alice, Grace, Mildred, Fancy, Adam, James, Drew, Anita, Rene, Sarah, Mike, Linda, Roseann and Ronny—but she never saw me! *Why Mooj?* I watched that show everyday, hoping and praying that at least once she'd see me. She never did. Why couldn't the Romper Room lady see me?

Fhlorja Fhjangji
Culver City, CA

Lance Responds: Wow! Finally someone who isn't completely insane wrote to The Mooj. Oh, wait, never mind.

Mr. Mooj,

Like the good Professor Lewis I, too, am on an all corn diet. *And what a pip I am!*

Ms. Agnes B. Lassiter
Prof G. H. Lewis' House Keeper
New Gabon

Lance Responds: Yes, I should have guessed as much. In the old days whenever that crackpot Professor Lewis wrote in, his insane housekeeper would write in, too. I'm not sure why these two particular idiots from New Gabon (wherever the hell that is) think we care about what they eat. I'm no scientist but I'll bet Ms. Lassiter and the good professor sniff a lot of glue together.

94.7 KMET ROCKS! KLOS, KEZY, KROC and all the other Southern California rock stations suck. The "Mighty Met" will rock on forever. Hooooo-Yahhhhhhhhh! Woooooooooo woooooooohh wooooooohh— 94.7-Twiddle-deeeeeee!!!!

F_K YEAH!

potterh@hbusd.k12.cal.us

Lance Responds: Wow, another scientist-like person has written in to show everyone how smart he is. Silly scientific person, do you really think The Mooj cares which radio station you listen to? Silly scientific person, please don't bother us anymore.

Great Mooj,

Whenever I look into the eyes of my dog Huffy I see those of my late husband Edgar. Huffy also smells like Edgar sometimes. Is it possible that Huffy is Edgar? Edgar died on the very same day Huffy was born.

T.B. Carnes
Yeso, New Mexico

Lance Responds: Yes, Ms. Carnes. Huffy is Edgar (it's too bad you can't see the face I'm making right now).

I turn 18. I'm soooo sure. My mom is such the *luuzer!*

Mandolin G., age 15
Delta, PA

To Mr. "Mooj" Mujaputtia,

I am writing to you again to ask you to surrender. Things have been extremely difficult for us here at the Mid Atlantic Operations Center due to the fact that 1) you're still on the loose, 2) The Doug Redhand we captured in Alabama was a look-a-like, not the real thing, 3) That idiot J.J. Bigsby is causing all kinds of mayhem throughout Alabama, Arkansas and Mississippi, and 4) Agent Merryweather, a.k.a. "Special Agent Ziggy," has now joined forces with that infamous drug lord Doug Redhand.

Lance Responds: Wow! I'm glad to see that you really got your head together, Mandolin. Most 15 year olds usually aren't as mature as you. You sound like you're really cool, too. Just for kicks you should go and get a bunch of tattoos. That would be totally bitchen. And, hey, while you're at it, get as many body piercings as your McDonaldland "fry-cook" boyfriend can afford. That would be totally bitchen, too. Drag your 'soon to be a grandma' mom with you when you do all these cool things since she seems pretty "sharp," herself. Yeah, about as sharp as a bowling ball.

Since the Doug Redhand we captured wasn't the real Doug Redhand I must rescind my offer of amnesty and accelerate efforts to recapture you. I will, however, let stand my offer of friendship. I still have that cup of hot cocoa waiting for you in my office. Even if you aren't here to surrender I will gladly put aside a few hours of my time so that we can sit and talk. I would like that, Mooj, I really would. You may call me at any time using my special secret phone line. [Call the FBI Eastern Sector Command Center, wait for the beep and then punch in the numbers 75-alpha-56-romeo-4343. When asked for the countersign, say: "I have come to puff on the peace pipe." The operator will then respond with: "Are you inside a wig-wam?" You then respond with: "Yes, and I am presently beating my tom-tom." The operator should then put you directly through.] Please call. I *can't* wait to hear from you.

Most Holistic Mooj,

This letter is to invite you and your followers to my wife Ginger and my 35th wedding anniversary on March 14, 2000. We'd be delighted if you'd be the guest of honor and give us one of your holistic blessings. Both Ginger and I are minions and rely on you for our daily wisdom. We will renew our vows at St. Raymond's Church in Downey, CA at 10:00 a.m. and then proceed to the world famous Tiki Lounge for a small get-together.

J. Edgar Gayson
Deputy Director of Mid Atlantic Operations
Federal Bureau of Investigations

Lance Responds: Hey, what's the deal with this guy? No doubt he's a little "light in the loafers," if you get my drift. Hey bud, I'll pass your offer to The Mooj but I doubt he will take you up on it. The Mooj knows better than to associate with sickos like you.

It's hard to believe that Ginger and I have been married for 35 years. We met during the summer of '64 when I was a lifeguard at the Downey Plunge. I was only 18 and had no real ambition in life. My parents wanted me to go to college but I just wanted to be a lifeguard. To be honest I didn't have a care in the world until I met Ginger. I knew the moment I saw her jumping off the high dive that she was the girl for me. Ginger was a big city gal and didn't think much of a guy like myself but I kept after her and finally got her to fall in love with me.

Mooj,

I need your help with a little problem. My mom just found out that I'm living with my boyfriend and now she's pissed. Can you call or write to her and tell her to get a clue? My boyfriend told me I should just tell her to get lost but if I do that she might stop paying my rent and make me move back home until

Ginger and I got married in the spring of 1965 and within nine months had a baby. Things were tough in those days and it was impossible to make ends meet on a lifeguard's salary. My dad kept pestering me to get a real job and so finally I went to work with him at McDonald Douglas (which was doing space stuff at the time). Since my dad was a senior engineer I got accepted into a journeyman program and went to transistor school. Within six months I was a certified transistor welder and finally making decent money. Then one day in the late 60s I was called into a secret meeting. I was told that I had been hand-selected to work on this super secret

government project. It was the project where NASA faked the whole moon landing thing. I remember it was quite an elaborate undertaking and involved thousands of other engineers, technicians, set designers and special effects people. I guess the plan worked since the Russian's really did think that we landed on the moon. They tried to copy us and wound up going bankrupt. Actually, I'm probably not supposed to talk about this since it's probably still classified.

Anyway, hope you can make it to the big gala!

Patrick Stonewood Jr.,
Downey, CA

Lance Responds: Hey Patrick, back when you were working on that secret NASA project did you by any chance snort lots of rocket fuel? It sounds like you might have fried your brain there, sport. Gee, I feel like an idiot because I always thought that we really did land on the moon. Silly me. But in truth I think you may be mistaken about which secret project you were working on. You were probably working on "that other" NASA project. You know, the one that included subjecting people with low IQs like yourself to mass quantities of LSD. Let me guess. I bet they picked you up and brought you home each day on one of those "short" yellow school buses, right? Get a life, you loser!

