

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

January 29, 2002

SITTING IN FOR THE MOOJ THIS WEEK IS TRENT HANDJOY!

Hey! Remember me? It's your old pal **Trent Handjoy!** I used to be The Mooj's official protégé. The Mooj and I parted ways last year after that Azores treasure hunt debacle and I swore that I would never speak to him again. Now that time has softened my heart I have realized that I was wrong. To be honest those five months spent hanging out with The Mooj and his other trusty sidekick Lance Worthy (RIP) were the highpoint of my life. I really miss those guys and all the fun we had. They sure taught me a few things (things you can't learn in textbooks or see in a PBS Documentary).

Most of you are probably wondering why I'm the guest editor this week. The sad and simple truth is that The Mooj has gone away. He was last seen in the town of Portage Des Sioux, Missouri. He sent a cryptic message (a post card actually) to The New Friends of Mooj Society last month reporting that he was off on some sort of spiritual journey and wanted to reconnect with his inner spirituality and being. He claimed that he would resurface again once that journey was accomplished. I guess that's all fine and dandy except that The Mooj has this newsletter to publish and lots of people depend on him for their weekly inspirations. I guess I picked the wrong week to stop by The New Friends of Mooj Society office and ask how everything was going. To put it mildly things are FUBAR. The Mooj is off gallivanting and Vic Taylor absconded with about \$100,000 worth of donations. Dude!

Before we go any further I would like to convey to all my fellow minions that I am not the same Trent Handjoy that most of you remember from the old days. Gone are my vane and arrogant ways. I am still a certified boy genius; however, now I find being a common teenager more interesting and so I pretty much just hangout at the mall doing teenage things. I even got a job at Old Navy. It's pretty cool because I can listen to techno music over the loudspeakers while I walk around talking to my coworkers on a headset. It's more fun than working at NASA (which I did last summer).

Here's something totally cool: I was able to convince some of my cyber pals to come to Maryland and sign on as official Mooj.com interns. They are helping me out this week. These guys are really cool. Let me introduce you to them (in no apparent order):



For those wondering if Tommerby (seen above) is the same Tommerby that was fired a few months ago. He is. He is being given a second chance because he really needs a job and has promised never to insult anyone again with a certified letter saying their poetry sucked.

I would also like to mention that one of the interns above is my new girlfriend (see if you can guess who). I met her on the Internet and she ran away from home to be with me. Since she is older than me it isn't against the law (for me anyway).

Minion Mail

Those of you who are regular readers of *The Enlightenment* know that The Mooj Mail is sometimes silly. Only a small fraction of the mail comes from people seeking genuine blessings or having legitimate questions or concerns. The balance is normally a collection of stuff that people feel compelled to send in for their own amusement to shock others or otherwise harass and/or annoy The Mooj and his happy family of minions. Since this newsletter has not been published in over a month there were 100s of letters in the Mooj Mail Bag. I will randomly select about a dozen and, instead of answering the letters, just introduce them. No need to add more inanity to the situation.

This first letter has to do with a minion essay someone wrote a few weeks back about going to a Drive-In movie. I found it somewhat interesting:

Re: Minion # 1714,

I loved the story about the drive-in in last week's newsletter. It reminded me of my hot date with Shelly Longren at the Burlingame Drive-In back in 1968. I don't think the Burlingame Drive-In is there anymore but it used to be near the San Francisco airport. Back in "high" school I had an old Nash Rambler. (Those of you who remember Nash Ramblers must surely remember that their most famous feature was a back seat the folded down into a bed. But that's another story.) When Shelly and I got to the drive-in all the best spots were taken and we had to park up front near the playground. Shelly was concerned because she couldn't see the screen. I didn't care because I had already seen the movie (yuk yuk).

As soon as the show started Shelly and I started to make out. Pretty soon the windows were all fogged up and I didn't notice that somehow I kicked the parking brake off and the car started rolling backwards. Pretty soon we were totally flying through the drive-in (I mean literally flying because of all those dips and hills there). I tried to get back into the driver's seat but couldn't. Through the fogged up windows I could see the glare of flashing headlights as car horns blared indiscriminately at us. My car somehow made it through the drive-in, through the fence, across the main highway, through another fence, through a parking lot, through a restaurant patio and then off a cliff. We landed in the bay!

Amazingly neither Shelly nor I were killed that night. Those old Nash Ramblers were built pretty tough! The worst part about the whole ordeal was Shelly's father was a fireman and showed up to help rescue us. Naturally he wasn't very amused when he pulled his topless daughter from the wreckage. To this day I can still see his angry face glaring at me through my broken windshield. Sadly, that was my last date ever with Shelly Longren.

Dennis Hollinsworth
San Bruno, CA

This second letter is very long. I was going to just 'toss it' but it was actually very interesting. It's from a woman needing The Mooj to help heal a broken heart (or something of those sorts):

Mooj,

I'll never forget my 13th birthday party. It was at Shakey's Pizza. That was the day Randy Goodman told me that he loved me. I laughed. I liked Randy as a friend but I certainly wasn't in love with him. Back then I was in love with Donald Drake. Donald was the boy that lived up the street and looked just like Bobby Sherman.

All through high school Randy Goodman was my best friend. I told him everything. During our freshman year we must have talked on the phone a million times because I was so in love Donald Drake and Donald didn't even know I existed. Randy was such a sweetheart. He would write love poems for me to slip into Donald's locker but Donald just threw them on the ground without even reading them.

Then sophomore year I was in love with a boy named Billy Allen Preston. Billy was my first boyfriend and looked just like Shawn Cassidy. When Billy dumped me I was so devastated that I cried for almost a week. Randy brought me teddy bears every day because he knew how sad I was. He was such a good friend.

During my junior year I was in love with a boy named Joey Trattoria. Joey was on the football team. He was very handsome but turned out to be a real jerk. When he dumped me I must have cried every night for a month. But Randy, bless his heart, did everything he could to cheer me up. I still laugh when I think about how Randy let the air out of Joey's tires in the school parking lot. One of Joey's friends saw Randy and poor Randy got his butt

kicked really good. Poor Randy had two black eyes and it made me laugh because he looked like a raccoon.

During my senior year I was SO in love with Danny Seton. Danny was on the varsity basketball team. He was the best looking boy in the whole school and drove a bright red Corvette. Randy, again, put up with my late night phone calls because Danny was always mean to me. A week before prom Danny broke up with me so that he could take my best friend Darby instead. I was totally devastated. Randy knew I really wanted to go to prom so he told me that he would take me. I agreed but then Albert Berry asked me and Randy was totally understanding about me going with Albert instead. On prom night Albert Berry never showed up! He got drunk and passed out somewhere. I was totally embarrassed and humiliated! My mom must have called Randy because Randy came right over to take me (I guess he still had his rental tux or something). Believe it or not I actually had a blast that night. I certainly had more fun than I would have had with either Danny Seton or that drunken idiot Albert Berry.

After we graduated from high school I went away to college and Randy went to work in the steel mill. Even though I was over 500 miles away Randy would always drive down to see me whenever I needed him. I can't tell you how many times I called him in the middle of the night because I broke up with some boyfriend or failed a test or something. Randy was always there for me.

After college I married a man named Steven Ambrose Dixon. Randy came down for the wedding and was his usual jolly self; he was so happy for me. Because my father was no longer alive I asked Randy to give me away. As we walked down the aisle Randy told me that I looked more beautiful than he had ever seen me in his life. Randy was so sweet!

My marriage to Steven did not last very long. Following the divorce my children and I were left without any means of support. I was desperate and called Randy; and, yes, within hours Randy was there to help. For the next two or three years I had severe financial difficulties and came close to being evicted or having my car repossessed. But someone would always save the day and pay my rent or car payment. I know that it was probably Randy.

I remarried again and that marriage was a total disaster. My second husband was an alcoholic and spent every dime we had on ridiculous inventions. I finally left him and was an emotional basket case and started hanging around with people that were a very bad influence on me. Soon I was hooked on cocaine and didn't even care. Somehow Randy found out and came and put me into a drug rehab center. Within months I was clean and sober and Randy helped me get my kids out of foster care. As always Randy was without a doubt the best friend I ever had.

I got married for a third time but that marriage also ended in failure. My third husband was a major idiot and wound up losing every dime we had in the stock market crash of 1999. And yes, when I needed him most, Randy came through and helped my kids and I get through the tough times.

Then last night while I was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a bottle of vodka I remembered something my mother told me back when I was in high school. She said boys like Donald Drake, Billy Allen Preston, Joey Trattoria, Danny Seton and the others are a dime a dozen. A guy like Randy Goodman, however, is one-in-a-million because he has a heart of gold. She said it's what's inside a man that counts most, not how he looks, how he dresses or what kind of car he drives. She told me that I'd search my whole life trying to find a man that was not even half as good as Randy Goodman. *I realized that after 25 years my mother was right!*

I called Randy and asked him if he remembered my 13th birthday at Shakey's when he told me that he loved me. He said that he did. I then told him that I now realize that it was him that I love and that I wanted to be his wife. He laughed and turned me down because he said I had too many problems. He then hung up on me! I was flabbergasted! Mooj, why are men such a__holes?

Marcie Martin-Silver
Norwalk, CA

This next letter is from that guy that thought The Mooj was his father last month:

Mooj, "Hey Joe" here ... I beg your forgiveness for accusing you of being my father and abandoning me under the PoTown bridge. I can only say that I was desperate and grasping at any/all possibilities. It just seemed to make sense ... I too have a talent for doing Kung Fu and playing ragas and actually studied under the great Filipino raga/kung fu master "Blind Mango" Rizal ... so you see ... to me, it seemed possible that we were related.

But now, using your omni-impotent powers, you have determined who my true father is and I cannot begin to thank you enough!!! I never imagined that my father could possibly be the infamous Steamer!!!! That's why I settled for you, don't you see? But now that you have confirmed my parentage ... I am without words to describe my elation!!! The Steamer is legendary in the Far East ... and stories are told of his adventures from the Malaysian island of Penang to S'pore and Hong Kong. And his exploits here in the PI with his running mates "The Magnificent 7" are now part of our folklore. He is known in Samar and the Southern islands & throughout

Luzon, where he spent time as a guest of Ferd and Imelda at their summer Palace in Baguio (actually, Ferd knew nothing of it!!!) and shared his vast knowledge of fermentables with the brewmasters at the San Miguel Brewery. Oh joy!!!! ... I was homeless and alone and now find that I am part of a family of hundreds of brothers and sisters throughout the Pacific ... Thank you so much dearest Mooj for your help ...

Steamer's Boy
(formerly the raga artist known as "Hey Joe")

This next letter, ironically, —since this is a random draw from the Mooj Mail Bag—concerns that “Hey Joe” fellow (above):

Dearest Ven. Mooj,

Thanks to you, dear friend, many wonderful events have taken place recently. Not only has young "Hey Joe" finally found his Father but I have learned that he is also in possession of the lost (and only) copy of my Masterwork, *The WiseDumb of Y* and he has agreed to return it to me. Of course none of this would have been possible if it were not for you, kind sir, and your powers of mind and your commitment to ease suffering wherever you find it. In thanks, I commissioned "Hey Joe" to construct a gift for you to show our appreciation for all you have done. He has just completed it and I attach a photograph of the finished work. Joe and his many orphaned friends worked together to sort through their collection of artifacts gleaned from the bottom of Olongapo's most famous river just under the bridge where he was raised. They then tirelessly spent many hours shaping and polishing the various items into these beads you see before you. These include many priceless pearls, bits of glass and pottery, gold fillings and other objects of undetermined makeup that generations of sailors had cast into the river for decades. These objects, 4200 in all, were then carefully arranged and fixed in place following the Fibonacci pattern ... in just the way that Nature uses to construct her many beautiful forms which we observe in the natural world. It is our hope that this melding of many objects into One in a Spirit of Harmony and Love will emanate Peaceful vibrations and Healing to all who view it. We most certainly need it in these trying times. Attached is a photograph of your gift. The actual thing will arrive shortly. Once again ... thank you, dear Mooj ... for Being ...

With Metta,
Y-roshi



You know how sometimes people send in “confession letters”? Here’s one. Except it isn’t anything as grievous as digging up graves or faking Indian raids. It’s actually pretty mild:

Mooj,

I have a confession to make. I hope you don’t think less of me but here it goes: Back in 1978 I broke into a grocery store and stole a loaf of bread. I wasn’t starving or anything; I was just stoned and had the munchies. Oh, Great Guru—forgivith me!!!!

Peetie “Astroglase” Weis (the Sultan of Sykesville)

This next letter comes from someone claiming to be a rider on one of the Mooj Freedom buses during the great 1999 escape:

Dear Mooj,

I can’t tell you how surprised I am to see that mooj.com is still around. I haven’t been on your web site in almost two years. Reading through some of your most recent newsletters reminds me of the good times I had while traveling with your freedom convoy back in 1999. I joined the auxiliary entourage in South Carolina near the South of the Border complex. Back in those days I was an aimless drunk without any direction in life. I guess I was a prime candidate for your type of mass movement. I

traveled with the freedom convoy for about three days and got busted in Kissimmee, FLA at the Green Briar Trailer Park. Man, those were some wild times on that entourage bus, let me tell ya! I was on devotee bus #4 and the people on that bus were totally wild! Every day while we were driving along we had massive orgies. They would last for hours! The only thing that could have made it any better was if we had women on board. Oh well. Anyway, glad to know that you're still out there spreading your good works and good karma.

Benjamin Yoder
Harleysville, PA

This next letter concerns a matter of 'grave' importance (you'll get what I mean when you read it):

Great Omni-Impotent One,

Three days ago I was stirred from my peaceful slumber by the sound of digging in the woods behind my house. I got out of bed and went to the window to see what was going on. Through the darkness I spied a stranger silhouetted against the moonlight. I put on my slippers and bathrobe and went outside to get a better look. I got close enough to see that it was my neighbor Professor Rathbone. From where I was standing I could clearly see the professor roll something very heavy into the hole and then quickly fill it in. The next morning I did some investigating and found out that Prof. Rathbone was telling everyone that his wife had gone away to see her mother. When I ran into the professor at the post office I asked him how long his wife was planning to stay away and he told me to "mind my own business." Odd, wouldn't you agree? I think Professor Rathbone killed his wife and then buried her in the woods! What do you think?

Rupert T. Holmes
Otter Township, PA

This next letter comes from a guy pretending to be the Gaelic Versifier's brother. Or maybe he really is the Gaelic Versifier's brother. Either way, it doesn't matter.

Och!

I got a great idea. You know how people drink Slim Fast to lose weight? Instead of drinking Slim Fast I drink Guinness Ale! It has all the nutrients and natural ingredients as Slim Fast; yet it doesn't taste like crap! I've

been on the Guinness diet for sixteen years now. I haven't lost any weight but, man, who cares!

Johnny O'Keats
The Gaelic Versifier's brother

I find the next letter to be very offensive. I'll post it anyway:

Mooj, when I was 15 I was on my way out the door to attend a high school dance when my dad said, "Be sure you don't dance with any Asian boys!" I didn't think anything about it until I got to the dance and the very first boy to ask me to dance was Chinese. I had to tell the poor boy no. Years later I met and fell in love with a Punjab fellow like you. We are now married and have 4 children and, let me tell ya, when it comes to loving—there ain't nothing like a genuine Asian lover!

MIT
Gunpowder, MD

This next letter is vapid. This person is asking a question that has an obvious answer:

I have a dilemma that only you can help me with, great and loving Swami. Next year I'm supposed to go to college but I don't want to. I'd rather take a few years off to see the world and discover myself. My mom and dad say I have to go to college. When my grandma passed away last year she left me millions of dollars and I feel that I should be allowed to use that money any way I see fit. Surely I would learn more traveling around partying then going to some stupid college. Duh!

Paris Heinz Kerry
Yarmouth Glen, MA

I'm not sure why the next letter was sent to *The Enlightenment*. It should have been sent to President Bush or the CIA:

I have a great idea how to make all those Taliban terrorists talk! I read that none of them will cooperate. Easy solution: tie them to a chair and force them to listen to Mannheim Steamroller. After two or three days of that those sandy-ass-diaper heads will be begging to talk. As far as that Jee-hod Johnny Walker kid goes, I think we should strap him down to a chair and make him listen to

both Mannheim Steamroller AND Kenny Loggins until his head explodes! Even that's too good for him!

-Unsigned

You know how every Christmas someone sends you one of those impersonal 'form' type letters? Here's one that was in the mail bag. It's kind of long:

Christmas, 2001

Well it's that time of year again! Time for Big Dwight and Tina to brag about the family! This Year we've been truly blessed! Big Dwight was supposed to return to work at Seekonk Cesspool Cleaning Service except the "powers that be" suggested he take another year off, just to make sure his groin pull really is healed. Big Dwight was so excited! Now he can continue following Jeff Gordon around on the NASCAR circuit. Tickets are so expensive but Big Dwight says since we paid off our second on the trailer he should be able to do what he damn well pleases.

Now on to Dwight Jr. He is all of his daddy and then some! He sure has his daddy's need for speed! Why that boy got his license last summer and we've barely seen him since. And he is quite the chemist! Dwight Jr. loves science and experimentations. Something is always brewing and cooking in the tool shed! And he has so many friends! They come by at all hours of the night to buy what Dwight Jr. is cooking up. God Bless him!

Our little Tammy Faye started her freshman year and made the cheerleading squad! She struts her stuff for the Wildcats now. She's sure enjoying the social side of high school. That girl has dated half the football team and is now looking forward to basketball season. It's not been all peaches for our little Tammykins. She is so nervous lately. Got the jitters so bad she throws up every morning. Big Dwight can't figure out how someone who barfs so much each morning can still get as fat as she is getting. It must be my cooking!

Now about me! I'm still temporarily employed at Wally and Dons Interstate Trucking. Been there 10 years dispatching now! Dwight says when he goes back to work in a couple of years I can quit and finally go to beauty school! For my 30th birthday Big Dwight and the kids took me to the Seekonk Rib House! It was all you can eat night! Our waiter made a joke that his boss will never let our family eat there again. Boy, we sure ate some ribs! I hope we can go again next year! Well, Merry Christmas to you all and a Happy New Year! I have to cut it short this year because the family that adopted us for Christmas needs our list! I think we're only up to four or five pages so I've got a lot of work to do.

Love,
Big Dwight, Tina, Dwight Jr. and Tammy

And last but not least, a letter from G. H. Lewis, that professor from The University of the Americas in New Gabon. I know he's on the banned from sending mail list but this dispatch was very fascinating:

Swami of Swamis!

Can I please get back on your allowed to send mail list? I'm not even sure why I have been banned, glorious Guru. I work hard. I pay my dues. I exhibit true Mooj-like qualities and live as humbly and Earth-friendly as humanly possible. Many would vouch for my good character!

Excuse me for a second, Swami. Ms. Lassiter, my housekeeper, just came into my office. Yes, what is it Ms. Lassiter? Ms. Lassiter! You know I am busy right now. I'm writing a letter to our Guru Mooj. Oh, Ms. Lassiter! Put that thing away! You know we don't do that sort of thing during daylight hours! What if one of my students or another faculty member comes by my office? Ms. Lassiter! I am shocked! Why are you being so mischievous right now? Oh, you little Devil! You know I can't say no to you when you give me that sassy frassy look! Okay. Lock the door. Pull the shades.

Swami, I must go now. I have things I must attend to. When Ms. Lassiter gets a bee in her bonnet there is no stopping her. Okay, Ms. Lassiter! Let's do this quickly. Get my paddle out of the cupboard. We'll volley for serve.

That Ms. Lassiter sure loves to play ping pong!

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

New Minions

Minion 1721, Tom T. Leghorn (age 44, Capricorn)

Something Special about Me: I work as a cashier at the John Brown Wax Museum in Harpers Ferry, WV.

Essay: When I was a kid I used to love to watch the Barbapapa's on TV. I wished I could be a Barbapapa. I still do. My favorite one was the green one.

Minion 1722, Latoya Peña (age 22, Aries)

Something Special about Me: I am a Bar Tender/Dancer/Singer. Right now I am naked. How about you, naughty Guru?

Essay: Within the last month or so many new astronomical declarations strongly impacted the world of astrology! First, yet another black hole (XTE J1950-511) was discovered. Then Astronomers announced that the Sun is experiencing a second peak in its solar maximum this week; and lastly a new centaur was posted. Talk about a strong start to a new year - just in case you hadn't noticed. Oh, did I also mention that I am naked right now?

Minion 1723, "Dr. Detroit" Dave Gonzales (age 33, Leo)

Something Special about Me: I am a huge fan of the Southern California surf/oldie band *Honk*. I have all their records and posters.

Essay: A few weeks ago I was sitting at a bar and a really good looking woman sat down next to me. I am single and don't mind a little female companionship now and again so I asked the lady if I could buy her a drink. We had a few and then she told me she wanted to go somewhere. I took her back to my place and she excused herself and went into my bathroom. I have a studio apartment so I could hear everything. This woman basically pooped her brains out. When she came out she was all lovey dovey and wanted to kiss me. I'm like there's the door, hon. I just wasn't in the mood. My apartment stunk for days afterwards.

Minion 1724, Rohm Emanuel Sharif (age 35, Taurus)

Something Special about Me: When I was a boy I lived in the Ralph Bunche House in South Central Los Angeles.