Most Humble and Understanding Mooj,

I have never been happy with the size of my tackle and am thinking of getting an operation to make it bigger. When all my friends started developing sexually in high school I noticed that I was much smaller than most. I always hoped that I would grow bigger but I never did, even after using one of those Ron Jeremy acu-jet pumps. I feel totally under-endowed and that has affected my relationships with women. I recently dumped someone very special to me because I couldn't face the humiliation of her seeing my small package. What do you suggest I do? I value your opinion greatly.

"Little Lou"
Columbia, MD

Lance Responds: Hey "Little Lou," what I want to know is what were you doing looking at other guy's private parts when you were in high school? I guess we all know which side of the plate you bat from, eh? I know lots of guys out there like yourself that pack a wee-willy-sized-wienerschnitzel and let me tell ya, it ain't no fun. But the truth is you gotta draw with the gun God gave you. I certainly have. But then again I was lucky. I was born with a 155mm howitzer. Har-Har!

COPS CORNER

Remember how back in the old days cops used to send in their adventure tales to *The Enlightenment*? Even though The Mooj was in jail, he was always pro law and I think many in the law enforcement community recognized that. (Or they just liked to mock him.) Since I'm trying to restore this newsletter to its former glory, maybe I'll include a cop story for old time's sake. To clarify things, be it known to all that I ain't a cop. I just know plenty of them. Here's a story one of my cop buddies told me when we were sitting around in the hot tub last night drinking Zimas and smoking clove cigarettes:

One day my buddy and his partner responded to a mugging call. When they neared the scene of the crime they saw some punk running in the opposite direction. This guy matched the description of the suspect. They busted the dirt bag and threw him into the back of their squad car and then drove over to where the victim was making her report. My buddy told the dirt bag that they needed to make "an identification" so when the lady came up to the car window the crook said: "Yeah, that's the lady I robbed," thinking he was the one that was supposed to be making the identification.

PENNSYLVANIA HERITAGE (By Lance Worthy)

As most of you know I was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. I was the sixth child of Amish dairy farmers. Soon after I was born my parents left the Amish community and became English (or at least that's what my grandparents called them, they looked more like hippies to me). My grandparents raised my siblings and me until we were old enough to decide for ourselves whether we would become Amish or leave the community. I chose to leave but since I was never baptized I was free to return whenever I pleased (I wasn't banished in other words). Regardless of my poor standing in the community I always felt welcome in my grandparent's home—that was until they saw my picture on the box cover of *Butt Jam '94* at the local X-rated video rental store. Then I was forever banished and told never to return. But that was a long time ago and they have now finally forgiven me. I have returned home and decided to stay here to help them operate their Amish beer garden. If you happen along this way then I invite you to stop in and say hello. You have a friend in Pennsylvania—me!

MY TWO CENTS WORTH (By Lance Worthy)

Remember how back in the old days The Mooj would allow me to write a guest editorial in these newsletters called "My Two Cent's Worth"? Since I have editorial command of this newsletter perhaps I will indulge myself a bit. Fasten your seatbelts folks, Lance Worthy is about to orate!



I WAS NEVER A GAY PORNO STAR!

I must make something perfectly clear—I am not, nor have I ever been, a gay porno star! I have no idea why so many of you Mooj Heads are confused about this. It is true that I spent many years working in the alternative lifestyle adult movie industry—but I was a stuntman not an actor! Never did I engage in any simulated or otherwise scripted act of lovemaking. My role was purely a professional one, which required that I substitute myself for actors when action sequences required an element of danger. Most of my stunt work involved car crashes and leaps from tall burning buildings. Because it was necessary to reduce film-editing costs, some directors did, however, insist that I be substituted into action scenes early (i.e., before the scripted act of lovemaking was terminated). Some directors, in an effort to reduce editing altogether, insisted that I perform the entire "scene" with or without action sequences. Sadly, many of my greatest stunts wound up on the cutting room floor. In the future I hope that you will refrain from referring to me as a "gay porno star." I was a stuntman who performed stunts in alternative lifestyle adult movies. Remember That!

POETRY CORNER!

I promised you guys a genuine Lance Worthy poem but as I sit here reflecting, perhaps it would be better if I included minion-submitted poems instead. There are tons of them waiting to be published. People just love to send in poetry.

The first poem is by some idiot calling himself "ee Goings." I think it's about Hsing-Hsing, the giant Panda that just died at the National Zoo. The second poem is from some idiot named Garrison "Frost" Keller. I have no idea what this one is about. I think this Keller fellow thinks he's poetically accomplished or something. He describes the poem as being a Haiku without having Haiku-like characteristics. Okay. The third poem is from Mrs. Kettle's 3rd Grade Class (they hale from Jefferson Davis Elementary School in Avondale Township, PA). After you read it I'm sure you will agree that these 3rd graders sure are "gifted"!

The Immense Anguish of Losing Hsing-Hsing
by ee Goings

Oh Hsing Hsing, what can I do?
I heard the news; this can't be true!

You lived your life oh so grand,
And now there's sorrow across the land

You lived as though you had no care
You were our Nation's Giant Panda Bear

A gift from China you came one day
In bamboo shoots you sat to play

And now you're dead and gone away
What remains of you, stuffed and on display

EI-Mo-Oj

by Garrison "Frost" Keller

Mooj, Mooj a magical man
Too bad he has spent time in the can
One day the guard in the yard
Turned his head and Mooj fled
He's on the run he's havn' fun
Is this anything like "Where's Waldo"?

*** (applause?) ***

Ode du Mooj

Everyday we say our thanks
We say our thanks for thee

Our teacher says that you're a crook
She says to leave you be

But we read your newsletter anyway
It teaches us to see

Someday we'll be old and gray
But our minds shall still be free

Harmony, inner peace and self-realization:
Mooj minionship is the key!

COOK'S CORNER!

This week someone named Angus McMillan, from Brookfield, PA sent in a recipe for haggis. I have no idea what haggis is but I'll pass it along to you anyway:

Tasty Scottish/Polish or Scottish/Italian Treat

Broil a nice long piece of haggis (sheep's intestine) until it's brown and tender. Use butter or oleo to lubricate the interior portion of the haggis and then slip in either a regulation size kielbasa or extra-long Italian sausage. Bake until the kielbasa (or sausage) stiffens.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ!

This dispatch just arrived from The Mooj. He asked that it be included in this newsletter. Those of you who are enjoying The Mooj's traveling adventures will surely enjoy this one. Those of you who suffer when The Mooj suffers will be hurting units after you read this. I certainly was!

Once I had my union card I was playing juke joints all up and down the Mississippi delta. "Howlin' Mooj," as I was then being called by my fans, became very popular. But something just didn't seem right. People coming to my shows often mentioned seeing me at places that I had never played. Some even mentioned that they enjoyed my interpretive Kung Fu dancing while I played—something I had never done (as far as I could recall anyway). "What could this mean?" I wondered, "Were there two Howlin' Moojs in Mississippi?" This was really quite puzzling.

Then one night as I walked along a dark and dusty road I heard the unmistakable sound of a sitar wailing in the heavy moonlit air; whoever this raga singer was, he had totally mastered my sound. I approached the dilapidated juke joint where this impostor was playing and peeked through a partially boarded up window. There I saw with my very own eyes my exact double on stage—naked as a jay bird—playing a sitar and doing a kung-fu dance at the same time!

It was that charlatan J.J. Bigsby! That jackass had not only stolen my identity, but was playing and dancing better than I had ever done! I decided then and there to confront this evil twin and walked up to the stage with my sitar in hand. Those few lucky patrons sitting at the bar or lying drunk on the floor witnessed the best "raga showdown" to ever take place in the State of Mississippi! The dueling Moojs "cut heads" that night—both agreeing that the victor would stay in Mississippi and the loser would forever abandon the delta. I played better than I ever played

before but, alas, my best was no match for the fake Mooj. After it was over I handed the fake Mooj my trusty old sitar (which he broke over his knee) and then I walked away with my head hung low. The crowd booed and threw bottles at me as I left the juke joint in shame. I would never play ragas in Mississippi again.

I had no idea what to do next. I had no money, no clothes, no sitar, no car—no nothing! And worse, I was being driven out of Mississippi by some deranged lunatic duplicate of myself. Before I had much time to ponder my desperate circumstances I was run over by a VW microbus. (This was because during my deep reflection of sorrow I did not realize that I was standing in the middle of the road.)

The VW microbus that ran me over was packed full of young people. Among the passengers was a former Mooj entourage member, who immediately recognized me and convinced the others that I was harmless and holy. I was lifted from the highway and carried aboard the VW microbus (then christened "The Mooj Freedom Bus No. 2"). At first I was uncomfortable since I had numerous broken bones and was being squashed between dozens of people. But soon I didn't care. It was nice to be 'on the road' again and among devotees. For the first time in months I wasn't lonely.

In a very short time the The Mooj Freedom Bus No. 2 pulled into Memphis and I was admitted to the hospital. This was a bittersweet arrival as I had once promised myself that I would never set foot in

Memphis again. Those of you who are long time readers know why. For those of you who do not know why, I will try to sum up my bitterness in a few short bursts of thought: From July of 1975 to August 17, 1977 I had lived in Memphis and belonged to the prestigious Elvis Presley Kempo Karate Black Belt Bodyguard Legion of Honor. Few people were as lucky as I was back then, for not only was I one of Elvis Presley's back up bodyguards, I was also part of his secondary social circle. Everywhere The King went, I went (though I was never in the same room). Those were great times for me but, alas, they were short-lived. When The King died part of me died too. The saddest thing I ever had to do in my life

was hang up my black karate *gi* and turn in my "TCB" lightning bolt necklace. I had no idea then that my life would soon be on a downward spiral for many years. I guess it still is.

So there I was back in Memphis. I wasn't sure if my broken bones or tortured memories hurt more. Would I return to visit the housing project across the street from Graceland? (That's where I lived back then.) Maybe. But first I had to get all my broken bones reset.

(To be continued next month)

MINIONS, MINIONS, MINIONS

Well, I'm at a loss as to what to do. There are tons of minion applications to approve but only a few pages left in this newsletter. Plus, I'm supposed to include a full page ad from one of our sponsors. I'm going to make an editorial command decision and blow off the ad so that we can include as many new minions as possible. How's that for being a nice guy? To save space I'll just summarize what you minion-selectees sent in. Just a reminder, if you sent your application to The Mooj c/o my grandparents, then it got thrown away.

New minion 1494 is Dan Thomas. He's a roofer from Northridge, CA. He says that he loves to get on the freeway during rush hour with his tar trailer fired up so that people stuck in traffic around him get sick. He sounds like a real winner.

New minion 1495 is from Yeadon, PA and says that she was Miss Rheingold 1952. She sent in a picture of herself. Nice (or at least she was back in 1952).

New minion 1496 is Dr. Robert J. Luddle. He was born in Ames, Iowa. He says he left Iowa when he was old enough to know that he could. His essay was about how Freud's theory of Id, Ego and Super Ego doesn't really pass the bulls__t test. It was a stupid essay and he would have never been awarded minionhood had it not been for the very large donation included in his envelope.

New minion 1497 is Debbie Holland of Columbia, MD. Her essay was actually pretty good. It was about how she got struck by lightning and can now turn on appliances by snapping her fingers.

New minion 1498 is Rudy Santana. He is 28 and lives in Poolesville, MD. His essay was about how he made lots of money investing in cattle futures only to lose it all when he bought a houseboat that sunk. It was a sad little tale.

New minion 1499 calls himself "The Amazing Wiffenpoof." His essay was too stupid to even mention here.

New minion 1500 is a 45-year-old public administrator from Towson, MD. She wished to remain anonymous. Her essay was about a how she was basically adrift in a sea of despair until she found Mooj.Com. The essay was awarded a gold star by one of the select committee members. (This select committee member puts stars on everything so it isn't really that big of a deal.)

New minion 1501 is Fred Huyett from Ogden, UT. Fred is an odd man. Let's just say that his essay will be kept away from the prying eyes of children.

New minion 1502 is Richard Dunn from Union City, CA. Richard is a lawyer working for the Alameda County DA. His essay was pretty good. It had a bunch of legal mumbo jumbo in it and he used the words *Lex Loci Contractus* a lot.

New minion 1503 is 19 year old Jessica Branson from Rogers Tavern, PA. Her essay was also awarded a gold star. It was basically a retrospect of her life and times while performing in a madrigals singing group.

New minion 1504 is Brook Etzikom of Butler, OH. Brook claims to be a stud but I don't think so. He

sent a picture of himself but someone here at Mooj headquarters drew a moustache and eye patch on it.

New minion 1505 is a 33 year old from West Bengal, India. His name is Shiv Upadhyay. His essay was about how he sometimes wishes he could have carnal knowledge with the lady across the street.