Essay: There are no warlike peoples—just warlike leaders!

Minion 1725, Leonide Massapeepqua (age 67, Pieces)

Something Special about Me: I was a student of Frithjof Schuon and accompanied him on his many travels when he lived among the Sioux Indians in 1963.

Essay: Elsewhere in this Universe there are other beings that like us stare at their sun-like burning gravity orb. They, like us, wonder how it burns; wonder how long it has burned; and wonder how long it will stay energetic. With that thirst for knowledge they already know or will soon understand the nature of atoms. When they achieve this realization they will then understand that Hydrogen fuses to Helium under great pressure caused by enormous gravity which produces Helium and tremendous amounts of energy. They will already know or soon realize that energy and mass are equivalent. We may think "we" are so intelligent! *Whoop tee friggen do!* We just figured this out ourselves *only* 70 years ago thanks to Einstein. Now our knowledge is unbounded and we have advanced beyond the scope of the ancients by leaps and bounds. However, our understanding of rocket engines is still only chemical in nature; whereas soon it will be atomic. Elsewhere, other beings have figured out the unified theory of gravity and weak and strong nuclear forces and have already built spaceships that use those principles and, thus, have traveled beyond what we deem possible. Those same beings also understand love beyond what we deem possible too. Being part of the collective consciousness is really about understanding what we knew, now know and will know. Nothing else matters. Excuse me now. I have to go and stick a █████ up my █████.

Minion 1726, Connie Tye. (age 46, Sagittarius)

Something Special About Me: My mother dated Hubert Egger, the famous West German Alpine skier!

Essay: I live in Washington D.C. and work on K Street. A few nights ago I was sitting in the Ritz-C when somebody “very important” came in and sat at the bar next to me. He saw that I was alone and asked if he could buy me a drink. I am a Republican and this person is a Democrat. I joked with him that he wouldn’t get my vote but he might get my phone number. One thing led to another and I wound up going home with this important man and we had a meaningless hour of sloppy and sensuous [you know what]. Afterwards, this man had an aide drop me off at my house. Before I got out of the car the aide threw an envelope at me. He said nothing and drove off. I was offended! How dare that SOB think that I was a ... well, you know. I was outraged and went inside and opened the envelope, assuming it was filled with \$100 bills or something. But it wasn’t. It contained a Mooj *Enlightened Thinking* pamphlet. I read the thing and realized I am very much Mooj material. So Senator “Odd,” From Connecticut; I thank you very much! I’ll guess I’ll see you again tonight at the Ritz!

Minion 1727, Ben Dover (age 22, Aries)

Something Special About Me: I am a student at Harford Community College. I plan to attend The University of Maryland next fall if I can get my grades up and kick this gamma-hydroxybutyric acid habit. Oh, and if it matters, I have one undescended nardo.

Essay: Deep inside we are all painters and poets. To prove this I will paint a poem for you. I will send it in when it is done. Actually, since I live in Bel Air I’ll just drop it off. Do you guys have a loading dock?

Minion 1728, Gregg Terrion. (age 27, Taurus)

Something Special About Me: I am a graduate student at Oglethorpe University and have access to the secret vaults of the Crypt of Civilization. I have spent countless hours looking at the artifacts and adding a few of my own.

Essay: I belong to a fraternity here at Oglethorpe and was very upset to decipher the secret message that minion # 1716 sent. No doubt he needs help and a proctologist. I am hoping someone does something to save that poor lad. No one should have to undergo that sort of debauchery—not even a Kappa Sig!

Minion 1729, David A. Casanova (age 41, Leo)

Something Special About Me: I am good friends with Randy Wigginton! Yes, That Randy Wigginton!

Essay: In a previous life I was an Aztec warrior. In my dreams I sometimes see memories. Last summer I decided to travel to Mexico to visit the places I had lived before. I relied on instincts and took random buses and trains; finally I found myself in the village of Tenochtitlan Poco. I knew the place! I had lived there five hundred years before. I found the stone ruins of what remained of my house and found artifacts and things that belonged to my family. It would have been one of the greatest days of my present life had not the Federales shown up and taken me to a Mexican jail. I made a poor decision that day and took a giant backpack full of pot with me. Maybe in my next life I will be smarter.

Minion 1730, Reginald Weaver (age 81, Pieces)

Something Special about Me: During WWII I served in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry.

Essay: What? You want *me* to write an essay? What kind of nonsense is that? I survived Dunkirk! I am seeking a blessing not running for political office!

Minion 1731, Dr. Otto Salam (age 22, Gemini)

Something Special about Me: Believe it or not the last hurricane to strike New Jersey was Hurricane Vagabond back in 1903. That was almost 100 years ago! My grandfather was an engineman on President Roosevelt’s yacht that day and the Presidential yacht was nearly sunk while it floundered off the coast of Long Island. My grandfather wrote in his memoirs that Theodore Roosevelt was so brave that day as he stood at the helm smoking a pipe, spinning the wheel, and barking orders to the crew.

Essay: I am a sociologist. For my doctoral thesis I spent four months alone in a dark cave. I was doing research on sensory deprivation based on the work of Dr. Kumiyo Nakakoji from The University of Tokyo. After a few weeks in the cave I started to go a little crazy and see strange creatures illuminate themselves. They would come and talk to me. One creature was half woman and half goat. She called herself Baaf. We became very close and soon developed a love for each other. I knew in the back of my mind that Baaf was probably imaginary but she was so real to me then. She would hold me and pet my head softly with her hoof and it felt so good. Finally Baaf told me that she wanted me to meet her family. She led me to the rear of the cave. We must have wandered for miles. Finally Baaf brought me into a large open area and introduced me to her mother and father. They were quite charming. Then one of Baaf’s brothers arrived and told the mother

and father that because I had seen their secret underworld lair I needed to be killed and eaten. They agreed; but refused to do it until after we had a nice visit together. Baaf took me aside and told me she was sorry about everything but it was true: no human was ever allowed to enter the secret lair of the man-goat. I'm not sure how but after our talk other creatures in the cave showed up to rescue me and I was saved. In closing I want everyone to understand that I know most of what I wrote above will be scoffed and laughed at. Hey, they laughed at Kumiyo Nakakoji too! I accept that. That is the chance we take when we choose to do scientific research.

Minion 1732, Randy Brackett (age 35, Libra)

Something Special about Me: I work at KLUK (97.9 FM) in Needles, California. Someday I hope to make it to a bigger media market (not that Needles isn't an exciting place—ha ha—somebody shoot me!).

Essay: Thanks for the work you are doing! I believe that sites such as yours will help to raise the collective consciousness of humanity, especially when you show Hooters girls lifting their tops and showing us their tattoos!!!

Minion 1733, Hjem (age 25, Scorpio)

Something Special about Me: I belong to Hausmania, a Norwegian cultural collective based on collectivist ideology and Swedish liberalism.

Essay: Please enjoy the photographs accompanying this email. I am artist in special art community. We perform in a circus-like environment and make living off donations. In photo can be seen me wearing large blue ball for hat.

Minion 1734, Martin Crowe (age 33, Pisces)

Something Special about Me: I was born in Burnaby, British Columbia. I now live in Washington D.C. and work as a lawyer.

Essay: I work on Capitol Hill. I had dinner last week with two senior Senators from New England and they had a few too many drinks. I wound up having to drive one of them home. I even had to carry him up and help put him to bed. While I was in his bedroom I noticed several photos of a Hindu Swami hanging on his wall. In the photograph the Senator was giving the Swami a foot bath. "I know that Swami from someplace!" I said. The Senator's aide

told me that the photos were of a famous Swami named Moojooopotia Oomboobaraba or something like that. I went home, did a web search and sure enough, I found Mooj.com. I looked at Mooj's photo over and over again. "Where do I know this man from?" I thought. Finally it hit me! I met Mooj about 15 months ago. It was at a strip club on Georgia Avenue. Swami Mooj came in all pimped out. The girl giving me a lap dance said he was a famous Swami and that the skinny guy with him was his Amish side-kick. I thought the girl was fooling. I asked the Swami to join me and we sat together in a booth. We drank massive quantities of Brass Monkey and other adult beverages. Man, we had a good time! I'd like to meet up with The Mooj again someday. PS, I was sad to learn that Lance drowned. He was a really nice guy.

Minion 1735, Holly Mermaid (age 19, Leo)

Something Special about Me: I am a performance artist living in San Francisco. I currently live with my boyfriend, who is Minion # 1657.

Essay: I met my boyfriend at the Exotic Erotic Ball last summer. He is much older than I am. I don't even know how old he is. He has long gray hair and a very long gray beard. He and I love to march in all the parades and protests they have in San Francisco. Most of the time we don't even know what we're celebrating or protesting against. My boyfriend is so funny. He always protests in the nude holding a sign that says: "I Have Nothing to Hide." If he has enough notice he can even get his scrotum to swell up really big.

Minion 1736, Sigmund Doyle (age 20, Taurus)

Something Special about Me: A few weeks ago I saw Danica Lugo (Minion # 1694) mention a tattoo artist named Ben in NYC. I bet she was talking about Ben Turd, an inker at Rosebud Tattoo (on 36th Street). The guy is really good. He did some of my work. He likes to do portraits of obscure Civil War generals. Last year he incorporated William Boyd Allison into my back piece. It's okay but I hate having to tell people, "...oh, that's William Boyd Allison, you know, the Iowa Senator from 1873 to 1908 ... and no, I don't know why he is sitting on a horse wearing yellow pajamas."

Essay: I was in a band called Huffer. We did mainly Pantera and Megadeth covers. They kicked me out when it was discovered that I wasn't showing up for gigs anymore. Those guys were so wasted that they did three shows without me and didn't even notice!

Random Thoughts

It feels good to be back (this is Trent speaking, not The Mooj). I must admit that this last year was very sad for me because I did not have Swami Mooj in my life. Reading back through the archived newsletters of last year I see that my Guru, your Guru, OUR Guru, really suffered. Had I been there, at his side, giving him my boy genius insights, I might have saved him anguish. But I am here now! When he returns I shall stand proudly at his side! I shall never forsake Him again!

Some of you are probably wondering about my family fortune. It was lost when my father spent every dime he had trying to recover the treasure on Sao Miguel. I am sad to say that my father is still broke. He is currently working as a Rainbow Vacuum Cleaner salesman. To add insult to injury my mother left him and she now lives in Asbury Park, New Jersey. She got remarried. My "step dad" is pretty nice and offered to pay my tuition if I wanted to return to Duke University but I declined. I didn't want to go back to college. I realized that one doesn't learn from books or professors. Real knowledge comes from living and doing. True, in private, when no one is around, I still solve non homogenous partial differential equations for kicks—but that is just to keep my wits sharp; I know that being a genius is not my *dharma*; helping others is. So that is what I shall do. My only hope is that when Swami Mooj returns he will be happy to see me and accept me back into his life.



Trent Handberg

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THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

March 1, 2002

SITTING IN FOR THE MOOJ THIS WEEK IS LANCE WORTHY!

No, you're not dreaming! It is really I, your long lost pal Lance Worthy! Hubba Hubba! Yes, I'm alive! The rumors of my death were greatly exaggerated. Of course I don't blame you for thinking that I was dead since I faked it. I actually got rescued back when I was floating around in the Atlantic Ocean last year. I was brought to Liberia. It was quite an adventure. Maybe I'll tell you about it someday. By the time I finally got back to America everyone thought I was dead. Instead of letting people know I was alive I decided to lay low for awhile because it was harvest season. "Vork Vork Vork!" as my Amish grandmother says! Not for me if I'm dead—ha! To be honest I had no idea that my grandparents would be so upset that I was deceased. They sure did a lot to memorialize me. I would have made them look like fools if I suddenly showed up. Thus, I moved to Red Lion, PA and got a job as a golf course groomer. That was also quite an adventure. Maybe I'll tell you about it someday.

So how did I get here? A few days ago I found a copy of *The Enlightenment* in a public restroom and was pleasantly surprised to see the familiar and always agreeable face of my old pal Trent Handjoy on the cover. The last time I saw that little pipsqueak, er, I mean swell little fellow was back in the Azores. I got real homesick for my old pal and sent him a message. Trent wrote back and begged me to return to public life so that I could edit this week's *Enlightenment*. So I did. What the heck. I was tired of being a golf course groomer.

Since I haven't guest edited *The Enlightenment* in a long time you'll have to forgive me if I seem a bit rusty. In the old days I was always accused of being insensitive and rude. I doubt I really was but if I was then I'm sorry. I'm a much different person now. I'm very mellow. Working at a golf course and cutting lawns all day will do that to ya! Ha ha!

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that since I'm guest editing *The Enlightenment* this week then The Mooj is still absent. He's on a spiritual journey of self realization. I miss him very much. I can't tell you how many times I wanted to wander westward and join forces with him. I was just about to do so when that Mogender idiot showed up. I admit I got kind of jealous. It hurt to think that The Mooj could replace me (dead as I was supposed to be) so quickly as his official sidekick. Anyway, that's all water under the bridge now. I'm back. I hope to be welcomed by him as well as you, my many friends. To prove that I am worthy (not a pun) I will really try hard to make this issue as good as the ones we used to publish in the old days.

Your Pal,

Lance Worthy
☺

Lance Worthy



Man of Action
and
Good Deed!

READER MAIL

Dear Mooj,

I've always considered myself an honest and ethical person. Recently I learned something about myself that has me very ashamed. I must be blocking this repressed memory because I just don't recall it. I learned about it while undergoing hypnotism to help lose weight. My hypnotist put me into a deep trance and then somehow I revealed to him my horrible secret. Now this hypnotist is threatening to go to the police unless I pay him \$20,000. Is that ethical? I'm so confused.

Peter Pipe
The Dalles, OR

Lance Pontificates: Wow. I was really going to make an effort to be nice while answering the minion mail. But how can I? This idiot begs to be insulted! Peter Pipe? What kind of name is that? Are you a fruitcake? I bet you are if you're falling for that old hypnotism gag. Don't you know hypnotists are all crooks? That's how they make their living, fool! They blackmail suckers like you! I'm surprised someone as stupid as you even has \$20,000 to throw away. Here's what I suggest: pay the hypnotist the \$20,000 *but* make sure that not only does he not reveal your bogus secret but that he also not tell others that you're the biggest sucker he ever scammed! Ha ha!

Most wise Mooj,

Last night I went on a blind date with a girl that my sister set me up with. We went to Applebee's. My date was cute and we hit it off okay. After dinner my date asked me if I was adventurous and I said sure (figuring—she might be kinky or something). She took me back to her apartment and.... Actually, I don't want to say what happened next since I don't want to outrage your modesty. But I will tell you that the woman wasn't a woman—she was a dude!!!! I'm going to kill my sister!

Danny Bonnet
Grapevine, TX

Lance Pontificates: Holy banana split, Batman! Sounds like you found true love there, slim! Why hide your true feelings? Everyone knows you wouldn't have sent this letter to The Mooj unless you wanted him and everybody else to condone this new

perverted lifestyle choice of yours. Hey, slim, here's my advice: don't go away mad just go away!

El Mujo,

El viento es como el alma de una mujer. Usted oye él gemir y él hace que usted consigue feliz. Soy como el árbol poderoso. Mi corteza es peor que mi mordedura. Por qué debemos luchar con nuestras lenguetas? Somos condenamos vivir como ranas en una charca de la leche!

Jose D.
El Paso, TX

Lance Pontificates: Holy crap it's that Ricky Retardo guy again! Why is it that every time I answer the Mooj Mail this Mexicali Moron feels the need to opine hispaniolic absurdity? Sorry, Pancho, yo no speeko Spanish so I have no idea what you're rambling on about. But I bet it's really profound—yeah, about as profound as dropping a deuce in one of those new and improved PA turnpike portapotties!

Mooj,

I'd rather be sorry for stuff I did rather than stuff I never did. My motto is "Just Do It—AND DO IT TO THE MAX!" I'm a thrill seeker and I do everything excessively. I'm like those Mountain Dew guys except that I'm for real and much more hardcore. Last summer I backpacked across Antarctica. The summer before that I drove a motorcycle from Tierra del Fuego, Argentina to Point Barrow, Alaska. The summer before that I climbed Mt. Everest. Tomorrow is my 60th birthday and I'm going to celebrate in style! I'm going to parachute onto a volcano and lava surf to the bottom with a bag of dynamite strapped to my ass. What do you think of that?

Action Andy
Shasta, CA

Lance Pontificates: Hey go-go-grandpa, go easy on the Viagra will ya? I doubt you're as stupid as your letter makes you out to be but then again

maybe The Pope ain't Catholic. You're an extreme guy all right—an extreme idiot!

To Dennis Hollinsworth (c/o *The Enlightenment*),

I saw your letter last week about the Nash Rambler. I loved it! My dad had a '58 Nash Rambler and it was a gem. One night he let me borrow it for a date. I can't remember the girl's name but, man, she was sure fine looking! Her sister was a nun. Anyway, I took my date up to "inspiration point" to watch the "submarine races." Every town had an inspiration point and ours was atop Bear Creek Mountain in Berks County, PA.

I can still remember it like it was yesterday! It was warm that night so I put the top down while the car radio played softly. It was very romantic. Just when things were about to get interesting the local constable snuck up and shined a big searchlight on us. The constable was a friend of my date's father and he made a big stink about finding her up there. He told her that he was going to tell her father and my poor date began to cry. Because I was such a rebel back then I told the constable to kiss my royal Irish ass. I started the car, backed up, did a huge burnout, and drove away as fast as I could.

In my rearview mirror I saw the constable run back to his car. He was going to chase us! I had that old Nash Rambler up to about 120 mph (top speed I'd have to guess) and I was literally flying down that mountain on two wheels! The constable stayed right on my tail the whole way down until we got back to town. I couldn't shake the guy! My date was screaming and I was driving like a maniac. Finally I took my chances by cutting him off at a RR crossing just as a train was coming. Needless to say my date was pretty upset and wouldn't speak to me the whole rest of the night. I never saw that poor girl again because the constable told her father about the chase afterwards and she stayed on restriction the whole rest of her life!

Yours Truly
Garry Bradford (minion 965)

Lance Pontificates: Thanks, 'Jim Stark' Raving Mad ... er, I mean Garry Bradford! Great story, pal. I have no idea why you would send it to a new age enlightenment magazine but it was well worth the effort to read it. Okay. I lied. I didn't read it. I got about as far as the first sentence when I realized you were a loser. Sorry, chum. I wish I could say something that might help you out but I can't.

Dear Mooj,

Did anyone ever tell you that you have no eyes? I'm looking at your picture on Mooj.com and see that your eyes are missing. How do you see?

Fritz Holland Day
Battle Mountain, Georgia

Lance Pontificates: I'm not sure what this person is getting at. He must be one of those insane asylum escapees that like to send in stupid letters. Fritz, my man, I suggest that you ramp up your medication a wee bit; and while you're at it, stop popping yourself in the head so hard with empty beer cans.

Last week's newsletter totally sucked. I hate Trent Handjoy. Please don't allow him to sit in for you anymore. He distorts your message.

Gabe Kelly
Russell, TX

Lance Pontificates: Oh no! Gabe Kelly thinks last week's newsletter really sucked! I hope he doesn't read this one! What really troubles me most is that Gabe actually thinks someone around here cares what he thinks!

Trent Handjoy totally sucks! I hate that guy. Even when he isn't arrogant he's still annoying. Is The Mooj really off on a spiritual journey? I bet it's more like an alcoholic bender.

-Unsigned

Lance Pontificates: Hey "Unsigned," whose email address is limabeanman@mindsweil.com, didn't anyone ever tell you that it's rude to send people obnoxious emails and then not sign them? Have some guts, you loser! I got news for you: The Mooj really is on a spiritual journey. Of course you probably can't comprehend what a spiritual journey is since the only spiritual journey you've taken is that one to the Emergency Room late one night to have that mysterious object dislodged from the southern terminus your digestive system.

Most Ven. Mooj,

re: my last: "message from Y-roshi":

I see after reviewing my email outbox that my editor is as big an idiot as yours! It is indeed difficult to find good help these days. Not only has she misspelled "contemporary" but has also put me in the position of looking like a fool (sic) when she insisted on the definition of the word contemporary as meaning: Simultaneous; marked by characteristics of the present period; Modern; Current. This is technically correct but of course not the primary and most often used meaning: Happening, existing, living, or coming into being during the same period of time. And so ... I apologize for her ineptness ... She came highly recommended by my dear friend, the late Richard Brautigan, who first brought her to my attention via his short, "Ernest Hemingway's Typist" from his well known collection, *The Revenge of the Lawn*. I include it here:

Ernest Hemingway's Typist
by Richard Brautigan

It sounds like religious music. A friend of mine just came back from New York where he had Ernest Hemingway's typist do some typing for him. He's a successful writer, so he went and got the very best, which happens to be the woman who did Ernest Hemingway's typing. It's enough to take your breath away, to marble your lungs with silence. Ernest Hemingway's typist! She's every young writer's dream come true with the appearance of her hands which are like a harpsichord and the perfect intensity of her gaze and all to be followed by the profound sound of her typing. He paid her fifteen dollars an hour. That's more money than a plumber or an electrician gets. \$120 a day! For a typist! He said that she does everything for you. You just hand her the copy and like a miracle you have attractive; correct spelling and punctuation that is so beautiful that it brings tears to your eyes and paragraphs that look like Greek temples and she even finishes sentences for you.