New minion 1506 is Yummi Lalaplaf from Boise, ID. (This name is obviously fake.) "Yummi" claims to be a 23 year old beekeeper. Her essay was about how she loves The Mooj and wants to have his children. (The select committee members and I joked that if she hangs around The Mooj entourage long enough she might get her wish.... if you know what I mean ... wink wink.)

We're not sure about **minion 1507**. It might be the same girl listed above since the name and address were the same. If this is the same person then I am sorry. She can keep both minion numbers since they are pretty much meaningless anyway. This time her essay was more emotional and she said that she was worthy of becoming a Mooj minion because she had been introduced to the depths of Moojism and felt as though they were absolutely uplifting. She also sent in a picture of herself posing half-naked on the back of a motorcycle. It looks like she's either heavily tattooed or needs to wash better.

New minion 1508 is a glass blower from Balston Spa, NY. His name is Bob Willie. He says he has only one testicle. His essay was basically a remembrance of his missing testicle.

We're not sure about **Minion 1509**. We think this might have been a joke submittal. The guy said he was Satan. We seriously doubt Satan would really want to be a Mooj minion. His essay was totally stupid (not to mention scary).

We're not sure about **Minion 1510** either. The guy listed his name as Derek Moonvines but didn't add anything else. We think he might have sent off his application before finishing it.

New minion 1511 says his name is Adhya Bidyabinod. He lives in New Delhi and works as a *rickshaw-wallah*. His essay was awarded a gold star and brought many tears to our eyes. It was about how he sacrificed his happiness to ensure that his daughters married well. He also added a poem called *Aye Phansa* that none of us could figure out since it was written in Hindi.

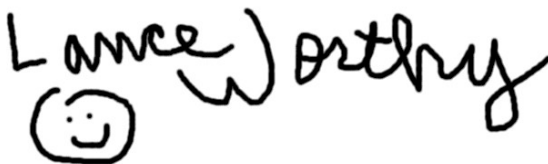
New minion 1512 sounds like a real loser. Sorry to be so blunt but it's the truth. Listen 1512, you're lucky. You wouldn't have been accepted as a Mooj minion had it not been for the fact that one of the select committee members thought you looked like that guy "Ducky" in the movie *Pretty in Pink*.

And last but not least is **Minion 1513**. This guy's name is Che Cuervo. He's 39 and lives in Logan, VA. He says he once appeared on the TV show *American Gladiators*. His essay was about how sometimes people don't say what they mean when they mean what they say (or something like that). The select committee almost voted this guy down because he sent in a picture. He looked like a total dork in that big sombrero.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Remember folks, Lance is your pal. Hopefully this month I didn't offend anyone. I tried to return this sorry excuse for a newsletter back to its original format for all you long time *Enlightenment* readers out there. (Maybe that will make a few of you Lance haters out there like me.) Hopefully next month The Mooj will resurface long enough to retake the helm of this newsletter. If not, I'll be here. Keep the mails coming.

Yours in Moojism,



Lance Arthur

The Enlightenment !

Vol. IV No. 3, March 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 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 Umbababbaraba** (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," c/o Cubicle 103, Desk 3, Patel Travel Agency, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. All donations kept confidential. *Si Quaeris-Peninsulam Amoenam, Circumspice*

First the good news: I am alive and well. **Now the bad news:** The Federal authorities have finally caught up with me and I am now surrounded by armed guards as I lie in my hospital bed inside a full body cast. Within hours of my arrival and admittance into the Intensive Care Unit my hospital room was swarming with Federal Agents. I have been told that as soon as the doctors feel that it is safe to move me I will be taken back to Chester County Jail.

I can't say that my re arrest has been totally unpleasant, though. When I "came to" after having all my bones reset I awoke with a new friend sitting at my bedside (he was even holding my hand). His name is J. Edgar Gayson. He claims to be an FBI agent. He seems like a really nice guy.

Well I guess this is it. *The gig is up*. My days on the lam are over and I'm finally headed back to Chester County Jail. If I had it all to do over again I guess I would have just stayed put in jail. Although in retrospect I did have some great times on the road. I met some wonderful people and had many adventures. I can't thank the good people of Florida, Alabama and Mississippi enough for all their support during these last few months of my wanderings. I would also like to thank Vic Taylor, Lance Worthy and his grandparents for their help in keeping *The Enlightenment* up and running during my long absence. I guess now I'll have plenty of time to catch up on my editing and reader mail.

Also, I must extend special thanks to all you minions and friends out there who are sending me Tastykakes and Utz potato chips. Last week I told a reporter from a Philadelphia TV station that the thing I missed most about Chester County was Tastykakes and Utzs. Now care packages are arriving *en masse* stuffed to the brim with these wonderful tasty treats. I only wish I could eat them but the doctors say I can't chew solid foods for a few more months. My bedside buddy J. Edgar Gayson and his guard friends are enjoying them for me.

I do not want to waste anymore time with this introduction. Let's get right to this newsletter, as there are many interesting things to write about.

MOOJ MINION MAIL BAG

One of the nice things Agent Gayson did (besides comfort me) was have all The Mooj Mail forwarded. According to him there were tons of it and he had to have a special team sift through it to remove the stupid stuff. Sadly, that included all the mail so they had to sift back in letters that were marginally acceptable.

Mooj,

I started getting your magazine in the mail by accident. What is it, some kind of joke? I like all the stupid poems and stuff. I showed my wife the **Chinese Love Song** by Mao Tse Hung and she said it didn't make sense. She's Chinese. She said that it was just made up words that sounded Chinese that didn't really have any meaning. I also like all the stuff you wrote about Florida. I went to The University of Florida and I bleed Gator Orange! I

even got a huge Gator tattoo on my stomach. My wife doesn't care much for college football. Maybe I'll send her ass back to China until she wises up!

theuniversityoftennesseetotallysucks@aol.com

The Mooj Answers: I recall asking the poet who submitted that work about those Chinese verses since many Chinese patrons of my newsletter found them to be unrecognizable. The author claimed they were from an ancient book of Chinese philosophy. If I recall correctly he said the book was written during the Dung Dynasty (circa 444 B.C.) and was probably heavily influenced by Lao Tsing, the singing philosopher. Obviously your wife is unfamiliar with ancient Chinese philosophy.

Great Impotent One:

Mooj, Doug Redhand here. Could you please refrain from telling your minions (including the FBI) about who is working for me? It was reported to me that one of your newsletters mentioned C. J. Merryweather (aka Special Agent Ziggy) was now in my employment. This is confidential information and should be treated as such. Hope all is well. Enclosed, please find a generous donation to your Ashram building fund.