She's Ernest Hemingway's....
She's Ernest Hemingway's typist!

Again, I apologize ... I can only add that she is a dear, kind hearted being ... and of course, well into her 90's and not as adept in her typing skills as she once was. And I must admit that there is not much light here in my hillside cave. Ah well ... it's in the past and we must strive to live in this moment, eh? Here and Now, boys, Here and Now.

-Y-

Lance Pontificates: I have nothing to add. I wish I could but I can't. This man said it all right before he drank himself to sleep.

Hey Mooj,

I like your new interns; especially Jaques. He's really cute and I would love to find out more about him. Does he have a girlfriend? What's his favorite band? What's his sign? HE IS SO COOL!!!!

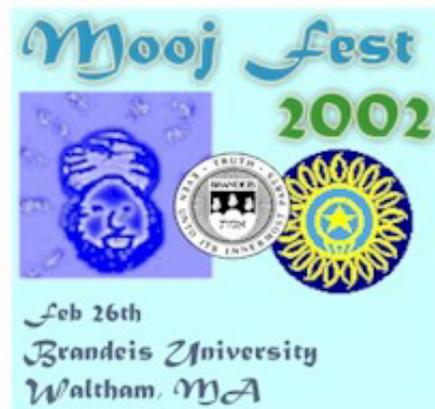
Tammy, Age 13

Lance Pontificates: Hey Tammy, I think you might have popped one too many zits on your forehead since it's obvious you're suffering from a loss of IQ. I've met the new interns and let me tell ya, "Jaques" is probably the least charming of the bunch. And that's giving him the benefit of the doubt.

So the Mooj is missing again? Sorry to hear that. Glad to see that Trent Handjoy has found it in his heart to forgive The Mooj. I have too.

Russell Duquesne
Dowagiac, MI

Lance Pontificates: Wow, I think I'm going to cry. This guy forgives The Mooj. How touching. Hopefully now this poor soul can move on to the next phase of his life and figure out why he's the biggest loser in all of Dowagiac, Michigan.



Minions All!

In the course of human history certain events occur which change the direction of human development. Rarely do we get to witness, much less be a part of

these events. Now is the time for all of you to participate in one such event. Do not hesitate! Years from now when we're sitting in our rocking chairs on our porches sipping Geritol while a nurse wipes the drool from our chins, those who witnessed this event shall have something to smile about while those who chose not to go shall weep.

What is the event you ask? **Mooj-Fest 2002!** Where? Brandies University in the Spingold auditorium parking lot. When? February 26, all day!!! Come see what minionism is all about! Free Beer!!

Big EII (Minion #1092)
Salisbury, MD

Lance Pontificates: Gee, this sounds like lots of fun. I'd go except that I have a life.

YOUR NEW INTERN JAQUES IS SO HOTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
HE IS THE ABSOLUTE CUTEST EVER!

KATRINA DEEROSE, AGE 13

Lance Pontificates: Zounds! It's another teenybopper with impaired judgment. You're the second person to write in about intern Jaques. I thought the guy was a dud but maybe I was wrong. But then again maybe I'm the illegitimate son of the Dali Lama.

I AM MADLY IN LOVE WITH JAQUES I WOULD GIVE THE WORLD TO MEET HIM HE IS BEAUTIFUL!!!!!! I LOVE YOU ALWAYS, LOVE DENISE.

Lance Pontificates: What is with these girls? Are they looking at the same roster of interns that I am? Maybe these poor girls have been operating their Easy Bake Ovens inside unventilated spaces? Or, perhaps, they're snorting Clearasil.

Holistic and Harmonious Mooj,

I met my boyfriend on the Internet and things were perfect until we moved in together. My boyfriend talked about marriage at first, but now says he thinks he wants to be a professional bodybuilder instead. His mother doesn't like me and thinks no one is

good enough for her son. I'm just about finished with medical school and want to start my new professional life off on the right foot. How can I get my boyfriend to commit to marriage instead of bodybuilding? Also, do you think people would take me more serious if I had larger breasts?

Rosanna Kegger
Hopewell Furnace, PA

Lance Pontificates: I am at a loss for words. Part of me really wants to tell this poor woman what I think of her asinine problem but part of me wants to spare her feelings. Let's just say that both she and her boyfriend deserve each other since they're both losers.

Dearest Mooj,

I'm in love with my best friend's mom. I want to be with her but don't want to risk losing my friend. His name is Jeremy. I'm 18 and work at the Food Lion. My friend's mom also works at the Food Lion. I've liked her since the first time we met. She's totally cool and has a great personality. I finally got the courage to tell her that I loved her at an employee party last month. I was thrilled when she whispered that she felt the same about me. We made an excuse to go outside and then made love inside her minivan. We saw each other again and had relations two more times, but the second time we nearly got caught when my friend came home early. Luckily he thought I was there to play Nintendo. That was a close call. Anyway, I'm in a quandary and don't know what to do. What do you suggest?

Stephen Cantor
Parkwood, NC

Lance Pontificates: Ha! I should mess with this guy's mind. Hey Stephen, there is really nothing I can say other than keep doing what you're doing. Why not just enjoy life? Heck, I would. (Man, this guy's a loser! How can he even live with himself? Reading letters like this makes me remember why I faked my death.)

The truth is I cannot read anymore mail. My head is aching. So with that I now say onward, to the rest of the newsletter.

NEW MINIONS

Let's keep this short and simple, shall we? Below are the newest minions. They are all really ... good?

Meet Minion 1737, Bud Montrose (age 50, Leo). Bud claims to collect Sydney Mortimer Laurence paintings. Who the hell cares? His essay was about how becoming part of the collective consciousness would help him understand himself better. To be honest it was actually a very well-thought out essay. It certainly beats the hell out of the usual nonsense that gets sent in.

Meet Minion 1738, Michael Colvin (age 31, Taurus). Michael is an Irishman from Wales. He drives a Guinness truck. I'm betting he drinks what he drives. His essay was a poem. I have no idea what it was about; but then again I'm Amish and only have an 8th grade education. Maybe it's clever. I'll post it and let you decide.

*Roundhay Garden
So serene
Sarah Robinson
Dies unseen
Louis Le Prince
Boards his train
Ere, thief hidden darkly
Smashes his brain!*

Meet Minion 1739, Dawn Knolls (age 27, Virgo). Dawn claims to be a housewife living in Joplin, Missouri. She is engaged to a man named Steve. She says Steve has a colossal personality! Yeah, I'll bet. Her essay was about how she wants to visit a magical place called Pompidou and dance under the stars. My suggestion to her would be that she might already be there.

Meet Minion 1740, Celeste W. (age 24, Taurus). Celeste is a student at Ontario Community College. She claims that in 2003 she was stuck in a garbage dumpster. She didn't go into details but I'll bet alcohol was involved. Her essay wasn't an essay at all. It was a Xerox of her face.

Meet Minion 1741, Eduardo "Too Tall" Jones (age 33, Aries). This guy claims to be a professional basketball player in Argentina. His essay was odd. Odd in that it was actually about something spiritual.

Meet Minion 1742, Teresa LaGrange (age 27, Libra). Teresa is a very beautiful girl. She sent in a photo of herself. I'd show it except it violates our good taste policy. Teresa is either very poor and cannot afford clothing or is a nudist that likes to hold both thumbs up and wink. Her essay was about *Chromosome 12 open reading frame 25*. It was too scientific for my taste.

Meet Minion 1743, Paula Hemmingway (age 20, Virgo). Paula claims to be a member of *Coro Allegro*. I have no idea what that means but it might have something to do with music. I say that because Paula sent in a photo of herself sitting behind a piano. Wow! I just noticed that the man sitting next to her looks a lot like John Tesh! Maybe it is. Her essay was about Daniel Pinkham and his contributions to plainchant and medieval-influenced modal serialism. It was beyond my limited scope of intelligence.

Meet Minion 1744, Anonymous Male (age 22, Capricorn). This 'man of mystery' claims to be employed by the CIA. He must conceal his identity to avoid blowing his cover. He is currently posing as a freshman at Tehran University. His essay was about a night of passion he endured in Warren County, Tennessee when his car broke down and he was forced at gun-point to go for a ride with a love-hungry divorcee. It was a sordid tale and not worthy of mention here (except to say that it was a much better than the essay about Daniel Pinkham and his contributions to plainchant and medieval-influenced modal serialism).

Meet Minion 1745, Liz Chatterson (age 38, Sagittarius). Liz is a media consultant from Dallas, TX. She was once married to a Gastroenterologist. Her essay was about how lonely she is now that her boyfriend is working overseas at a software distributorship in Glasgow Baillieston (wherever the hell that is).

Meet Minion 1746, Phillip Alanson (age 27, Capricorn). Phillip belongs to a fraternity. His essay was in some weird code. He said it was for Minion # 1716. I'd post it except I don't want to encourage others to send in stupid secret messages. This newsletter may have low standards but they aren't that low. Yet.

A POEM

Okay, here's a stupid poem. Stupid is probably too strong a word. How about "lacking in any wit, wisdom or style"? This poem is about The University of Maryland's recent 87 - 73 thumping of ACC "has-been" Duke. It's by some guy calling himself The Lonely Donkey Kong. This Lonely Donkey Kong guy is obviously a gifted person. (By gifted I mean "Rain Man" gifted.)

DUKE TOTALLY SUCKS!!!!

By The Lonely Donkey Kong

**Duke you suck!!!!
Suck!
Suck! Suck!
Suck! Suck! Suck!
Suck! Suck! Suck! Suck!
Suck! Suck! Suck!
Suck! Suck!
Suck!**

**I mean you really
Suck!!!!**

My Two Cents Worth



What I Think of This Whole Olympic Skating Scandal by Lance Worthy

All week people have been harping about this whole ice skating controversy at the Winter Olympics. They say the Canadians got robbed of the gold medal because the Russian and French judges were corrupt. Who cares? Russia, France and Canada are all stupid third-rate socialist countries. Big deal! So a bunch of judges traded votes. Hello! Welcome to the crooked world of figure skating! I know lots of ice skaters and they all tell me the same thing: figure skating is crooked, more crooked than even wrestling. Not even Don King wants anything to do with figure skating!

To be honest I liked the Canadian couple best. That's because I'm a big fan of their AFLAC commercial (you know the one where they're skating around doing triple lutzs and stuff and that stupid duck keeps quaking about AFLAC while they're talking about supplemental insurance).

Was it just me or do you think that Russian couple looked kind of "hard"? You know, "hard" like they probably inhaled one-too-many Vodka flammers while working in their Siberian coal mine gulag.

And the French? They're just stupid. They didn't even have a couple in the competition to begin with. What's the deal with that?

A STORY

A gem of a story is awaiting minions out there that aren't suffering from short attention span deficit disorder. It was written by B.W. Baylor (minion # 1154) and has to do with the manly art of love. I enjoyed the story very much (but then again I like pink eye).

All's Fair in Love and War

By B.W. Baylor
(Mooj minion #1154)

When I was in high school I had a huge crush on a girl named Karen B__man. We were in the same homeroom. She was always very nice to me and I liked her very much. One day I asked her to the school's winter semi-formal. She turned me down because she already had a date but she was very nice about it. I learned shortly thereafter that the "other guy" was Donald Tracy. He was my friend. Friend or no friend, this was war!

That week our school was having its annual candy-cane gram fundraiser. Everyone bought these things (basically it was a candy-cane with a message attached) and sent them to friends and sweethearts. My sinister mind began to work and so I bought one and addressed it to Karen. On the message I wrote: "I really dig your big boobies and can't wait to see them after the winter formal dance." I signed it Donald Tracy and deposited it into the delivery box. There was no turning back after that but I didn't care; hell, I figured it was the best 25¢ I ever spent!

A few days later during homeroom the candy-cane grams arrived and I volunteered to help pass them out. As luck would have it I found a real candy-cane gram addressed to Karen from Donald. I put it in my pocket. After I finished handing my batch out I sat at my desk doing my best to contain my giggles. I had a perfect view of Karen's desk and watched as she opened her candy-cane grams. Since Karen was popular she got many. I knew the moment she read my fake one from Donald because her face turned bright red. I could see that she was totally offended by the vulgar message. I almost cried trying not to laugh.

Then the bell rang and I followed Karen into the hallway. In the distance I saw poor Donald Tracy walking towards her. The poor sucker had no idea what was in store for him. I saw the whole thing

unravel in slow motion: Donald walked up to Karen with a stupid grin on his face, asked her if she got his candy-cane gram and then got slapped right across the face. Donald just stood there confused, scratching his head. I almost lost it right there and had to duck into a classroom so that they wouldn't see me laughing.

Later that day I saw Karen in the lunchroom and she asked me if I had found a date to the winter semi-formal yet and I said no. She then said that she was available again and would go with me if I wanted. It was a date!

My poor friend Donald never figured out what happened. He's probably still confused about it to this day. I've always felt really bad about what I did but then again I'm glad I did it since Karen and I eventually got married. We've been together for almost 30 years now and have 6 children and 4 grandchildren. I told Karen the truth about the candy-cane gram a few years after we were married. We still laugh about it now and again.

**THE NEW 2002
T-SHIRTS ARE HERE!**



**\$15 EACH
GO TO MOOJ.COM FOR DETAILS**

Our Pennsylvania Heritage

Question #1:

Which of the following is NOT a real Pennsylvania town name?

Mars	Apollo	Indiana	California
East Texas	Denver	Ohiopyle	Houston
Berlin	Dublin	Belfast	Bagdad
Moscow	Bethlehem	Nazareth	Egypt
Jim Thorpe	King of Prussia	Intercourse	Shickshinny
Eighty Four	Forty Fort	Bird-in-Hand	Bushkill
Paradise	Slippery Rock	Tom Thumb	Oil City
Sandy Lake	Jersey Shore	Blue Bell	Yellow Springs
Media	Plymouth Meeting	Burnt Cabins	Birdsboro
Boiling Springs	Sinking Spring	Roaring Spring	Three Springs

Question #2:

Which of the following was NOT a Benjamin Franklin invention?

Harmonica	Rocking chair	Street lamp	Lightning conductor
Daylight Saving Time	Commercial advertising	Double spectacles	Postage stamp
Franklin stove	Flippers	Fire Insurance	Plaster of Paris

Question #3:

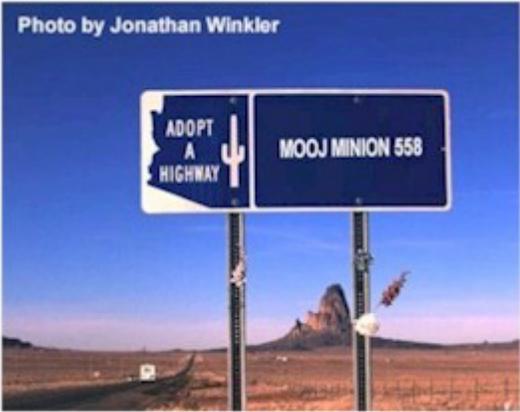
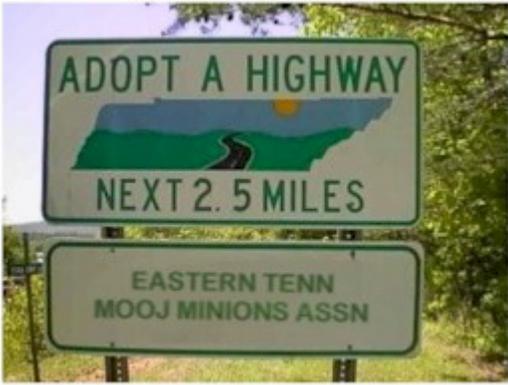
What Phillies pitcher started Game 1 of the 1980 World Series?

Send your answers to Lance@mooj.com. The first 10 correct quizzes will receive a brand New 2002 Official Mooj Minion T-Shirt that was worn by me (for at least 10 minutes).

FINAL THOUGHT

Okay...so there you are! A real newsletter for once! Hopefully most of you got your money's worth. And since most of you are getting this newsletter for free then you're getting much more than you deserve! Ha! Also, don't forget that the New 2002 Official Minion T-Shirts are finally here. 10,000 were made and only 9,998 remain. Get them while they're hot. I'm wearing mine now as we speak. (And that's all I'm wearing)

Minions on the March



THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

March 19, 2002

SITTING IN FOR THE MOOJ THIS WEEK IS TRENT HANDJOY (AGAIN)!

Bad News! Those of you who live in Bel Air already know this. Those of you who don't will learn about it now. Last week there was a huge fire at the Grizzly Duck Office Park. Our warehouse was totally destroyed and the Mooj merchandising wing was wiped out. According to the guy that works back there it was a complete loss. Not even the coffee mugs (which are built to withstand high temperatures) survived. The good news is that no one was hurt. Not even the homeless guy that sleeps behind the warehouse and lights bon fires.

Speaking of injuries, I must inform everyone that intern Jacques is on sick leave this week. He pulled a groin muscle playing lacrosse. The only reason I am mentioning this is because a lot of teenage girls show up at the office to visit him each day. He has quite a way with the ladies (or prepubescent girls I should say). He'll be back sometime next week. Or maybe not. To be honest no one really cares.



More sad news: I guess I spoke too soon when I made allusions to the fact that one of the interns here at Mooj.com was my girlfriend; that turned out not to be true. I'm not sure how the misunderstanding occurred but this girl *did* tell me she was running away to be with me. She *also* moved in with me. Well, now I find out she just wanted to get out of Southern Maryland. She has a new boyfriend (some guy who works for the Bel Air Fire Department—she met him the day of the fire). She is still living with me but now her new boyfriend lives there too. He seems pretty cool. I won't lie and say I'm okay with all this. I feel used in a way. I guess two can play that game! Tonight when I go to work I'm going to start hitting on some of my co-workers at Old Navy. There is one girl there that's pretty cute. Last night during our break she told me I looked like the guy in the movie *Quest for Fire*.

As far as the other interns go most are still here. That Tommerby guy is actually a little weird. He claims to be a Sweetish Erotica aficionado and dresses in polyester disco outfits everyday. I think he might be a nut. He keeps telling me he wants to take me to Druid Hill Park in downtown Baltimore some night for fun. He says he can solve all my problems with only a \$5 Bill (I'm not sure what he means by that). Two of our other interns ("Pablo" and "Dr. Stud") warned me not to go to Druid Hill with Tommerby. They went with him once and said they never saw a guy spend so many \$5 Bills in one night. (Again, I'm not sure what they mean by that.)

Obviously most of you are wondering if anyone has heard from our Swami lately. The answer is yes and no. The New Friends of Mooj Society was getting postcards from him every few days but they stopped coming. We hope he is doing well and progressing with his search for inner peace and harmony. As far as we know there is no cause to be alarmed and assume that he is doing okay. Perhaps he just got tired of writing post cards.

This week I think I will just summarize minion mail and new minion applications. This has been a tough week for everyone (with the fire, Jacques pulling a groin muscle, and everything) and no one really got around to sorting the poetry and/or short stories. I will be on vacation next week so I assume someone else will edit this newsletter if Swami doesn't return.

Trent Handjoy

Minion Mail

As I did before I will just introduce the letters. I've picked the most interesting out of the bunch.

These first four letters were from various personnel who felt obliged to respond and/or comment on a letter that was published in a previous newsletter. Since probabilistic coherency never mattered to anyone at *The Enlightenment* I guess I won't care about it either.

Yo, this letter is for Garry Bradford (minion 965):

I saw your letter in *The Enlightenment* about Bear Creek Mountain. You won't believe this but I know exactly where Bear Creek Mountain is! I grew up there. I am probably about ten years younger than you. The constable of Upper Macungie Township was Maurice O'Leary. He was undoubtedly the same guy that chased you down the mountain that night. I'm also pretty sure that your date that night was my cousin Claire O'Conner. My Uncle Patrick (Claire's father) was good friends with Constable O'Leary. I was over my uncle's house the day Constable O'Leary came over and told Uncle Patrick about the "smart ass punk" in the Nash Rambler that had taken his daughter up to Bear Creek Mountain. He also told Uncle Patrick about the car chase. My uncle was furious and really let Claire have it. The next day she was sent to a convent and became a nun just like her older sister Genevieve. Claire's still a nun. Anyway, the real reason I'm writing to you is to share my Bear Creek Mountain story. It's pretty funny. To be honest I hadn't thought about Bear Creek Mountain in a long, long time. My adventure took place the night before I left to join the army in 1968. I went up Bear Creek Mountain with my friends. We ate psychedelic mushrooms and then went skinny-dipping in the creek. We were totally freaking out when Constable O'Leary showed up and tried to bust us. The girls in our group started screaming and ran naked into the woods and O'Leary chased after them. We guys decided that since O'Leary had so graciously left his squad car behind that we would steal it and take it for a joy ride. We hopped in totally naked and drove it to town and cruised all over with the siren wailing and lights flashing. Most of us had our butts hanging out the windows. It was a total riot and most of the kids in town thought we were the coolest guys ever! I have no idea what happened after that because the next morning I had to catch a train to Fort Dix.

Patrick Donovan
Sarasota, FLA

Dear Sir:

I loved the story about Bear Creek Mountain in your latest newsletter. We also had a Bear Creek Mountain where I grew up (in Upper Macungie Township, PA). One night back in 1990 my varsity baseball team went up there to celebrate. We had just won the regional championship and our coach bought us a keg of Schmidt's Beer. We were totally wasted when this 90-year-old constable guy showed up and tried to bust us. Several of the guys took his gun away from him and then tied him to a tree. The poor old guy fell asleep while he struggled to free himself. After we were done partying we untied the old geezer and laid him down on the backseat of his squad car. I always felt bad about what we did but we were just kids and didn't know any better.

Hartley Keaf
Lehigh, PA

Dear Mooj,

I wonder if the Bear Creek Mountain mentioned in last week's newsletter was the same one that was near Lower Macungie Township, PA. Back when I was a kid growing up my friends and I hung out there. I recall an old township constable named Officer O'Leary. He was always patrolling the mountaintop trying to bust everyone. One night during the summer of 1981 my pals and I were drinking Thunderbird Wine (*Say, what's the word? Say Thunderbird. Say, what's the price—Say 50 twice*). Back then I had this bitchen red and white '76 Ford Gran Torino (it looked just like the one that was on the TV show *Starsky and Hutch*). O'Leary thought he was being Mr. Smooth by creeping up on us with his lights off but we saw him coming. My friends and I cranked up my car stereo and hid in the woods. When O'Leary arrived on the scene he shined his spotlight on my car and used his loud speaker to tell us that we were all busted. After getting no response from my empty car he exited his patrol car to investigate. While he was rifling through my car looking for dope and stuff my buddies and I crawled out from the woods and hid under his patrol car. We unbolted his gear shifter and reversed it. Then we crept back into the woods and waited for him to get back into his car. As soon as he was behind the wheel we ran into the road, hung him BAs, and then jumped into my car. O'Leary put his car into drive (or so he thought) and then

drove backwards right into the creek! My buddies and I laughed our asses off the whole way down the mountain. Lucky for me just about every other kid in Lower and Upper Macungie Township also had a red and white '76 Gran Torino or I'd have been totally busted.

Jeff Hodges,
Sampson, NY

Mooj,

Word! You believe that I live near the Bear Creek Mountain mentioned in your newsletter last month? It's my gang's hangout, bro. I go up there all the time to chill with my homies. Every night this old guy shows up to hassle us. He claims to be township constable but I doubt it because he's gotta be 100 year's old. We pretty much just ignore the guy. He seems pretty harmless. He seems so bitter. I wish he'd just leave us alone.

Nguyen Minh,
Upper Macungie Township, PA

Okay, now let's move onto the tragic love story letter. Each week someone sends in one of these and, like most, this one really pulls a tear from your eye duct. However, I doubt this one is true. And if it is, then I don't know why someone would want to share it.

Dear Mooj,

I've read many a tragic love tale in my life but none that tugged upon my heartstrings like the one about Randy Goodman last month. I too had a tragic love. Here is my sad little tale if you so desire to publish it:

The girl I fell in love with was Kelly Springfield. She lived next door when I was a boy growing up in Hawthorne, CA. Words cannot describe her beauty but for the sake of illustration let me just say that she had long blond hair, dark green eyes and the perfect Hawaiian Tropic tan. Like most boys on the block I wasn't worthy of being in her presence.

Rather than bore you with a lengthy account of how Kelly and I became friends, let's just say we did and that one day I took a chance and told her how I felt. Kelly was a rather insensitive girl and laughed in my face and told me that I wasn't her type. I just pretended that I was only kidding but deep down inside I was devastated. I felt like she slugged me in the heart with a sludge hammer. I was

so distraught that I dropped out of school and joined the army. That was in 1980.

As the years wore on I could never shake Kelly from my mind. I tried but it was of no use. Every woman I dated or married later in life just couldn't compare. I became haunted by her image and I couldn't stop thinking of her no matter what I did. I became obsessed with finding her again and so beginning in 1992 I began contacting old friends and classmates but no one knew her whereabouts. It was as if she had vanished into thin air.

Then finally in 1999 I got my first big break: A detective I hired located her step-brother and from him learned that Kelly was divorced and living in Texas. He didn't have her address but knew she lived in Houston. I drove to Texas as fast as I could and found her name and address in a Houston telephone book. I went to the address listed but she had moved. I bribed her former landlord into giving me a copy of her rental agreement and from that I obtained a work address. I went there but Kelly wasn't employed anymore. Her former boss didn't seem to remember anything until I slipped him a \$100 bill and then he suddenly remembered that she moved to Fort Worth. I drove there as fast as I could and found her name and address in another phone book. I called the number and heard her voice for the first time in 20 years.

I didn't say a word; I just hung up. I jumped into my car and drove to the address and parked in front of her house. As I sat there I realized that I didn't have a plan. I had spent countless years and nearly \$20,000 searching for her and now that I finally found her I didn't know what to do. Deep down inside I guess I just figured that I'd never find her. Part of me wanted to run right up to her door and ring the bell and the other part of me wanted to wait until she came out. Either way I could not think of what to say.

And then I saw her! She came out of her house and got into a car that was parked in the driveway. It was Kelly Springfield all right! No doubt about it! But she didn't exactly look like she did back in 1980. From where I was sitting she looked like she had gained weight. To be honest she was—er, how do I say this without being too unkind—ugly!!!! *I mean butt ugly!* Suddenly I realized that I really wasn't that in love with her anymore and so I started my car and drove away without even looking back. Ain't love funny sometimes?

Brendan Cole
Hermosa Beach, CA.

Okay, now let's move on to the "grizzly confession" letter. Each week someone feels obliged to share some personal wrongful act. This one really takes the cake! I should warn you: don't get your hopes up and think that this letter will eventually make sense—because it won't.

Swamaji,

Although I am not an official Mooj minion I do read your newsletters when I find them and feel that you serve some useful purpose to someone out there. I've been meaning for months to send in my story but I never got around to it until now. I would guess that my story falls into that "horrifying confession" category. I can assure you that it is true in most respects; however, time has erased some of the finer details. Take it for what it's worth. This story takes place many years ago in the town of Tonopah, Nevada. I was there on a business trip and came across an old pioneer cemetery. I had always been a bit of a history buff so I decided to stop and take a look. The cemetery was about 100 yards from the road and down a steep incline. From where I stood I could see a tractor scrapping the ground and exposing the tops of the caskets. The caskets were all those old "pine box types," like you see in old westerns. While I was standing there an old man saw me and walked up the embankment to introduce himself. He claimed that he was a member of the Sons of the Nevada Pioneers Association and that he was in charge of the excavation. I was curious about what was going on and so he explained that a developer had bought land adjacent to the cemetery and so the Sons of the Nevada Pioneers Association were asked to survey the boundaries of the graveyard. Since none of the graves were marked properly the only way to actually verify the boundary was to uncover the graves. It was a two-day job that just got underway. It was very eerie to see all those exposed caskets.

Later that evening I was seized upon by an idea. Normally I'm a very honest person and would never think of doing anything so awful but I was blinded by greed. At that time I was working for a medical supply company and knew the value of genuine human skulls and femur bones. There was a large demand for them since many fraternal organizations and lodges needed them for their initiation rites. My plan was basically to return to that old "uncovered" pioneer graveyard and steal a few old skulls and bones. After dinner I sat in my motel room and sipped from a bottle of Wild Turkey to calm my nerves. I didn't know if I had the guts to go through with it. Finally at midnight I got into my rental car and drove back to the pioneer graveyard. When I arrived there wasn't another living soul around for miles. The caskets were still exposed and covered with tarps. I found the pine boxes easy to pry open. The skulls and femur bones popped right off the skeletons. Within an hour I had stolen a trunk load. That was enough.

The next day I skipped all my sales calls and went about cleaning and cataloging my artifacts. Then I made a few phone calls and within an hour I had sold the lot. I made about \$50,000 that day. Not bad for only a few hours of work.

I wish I could say that there was a happy ending to this story but there isn't. It really wasn't until a few weeks afterwards that I realized that I had overstepped the bounds of human decency and done something totally unholy. I was never one of those guys that believed in ghosts or bad karma or anything but soon I began to realize that I was in big trouble. *Big trouble!*

I wish I had the courage to finish this letter but I don't (at least not right now). Let's just say that what happened next was really, really horrifying and I paid for my sin against humanity. I'll never do that again!

"The Haunted Man"
Mesa, AZ.

This next letter was sent in by a devotee of some other Guru. He was offended by something he saw (imagine that):

Swami Sri Mooj-Ji,

Enclosed is a photo I took on Spesutia Island in Maryland. It's of a liquor store that gives Mooj Head discounts. Isn't that counter-harmonic? Shouldn't your minions be abstaining from drinking alcohol? Most Yogis teach their followers to avoid indulgence. I am a devotee of Jnyanayogi Sri Siddeshwar for almost 4 years now and abstain from all vices.

Loud and Proud,
Vijay Kanduhar



Here's a letter that came from an organization calling itself People for the Ethical Treatment of Humans (PETH). I did a web search and found that there really is a PETH.

Dear Mooj,

I am proud to inform you that the People for the Ethical Treatment of Humans (PETH) has awarded you with their prestigious *Most Righteous Dude of 2001 Award*. Feel free to post our dainty little logo on your web site and tell your friends and followers about this great honor. We are very proud of you, Mr. Mooj! You give meaning to the term Righteous Dude! Party on and take no prisoners.

Dr. Seth Stingray
President of PETH

This next letter concerns the recent fire at The Grizzly Duck Office Park. It is from The Bel Air Fire Dept.

Sir(s):

Sgt. Rock Smith of the Bel Air Fire Dept. here. We were called out late last night to fight a fire at your Grizzly Duck warehouse and were successful in saving the building and some of your inventory. However, most of your stock of Mooj Minion T-shirts were destroyed or damaged. I'm sorry to say that at best, less than a dozen survived and I assume you will have a great deal of trouble in keeping up with your orders. If that abandoned Mooj Freedom Bus hadn't been blocking the fire hydrants we would have been able to extinguish the blaze before it spread. I highly recommend that you tip off your favorite minions to order A.S.A.P. as the few remaining T-shirts will no doubt become collector's items once word gets out about the scarcity of said items. I imagine they will be valued at hundreds if not thousands of dollars apiece.

We did what we could ...
Sgt. Rock, BAFD

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

To Our Fellow Mooj Minions, etal.

Due to recent events memorabilia celebrating the goodness and wisdom of The Mooj is now in low supply. Let me assure you that we are doing everything we can to gain control of the situation. But it's bad—really bad! We lost thousands of the new official Mooj minion T-shirts and our supplier cannot or will not make more. As of this date only 10 undamaged Minion T-shirts remain and they will be sold on a first-come-first-served basis. We could take advantage of this situation and raise our prices but we won't because that would be un-Mooj-like. All I can ask for at this time is your patience (and T-shirt orders)!

Thank You,
The Mooj Merchandise Team



This last letter sounds pretty odd. I wonder if this homeless guy/emeritus professor realizes how much his minion T-shirt is worth right now?

AWESOME, DUDZ!!! I just got the new Mooj T-Shirt!!! I was down on my luck roaming from street corner to dumpster day after day. At the shelter where I live when I am not teaching they were giving out blankets and jackets and toothpaste and soap but I saw your T-shirt and said, "That's for ME!!" Gotta say I love how you incorporated the leaf of the "evil-weed" on the back, man. That is HOT! May I suggest that next time you do a T-shirt, print a street friendly hemp shirt?

Omu Mathafuccah
Professor Emeritus, Dept. of Social Sciences
Cal Berkeley

New Minions

Meet this Week's Newest Minions:

Meet Minion 1747, Bruno Kafka (age 45, Aires). Bruno is from Germany. He says he is a big fan of playback singer Mohammed Rafi. I don't know who that is but most of you probably do. His essay was about his buxom sister Helga.

Meet Minion 1748, Helga Kafka (age 47, Taurus). She is the sister of Minion # 1747 (above). Her essay was about the Spartacist Uprising of 1919. It was exactly 500 words. Her photograph shows that she is very German looking.

Meet Minion 1749, Brian Newton (age 17, Leo). Brian is a student at Kearny High School in New Jersey. His essay wasn't really an essay. It was a one act play. It had three characters: Bronze Wolf, Sheila Dewey and Mr. Glanville. These characters basically sit around discussing the book *Where the Red Fern Grows*. It ends with Bronze Wolf eating Sheila Dewey and Mr. Glanville.

Meet Minion 1750, Annie Sherwood (age 33, Pieces). Annie claims to have visited the holy city of Medaram. Her essay was about sharing and giving. I'm pretty sure when The Mooj wanted minion selectees to write essays this was the kind of stuff he had in mind. (Not one act plays about a wolf eating people.)

Meet Minion 1751, Jordan Montello (age 22, Sagittarius). Jordan is an R&B singer from Toronto, Canada. Her essay was directed toward Minion # 1723. She thinks he's a jerk (and I agree).

Meet Minion 1752, Jerry H. (age 28, Capricorn). Jerry is a Lawyer from Encino, California. His essay was about *Federalist Paper No. 47*. I read this essay because I am a history buff. Not too bad I should say. However, I'm not sure what it has to do with Moojism.

Meet Minion 1753, Saeko Busujima (age 20, Leo). Saeko is a student from Aichi Gakuin University in Japan. Her essay was in Japanese so I don't know what it was about.

Meet Minion 1754, Rollie Engelhard (age 31, Pieces). Rollie is a park attendant at Great America

San Jose. His essay was about fishing. It was filled with fishing metaphors and was very clever.

Meet Minion 1755, S. O. (age 51, Cancer). This person says that he is a TSA officer at the Harrisburg Airport. His essay was about how his boss spends all day hiding in his office bidding and selling items on eBay.

Meet Minion 1756, Dr. Sean Ryan (age 29, Libra). Sean works at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. He is working on a top secret project involving slapper detonators. His essay was about how he met The Mooj at a fast food restaurant called Roy Rodgers and how The Mooj touched his forehead.

Meet Minion 1757, Harold Hastings (age 41, Scorpio). Harold works as a tour guide at Lincoln Castle in Lincolnshire, England. His essay was extremely long. It was 35 pages. It certainly violated the "500 Word or Less" rule. I read a few pages. It was a story about a Scotland Yard detective named Tugg Broady. This guy finds a body floating in the Humber River. At first the detective thinks it was a suicide but then discovers that the body is missing both ears. I stopped reading after that.

Meet Minion 1758, Robert F. Westmoreland (age 45, Libra). Robert is a Master Mason from Littleton, New Hampshire. I don't know if by Master Mason Robert is an actual stone cutter or a member of that lodge. His essay was only one word. It said: V.I.T.R.I.O.L. and at the bottom was a picture of a big eye inside a pyramid.

Meet Minion 1759, Edward M. King (age 53, Capricorn). Edward is a doctor from Holden, Maine. His essay was about how he has proof life exists on Ganymede.

Meet Minion 1760, B.J. Majumdar (age 40, Leo). B.J. works at the National Archives of India. His essay was about how he has been researching the Mooj's uncle's Depak Chota writings.

Meet Minion 1761, Mack Foley (age 33, Taurus). Mac gave no personal date and his essay was just an autographed photo of Captain Kangaroo (that was obviously forged).

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

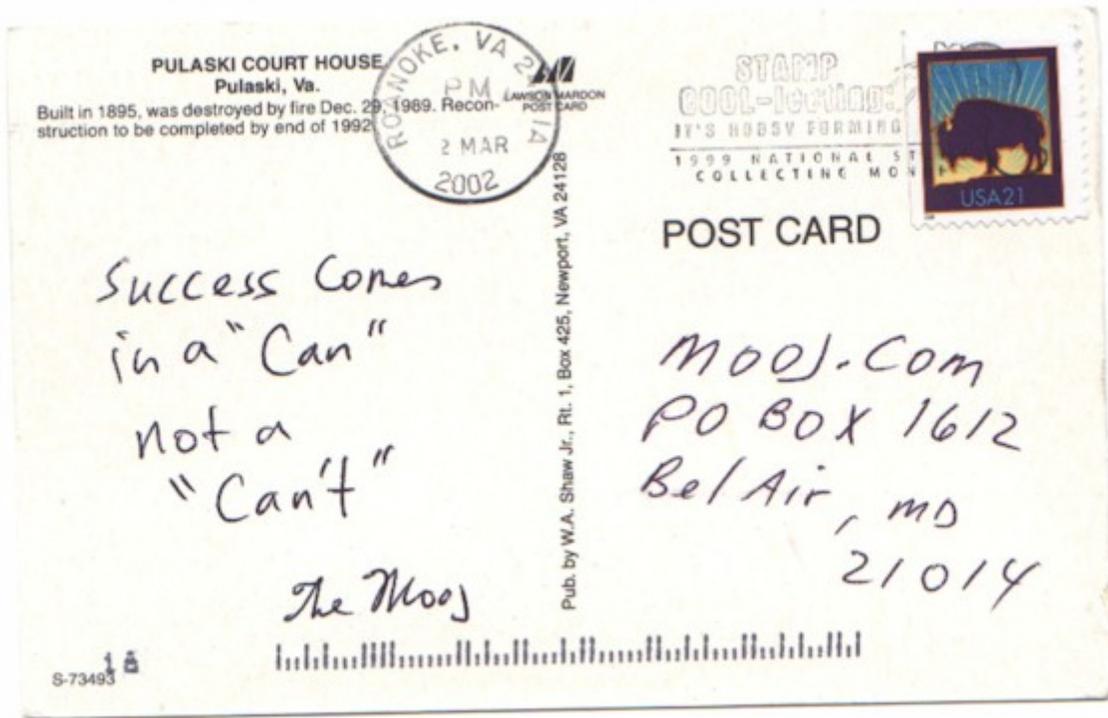
the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

April 21, 2002

SITTING IN FOR THE MOOJ THIS WEEK IS INTERN "GUS"

Greetings, Loyal Mooj Heads! I'm sorry this newsletter is late. As most of you know this Mooj guy is off on a journey of self-realization and hasn't been seen or heard from in months. The reason I'm editing this newsletter is that all the other interns quit and Lance Worthy and Trent Handjoy are in Ft. Lauderdale with Tommerby for spring break.

Don't expect anything fancy in this newsletter because I'm just going to scan in a few postcards I found in the trash at Mooj.com headquarters. They were sent in by The Mooj guy while he was on his journey of self-realization. They appear to come from all over America. This Mooj guy is really doing some traveling! I'm not sure why someone would throw these postcards away since they are embedded with insightful and holistic wisdom, math problems, songs and poetry. They might be meaningful to someone. I hope you enjoy them.



**TOMBSTONE
Arizona**

The faithful burro, as pictured here, had an important part in settling the American Southwest and the historic town of Tombstone. Here, in front of the Lucky Cuss Saloon, are burros Freddie and Mary, owned by former Tombstone mayor, Jack Hendrickson.

Photo © Smith-Southwestern, Inc.



क मोज लवस ये
 हरे ही बाक वन अवास
 आ पवज लौ राम कुमी
 अस व मोज अरावामा
 तातली अकरा !!
 मोजपती अमबावाराता

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**REDONDO BEACH
California**

The Redondo Beach Pier, shown here in its latest stage of reconstruction, has been a community focal point for many years. This, along with a first-class marina and excellent wide beaches, make Redondo a top quality vacation destination.

Photo: Buddy Moffet, © Charm Kraft Inc.



Hey -
 Whatever happened to
 that Ronny James Dio
 guy?

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MESILLA
New Mexico

This historic southern New Mexico community was the largest town between San Antonio, Texas, and San Diego, California, before the railroad passed it by in 1881. Then as now, Mesilla was a commercial hub providing soldiers and settlers with a variety of goods. Besides a shopping mecca, Mesilla is an artist's paradise that has retained its original architectural character.

Photos by Katy, © Terrell Publishing Co.



The path to
wisdom is
paved with
stones of
knowledge !!
Are your footprints
there ??

Hot

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GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS

Warm evening light enhances the autumn beauty of Cades Cove
as seen from rich mountain.

171

Photo: © Ken L. Jenkins



IF I IF I
WERE A BUMBLE BEE
IF I IF I
WERE A TREE
IF I IF I WERE
A LADY BUG -
I'D have spots
all over
me!

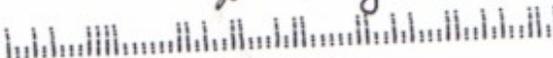
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Papa Chuy's opened on February 2, 1959, serving authentic Mexican food. We became famous in 1987 when Mr. John Madden stopped by and started talking about us in national publications and on national T.V. He thinks very highly of our food and on January 24, 1993, he named Chuy's Restaurant as the "All Madden Hall Of Fame".



$$\nabla^2 p + \gamma q = 0 \quad \gamma \neq 0$$

$$\frac{\partial^2 u}{\partial t^2} = c^2 \nabla^2 u = c^2 \left[\frac{1}{r} \frac{\partial}{\partial r} \left(r \frac{\partial u}{\partial r} \right) + \frac{1}{r^2} \frac{\partial^2 u}{\partial \theta^2} \right]$$

$$u = f(r)g(\theta)h(t)$$

$$\frac{u''}{hc^2} = \frac{1}{r} \frac{d}{dr} \left(r \frac{df}{dr} \right) \frac{1}{f} + \frac{1}{r^2} \frac{g''}{g}$$

$$\frac{g''}{g} = -\mu \quad \frac{h''}{c^2 h} = -\gamma$$

$$\frac{1}{r} \frac{d}{dr} \left(r \frac{df}{dr} \right) \frac{1}{f} = \frac{\mu}{r^2} = -\gamma \Rightarrow r^2 \frac{d^2 f}{dr^2} + r \frac{df}{dr} + (\gamma r^2 - \mu) f = 0$$

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Flat

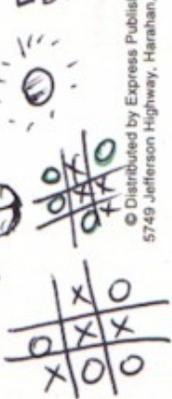
LOUISIANA

One of the greatest reservoirs of fresh water are spongy swamps. The bays, bays, and swamps support a variety of beautiful wildlife, cypress, and the cypress trees thrive in the water and moisture that continually provides to the surrounding atmosphere which makes for a luxuriant growth of Spanish Moss in such trees.