Doug Redhand
Rm. 453, Utilities Bldg., Highway "0"
Guano Atoll
An Unincorporated Territory of the United States

The Mooj Answers: Mr. Redhand, I have no recollection of meeting you but everyone around here sure knows who you are. J. Edgar Gayson even says you're famous! I had Vic Taylor check my master minion index file and he reported back that you were a "most favored minion," probably because of past and present generosity. As per your request I will keep information about your personal life out of my newsletter. I think, however, the reference made concerning C. J. Merryweather was made by the FBI and not me. But then again I don't know or care about much anymore. Thanks for your donation. Sadly, those sifting and sorting my mail sifted and sorted out your donation.

Dear Guru Mooj:

As per your direction I began reading your collected works. I proceeded first with your technical paper published in *The Proceedings of the 4th International Conference on Probabilistic Safety Assessment and Management*, New York City, 13-18, September, 1998, entitled "Apparently Three out of Four People Make up 75% of the Population." I

found the discussion fascinating, but did find some flaws in your argument, which I would like to discuss with you. The discussion of your "model of the world" is confusing to me. The question is not whether the distribution of a population set is epistemic or aleatory. The question is whether the event and the parameter associated with it is representative of an aleatory process, or whether it represents an epistemic uncertainty concerning the hypotheses, that people exist, or that certain people don't exist, in the binary case, or more generally that people exist with one or more parameters. I agree that there were several ways to model the population of the Earth, but given the uncertainty associated with nations and regions in the world where population is not actually counted you have incorrectly characterized the bounds of your uncertainty distribution as being too broad. Perhaps we can discuss this issue later, when you find yourself in better circumstances.

With Utmost Respect,
Trent Handjoy (Mooj protégé #2),
Durham, NC

The Mooj Answers: Thanks for your input, young Trent; however, I fear that you don't quite understand the protégé/mentor relationship. Forget not that you are a potentially ignorant person and not yet enlightened by my wisdom. I asked you to read and learn from my works not critique them.

Great and Loving Mooj,

I know you have troubles but I have troubles too. Is it possible that you can use your super enlightened powers to help me find my long lost love? Her name was Kelly Winslow and she was my girlfriend back in high school. We were very much in love and talked about getting married when I got out of the army but her family moved away when I was in boot camp and I never saw or heard from her again. I have been married twice since then and divorced both times. I'm not sure why but I still think about Kelly all the time. She has always been my one true love and I would do anything to find her again. When I knew Kelly we both lived in Gaylordsville, Connecticut. She moved to Pawtucket, Rhode Island in 1963. Please help me find her again if you can. I will donate a million dollars to your ashram building fund if you find her.

Jeff Cooder,
Chappaqua, NY

The Mooj Answers: Jeff, The Mooj honors your commitment to true love and will do all I can to help you. Though I am in near financial ruin and your

money would prove useful, I would not accept it as no one can put a price on true love. Sadly, upon my first try at meditating on this noble problem, I was unable to locate your true love Kelly Winslow beyond the year 1975. I will keep trying and get back to you as soon as I find something. Keep your thoughts positive and this will allow me to see things better the next time I meditate on your lost love.

Mooj,

Why in the world must you insist on letting that idiot Lance Worthy substitute for you? In my opinion it would be better to not publish a newsletter during the months you can't work on them rather than have that half-wit Amish imbecile do it. I happen to find Lance Worthy's sense of humor offensive and I'm sure I'm not alone. He seems to stand for everything that you're against. Why let him pollute the harmonic balance of your fine newsletter?

F. P.
Falls Church, VA

The Mooj Answers: Yes, in many ways I agree with your sentiments, dear friend. I actually did ban him for life but that ban was systematically ignored for reasons only The Friends of Mooj Society know. This is a painful topic for me right now and I even avoided mentioning it in my introduction. My new friend Agent Gayson said that I should face this issue head on and share my feelings. But the truth is I'm just too tired and broken boned right now to deal with this whole Lance Worthy situation. I wasn't even going to answer this letter but Gayson wouldn't stop crying and I couldn't take anymore of his long 'touch-feely' hugs to help him deal with my avoiding things.

A letter to be sung to the tune of the Bee Gee's Jive Talking:

"...Trash talkin,' that's all he do is trash talkin'
...Lance won't come through 'cause Lance is a fool.
He's always trash talkin' and he ain't cool...."

There Mooj, sing that to yourself as you run amok through the jungles of Alabama. Keep Lance and his filth out of your newsletter!

K.D. Laramie
Yakima, WA

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your support and whatever else you mean.

Wow, finally a real newsletter! Lance may be a bit bizarre but at least he knows how to throw together

an interesting newsletter. Keep the kid; he's definitely an asset to your otherwise pointless publication. I suggest you give him a weekly column and a bigger cut of all your scams.

James Hasslehoff,
Plaska, Texas

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your support and whatever else you mean.

Mooj Uncle,

I know most of the time you're only joking around when you dole out free wisdom and blessings but I really need your help. Lately I can't stop thinking about an old boyfriend. His name was Jeff Cooder and we graduated from Gaylordsville High School together in 1963. He was a very handsome boy and I was madly in love with him. Right after graduation he joined the army. That very same summer my dad got transferred to Pawtucket, RI and we had to move. Jeff and I had talked about marrying but we weren't officially engaged so I thought he wouldn't mind if I dated other boys while he was away. Later that summer I met another boy who got me into trouble. My father forced me to marry this boy and I was too ashamed to ever write or call Jeff again to explain what happened. We haven't spoken to each other since 1963. I have been married four times now and I have never felt the same about any other man. I have and will always be in love with Jeff Cooder. Oh Mooj, if only I could see Jeff again! If only I could tell him how sorry I am that I hurt him. If he took me back I would make him the happiest man in the world. Please Mooj, help me find Jeff Cooder again!

Kelly Winslow-Valdez,
Yuma, AZ

The Mooj Answers: Kelly, amazingly, this is the second letter I got this week asking me to help find an old "true love." Normally my super enlightened senses pickup on long-lost loves but with your mystery man I can only sense that he lives within 100 miles of your former high school. I will keep trying to locate this guy and get back to you as soon as possible.

I'm so tired. I can't sleep. I've been awake for weeks now. So tired. Soooooo tired. Must sleep.
ZZZZZZZZZ.

zzbottom@mindspring.com

The Mooj Answers: This was an odd letter. I will omit reflecting on it for now.

Mooj,

I'll never forget my first time. It was in the back seat of a '67 Chevy in the parking lot of a place called Burgundy's near The University of Cincinnati. I was alone. It was pure bliss—so tasty, creamy and oooh soooo saucy. After that I became addicted. I now eat Skyline Chili every day. In fact, I'm eating it right now! When was the first time you tried Skyline Chili?

Lonny Grange.
Cincinnati, OH

The Mooj Answers: This was an odd letter, too. I will omit reflecting on it for now as well.