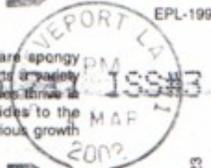
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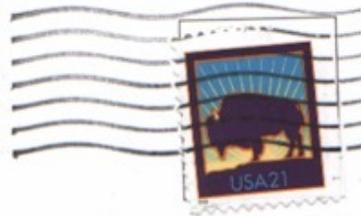


CHICKAMAUGA-CHATTANOOGA
NATIONAL MILITARY PARK

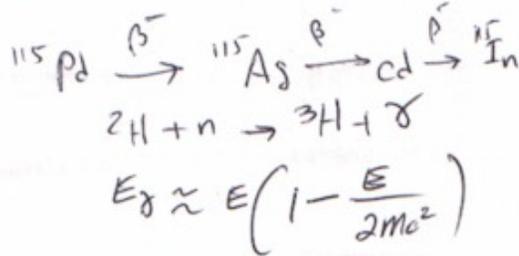
The Civil War "Battle Above the Clouds" was fought on the north slope of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, November 24, 1863. Military artist James Walker witnessed the battle and sketched scenes to render this historically accurate by 30" painting. The painting, completed in 1874, is now on public display at the Point Park Visitor Center, Chickamauga-Chattanooga National Military Park, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee.

CHI-CD1
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Photo by Bob Wharton



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Jed. Mooj

ਜਗਤ ਤੇ ਸ਼ਰਮਾਵਰਿਤਾ

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MONTICELLO

West Front

For the design of Monticello, Jefferson drew from both the buildings of ancient Rome and the neoclassical residences of Paris that he so admired. The dome, the first built on an American house, was based on the Roman temple of Vesta.



Behold!
Self-realization is
the process by which
God has chosen
our sharma - our
way of being. Be true to
your self and others will be
too!

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Hgjt



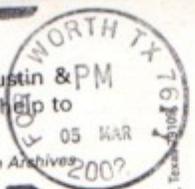
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TEXAS!
 Cotton & Bluebonnets, Oil & Cattle, Austin & PM
 the Alamo, Cowboy Hats & Rodeos, all help to
 make it great in the Lone Star state!



HARK!
 TREAD LIGHTLY ON YOUR
 CONSCIOUSNESS FOR WHEN
 YOU SEE THE TRUTH YOU
 WILL SEE GOD. WHO AMONG
 US CAN CLAIM IGNORANCE?
 WHO CAN CLAIM WISDOM?
 ARE WE NOT CHILDREN OF
 REFLECTIVE EMBODIED NOTHINGNESS WITHOUT

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DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS LINE first waking to the truth?

Handwritten signature H92

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 John Hinde Casteich ©
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**Monster
 Taco**



जिह हीनै यत्स एतत् व
 The moment we realize
 our true selves we
 are free to experience
 life as it is meant to
 be!

J. H. 92

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Meej minion community

June 15, 2002

BEHOLD: SWAMI HAS RETURNED!



“Somewhere, I found your Smile!”

“Gentle, Calm, A Meadow with such Tiny Hands.”

Greetings, My Many Loyal Devotees! I cannot put into words how grateful I am for your patience and good-wishes while I was underway. I was on a personal journey of self-realization and inner reflection. I am back and ready to resume my duty as your humble Guru, noble teacher and benevolent friend. I have no idea how far I traveled or where I went; I lived in a parallel plane of embodied collective consciousness where time and space stood silent and still. Not even my own footsteps knew of my whereabouts. I see by today’s date that I was gone for a very long time. A span too long to count in terms of days, hours, weeks or even months—but then again, one cannot quantify opulent tranquility, can one?

I remember watching the sunrise in Quoddy Head, Maine one morning and later watching it set in Cape Wrangell, Alaska. I saw the moon and our Galaxy from the dark skies of Mexico and then saw the enchanted Argentine pampasee, where the sun never set. I never knew where I was or how I got there. I was just there. *Earth* and all her dark matter spoke to me while in balmy solitude or as one among the tepid millions. I simply cleared my head, soul and spirit and absorbed Devine *Oms* of joy. I became free-thinking again. Finally, then—and only then—I came home! Well, not so much “home” as this warehouse in the Grizzly Duck Office Park.

It brought tears to my eyes to learn that Trent Handjoy has returned to my side and that Lance Worthy, who was like a son to me, is still alive and well. That Gus guy also did a first-class job digging through the trash and scanning old postcards. However, to be honest, I don't remember sending post cards; nor do I know where I would have gotten the money to buy stamps, or how I knew the address of Mooj.com headquarters. But that is not important. What is is that those guys did a wonderful job of getting at least four newsletters out this year.

Now that I have returned to *The Enlightenment* editor's desk I will devote my time and energy to helping those who still call me Guru. Together, as one, we shall find the eternal enlightenment that burns within the collective consciousness of every happy being. We shall journey not afoot but internally to the center of our own mind. Some of you are closer to this happy place than you can even imagine. The Nirvana Garden awaits and is but a tip-toe away. Most, however, are still far from this place. I shall heartedly grasp these wayward ones hard by the hand and pull. I will be gentle.

I am not sure how to proceed with this newsletter as I am weak and weary from my many travels and cannot possibly read the over 2,000 letters and minion essays awaiting my fertile eyes. Doing so would further delay this already long-overdue newsletter. I will, however, share one letter I found sitting on my new desk. Someone has already opened it and attached a yellow sticky note to it that says: "Very Important—must be shared." Without reading its contents because of my weariness I will just have the typesetter include it as is (along with the story that comes with it).

For now I bid you good night and I will now sleep. I have quarters established for me here within The New Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters in the Grizzly Duck Office Park. This place smells like smoke and burnt cotton but is, otherwise, comfortable.

Yours in Never-ending Harmonium,

मज्जपती उपवावारावा

An Important Letter Addressed to The Mooj and His Minion Family:

Dear *Enlightenment*,

When I was a youth I inherited my father's *Kaala Haath* collection. *Kaala Haath*, as many of you know, was a Bengali pulp fiction magazine published from 1932 to 1968. My favorite issues were the ones that featured "Depak Chota," the hard-boiled "Asian Op" detective. I enjoyed seeing some of those tales published in your magazine last year. When I learned that these adventures had been written by The Mooj's uncle I decided to do some research. I mentioned in my minion essay (see essay for Minion # 1760) that I work for the National Archives of India and have access to tremendous amount of historical and literary material. My investigation has led to an interesting finding, which I would like to share with you.

The first thing I discovered was that there were two Chandrachurs living in Evanston, Illinois. The first was an Uzbek/Punjab named Chandrachur Umbababbaraba, who migrated to America with his family after being freed from a Soviet Gulag in 1991. The latter was a Bengali named Chandrachur Umbababbagupta, who migrated to America in 1970. Obviously, if you read *The Enlightenment*, Volume IV Number 13 (where Swami first mentions he has an Uncle Chandrachur) you realize that our beloved enlightened Swami erred and went to the wrong Chandrachur's house in Evanston. **The man Swami and his nephew lived with all those months was not his uncle!**

When I realized Swami's error I was going to end my research but then decided to keep going since I had Chandrachur Umbababbagupta's files open anyway. What I found was that Chandrachur Umbababbagupta was quite a legend. He was born in 1898 in what was then Mysore (later called Karnataka). In 1914 he enrolled in the West Bengal Police Academy but was expelled for reasons unknown. After his expulsion he enlisted in the Rajput Raiders, an elite Special Forces squadron that fought covertly for the British in World War I. Chandrachur Umbababbagupta was wounded at Gallipoli and, after a short convalescence, mustered into The 15th Ludhiana Sikhs to fight (again) with the British Expedition Forces. He was wounded (again) in 1917 and left to recover in a hospital near Neuve Chapelle, France. It was there he met another wounded Bengali soldier named Chota Depak and they became very good friends.

After the war Chota Depak and Chandrachur Umbababbagupta joined The East Indian Detective Agency. Sadly, Chota Depak was killed about a year later in a botched surveillance job. The blame for his death was placed on Umbababbagupta and he was fired from the agency. Afterwards Umbababbagupta established an office in Bangalore and worked as a private consulting detective. During those years Umbababbagupta supplemented his meager income by writing detective stories using the pen name *H.H. Sakhi*. His "Depak Chota" stories, I discovered, were actually his own true life adventures! I assume Umbababbagupta used the name of his late friend Chota Depak—transposing the first and last name—out of respect.

To conclude my findings I will say that Chandrachur Umbababbagupta led a very sad and lonely life. For reasons I have yet to discover he fled to America in 1970. No doubt he was very forlorn during those final days of his long and lonely life and that was probably why he didn't ask too many questions when a strange Swami and the Swami's nephew showed up at his house claiming to be relatives.

In closing I would like to submit a story I found published in the final issue of *Kaala Haath*. It was probably the last "Depak Chota" tale written. I hope you enjoy it.

Rest in Peace, Chandrachur Umbababbagupta. On behalf of Mother India I salute you and all you did in your adventurous life!

V/R,
B.J. Majumdar (Minion # 1760)

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in



Depak Chota sat by an open window and watched as the clouds gathered in the afternoon sky. In the road below he saw the citizens of Bangalore going about their business. Few seemed to notice or care that the sky was darkening. Depak put a cigarette to his lips and watched as many hastened their travels when raindrops began falling. By the time he set fire to his cigarette a torrential downpour had erupted.

Depak remained seated and smoking as nurses ran through the room shutting windows and doors. When the window Depak was sitting in front of had been closed the glass was quickly smeared with heavy raindrops and he could no longer see the outside. Depak exhaled and watched as his cigarette smoke gently dissipated into a thin wisp.

Depak had long ago retired as a private consulting detective and moved into the veteran's home. He had no family, no friends and too many hours to sit and think. His idle thoughts were interrupted when a nurse walked by and threw an envelope on his lap. The letter was from a Garam Kapoor. *Garam Kapoor?* The only Garam Kapoor Depak knew was a Punjab that had worked with him over 50 years before at the East Indian Detective Agency. Depak opened the envelope. It contained a train ticket, three hundred Rupees and a note scribbled on a folded sheet of yellow paper.

No details were given. The message only showed a hand-drawn East Indian Detective Agency logo and gave an address.

Depak looked at the note and then looked at the rain soaked windows. He then looked around the dimly lit sitting room. It was filled with other elderly veterans like himself. Most of the room's occupants were asleep. Depak stood from his chair and threw his cigarette into an ash can that had at one time been an artillery shell. Within the hour he was standing under an umbrella in front of the veteran's home waiting for a taxi.

Ten hours later Depak arrived in Rajasthan. There he boarded a bus and continued northward. Near the ruins of Ghaggar he found a farmer willing to bring him by ox cart to the small village where Garam Kapoor lived.

Depak barely recognized Garam. The old acquaintances shook hands and Depak was told that everything would be explained when the others arrived. One by one, five other old men arrived. Many of the travelers could barely walk. Many of these travelers knew each other and talked about old adventures and recent times. No one, however, spoke to Depak.

Finally Kapoor addressed the travelers. He began by saying: "I cannot thank you enough for coming. I know all of you have long since retired from detective and police work. I have too. I came to this village several years ago to finish what was left of my life. I was born here."

While Kapoor spoke Depak's mind wandered and he studied the faces of the others. These men were obviously former colleagues. He tried to remember their names but couldn't. He had forgotten almost everything about his days working at The East Indian Detective Agency.

When Kapoor began talking about why he had summoned everyone Depak began paying attention again. "My friends," Kapoor said, "I wish our reunion was a happy one but, alas, it is not. My village, once so peaceful and happy, is now a dreadful place. We are now terrorized by a bandit named

Jagga Dara Khan. His gang and he come every month to rape and pillage. They steal everything we have! Last month they killed my wife ...”

The six old men stood silently as Kapoor paused to wipe tears from his eyes. He composed himself and continued: “Do you remember The East Indian Detective Agency Blood Oath? We promised that we would always help a fellow East Indian Detective Agency op, no matter what or when. I must now turn to you, my brothers, and beg for your help. You men are all that remain alive from our old Cubbon Road office. *Will you stand by my side and fight these bandits when they come to raid my village next week?*”

Depak had only worked for The East Indian Detective Agency for a year. He didn't even remember taking a blood oath; and if he did, he certainly wouldn't have taken it seriously. Depak stood looking at everyone as everyone stood looking at everyone else. No one said a word.

Depak was now finally starting to recognize some of the faces. He figured out who the thin Punjab standing across from him was. It was none other than Veejay Bhardwaj. Bhardwaj was the bureau chief when Depak worked at the agency. He was the man that fired Depak. Bhardwaj said very unkind things to Depak that day and Depak never forgot them.

Depak's idle thoughts were again truncated when his former colleagues began stepping forward, one-by-one, to agree to honor the vow of allegiance. When it was his turn to speak Depak also stepped forward and made the hand salute he saw the others do. Depak figured the hand salute was probably a secret sign that The East Indian Detective Agency operators used back then.

Thus it was decided! All would stand with Kapoor and fight Jagga and his gang of bandits when they came to raid the village. Depak could not help but feel excited. For six long years he had been living in that Bangalore veteran's home bored out of his mind. Now there was a big fight to be fought! He was excited and happy.

Later that evening a small feast was prepared for the old men. Depak could sense major apprehension by all those who came to share in the meal. Hardly anyone smiled or talked. Worried looks seemed to be passed around with the food. Depak knew that the people in the village probably didn't want to get their hopes up. He sensed that, perhaps, he and his fellow ex detectives appeared too old and fragile to be of much help. In many ways Depak was worried about that himself.

After supper Kapoor took the defenders to a location in the village that overlooked a vast portion of the Thar Desert. Kapoor pointed out the dirt road that would be used by the bandits when they came to raid the village. As they stood there one of the old men finally spoke up and asked: “*Garam, yar, how are we going to fight these terrible bandits? Do you expect us to hit them with our walking canes?*”

Depak, at that instant, recognized the man asking the question. It was none other than Dinajpur Nath. Nath and he had been good friends. That friendship ended because they fought over a woman. Depak could not recall the woman's name. He remembered only that she was a beautiful Bheemeshwari girl with dark and mysterious eyes. He had not thought about either Nath or the woman in over fifty years.

Kapoor interrupted Depak's thoughts and said: “Do not worry, my brothers! Follow me and I will show you how we shall fight these bandits! *We shall give them bloody hell!*”

The old men followed Kapoor along a lightly trod footpath that led to a small hut. Inside Kapoor showed the men several British 303 Enfield No. 4 Mark-1 rifles that were stacked against the wall. One of the old men picked up a rifle, looked through the sight and pretended to fire the weapon. There was something in how the man smiled after he pretended to pull the trigger that made Depak instantly recognize him. It was Rohit Khote! Khote was regarded by everyone to be the smartest detective at the agency. Depak had admired him greatly.

Confident that they would be well armed the seven defenders returned to the village and began making defensive preparations. Jeevan Puri, a man Depak still did not remember, was asked and agreed to lead the planning. In the days that followed the defenders worked side by side preparing for the raid. As they did Depak could sense that many of his former colleagues had begun to warm to him. He knew none of them liked him much in the old days but maybe in his old age he was more pleasant. Even the old bureau chief, Bhardwaj, seemed to soften his edges; and, in an unguarded moment, apologized to Depak for something that was said long ago. Depak accepted the apology, knowing Bhardwaj was alluding to the unkind words that had been spoken the day he was fired from the agency.

Nath and Depak became close friends again. They drank hourly to the Bheemeshwari girl that neither of them could remember the name of anymore. The other's laughed when it was discovered that Jeevan Puri had eventually won the woman's heart when she tired of both Depak and Nath. Puri also could not remember her name. During supper the seven men always drank to the woman, whatever her name was, hoping that if she were still alive that she might enjoy what was left of her life.

The raid came as planned on the sixth day. Village children stationed along a ridge signaled to each other as Jagga and his men came driving down the mountain road. Depak and the other defenders were awakened by shouts and ringing bells. Depak got ready as quickly as he could but his arthritis and bursitis were hurting terribly that morning. He could barely move. He saw that the other old men were having trouble getting up and moving as well. The villagers were in a panic and doing all they could to help the old men dress and move into their positions. Rifles and ammunition were brought just in time by running children.

From where Depak squatted behind a stone wall he could see the sky filling with brown dust. The bandits arrived shortly thereafter in brightly colored army surplus Jeeps. Depak counted a total of sixteen men. They were heavily armed and wearing criss-

crossed ammunition belts across their chests. They looked like brutal and cruel men.

The villagers, by Puri's plan, went about their business acting like nothing was out of the ordinary. The bandits disembarked from their vehicles and began shooting into the sky. Just as Kapoor had predicted the gang formed a line and Jagga, the leader, commanded all in the village to return to their homes and bring out their food and belongings. Each defender had been assigned a fire zone by Puri. Depak was delighted to see that Jagga stood within his sector. Depak aimed his rifle slowly at Jagga's chest and waited. Once the villagers were safely inside their homes Puri would give the signal and Depak and the other defenders would open fire. The bandits would have no idea what hit them.

Jagga shot once more into the sky and shouted: *"What are you lingering in your houses for! Bring your things out now! Do you want me to burn your village?"* Depak was confused. The signal should have come by now. Depak could see the frightened villagers peeking from their doors and windows. He could also see his fellow defenders moving anxiously in their hiding spots. Everyone was wondering why the signal had not been sounded.

Then something terrible happened. One of Jagga's men spotted a defender peeking over a wall. The bandit ran quickly to the location, knocked the rifle away from the old man, pulled the defender up by his pajama shirt, and then brought the old man to Jagga. Depak's heart sank: it was Dinajpur Nath. Depak watched in horror as Jagga shot Nath in the head. At that very instant Depak remembered the name of the Bheemeshwari girl. He wanted to yell it out to Nath but Nath was dead.

Before Depak could collect his thoughts one of the bandits emerged from a house with two small children. Jagga shouted that he would kill the children if any others were hiding with rifles and did not surrender immediately. One by one Depak saw his old friends stand and emerge from their ambush places. Jagga's men relieved them of their

rifles and then pushed and kicked them toward the village center. The old men and all in the village looked heartbroken.

Depak noticed that Puri had not surrendered. He and Puri would now save the village. That idea was erased when Puri was found dead by one of the bandits. He was as white as a ghost and gripping his chest. He must have had a heart attack just as he was about to shout the signal. Depak reflected that the situation would have been humorous if it were not so tragic.

Jagga was now totally enraged. He told the village that he was going to teach everyone a bitter lesson. He ordered his bandits to tie the captured old men to the back of the Jeeps. Several children were also tied to the Jeeps. Jagga told the village that the children would serve to inspire the old men to run fast. Those unable to run as fast as the Jeeps drove would be dragged to their death.

Depak was sickened by what he saw. It was now time to act. He stood from his position and fired a shot into Jagga's head. It struck the bandit squarely between the eyes. Before anyone knew what happened Depak got three more rounds off. Three more bandits fell. As soon as Jagga's men realized what was happening they took cover and began shooting back at Depak.

Depak stood behind the stone wall firing shot after shot. He could hear and feel bullets speed by him. He knew he would be hit very soon. Now his rifle was empty. He ducked below the wall and quickly reloaded. He could hear bullets ping against the stones and speed overhead and he replaced the magazine in the rifle. He knew when he stood that he would be hit. He stood anyway. To his amazement the remaining bandits were charging his position. The bandits stopped and tried to aim but couldn't. Depak took them out one man at a time.

Then everything was quiet and the sky turned bright red.

The next thing Depak knew he was running down a ramp. He and his fellow commandos

had just come ashore near the forts of Kilitbahir on Cape Helles. It was the 25th of April, 1915. His unit had been given the objective of clearing barbed wire for the advancing Royal Munster Fusiliers and Royal Hampshires. *The attack of Gallipoli had just begun!* Then, just like that, everything went quiet and the sky turned bright red. Depak stopped running and sat down in the sand. He could not believe that he had been hit. His hands quickly searched his body and neck for the wound as he tore open his tunic. The others kept running. He knew they could not wait for him. He would die alone on the beach.

Then the noise of the battle came quickly back into his ears and he could feel warm blood dripping down his face. He needed to get moving. He stood and began running. He found a stone wall to take cover behind and wiped blood away from his eyes. The whole right side of his head was warm and wet. He looked down at his hands. They were covered in blood.

He kept staring at his hands. But now they were crooked and wrinkled. He was an old man again. He looked up and saw the villagers running toward him. When they arrived they sat him down and began crying over him. Depak told the villagers not to worry. He joked that he had been shot in the head before—twice before, actually. His head was quickly wrapped and he was carried into a house. He felt life leaving his body slowly and then he was surrounded by darkness. He realized he might die after all.

Mrs. Munga, the head administrator of the veteran's home, sat at her desk and looked up when she heard a loud shriek. She saw a nurse standing in the lobby rubbing her rear end. Sitting nearby was Depak Chota (who by then had fully recovered from his head wound). Sitting next to Depak were the three newest residents of the veteran's home. These four old men were a constant source of irritation to Mrs. Munga. *She had had enough!* She threw down her paperwork, stood, and walked briskly over to where the old men were sitting.

"Now what have these hooligans done?" she screamed at the nurse. The nurse reported that the old men were pinching bottoms again. Mrs. Munga ordered the nurse back to work and then told Depak and the new residents that they were dirty old men and that she was tired of all their mischief and nonsense. She was going to do everything in her power to get them thrown out of the veteran's home. This time she meant it!

When Mrs. Munga was done ranting she returned to her desk to continue her work. While her back was turned Depak pulled a bottle of Old Forester from his coat and poured its contents into an empty tea pot.

The three newest residents of the veteran's home then held out their empty tea cups.

"Let us have a drink to our friend Garam Kapur, who as far as we know still enjoys the peace and tranquility of village life in Rajasthan," said Depak as he poured from the tea pot.

Bhardwaj took a sip and then added: "And let us not forget to drink to our brothers Nath and Puri, who died there."

Khote also quickly added: "And, of course, let's drink to that Bheemeshwari girl, whatever the hell her name was!"

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THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

July 1, 2002

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! With Lightened heart and enlightened head I now bid you fond and happy greetings. As most of you know I recently returned from a long and arduous journey. I took that journey in search of true inner peace and enhanced self-realization. **I found that and more!** Good things come to those who never stop believing in goodness and truth! I will explain what I mean by that in the next paragraph. To be honest I had originally planned to be gone for only a week or two but my travels proved too happy and melodious to conclude. To sum it all up I shall say only that it was time well spent and from it I will be a better Guru.

And Now I have some very Important News to Announce! Those of you who have visited The New Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters in Bel Air recently may have noticed an eviction notice posted on our door. Yes, it is true that our lease at The Grizzly Duck Office Park was revoked. I am unsure of the particulars other than the Harford County sheriff says we must vacate the premises within 30 days. This might have been a setback had I not previously learned that a wonderful endowment had been bestowed upon our faith-based community by an anonymous and enlightened sponsor. The donator—someone very famous and powerful in the U.S. Senate—ear-marked generous Federal funding to erect a **Mooj Ashram** in Maryland! This Ashram will be located just north of Baltimore in beautiful Abingdon on the shores of the Gunpowder River. Those wishing to donate time and/or additional funds **should not** contact Senator Barbara Mikulski, the bill sponsor; instead, you should call or email The Senate Appropriations Committee. Senator Joe Biden, a co-sponsor, has also asked not to be contacted directly. He would prefer all correspondence go through the ombudsman of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime and Drugs. Since this project was funded through the Bill Clinton Global Enrichment Project, I have been told that we do not need to wait for building permits or an environmental impact statement. **As we speak the land is being cleared and footers are being poured!** The Ashram, if all goes as scheduled, should be completed and ready to pray inside in six to twelve months!

To add more wonder to this already wonderful situation the webmaster at Mooj.com has added an old favorite to our home page. **The Mooj Cam is up and running again!** If you have a computer then you can watch along with everyone as the Ashram is built. The cam was placed in a tree overlooking the construction site and will show real-time views of what is going on. For those without a computer I have asked this newsletter's art director to show still photos taken using the cam yesterday and the day before to show how fast things are moving along! If you think I am excited and happy then you are correct!

Blessed are WE beyond bounds!

मज्जपती उमवावारावा



Minion Mail

It would be pointless to try and address the minion mail that came in during the last few months. For letters arriving before last week I will simply dole out a general blessing and give this metaphoric allegory: A man and his son were mountaineering. The son, a boy of only two or three, fell and hurt himself. He yelped out in pain and heard another yelp far away. "Who are you?" he shouted; the far away voice, in return, asked: "Who are *you*?" The son became enraged and screamed: "You are an idiot!" The far off voice told the boy: "*You* are an idiot!" The boy asked his father: "Why is that rude and discourteous person so negative and mean to me?" The father said: "Listen, *beta*, at how he talks to me." The father then yelled: "You are a great man and a brave champion!" The voice told the father: "*You* are a great man and a brave champion." The son could not believe it. The father then told the son that the voice (echo) was life. You get back from it what you put into it.

Okay, now for this week's mail:

Dearest Swamiji,

Do self-realization trips always go from east to west like your postcards indicate?

Bobby Brooks, Minion # 1466

The Mooj Responds: No, my *beta*. Self-realization works in all ways, all dimensions, and all phases of matter. I'm not even really sure what you are asking to be honest. I send a blessing, never-the-less.

Dear Mooj,

While you were away on your self-realization journey I checked your web site daily, hoping beyond hope that you would return. I really needed to ask you about something. Now that you're back I forget what I wanted to ask you. Do you have any idea what it was?

"Denver Doug"
Estes Park, CO

The Mooj Responds: No, my *beta*. I was going to do a truth vision for you but I had a pre-vision

realization that whatever it was that you were going to inquire about was not important enough to heat my head and give myself a headache. Not that you are unimportant, my *beta*. You (whoever you are) are very special to me. Please accept my blessings for now.

Dearest Mooj,

The other day I was bringing old clothes to the St. Vincent de Paul poor box and, lo and behold, what did I see? Somebody carelessly discarded an autographed photo of you! (See attached photo of the scene.) Don't worry, Great Swami! I rescued this religious artifact and it now hangs proudly in my *puja* room between my autographed Ed Parker and Chuck Norris posters.

Your Minion for Life,

J. Trojan, Minion # 864
Red Tiger, PA



The Mooj Responds: Thank you, my friend. And to you I send forth cheerful blessings and frothy vibes. Forget not that you can also rub that photograph each day for added blessings!

Dear Mooj,

You don't know me but a fellow marine turned me onto your website. He says you should remember him because he once worked for *The Washington Post* and sent you lots of anonymous scoops. He wanted me to tell you that I am trustworthy and that I'm not trying to scam you or anything. He would have sent this letter himself except that he has extra duty tonight.

Here's the deal: I'm an American Special Forces Commando in Afghanistan. Back in December I found \$36 million in Taliban drug money inside one of those Tora Bora caves. I now need help moving the cash out of Afghanistan. I will send you the shipment waybill and all you have to do is claim this luggage on behalf of me and my colleagues. Needless to say the trust placed in you at this junction is enormous. We are willing to offer you an agreeable percentage of these funds for your trouble. But first we need your help! We need you send \$25,000 in cash to help bribe the Afghanistani warlords. You'll also have to pay the shipping costs. As soon as we receive your cash we'll send the suitcase full of money.

Sgt. Bradon Curtis,
APO, NY NY 09019

The Mooj Responds: There is an old Bengali saying that goes as such: *arthooi anoorthur mool!* It translates simply into if money grew on trees then all men would be farmers. So, my *beta*, I ask that you find another to share in this good fortune. To you I send only a metaphoric suitcase full of blessings.

Hey, ___!

You guys are full of crap! That whole Grizzly Duck warehouse fire thing is a total scam! Everybody knows you couldn't sell any of your stupid Mooj minion T-shirts and so now you're faking this whole warehouse fire to make people think your T-shirts are in limited supply. Good luck selling your T-shirts, suckers!

Carol Taney
Jamestown, NY

The Mooj Responds: I am alarmed at the tone of this letter and should omit it for obvious reasons. However, I would at least like to address the Grizzly Duck warehouse fire and so this letter might as well serve as a segway to that if nothing else. To be honest I only just learned of this fire when I was

served with a summons to appear in Harford County Municipal Court. Further details are unknown, as I did not read the summons. To do so would only complicate my life; and while I am tranquil and harmonic I don't need that sort of aggravation.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is a photo I took in South Central LA. It's of a house that was covered with graffiti, including stuff from one of your minions! The guy tagged some poor dude's house! Isn't that counter-harmonic? Shouldn't your minions be abstaining from gang banging? Most Yogis teach their followers to avoid violence. I am a devotee of Jnyanayogi Sri Siddeshwar for almost 5 years now and abstain from all vices!

Loud and Proud,
Vijay Kanduhar



The Mooj Responds: And your Guru Jnyanayogi Sri Siddeshwar must be very proud, as would I had you been my devotee! You are correct with everything you have said and I admonish whoever Minion # 1165 is. In fact, since I am here at The New Friends of Mooj Society headquarters I will look up this rascal myself and see to it that he or she takes positive action to remove the graffiti.

Greetings, Wonder-Guru!

I am an ardent minion (# 669) and have something to give to you and my fellow minions. It is a gift of a story in the Depak Chota sense. Last week minion # 1760 said he had the last Depak Chota story published. He is wrong! I have found one in a 1971 issue of *Asian Detective*. It was written by your uncle

(or I guess the guy you thought was your uncle) after he arrived in America. Please feel free to share it with others or enjoy it for yourself. Pranams to all!

ramookaloo@hillaryclinton2008.com

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, my friend. And to you I send jovial blessings! I shall gladly share this new-found Depak Chota story with all (it shall be added to the arrear of this newsletter). To respond to another point, I would like to say that I was saddened to learn that the man I was staying with last year in Chicago was not my Chandrachur Chacha. But that is unimportant. He will forever be considered my Chacha and I hope that even in his death he will consider me to be his nephew.

Yo Mooj,

My wife doesn't understand me. For example, last night she caught me in bed with her sister. I tried to explain everything but she wouldn't listen. She's just plain stubborn and it drives me up the wall! I don't know how long I can take all this emotional abuse!

Desmond Bando
Longwood Gardens, DE

The Mooj Responds: I am unsure if this is a joke; and I wish not to waste a truth vision finding out. If it is a joke then I admonish this hooligan for such stupidity. If it is true I, yet again, admonish this hooligan for such stupidity. I leave this man with this simple old *Malayalam* saying: *Pattikku muzhuvan thenga kittiyathu pole!* To those who do not speak *Malayalam* it simply means that a dog may find a coconut but he will never know what to do with it.

Guruji,

I can tell that your 8-month-long pilgrimage in search of true inner peace and wisdom really helped you. Last month's newsletter was your best ever and it was so refreshing in a holistic new age sort of way to see that your advice was coherent, logical and some-what reasonable; and you actually came across as humble and pious too. My thoughts and prayers are with you, most worthy Swamiji. Ohm Jelly Jay!

Minion # 894 (The Food Court Stud)

The Mooj Responds: That is odd; I do not recall giving any advice last week. But I accept your accolades, none-the-less. To you I issue forth a blessing as well.

Right on!

Someone had to tell the truth about that whole Olympic skating scandal! Lance Worthy is a brave man to take on those crooks in the figure skating world. I used to be a figure skater but got tired of all the corruption and drugs. I can't stress enough to all you moms and dads out there not to let your children grow up to be ice skaters! Skating is totally run by the mob and devil worshipers. Again, kudos to that brave man Lance Worthy for his stand against corruption.

Doug Hennley
Deere Gardens, MI

The Mooj Responds: I have no idea what this man is talking about but will send forth a blessing anyway.

Mooj,

I don't know if you remember me but last March we shared a crack pipe in a garbage dumpster outside the Glendale, Arizona homeless shelter. I still remember how comforting you were after I got crushed by that garbage truck when the dumpster we were living inside got emptied before I could escape. You gave me a Mooj Minion T-shirt to rest my weary head upon and held my hand while I lay dying. Your kind words soothed me and made me want to live. I wanted to write and thank you now that I can (my hands are healed). Thank You SO MUCH, Mr. Mooj!

"K-Mart Ken"

The Mooj Responds: The kindness you speak of sounds Mooj-like but the reference to crack smoking and cohabitation in a dumpster doesn't sound Mooj-like at all. Are you sure it was me that was with you that day? To be honest I don't recall being anywhere near Arizona last March. None-the-less, I pass along blessings anyway and hope that you recover well.

New Minions

Complied and Edited by Intern "Gus"

Meet New Minion # 1762: Jeff Briggs, age 40, Aries, Port Deposit, MD. This minion claims to have been the tetherball champ of his elementary school (wow).

His Minion Essay:

Big, MO! That's me standing on top of the Mooj.com sign! (See photo below.) That's gotta be worth something in your big bad book of cool! Not only am I naked but it's 18 degrees out! HOW COOL IS THAT????



Meet New Minion # 1763: Trisha Joplin, age 26, Capricorn, Boston, Mass. This minion claims that her mom's hairdresser was John Lanzendorf (I have no idea why that would be important).

Her Minion Essay:

In 1999 I did the Naked Quad Run at Tufts University. I was an undergraduate student then. I was so drunk that I fell and really hurt myself. The next day I had a big bruise on my rumpus. My boyfriend got real suspicious and thought I was seeing another man. Is there any point to this essay? No. But then is there any point to your newsletter?

Meet New Minion # 1764: Meena Rosalie Moseley, age 25, Pieces, Tubealloy, Tennessee. She claims her uncle used to pitch for the Cleveland Indians. If you're a sporting fan then the guy's name is Clarence Nottingham Churn. (I never heard of him.)

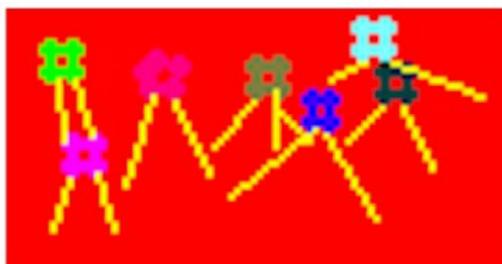
Her Minion Essay:

Greetings, friend of Indigenous and righteous wo-be-goners! I just returned from Brazil where I got my latest tattoo. It was performed by a tribal chieftain in the traditional Yanomami manner of stick, stone and bone and it hurt like a mo-fo. My husband also got some ink work done. We were in Brazil to help save the rainforest. According to our ecco-tour guide more than 6 billion acres of rainforest are destroyed every day! What a shame!

Meet New Minion # 1765: Gregg Dean, age 18, Scorpio, Plum Nugget, Mississippi. This minion says he sells and collects Gundam Universe figurines. (I have no idea what those are.)

His Minion Essay:

Attached to this email is my masterpiece. I call it *Reap and Rejoice!* It symbolizes my personal struggle with ambition, fertility, humility and love (see picture below). I began it in 1999 and finished it three days ago. I dedicate it to you, Mooj, and to all others who understand true genius. If you or others would like full-size reprint, contact me. I welcome email but request only serious communications please. In the past I have gotten some really stupid emails from this guy who calls himself *Farticus Rex*. He was actually the one who turned me onto Mooj.com.



Meet New Minion # 1766: Willie K., age 55, Leo, Providence, RI. This minion blames whales for the rise of the oceans because their dead bodies are not decomposing after they sink below the thermocline.

Minion Application Essay:

Hippos can weigh twice as much as buffalo, two or three tons each!!! With their cavernous raw mouths and bulging eyes, their tuba voices....seem like the

uproar of the damned, as if, in the hot rain and purgatorial din, just at this moment, the great water pigs have been cast into perdition, their downfall heralded by the scream of the fish eagle, which circles overhead.

I am one with the hippo.

Meet New Minion # 1767: Eric Boswell, age 53, Aquarius, Pylesville, MD. This minion admits that he still has a large collection of S&H green stamps and doesn't know what to do with them now.

His Minion Essay:

When I was in 4th grade I saw a movie called *Nanook of the North*. I remember thinking, "Wow, that Eskimo dude is so cool!" Our teacher told the class afterwards that Nanook and his family got killed shortly after the movie was made. We cried and our teacher told us not to cry because Nanook was with God and was happy and warm. We all felt better after that.

Meet New Minion # 1768: Ms. Emily Pagett, age 23, Cancer, NY, NY. This minion claims she studied the music and erotic poetry of Dharmapuri Subbarayar at Columbia University. She also claims that she uses crayons when writing letters to all her favorite Congressmen and Senators. Right now she is unemployed and looking for a job at either The U.N. or at Bill Clinton's NYC Office. Help her out if you can.

Her Minion Essay:

I like to think that I am a very tolerant. I know this is a hard thing to quantify but my criterion is basically that I don't get upset when I'm on the subway and people near me speak different languages or stink real bad because their culture doesn't bathe or they eat foods that have lots of garlic (hello Mr. Korean dude). I also don't get scared when African American gangsters play rap music real loud and throw basketballs from one end of the subway to the other. Karl Marx says that when you judge people you're really judging yourself. I totally agree!

Meet New Minion # 1769: Deevan Durian, age 27, Leo, Churchville, MD. This minion decided to become a Mooj minion after finding a Mooj Minion T-Shirt on his front door stoop. He said someone just rang the bell and ran. The shirt looked like someone had lit it on fire (like a bag of poop or something). I know this guy. I see him hanging around the Mooj.com office all the time. This guy looks like he smokes a lot of Fred Green (if you know what I mean).

His Minion Essay:

Hey, gang! Most of you probably know me if you work at The New Friends of Mooj office in Bel Air. I always hang out there. If you haven't been to the office lately then you're totally missing out. They have a great lounge where you can just hang and chill. They also have a meditation room where people do yoga and dance if there's a DJ. I guess I'll see you around!

Meet New Minion # 1770: Roland Remschtein, age 43, Sagittarius, Düsseldorf, Germany. This minion works at the Haaf Stadt Brewery and sent this picture of himself (see below).



His Minion Essay:

Ich arbeite an der Haaf Stadt Brauerei in Düsseldorf, Deutschland. Ich bin ein nudist. Ich bin ein glückliches wanderer auf der Straße zu den riches. Ich mag singen und tanzen. Ich mag auch potaoes essen und Bier trinken. OH-, wie glücklich ich bin!

Meet New Minion # 1771: Hugo B. Letche, age 52, Scorpio, Downey, CA. This minion claims he met his first wife at Wattstax '72.

His Minion Essay:

Part of me really wants to believe that this is true—that you are this real swami guy, hanging out there in Bel Air, MD with all your devotee pals. I read your newsletters and they always make me happy. "Man," I think, "wouldn't it be cool if this Mooj guy was real that he really did raft down the Mississippi River with his nephew, escaped from Chester County Jail, etc, etc." But I know it isn't real. Or at least my common sense tells me it isn't real. But what is common sense anyway? Can common sense make one happy? Can common sense ease one's troubled mind? Hell No! Maybe you are real, Mooj. Maybe you're real only to those who believe in you. I believe in you, Mooj. I want to be *your* "Boswell"!

Meet New Minion # 1772: Dr. Tino Kaita Uri, age 68, Taurus, South San Francisco, CA. This minion was born in Dunedin, New Zealand. He is 25th generation Ngai Tahu and claims to have had a Maori mother and English father. When he was sixteen he ran away from home and joined the British Royal Navy. He sailed around the world and finally jumped ship in California to start a new life in 1959.

His Minion Essay:

I'll never forget the night I was in a bar in S'pore and this woman asked me to buy her a drink. I said sure. She then asked me if I was a real man or a Nancy boy. I said a real man, of course. She told me she wanted me to ■■■ her and then kill her husband. After we did what she first wanted to do she gave me a gun and took me to where her husband worked. He was a night watchman at a shoe factory. I was drunk. I walked to the gate and saw the man sitting in the booth. He looked like a decent chap. I aimed the gun and fired three shots at him. I missed all three times. I was too drunk to hold the gun steady. My fourth shot didn't miss. If you'd like to read about what happened next (or read other stories like this one) please buy my book *Hybristophilia, Shmistophilia*. It's available from Macmillan of Canada Publishing, Ltd.

Meet New Minion # 1773: "Helen of Troy," age 25, Leo, Troy, NY. This minion says she likes to do naval shots at the Notty Pine Tavern on 15th Street.

Her Minion Essay:

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.

Meet New Minion # 1774: Deena Ross, age 19, Aries, Portland, OR. This minion claims to have just completed Raw Family Certified Chef Training at Victoria Boutenko's school of non-cooking in Asland, Oregon. I'm not sure what a raw food chef is to be honest.

Her Minion Essay:

I totally believe in Natural Hygiene. Did you know that germs and viruses are not the primary cause of disease? The human body is capable of resisting germs and viruses and can keep itself healthy without antibodies, vaccinations, enematropics or other man-made chemicals. This is because the human body has a sophisticated filtering mechanism that prevents harmful organisms from getting into the bloodstream. It all starts with your nose and tongue, which signal us not to eat bad smelling or spoiled foods—unlike chimps and dogs, for

example, who will eat anything. Your stomach is also a sophisticated reactor, designed to vomit poisons or irritants, or discharge them in a diarrhea effluent. Lastly, only basic molecules of sugars, amino acids, vitamins and minerals can get into the bloodstream from the small intestine anyway. So I ask you, minion people, why eat cooked foods when living ones will suffice?

Meet New Minion # 1775: Arlo Mellencamp, age 49, Capricorn, Chester, PA. Arlo claims that he was in the audience the night Dick Shawn died on stage. He says that the audience thought it was part of the act, even when the paramedics came and covered the body and carried him away.