Mooj,

I hope this doesn't make us sound selfish but my wife and I are pretty upset about something that happened to us last weekend. Every month our church has a "mystery trip." People pay \$50 each, show up at 8:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning and a bus is waiting in the parking lot to take everyone on a secret weekend getaway. Past mystery trips have been to fun places like Atlantic City, New York City, Peddler's Village in Bucks County and Ocean City, MD. It sounded like a lot of fun so my wife and I signed up for this month's mystery trip. Rather than take us on a cool getaway the bus took us to a work camp in the Appalachians, where we were forced to help paint some old rickety-assed church for a bunch of hillbillies. We were pretty pissed. Shouldn't we at least get our \$50 back?

Midge and Stefan.
Fallston, MD

The Mooj Answers: Ah, finally a letter worth pontificating over. Yes, my *dosti naariyal*, you should expect to get what you pay for; however, even the wisest of fools knows that sometimes the goodness of happy feelings is measured by doings rather than gettings. The ancient philosopher *Chai' Chain' Chaing* once wrote that even if the entire World was paved over with blacktop a flower would still find a crack to grow through. Thus, you two should be like the flowers growing through blacktop!

Great and Worldly Mooj,

Who was that idiot who wrote in last month about KMET in Southern California? Everyone knows that

the mighty MET changed formats over fifteen years ago! Believe it or not I still have a KMET bumper sticker on my car. It's right next to my Mooj.com sticker. The "Mighty MET" was cool, man, but it's gone, dude, it's gone. Life goes on.

Too Hip-Gotta Go,
Frazer Jones
Tustin, CA

The Mooj Answers: This was an odd letter. I will omit reflecting on it for now as well.

Dear Swami Mooj,

Last week I had an out-of-body experience and wound up returning to the wrong body. Can you use your enlightened super powers to help me locate my original body? Thanks.

Jean DuLac
Chanute, KS

The Mooj Answers: I think your original body is now occupied by someone else, who had an out-of-body experience at the same time that you did. This happens from time to time and there really isn't anything you can do about it. I suggest you take good care of your "borrowed" body until it can be returned to its rightful owner.

Mooj,

If you're so enlightened how come you can't sense that you're an idiot?

The Bagley Sisters
St. Marys, PA.

The Mooj Answers: Under most circumstances I would never allow a Bagley Sister's letter to be published but Agent Gayson says that I need to move on and stop dwelling on the past. I have no idea what he's getting at but it's easier to just post this letter than listen to his sensitive new age blabberings for another hour.

Mooj,

I am furious at you! How in the world could you tell a 15-year-old girl to get a tattoo??? My daughter Mandolin told me that you're the one that told her to do it. She also got several parts of her body pierced because you told her to do that too. ARE YOU FRIGGEN INSANE??? How in the World is she ever going to be able to find a decent job now?

They don't hire people covered with tattoos and piercings at Wal-Mart!

A very angry parent in Delta, PA

The Mooj Answers: The Mooj has no idea what you're talking about. This sounds like a tragic situation that I am being blamed on. My friend Agent Gayson thinks that maybe the other Mooj (J.J. Bigsby) might be responsible. This man is evil and I wouldn't put it past him to do such an awful thing.

TRUE MINION STORY

Last month Lance Worthy wrote a short piece about his stuntman work and many have been clamoring for more information. I, too, am a bit curious about all this so I have temporarily lifted the ban on Lance so he can give us some insight into how he became a stuntman. To reserve newsletter space this will count as this month's minion story.

The Amish Evel Knievel (by Lance Worthy, Esq.)

Most of you know that I worked for many years in the San Fernando Valley (California) as a stuntman. Many people have been writing to The Mooj asking him how I got my start in show biz. Since the Mooj is a man of the people he asked me to write a short piece for *The Enlightenment* outlining my early life in the stunt business.



Mooj.com

At a very early age I knew I wanted to be a stuntman. While growing up on my grandfather's farm in Bird in Hand, PA I was often the scorn of many of the older Amish in my community for they found my stunts to serve no useful purpose. But most of the Amish teenagers loved to watch me perform. Since we had no television I was unaware that people were actually making a good living doing what I was doing for free. One day a big city TV crew came to town to do a documentary on barn raising and they stuck around to watch me perform one of my famous buggy jumps. The TV producer fellow told me afterwards that he never saw anything so crazy in all his life. He called me The Amish Evel Knievel and told me that I could make a fortune in Hollywood. I had never heard of Evel Knievel so I sent away for his autobiography and studied his methodology. Finally, when I was 18, I did a rumpspringer, where I was sent off to decide if the Amish lifestyle was right for me. Instead of going on a 6-day drinking binge like my fellow brethren, I went to stuntman school. Within a short time I was told by the school director that I had what it took to make it in the movies and so I made the difficult decision to leave Bird in Hand and drive to Hollywood, CA. (It was a very long drive since I did it with a horse and buggy.) Well, the rest is history. I arrived in Hollywood without a cent to my name and couldn't find a stuntman job anywhere. Finally I did what I had to do to survive and ..., well you know... I wound up doing stunt work in porno movies. The Mooj told me I could only have 400 words for this article and this last word is number 395. Maybe next month The Mooj will let me finish my story.

UZBEKISTANI-PUNJABI PRIDE

People often ask me if I was born in The Punjab. The answer is no. If you read my book *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family: From Ancient Mohenjo-Daro to Uzbekistan, a Journey of 4,000 Years and 600 Miles*, then you would know that I was actually born in Uzbekistan. My father emigrated there during the early part of the century and was forced to remain enslaved as a gold miner when the communists took power. Since he was deemed intelligent by the party leaders he was sent to college and was then assigned to the Aral Sea Conservation Corps. There he met my mother (another Punjab scientist living in exile) and they sprung-forth six sons, including me. My brothers and I were gifted athletes and were drafted onto the Soviet Olympic National Hockey Team in the early 1960s. Few people know this but did you know that I was the only person in the history of Olympic sports to skate for both the Soviet Olympic National Hockey Team and the Soviet Olympic National Curling Team? (I eventually had to drop off the Curling team due to injuries.) Back in those days Uzbekistan was still part of the dreadful Soviet empire and my brothers and I dreamed of a better life in America. Our chance to

defect came during the 1964 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck. This was a devastating blow to the Soviet Olympic National Hockey Team because all six of us Umbababbaraba boys were the starting line. To help deceive Soviet operatives in America, the U.S. State Department separated us Umbababbaraba boys and gave us new "American-sounding names." I was given the name Richard Cunningham and sent to live with a foster family in Wisconsin. Those of you who are charter subscribers to *The Enlightenment* know about my early adventures in America because I used to reflect on them often. You more-recent subscribers will learn more about these trials and tribulations when we begin publishing excerpts from my book *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family: From Ancient Mohenjo-Daro to Uzbekistan, a Journey of 4,000 Years and 600 Miles*. First, however, we need to locate a copy of one. If you have this book please contact Vic Taylor at The Mooj Memory Bank.

Actually, now that I think about it, that book doesn't include any mention of my life in America. You'll have to find a copy of my book *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family (Part II): From Uzbekistan to America, a Journey of 30 Years and 8,000 Miles*.

A POEM

As I lay here all broken hearted and broken boned, I can't help but feel a poem coming on. So here it is:

A Wee Ditty about My Present Situation

Here I lie all broken down,
Beneath my cast, I wear a frown

In this bed, I await my fate
The hour of redemption's getting late

From the mid-Atlantic to the gulf coast sea
I saw the wonders of America free

And now with heart, it heavy be
I know a jail cell waits for me

COOK'S CORNER

I sincerely apologize for last month's obscene recipe. My ex-protégé Lance Worthy is still young and naive and doesn't realize that 60% of the recipes sent in to this newsletter are from weirdoes trying to pass off something lewd as being legitimate. I would have spotted that phony haggis recipe a mile away.

Now for this month's treat. This is the healthiest thing to come across the Mooj Mail Desk in years:

Cod Liver Oil Popsicles

Dr. Dean O'Doule of Bangor, Maine has found a novel way to get kids to take their daily dose of Cod Liver Oil. He freezes it in the form of a Popsicle. Dr. O'Doule says that "most kids take at least three or four licks before they realize it tastes like crap." Dr. O'Doule further stated that "and three or four licks equal the daily recommended dose of Cod Liver Oil."

NEWEST MINIONS

As many of you who view Mooj.com know, minion applications can now be filled out and submitted online using a credit card. Since we are limited in manpower we have decided to only accept minion applications this way for now on. Now no one is rejected (unless their credit card is rejected). So, here, without further adieu, are our newest minion brothers and sisters (some editing was done to shield personal data or eliminate non holistic mentionings):

Minion #1514

Contact_FullName: Raymond Wozniak
Contact_Title: Software Design Engineer
Contact_Organization: ██████████ Corp.
Contact_StreetAddress: ██████████
Contact_City: Redwood Shores
Contact_State: CA
Contact_ZipCode: 94065
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: ██████████
Contact_HomePhone: ██████████
Contact_Email: ██████████
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 7/17/73
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 5-11
Personal_Weight: 190
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Culver City, CA
School: I am college educated
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

Something Special About Me:

I'm a software design engineer working on ██████████ new 10i Database Unit. I'm responsible for a bunch of different development tasks, including thinking of new patterns of ones and zeroes for our product's binary codes. Last week, for example, I came up with the sequence 00111010100111010111101010000011. As far as I know no one else has thought of that exact code yet!

Minion Application Essay:

I've been writing a little bit of poetry lately. Want to hear some? Here's a verse that I came up with the other day while smoking dried banana peels and watching *The O'Reilly Factor*:

*Hilltop, valley, desolate park
Beggar man, thief, creeps in the dark
His victim silent, bloody, laying dead
A 38-calliber bullet stuck in his head*

I'm not sure where to take it from there, though. I could make it really funny, or kind of sad. I think my

poems should offer more of an insight into myself, though. But I'm not sure how people would react if they knew they were actually about me. Here's another one based on a true story:

*I got big feet--sho 'nuff I do
I eat lots of mutton, 'cause I am a jew
TV in the background, can you hear it too?
My palm's bright red 'cause my ██████████ are so few*

I think I like the true-story one better. It has a very strong air of realism, don't you think?

Minion #1515

Contact_FullName: Dr. Alan Guinness
Contact_Title: Renal Surgeon
Contact_Organization: Beaumont Hospital
Contact_StreetAddress: PO Box 1292, Dublin 9
Contact_City: Dublin
Contact_State:
Contact_ZipCode:
Contact_Country: Ireland
Contact_WorkPhone: 809 2412/2418
Contact_HomePhone: ██████████
Contact_FAX:
Contact_Email: ██████████
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 050251
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 200 cm
Personal_Weight: 81 kg
Personal_HairColor: Red
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: County Kilkenny
School: I am college educated
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

I follow the teachings of Dawn Cartwright. I also summer in France and will read anything by Eavan Boland, Elizabeth Bowen, Eilish Dillon or Lady Gregory. When I was a boy I witnessed a man get run over by a train. His last words were, "*Ni he la na gaofar la na scoilb!*" Also, once when I was at university I saw a woman get run over by an omnibus. Her last words were, "*Slainte chuig na fir, agus go mairfidh na mna go deo!*"

Minion Application Essay:

Because love finds its momentum gliding across the abyss created by harmonic duality, what better more challenging way can one find to fulfill our destiny than by initiating the union of man's yin with his female partner's yang? That chasm between love and receptivity is long and treacherous; yet, it is easily spanned using the proper tool and lubricant. No other human experience demands such a tenuous balance between aggressive probing

and total surrender. Believe me I know all this because I'm Irish!

Minion #1516

Contact_FullName: Tom R.
Contact_Title: Real Estate Agent
Contact_Organization: O'Connor, Pippier, & Flynn
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Annapolis
Contact_State: MD
Contact_ZipCode: 21401
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: 410-349-[REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL: [REDACTED]
Personal_DateOfBirth: 1/30/44
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 6-2
Personal_Weight: 210
Personal_HairColor: Bald
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: NYC
School: I am college educated
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

I met J. Gordon Whitehead once.

Minion Application Essay:

The Enlightenment is, on the surface, a short, pointless newsletter about a man and the adventure he finds as he wanders symbolically naked through life. It is, on a higher level, a metaphor for greater new age wisdom and serves as a barometer for our imaginations, which inspires in me thoughtful reflection about truth and holistic poetic justice. It is a sad story in many ways but one worth reading.

Minion #1517

Contact_FullName: Will Townsen Kennedy Smith
Contact_Title: Senior
Contact_Organization: Fallston High School
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Fallston
Contact_State: MD
Contact_ZipCode: 21047
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL: [REDACTED]
Personal_DateOfBirth: 4/11/86
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 6ft
Personal_Weight: 245
Personal_HairColor: Platinum (dyed)
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Havre de Grace, MD
School: ?
Finances: ?

Something Special About Me:

I be a wigga yo.