His Minion Essay:

Actions speak louder than words so I humbly submit the following proof of my love for The Mooj:

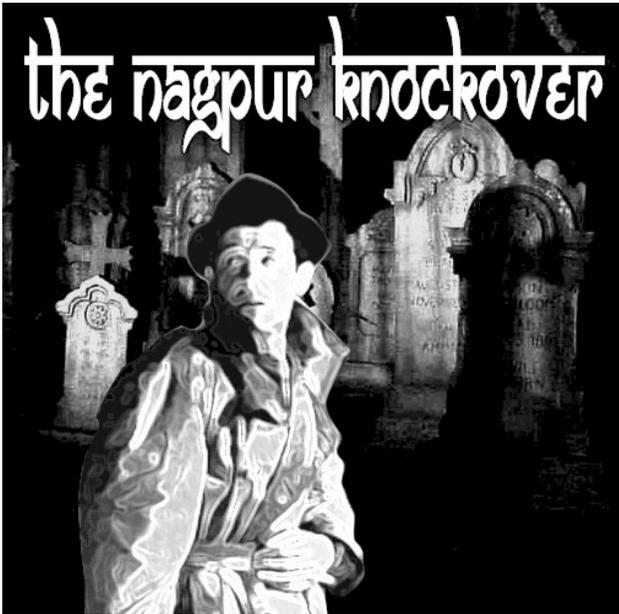


Meet New Minion # 1776: Annabelle Tyree, age 20, Leo, Gilbert, AZ. This minion admits that if she's in the bathroom and there isn't anyone else around she won't wash her hands (yeech!).

Her Minion Essay:

A few years ago my husband attended one of those Promise Keeper rallies. He came home a real candy-ass wimp! He was always trying to help me around the house, do the dishes, change diapers and stuff and it got old real fast. "Act like a man," I would say as he folded laundry and vacuumed. It was a real turn off. Then last winter he attended Mooj-Fest 2002. When he came home he basically reverted back to his old self. Now he just sits around the house in his underwear drinking beer and watching TV all day. He's a real man again and I owe it all to your Moojism program.

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in



There was a mystery afoot in the veteran's home. Depak Chota, the famous ex-private eye, sat watching with his friends as Mrs. Munga, the head administrator, was being interviewed by two strangers. Depak told the others: "That swarthy chap in the wrinkled cotton suit is a government man; and the other—the greasy looking chap wearing the faded muslin suit—is obviously a city dick. I can spot a Bengali gumshoe anywhere." The others agreed. After the strangers left the building Depak and his friends stood from their chairs and walked over to see Mrs. Munga. She was visibly distressed.

"I say, Munga, if you are in trouble we can help," said Bhardwaj. Mrs. Munga wiped her eyes and said nothing. She then quickly gained her composure and told the old men to get back to their chairs and stop bothering her. They did as they were told—not because they were obedient; they just knew Mrs. Munga was in no condition to be further upset that morning.

Shortly before tea time the two strangers returned with an additional man. He too looked like a city official. From the lobby the ex detectives continued to monitor the situation. They saw that Mrs. Munga looked extremely worried. She was asked to join the strangers and bring her accounting and ledger books into the Director's office. The door was then closed and the strangers kept Mrs. Munga busy for over an hour. Finally the strangers exited the office and whispered to each other in the lobby. One of the

men returned to the office and told Mrs. Munga to leave everything as it was and lock the room. They would continue their work in the morning. When the official-looking men exited the building the four ex detectives went over to check on Mrs. Munga. From outside the door they could hear her crying. They decided not bother her. She was a proud woman and they did not wish to embarrass her.

The four old men quickly went upstairs to Bhardwaj's room. Once the door was closed Bhardwaj opened a hidden bottle of Old Forester and poured drinks into paper cups. Once everyone had taken a drink Bhardwaj began the discussion by saying: "It appears that that old battle axe Munga is being accused of a crime. She may be an old windbag but she surely isn't a thief." The others nodded.

Khote, sitting beside Bhardwaj, spoke up next and reminded everyone that back in the old days he was the best money laundering man in the investigation racket. If he could get a peek at those ledgers and books in the Director's office he might spot something fishy. The others agreed.

Later that evening when the veteran's home was dark the four ex detectives met in the hallway. Taps had been played over the loud speakers a quarter of an hour before and most of the occupants could be heard snorting and snoring behind their doors. The old men snuck quietly down into the lobby holding flashlights. When they arrived they saw that the large room was deserted except for the man who had been assigned to be that night's fire watch; luckily, that chap was fast asleep.

The four old men moved quietly over to Mrs. Munga's desk. They knew she kept a ring of master keys in her drawer; they had used them often in their mischief. Khote picked the lock and took the keys. The four old men then walked slowly to the Director's office. Halfway there the quiet of the room was interrupted by a loud snort, a mumbling sound, and then the echo of the fire watch snoring again. The ex detectives waited a few seconds and then continued tip-toeing across the room.

Khote quietly unlocked the Director's office door. One by one the four old men went inside. The ledgers and account books were still sitting on the desk. The window shades were pulled, the light clicked on, and then the ex detectives got to work.

Khote found irregularities right away. Someone was juggling the books alright. Khote took out a pad of paper and began adding and subtracting columns of

numbers. When he finished his arithmetic he told the others: "It's the old *Pandalam Ponsi Scheme*. Each month someone moves a large sum of money out of the main fund and replenishes it from smaller accounts that don't get much scrutiny. The small accounts are slowly reimbursed over the ensuing weeks so that by the beginning of the subsequent month the overall balances come out correct. This juggler was doing fine until he either forgot to or didn't have the money to put back into the system last month."

The next morning the four old men met for breakfast. To their horror they learned that Mrs. Munga had been arrested. The Director of the veteran's home, a man seldom seen, had returned from his holiday to take charge of the situation. The Director looked very upset and was yelling at everyone to mind their own business when asked about Mrs. Munga.

Later that morning Depak was standing in a very familiar place. As luck would have it his old office on Hosoor Road was vacant. There was a "To Let" sign hanging in the window. Depak had given up that office seven years before when he retired. The landlord asked no questions and handed Depak and his friends the key when three month's rent was paid. ***The East Indian Detective Agency was back in business!***

The four detectives wasted no time getting started. Weeks before they could barely move; now they were walking and riding all over the city doing surveillance, establishing contacts and following up leads. Depak could not believe how happy he was. He felt young and vibrant again. Not only was he with friends; but he was doing detective work—the thing he loved doing more than anything else in the world.

On the third day of operations the four old men arrived at their office and found the door ajar. The lock had been picked. The old men pulled their revolvers and spread out on each side of the door. Depak used his foot to slide the door open while Khote quietly entered the office with his revolver ready to shoot.

"*Why, I don't believe it!*" said Khote as he began laughing. The others poked their heads through the doorway and began laughing as well. Their old friend Garam Kapoor was sitting at the desk. He was dressed in a three piece suit with his 'lucky hat' hung over his eyes. He was fast asleep. Bhardwaj tip-toed over to Kapoor and relieved him of the revolver that was holstered in his shoulder strap. Khote then kicked shut the door. Kapoor jumped up and reached for his gun. It wasn't there. The room erupted into laughter. Kapoor laughed with the

others and then said: "I heard The East Indian Detective Agency was back in business—I'm reporting for duty!"

Bhardwaj, resuming his role as bureau chief, wasted no time filling Kapoor in on the case: "What we thought was a simple embezzlement scheme now appears to be something much bigger, maybe even city-wide corruption! Someone was messing around with our veteran home's books. When the swindle was discovered by a random audit our head administrator, a woman none of us like—but who we know is innocent—was arrested. She was obviously framed.

"The man that discovered the bookkeeping irregularity was an honest civil servant sort that worked at City Hall. The chap doesn't work there anymore because he was flattened by the South Parade Road bus yesterday. It was an accident—they say.

"We did some digging and found that this dead auditor chap was regarded by most to be an idiot; how he kept his job was a mystery to most at City Hall. Besides being incompetent and indolent this poor chap was unlucky. By that I mean he picked the wrong time to actually find a problem. It cost him his life."

Bhardwaj then sat back in his chair and took a sip of the drink Khote had just handed him. He then lit a cigarette and quickly added: "You arrived just in time, Kapoor! You and Khote have work to do this afternoon. The rest of us will join you tonight when we visit City Hall."

Night came and brought with it rain showers. The five detectives waited until it had been dark for many hours. They had napped in the afternoon and were ready for a long night. Kapoor was staying in a nearby hotel and waited under an umbrella in the alley beside the veteran's home. Depak and the others snuck outside using a borrowed pass key. The five old men met and then walked down the rain soaked road until they found an automobile that looked reliable. Khote unlocked the door using a long wire and then bypassed the ignition switch. The car was started and the five detectives climbed inside. Khote was the only man that did not suffer from night blindness so he drove. They were at City Hall in ten minutes.

Earlier that day Khote and Kapoor had visited City Hall. Khote made a soft metal immersion plug from one of the side door locks while Kapoor verified floor plans he had stolen from the Hall of Records. Then the two ops visited the security station to apply for

jobs as watchmen. To the untrained eye and ear Khote and Kapoor appeared to make small talk with the men sitting there. However, by the time the head of security came to tell them that there was no work they knew all they needed to know to sneak in.

It was now half past twelve and the five detectives stood in the alley beside City Hall. It had finally stopped raining and the moon was very bright. Khote used a key he made from his plug mould to unlock one of the side doors. Gaining admittance to City Hall after hours was as easy as that.

Khote and Kapoor knew two watchmen were patrolling the building that night; they would take tea at 1 A.M. sharp. In the staff lounge was found a pot of tea steeping on the stove. Everything was on schedule.

When the East Indian Detective Agency ops emerged from their hiding places they found the watchmen asleep. Kapoor had poured knock out drops into their tea pot. Khote relieved the watchmen of their keys and the detectives took the main elevator to the third floor. Using Kapoor's map they located the office of the unlucky bus accident victim. Khote sampled the watchmen's keys until he found one that worked. Once inside Depak and Kapoor pulled shut the shades and Bhardwaj turned on the lights. They found exactly what they were looking for: case history files. Khote wrote down every account that the dead auditor had been assigned for the past year.

"Okey," said Khote as he closed his notebook, "we now know all the accounts that are being manipulated. Some muckity muck high up in City Hall government was ensuring that this dead guy got these cases to audit knowing he was incompetent. We have our onion. We now need to peel it."

The next day the five detectives met at their office. Depak poured drinks as the men compared notes and discussed their next move. Bhardwaj studied the institutions on Khote's list. They were all civil facilities such as schools, hospitals and convalescent homes. Bhardwaj knew something connected these places so he assigned each of the detectives a territory to hoof. Bhardwaj told the men the most important thing to learn was the name of the Director of each facility and how long that person had been in his or her position. Later that evening the detectives returned to the office and compared notes. Nothing seemed imperative until Khote stumbled across minor coincidences. He noticed that many of the facility Directors had been employed in their present position for less than a year; and prior to their transfer, they had come from a facility that was also on the list. He drew a diagram

and it clearly showed a well orchestrated switching pattern. They had just peeled off another layer of the onion.

In the days that followed The New East Indian Detective Agency had uncovered peel after peel of the onion. Depak could not believe how good his friends were at being detectives. Back in the old days when he worked at The East Indian Detective Agency he was so junior that he only got assigned trivial tasks. He never got to work with men like Khote, Bhardwaj and Kapoor. These men were legends even back then. If only he hadn't been fired! He would have learned from the best and worked like this his whole life rather than struggling year to year to make a living doing lowly paid gum shoe work. Depak's thoughts about the old days were quickly replaced by the realization that he was alone in the office. This was the first time Depak had been alone in that office since he and his friends had rented the space. It was 10 P.M. and the others would be there shortly to de-brief. Depak looked around the office. He spent forty years working alone in that dingy rat hole. By instinct he pulled a bottle out of the desk drawer and poured himself a drink. How many nights had he drunk alone at that desk? Too many to count.

"Was it only lowly paid gum shoe work?" he thought. Most of it was. But there were one or two cases where he needed to think fast and punch hard. He was a decent detective, wasn't he? He couldn't remember. The only thing he was certain of was that he spent almost every night of his career sitting and drinking alone at that very same desk.

As Depak sat drinking alone he noticed the glow of the city lights dance through the open blinds on the walls. He had forgotten to turn on the light when he came into the office a few minutes before. He could not bear to sit in the dark like that. Depak stood quickly, walked over to the wall and turned on the switch. From where he stood Depak looked down at the floor. It was brightly illuminated and he saw something he had not noticed before. It was a dark spot on the carpet. It was blood. *Could it be...?* A tear formed in his eye. Then he heard the elevator bell ring. His friends were arriving. It was now time to de-brief.

A week later the onion had been peeled to the center. The new East Indian Detective Agency had solved the case. Khote had drawn a diagram that showed the relationship of all those involved in amazing detail. It went from top to bottom. Depak had never seen anything like it; nor had Police Commissioner Lagaan or Judge Mukherjee. When the presentation was complete Judge Mukherjee picked up his desk phone and made a call. The

judge then turned to Lagaan and told him the warrants would be issued within the hour. Lagaan stood from his chair and told the five old men to follow him. They took his private elevator and followed him into his office. After the door was closed Lagaan offered the men cigars and generous drinks. As Lagaan picked up his desk telephone to make his first call he cupped the mouth piece with his hand and said: "You know, Depak Chota, I still have a few of your teeth in my desk drawer. Let me know if you want them back." The others laughed and so did Depak.

The following morning the five old men sat in the veteran home's lobby sipping their tea. The morning paper was filled with photos of City Hall bureaucrats being led away in handcuffs. More than twenty officials had been arrested in what was described as the biggest corruption scandal in the city's history. No credit was given to The East Indian Detective Agency. Lagaan agreed to keep the old men's names out of the story. Lagaan took all the credit and his picture was on the front page. He was smoking a cigar and looking very smug.

As Depak poured another cup of tea a familiar voice was heard in the lobby. It was Mrs. Munga. She was back to work and yelling at everyone. When she passed the old men and saw Garam Kapoor sitting with the others she shouted: "*You! —the new resident!* What did I tell you about associating with those hooligans!"

Kapoor looked aghast and told Mrs. Munga that he had no idea *these* were then men she warned him about; he pointed to a group of old men that were asleep in wheelchairs near the window and said that he thought *they* were the men she was warning him about. Mrs. Munga made a hissing sound and frowned. Her attention was quickly diverted to a water rupture in a water closet nearby and she ran toward the commotion yelling at the plumber who had been hired to dislodge a mango from the toilet. While Mrs. Munga was ranting and raving over the water that was now leaking into the lobby, Depak held up his tea cup and said: "To The East Indian Detective Agency!"

His friends joined him in a drink.

—THE END—

Minion Poetry

A Poem! A rather stirring poem found its way into my mail bag last week. I won't say anything more about it other than it should appeal to most of you.

Pie Are Squared

or

Douleur Dans le Café du Perk's

(By The Poet formally known as Khukumokumoto, The Perk's Coffee House In-House Bohemian)

Here I sit, alone, naked, fulfilled
Wait! You! There by the restroom!

Why do you hide?

Why do you run when I chase you?

Are you scared others will shun you, like they do me?

Are you scared others will laugh at you, like they do to me?

I won't laugh! I can't.

Ha, I almost caught you!
You crafty little devil, you can't hide in that ladies room forever!

Come Out!

Come Out!

Are you still in there?

Knock, Knock!

Hello?

Please open the door

Okay Fine!

I'll wait here for eternity

(Sigh!)

Pea Soup

by

"Steamer"

A Note From The Author: This is a story about a Road Warrior on his way home after selling his body and soul for a few bucks. This was related to me by my Brother Mountain-man, Lightnin' Len.

He was on his way back home ... making his way up the Left Coast from So Cal up to the great state of Washington. Now, he's been what we call a "road warrior" or "migrant nuclear worker" for quite some time and he's made this trip many times. He plans it so that he can stop by a little roadside place named Anderson's and pick up a large cup of their famous Pea Soup. Len claims it is the best in all the land and he never passes up an opportunity to stop in on his travels. So he's got it to go and is cruising on up the road. At the next gas stop, he's refueling when he notices a cute blond checkin' him out !!! Man, she is beautiful ... green eyes and long hair and ... she keeps looking at him !!! She has a somewhat quizzical look on her face ... like perhaps she thinks she might know him but just can't place him. Man, he thinks ... there's my in. I'll just start out by saying, "Don't I know you ?" So now he's ready and puffs all up like a rooster showing off his plumage trying to impress a hen with his power and self-assurance that he is the best thing she's ever gonna experience. Oh yeah, he's aroused and way into it. He's strutin' around in his best Mountain Man walk . . . and he can see that she's taking it all in. He figures he's got just enough time to hit the restroom and relieve himself and then time it to meet her inside at the counter when she pays for her gas.



He goes to the bathroom ... washes his hands and then glances into the mirror to see that all his feathers are smoothed and in place. Hmmmmm ??? What ??? uh ... what the h... !!!! ??? Aaaarruuuuuggghhhh!!!! He looks at his face and there, covering most of his mustache and trailing down one side of his beard ... is a great big glistening gob of yellow-green dried pea soup !!!!! Anderson's Pea Soup !!! The best Pea Soup in all the land !!!!! And this is what she has been staring at . . . in disbelief no doubt. And now he knows the reason for that look on her face ... she can't believe they actually let this goofy-lookin', stupid, backwoods, obviously brain-damaged hick with dried puke and snot all over his face drive on the roads!!!! He's obviously a pervert and intent on raping and killing her as he keeps glancing in her direction with that idiotic stupid grin. She's probably called the cops by now!!!! And our brave road warrior cowers in that stinkin' restroom until she has paid and left the station. And then he starts laughing and continues to do so for the entire trip back home. There's great energy and power to be gained by being able to laugh at oneself. And, if you can do so, you don't ever have to worry about not being entertained. I love this story and I make him tell it every time I see the lad. And we laugh and laugh and laugh at all of the stupid things we do. It's always a good thing to not take oneself too seriously and every now and then, if we're lucky, we get to experience something like Len went through and it's a great centering and grounding experience. He he . . . makes me smile, man.

"I'm so thankful for the friends I do receive. "
-tom waits-

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

July 15, 2002

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! Boy are things progressing along brilliantly! The walls of the Ashram have been hoisted and the roof is now being poured. From what I have been told the Ashram in Abingdon will dwarf all others on the East Coast—even that Yoga Village thing down in Buckingham, Virginia. A marvel it shall be for all! I simply cannot show my happiness adequately!



Our good fortune hasn't been without some controversy I must admit. Those of you who watch the Mooj Cam or read local Maryland newspapers know that we have been beseeched with demonstrations and protests at the construction site. Troublemakers and tree sitters have expressed outrage over a variety of issues. Local politicians and right wing radio talk show hosts are also lambasting your benevolent friends in Congress for using government money to build an Ashram honoring a known fugitive (that being me). I can easily allay these suspicions and let everyone know this Ashram is not being built for me—it is *being built for them!* I should also belabor the point that I am not a fugitive anymore! I was given a full and legal pardon by someone acting as the Governor of Pennsylvania during the brief ten minute transition following Tom Ridge's appointment to Homeland Security and the swearing in of Mark Schweiker. It was totally official I can assure you! The bulk of the protests, however, concern the fact that our new Ashram is being built on an old growth forest that also happens to be an old Indian burial ground. I can only express profound confusion! There is no better way to honor dead Indians than to build an Ashram! Most of these Indians were no doubt Hindus like me! To be honest I think most of this nonsense is just people complaining and acting up because TV cameras and newspaper reporters are present. Once our Ashram is complete people will understand better why it is there. The Mooj minion community will no doubt contribute significantly to the betterment of this humble and holistic community and our deeds will speak louder than other's poor perceptions.

Speaking of the Mooj Cam, many of you have been inquiring as to why it has been disconnected. Obviously, the continuous protesting was a factor. However, of prime concern was that many local hooligans thought it novel to pose naked or semi-naked in front of it. I personally was outraged by some of the wanton acts of silliness seen on the cam during the overnight hours. The webmaster will hook it back up once the Ashram is complete.

Before we begin this week I will have to foreshadow that this newsletter will be without some of the normal features many of you have come to expect. These features will return next month. I won't detail what they are here, as most of you will know what they are when you don't read them. I will say, however, that a surprise awaits you if you enjoy reading Depak Chota adventure stories. If you do not then I can only suggest that you stop reading once you reach page five.

Forever and foremost your companion in true Enlightenment,

मज्जपती ऊषाबारावा

Minion Mail

Dear editor-in-chief:

I have become hopelessly obsessed with a recent photograph I saw in your most recent issue. I lie awake night after sleepless night with the image of that beautiful naked man on the forklift burning in my mind. Can you tell me more about him? What are his passions? His dreams? Where did he get those cool socks?

Denise T.

A die-hard fan (Phoenix, AZ)

The Mooj Responds: I can only assume you are talking about the minion from Germany (Minion # 1770). I am not sure how that photograph made it past our censor but it did. At least someone had the decency to blank out the wienerschnitzel-like object sitting atop his lap. To be honest I know nothing about this man other than he doesn't wear appropriate personnel protective equipment (PPE) while operating heavy machinery at his factory. Unless, of course, those are steel-toed shoes he's wearing.