Minion Application Essay:

sup dog! me and my peeps be chillin yo. my cuddies always be illin' on my clothes yo. Damn, sly, you lookin beat up from da feet up. i'm fixin' to go get me some cut up yo. Dog, that wigga got that hump in the back of his caddy yo. this is some fly ass chicken, dog. off the hook for sure!

Minion #1518

Contact_FullName: Benji Hiraga
Contact_Title: Truck Driver, Teamster
Contact_Organization: England Truck Lines
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Bunkerville
Contact_State: Nevada
Contact_ZipCode: 89006
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL: [REDACTED]
Personal_DateOfBirth: 9/12/50
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 5-9
Personal_Weight: 195
Personal_HairColor: Gray
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Los Angeles, CA
School: I'm a high school graduate
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

Something Special About Me:

I'm married with two children. My wife's name is Sheila and my daughter's names are Mandalay and Sarah. I'm a Libra and my wife and daughters are Leos. Sheila and I met when we were in high school. We both had detention one day and spent the whole hour passing notes to each other. In one note I asked her if she would marry me. She wrote back that she would.

Minion Application Essay:

When I was a young I studied under Swami Shree Raj Swaminarayan Mandir Bhuj. He taught me yoga and meditation. He was an old man and let me call him Uncle Booj. It cracks me up that your nickname is The Mooj because it sounds like The Booj. Do your devotees call you Uncle Mooj? I miss my Uncle Booj. Besides teaching me yoga and meditation he also taught me how to fix cars and drag race. He had this totally bitchin' 1969 Mustang Boss 429. He kicked ass all up and down Hawthorne Blvd and people would come from all around to race him. Sadly, Uncle Booj died one summer night when he was racing some guy in a Plymouth 427 Hemi Cuda and hit some oil in the road. His car spun out of control and he crashed through the guardrail and

flew into the Pacific Ocean. I sure miss Uncle Booj and all the things he taught me. Now I turn to you Uncle Mooj. What will you teach me?

Minion #1519

Contact_FullName: Tamaya R.
Contact_Title: Vital organ transporter
Contact_Organization: Munson Healthcare Services
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Traverse City
Contact_State: Michigan
Contact_ZipCode: 49684
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: (231) [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 11/20/65
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-8
Personal_Weight: 130
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Antrim, MI
School: I graduated from a community college
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

This warm and sensual black woman would enjoy spending time with a special companion who enjoys traveling to quiet retreats, going to the movies, attending concerts and cuddling up together while reading side by side near a roaring fire. I am already emotionally, physically and financially intact and hope that you are also. I look forward to hearing from you if you are also committed to building a relationship. (no games!)

Minion Application Essay:

Mooj, you may not remember me but in our previous life we were married. I was Queen *Yaa Asantewa* of the *Ashanti* Empire and you were my boy king. Together we waged love and war. By day we fought side by side against the British and at night we made mad passionate love.

Minion #1520

Contact_FullName: Madhumati Chandani
Contact_Title: Resident GP
Contact_Organization: University of Chicago Hospital
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Chicago
Contact_State: IL
Contact_ZipCode: 60637
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 9/13/67
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-2

Personal_Weight: 140
Personal_HairColor: Black
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Naperville, IL
School: I have a Doctorate degree
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

Currently, I am doing my medical residency and strive to balance work and leisure. I am professional, humorous, an avid reader, voracious writer & poet. I enjoy cooking, gardening, traveling, interior decorating and belonging to a well-known Arora/Khatri family. My husband is also a doctor and we have two children named Krishi and Rahul.

Minion Application Essay:

Right now I am sitting at a picnic table at the fair. My children and husband are off on rides and I am waiting for them. I brought my laptop computer to catch up on some work and have now digressed into writing this essay. I am sitting opposite the porta-potties. There is one that seems to be causing people distress. There's a long line for all the others except for that one. Every once in a while someone will get out of the long lines to take a look and see why that particular porta-pottie is not being used. Each time the person abruptly slams the door shut and returns to their previous line. I wonder what could be in there that is so bad? Most porta-potties are disgusting anyway; what would make this one standout as even more disgusting? Oh, here comes someone else. You can tell that she really has to go bad. She looks like she's about to piss herself! Oh God she just opened the door and shut it! She looks sick! Now she's standing there and looking at the long lines for the other potties. What's she going to do? She's returning to the empty one again. She opened the door and closed it again. Now she's just standing there. Boy, she really has to go and doesn't know what to do. She opened and shut the door again. She looks sick!!! She opened the door again. Oh God! She went inside! She is going to use it! She's still in there Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Oh God, now she's out. Her face looks green! She looks like she's going to vomit! I have to go now. My husband and kids just got back.

Minion #1521

Contact_FullName: Frank
Contact_Title: Humanist
Contact_Organization: Earth
Contact_StreetAddress: none
Contact_City: none
Contact_State: none
Contact_ZipCode: none
Contact_Country: none
Contact_WorkPhone: none

Contact_HomePhone: none
Contact_FAX: none
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 10/15/70
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: unknown
Personal_Weight: unknown
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Earth
School: I graduated from a community college
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

Something Special About Me:

I am.

Minion Application Essay:

Maybe it was only a local Southern California thing but when I was young there was this commercial on

TV for Ady Plumbing and Heating. They showed this guy dressed like a plumber fixing a sink and then this voice in the background would ask: "Who fixes clogs and leaks?" The guy would then poke his head out from under the sink and get this stupid look on his face and say, "Ady dooooo." Then another question was asked and the guy answered, "Ady dooooo," again. The whole commercial was basically this guy answering questions with that same stupid answer. When I graduated from high school I was hired by Ady Plumbing and Heating as an apprentice plumber. My dad belonged to a steam fitter local and so he used his connections to get me into the trade. I hated being a plumber and did a crappy job whenever possible. Finally I got fired. After that all my friends would say stuff like: "Who fires lazy-ass plumbers when they never show up for work? Ady dooooooooooo!"

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well I guess this will have to do it for this month. By my next newsletter I should be home, or somewhere in between. I certainly hope I don't have to stay here in the Memphis General Hospital for much longer. I just can't take anymore of J. Edgar Gayson's continuous babbling. For two straight weeks he has done nothing but sit next to me, hold my hand cast and tell me his life story. I can't do anything but lay here and roll my eyes (which he can't see because of my face cast). At first I found him interesting but after hearing his life story over and over again and over and over again (about how his mom never got him a dog, or bigwheel, or whatever) I just can't take anymore! I've even tried nibbling on one of my weight bag ropes, hoping the bag would fall and knock him unconscious. What's worse is that this idiot knows exactly how I feel since he's typing this now as we speak. I'm dictating the newsletter to him! Oh for God's sake Gayson I hate your guts! Go away!

Blessings and Such,

मजपती इस्वारावा