Herr Mooj! Acclaim on your latest newsletter! My *frau* and I so enjoyed the photo of Minion 1770 (the nudist forklift driver from Düsseldorf). Can you tell us more about this jolly man? We would like most to know about what is hidden under his censored graphic. *Ja?* Is it placed to scale? Do others have to use his forklift after he's done driving on it? Are other workers at the Haaf Stadt brewery nudists too? Lots of people in Germany are nudists. My *frau* Eva and I are nudists for over thirty years now. Enclosed please find photo of us at nudist Rodeo in Hamburg. That is *frau* Eva on bull and I am sitting on barrel with clown makeup on. Also see photos of our children at 1998 Nudist Olympics. You see our daughters Helga and Berta short-track speed skating and our sons Beck and Gunther riding 2-man bobsled. We Love you, Herr Mooj! You are a big sensation in Germany!

Der Württembergs,
Baden-Baden, Germany

The Mooj Responds: I thank you for your letter, dear friends from Germany; however, I regret that the rodeo photos cannot be posted in this newsletter

since they may be deemed offensive to some who find the sport of rodeo cruel and inhumane to animals. I certainly do but won't cast judgment. I would have included censored versions of the Olympic photos; however, at this time I cannot find them. I know that they arrived because I saw them posted on our "You Gotta See This" bulletin board earlier. To be honest I always thought Nude Olympics were only a summer event. It never dawned on me that there might be Nude Winter Olympics as well.

Mooj,

Thank you for all that you do for us. We are totally overwhelmed with your kindness and compassion and the wisdom that you bestow upon us lowly beings. Since you have returned from your sojourn of inner-discovery we can tell that you are even more holistic than before. Keep on truckin', you grizzly bearded, goat-smelling-like, Ashram building, hairy, lard ass Punjaboo!

The Bagley Sisters
St. Mary's, PA

The Mooj Responds: It has been said by many a pundit that to scold someone endlessly for the same offense is akin to eating a radish in front of a deaf person. To amplify this point I can only say, once again, that these Bagley Sisters are again banned from sending mail.

Dearest Babuji!

I support and encourage your fight against these ugly rumors and gossip that you are a fraud and that you are always drunk and that you steal money from children and old people. I believe that if evil is done in front of you and you don't try to stop it or you become a conspirator and accomplice to that evil and share the negative karma. That's why I totally support your fight against these rumors and ignorance. Fight on, Mooj! Smack hard with your fist of truth!

Dr. Raj Paneer,
West Philly

The Mooj Responds: To be honest I have no idea what this nice man is talking about. I never heard anything about such rumors. If people are really saying stuff like this about me be assured I am shocked!

Mr. Guru-bob:

I work at Costco. I work there about 12 hrs a week to supplement my social security. I am 75 years old. Have you ever been to Costco? When I'm working there I give out food samples. You people are such pigs! Don't think I don't notice you fatsos getting in line over and over again to get samples. I love to go as slow as possible when putting food on my trays. Nothing cracks me up more than when some stupid idiot puts something scaldingly hot in their mouth because they're too impatient to wait. I say, "Be careful, it's hot," while they run away screaming and waving their hands in front of their mouths. Ha ha ha! Up yours, pig heads!

"Grandma Morris"
White Marsh, MD

The Mooj Responds: I strongly suspect this grandma Morris sent me this very same letter many years ago. It sounds very familiar. If so, I shall give forth the same diminutive blessing and say this: though one may, from time to time, cross perilous depths atop a small rope foot bridge, one should never linger long enough to build a house there. Thus pass if we must pass—and then smartly move on. That is what makes us happy and human.

To Whom It May Concern:

I'm still looking for that special woman. She has varied interests, is curious about the world, comfortable expressing her likes and dislikes, delightful in her ability to fascinate her man and in being loved tenderly. She values joy, truth, beauty and justice more than success, and will share bouts of intense, passionate awareness with all, alternating with tolerant warmth while being totally absorbed in life. She also has big [REDACTED]. Are you that woman? If you are email me.

rustynails@ithica.edu

The Mooj Responds: Listen, friend. I am unsure how your mail made it into this week's newsletter.

Rather than send this back to the typesetter to re-do I will just ignore it.

Thanks for this beautiful website, Guruji. I believe there is a moral obligation to defend our beloved Swami and not turn a blind eye to the slanders of disgruntled ex-devotees. Come on, friends! Wake up!! Singing *bhajans*, conducting study classes and feeding the homeless is lots of fun but let's face it, in many instances it is done for selfish and self-serving reasons alone. But doing what Mooj is doing by publishing these newsletters is courageous and takes a lot of guts! He must really love us!

Babs@moveon.org

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, friend. This is the second occurrence of a mention that someone is slandering my good name. I will have to look into this matter. My suspicion is it has something to do with my new Ashram and all the controversy it has ignited. May those who find anger soon find peace.

Guru Mooj,

The other day I was reading a beer magazine and came across an article about the *Haaf Stadt* brewery in Düsseldorf. This brewery won all kinds of awards for quality and taste and is now ranked in the top 100! The article had a picture of their new brew master. Isn't this guy one of your minions?

Ryan Seathcrest,
Greenbelt, MD.



Source: Die Welt Des Bier

The Mooj Responds: At this point I'm going to have to put an end to naked brewery photos appearing in this newsletter. Obviously they do not help our situation as far as our message of peace, righteousness and health is concerned.

I just began subscribing to this newsletter. My humble suggestion would be to include something of value, like maybe actual teachings of Sri Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba. I've read every page of the newsletters posted on your website and didn't find any significant teachings from this so-called Guru of yours. I met a very holy monk at the temple in Chandi Chowk, New Delhi and he told me the true path to enlightenment leads through Mooj.com. I traveled to India to find the true meaning of life, which I believe I am very close to doing. Forgive me for being ignorant in the beginning. I understand that true self-consciousness will come slowly and only after much hard work, pain and prayer. I'm just confused right now.

Stedmond@oprah.com

The Mooj Responds: My friend, this questioning attitude is exactly what is needed to begin a journey toward self-realization. To ask questions is to seek wisdom; to seek wisdom is to seek enlightenment; to seek enlightenment is to seek self-realization; to seek self-realization is to seek life; to seek life is to seek wisdom—and thus the circle goes unbroken. So you see, friend, you have begun the footsteps necessary to begin your very long and arduous journey!

Hey Shree 420,

I'm totally bummed out by my pathetic life! The way I see it things could only get better if I had a bigger *pyaad*. How can I get one? I haven't had a girlfriend in over a month and none of my previous relationships have lasted more than a week. The women I date never say anything but I know what they're thinking because they always get this stupid look on their face when they see mine. I spend a lot of time worrying about this. Is that normal? I'm now at the point where I'm desperate and would do anything. Is there an operation that can be done? I don't give a damn about the cost or side effects.

Yash Rajeev, age 24
Mumbai, India

The Mooj Responds: Listen, you naughty hooligan! I will scold you in your native tongue so that others need not be troubled by this offensive and needless request about something so stupid: *Aada theree adhava koodam konal endralam!* I ask that you now go about your nonsense somewhere else. Forget never that every tree grows from the seed it was implanted upon. Your tree obviously had a very undersized seed.

Dear Mooj,

Please consider this a legitimate letter. I know you're cracking down on fake letters but I assure you that this one is real and that I (we) really need your help. Many years ago I met this girl; we fell in love and got married. Afterwards she revealed a terrible secret. She admitted that her father was in prison for bank robbery. Her dad had hidden his share of the loot and would return for it after he was released from prison. Since her dad had many years to serve I was able to talk my wife into fooling her father into unwittingly divulging the whereabouts of the hidden money. I figured we needed it more than he did. To make a long story short we guessed where the money was, retrieved it, and then used it to buy a house and start our family business. Now my wife's dad is finally getting out of prison. Should we re-hide the money or, better-yet, just let him discover that it is missing? Since it was stolen I don't think he deserves it. But my wife wants to put some of it back. What say you, great Swami? What would you do?

R.W. & T.
Murfreesboro, TN

The Mooj Responds: I am afraid to think this; but, perhaps, these people's troubles seem fitting for the kind they are. I'm not sure which is worse: using stolen money for oneself or not replacing it for the poor jail bird father-in-law. They should at least hide something so the old man won't feel like his long sentence was in vain! For years the poor man probably dreamt about that money and it kept him going while he rotted away in jail. And now they want to take that away from him? *Hum Chup Hain!* Besides, the father-in-law is so old now that he probably doesn't even remember how much money was hidden to begin with so they only have to hide a token amount. I assure them of one thing: they will have years of bad karma if they don't put something in the hiding spot. Actually, it cannot be any worse than the bad karma they already have for not returning the money to the bank in the first place.

Dearest Guru,

For years I have been looking for guidance in *Hathayogapradipika* and *Shiva Samhita* style Yoga. I went to the holy temple in Chandi Chowk (New Delhi) and a monk there gave me your website and told me that the answer to all of life's questions could be found here. When I returned to my hotel I quickly logged onto your website and thought it was a joke. I read every newsletter twice and none of them made any sense. I was so confused. "But this Guru Mooj has 1,000s of followers," I thought, "why would so many people follow his teachings when he doesn't teach anything?" Many Gurus have websites to put up information to help people understand themselves and improve their consciousness. But yours doesn't (or if it does it's in a way that doesn't make sense). Oh well, I guess I'm just too stupid to get the message right now. I'll go ahead and become an official minion and then hopefully figure things out later.

Paris Sheridan
Beverly Hills, CA

The Mooj Responds: My *beti*, your confusion is understood by many because one cannot simply change their trot in mid-step. A process must be undertaken and from that process a methodology will be self-induced. That is why self-realization is such a personal matter. Fear not, my *beti*, you will find yourself understanding things sooner than even you realize.

I suspect this Mooj website to be some sort of a hoax. I learned of Sri Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba while visiting the temple in Chandi Chowk. A monk there told me that God teaches only through one human body. That man is Guru Umbababbaraba Mooj. In this Guru, I was told, was found the human ideal of perfection. This Guru Mooj is the pattern into which all should mould themselves. This monk was very convincing and said that only the man who has already been to *Badrinath* will be able to tell you the road. The Guru Mooj will be able to remove pitfalls and obstacles, and lead me along the right path. Without this guidance, I was told, I might want to go to *Badrinath*, but find myself in Bombay instead! The monk sounded very convincing so I quickly gave him an offering and then returned to my hotel to log onto this website. I'm sorry to say that I just don't see what he was talking about. Am I totally missing the point? If this is a joke website, please disregard this letter.

higgensjs@brown.edu

The Mooj Responds: This is the third letter alluding to a temple in Chandi Chowk. As far as I know no such place exists. These people seemed to be confused by their experiences there. So am I. I need to look into this matter one day.

Dear Mooj,

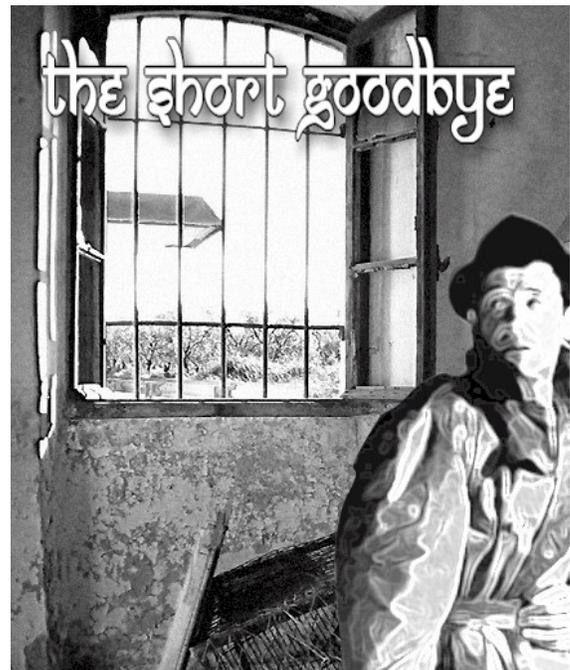
I hate to beat a dead horse (if that is what I am doing). I saw last week that Minion 669 sent in what he claimed to be the last ever Depak Chota story. He would be incorrect! I just so happened to find a Depak Chota story in the July 1972 issue of *Beano Bangalore*. I have sent it along and you may wish to print it if you want. I have no idea what the copyright laws are in Bangalore but it shouldn't matter, as you are tax exempt and building an Ashram.

Your Minion in Truth, Ashwaia Singh (# 1451)

The Mooj Responds: I have decided to allow this story to print in lieu of other material that was going to appear in this issue (including the rest of the minion mail, minion poems, essays and stories). It is the least I can do for my departed Chacha.

The story shall follow now:

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in



Depak awoke and felt old age had finally caught up with him. He was stiff and ached from head to toe. He could barely move or breathe. He sat up slowly in his bed and put a cigarette to his lips but did not light it. His roommate, an ex sergeant, was asleep and snoring loudly in the hospital bed next to his. Depak hissed at this man and slowly got out of his bed. He dressed slowly and then looked at his image in a small mirror that hung on the wall. He saw a very old man looking back at him. He left his room and walked to the stairs. A nurse pointed at the unlit cigarette in his mouth and then at the large "No Smoking" sign that hung nearby. Depak quickly put the unlit cigarette into his pocket. He would smoke it later.

Depak's friends greeted him as he walked into the dining hall. There was sadness around the table that morning. This was the day that the five old men had to turn back in the key for their downtown office. They had rented the place when they re-formed The East Indian Detective Agency. Since solving the City Hall case they kept the office and spent their days sitting there rather than in the stuffy lobby of the veteran's home. Now that the three month lease was about to expire they knew it wasn't prudent to keep the place anymore.

After breakfast the men took the bus downtown and entered their office building. As they rode the elevator up for the last time Depak remembered a similar feeling he had many years before. He had given up that very same office eight years before; when he retired as a private consulting detective. This time, however, it felt sadder.

When they got off the elevator the five old men saw a man waiting for them at their door. It was Police Commissioner Lagaan. He looked very anxious. They greeted him and he followed them into their office as he asked: "You guys still in the detective business?"

"Sure," said Bhardwaj as he poured Lagaan a drink.

Lagaan spoke quickly: "I don't have much time. I have a meeting to get to so I can't give you the skinny now. Meet me at my office at six P.M. Take the auxiliary elevator from the parking garage and give the lift operator this note. He will bring you to my office the back way."

After Lagaan had finished his drink he left. Khote laughed with the others and said: "I guess we'll be re-renting this place for a few more months." Depak felt joy return to his heart. The aches and pains that had bothered him earlier that morning were now lessened. He felt happy again.

Bhardwaj quickly set the agency back into action: "We need to get to the public library and review all the city newspapers for the last few weeks. None of us have been paying attention to the news lately. Something big must be brewing. Lagaan might be protecting himself against a scandal or he may have concerns about something his police department is doing. He has come to us to avoid using his own men. That is significant. Before we meet him this afternoon we need to do some legwork; first, however, we must finish our morning drinks!"

In the public library Khote found a four-week-old newspaper article about a rookie police officer that had been killed in the line of duty. The case drew Khote's attention because the slain officer's partner was a man named Bhuvan Lagaan. This officer was the Commissioner's nephew. He, too, had been shot but survived his wounds. "This is what Lagaan will ask us to look into," said Khote. The others agreed.

Later that afternoon the detectives were sharing a drink with Lagaan in his office. The Commissioner wasted no time getting down to business. He told the five old men: "My nephew is a police officer. A month ago his partner and he were shot in the line of duty. His partner died while my nephew miraculously survived. Normally I would let my own department investigate things like this but I suspect there is something corrupt going on."

Lagaan lit a cigar and then continued: "On the night in question my nephew and his partner were sent to investigate a warehouse robbery. My nephew told me that when they got on the scene they saw two police officers already there. These police officers were unknown to them and told my nephew and his partner that the robber had climbed on the roof. My nephew and his partner ran to a ladder that was leaning against the building and began climbing. When they neared the top of the building the ladder was pulled away from under them and they fell, injuring themselves. Before they could recover someone hit them over the head with a blunt object and then they were dragged inside the warehouse. There they were then shot and left for dead."

"Do you think the police officers your nephew and his partner saw that night were real police officers?" asked Khote.

"I don't know if they were real or not. My suspicions were raised when the official report failed to mention them. The report also failed to indicate that my nephew and his partner attempted to climb on to the roof. It claimed that my nephew and his partner were shot while returning to the police station."

Lagaan took a sip of his drink and then added: "Most troubling of all is that no one was sent to investigate my nephew and his partner's whereabouts after they failed to return to the station to finish their shift that night. The desk sergeant admitted that there were staffing problems that night and he took the blame for not discovering my nephew and his partner's absence."

Khote asked: "When was the last time you spoke to your nephew?"

"Last night; I showed him the official report and he became very disappointed. He said that it was filled with falsehoods. He now thinks that his partner and he might have been set up. He told me in the strictest confidence that the day before the shooting they had stumbled upon the fact that some of their fellow policemen had been taking bribes. They thought it was no big deal and weren't going to say or do anything about it. They were both rookies and they knew things like that happened. I was disappointed to hear him say such a thing but it raised a red flag. *Maybe they were set up!* Obviously, now you know why I need outside help."

Lagaan pulled an envelope filled with cash out of his pocket and said: "This should help you get started—Keep track of your expenses and I will reimburse you."

On their way back to their office the five detectives did not speak. They knew better than to discuss this case in public. Once safely inside their office Bhardwaj took charge of the investigation. The first course of action was for Kapoor and Khote to visit the precinct house where Lagaan's nephew and his partner worked. They were experts at gaining information through conversation and observation without anyone suspecting a thing. The others would visit the warehouse where Lagaan's nephew and his partner were shot.

The five detectives met at breakfast the next morning but did not discuss detective matters; they would wait until they were at the office; that was official East Indian Detective Agency policy. As Khote read the morning paper he tapped an article that was written about Lagaan's nephew. The headline read: "Police Rookie Slowly Recovers in Hospital." The article stated that doctors were optimistic that Officer Lagaan would recover from his injuries. Each detective read the article and then passed it on.

At the office the detectives summarized their previous nights' activities. Khote and Kapoor had done fantastic work as usual. Depak marveled at

how brilliant these two were at gleaning information. Khote began the report:

"Lagaan's nephew and his partner were rookies. They had been assigned to that precinct for about six months. They were assigned the overnight shift and worked from seven P.M. to seven A.M.

"Officer Lagaan and his partner were not regarded highly by their peers. They were considered 'chumps' by many of their fellow officers. No one seemed saddened by what happened to them and one of the senior men even thought they got what they deserved for violating procedures as badly as they had. Many thought Lagaan would lose his badge if he recovered from his wounds.

"On the night of the shooting the precinct was severely undermanned because several officers had taken ill. Someone had brought in spoiled mutton kabobs and many in the precinct had eaten some. Lagaan, his partner, and five others were vegetarians so they did not sample the mutton. Those becoming ill were sent home or taken to a nearby hospital.

"At half past eleven that night a call came into the station requesting back up for a raid that was being conducted in another district. All available men were dispatched to assist except Lagaan and his partner. They were held in reserve to assist the desk sergeant as needed.

"Then at 1:28 A.M. a call was logged reporting that a man had been seen breaking into a warehouse on 2nd Main Road. Lagaan and his partner were dispatched by the desk sergeant to investigate.

"At 1:42 A.M. it was logged that Lagaan reported in from a call box on 2nd Main Road and Cross Street. The desk sergeant wrote that the warehouse was secure and that there was no sign of a break in.

"When the overnight shift was over many of the officers had not returned from the raid and there was a haphazard turnover. The turnover log did not mention Lagaan or his partner being absent but mentioned the names of officers assigned to the raid that had been given permission to go home rather than return to the station for the turnover meeting.

"At 8:12 A.M. the following morning the dayshift desk sergeant logged that a call came in reporting that two officers had been found in a warehouse on 2nd Main Road.

"At 8:19 it was logged that both officers were dead.

“At 8:45 the logbook was changed to indicate that Lagaan was alive and brought to a hospital.”

Bhardwaj thanked Khote and Kapoor for their good work and then gave them his report:

“The warehouse where Lagaan and his partner were shot is in a very secluded area.” He took out a map and showed Khote and Kapoor that the location was several blocks from the precinct. Khote interjected that it would have taken Lagaan and his partner more than fourteen minutes to walk there, investigate, and then walk to the Cross Street call box to report in so there was already a problem with the timeline. Everyone agreed.

Bhardwaj continued: “The warehouse is currently leased to an exporter named Omarji Patel. We looked in the windows and verified that it was filled with crated items.

“The warehouse is approximately 4,000 square meters. It is a brick building with metal stairwells on each side. One stairwell leads to the roof and the other serves as a fire escape for offices that are on the second level. The building was locked securely last night and there was no watchman on duty. The exterior was well-lit. And, yes, we found a tall ladder in a trash heap near the building. It had two broken rungs and a cracked rail.”

Once the reports were given all agreed that the next step was to talk to Lagaan’s nephew. Bhardwaj made a phone call to The Commissioner and the meeting was arranged. Later that afternoon a car was sent to bring the detectives to a hospital in the northern part of the city. Lagaan’s nephew was found there guarded by two plain clothes men. The Commissioner’s aide was waiting in the room and introduced the old men to Lagaan’s nephew and told the injured officer that he should feel free to tell them anything. Officer Lagaan answered all their questions earnestly and told the detectives everything he could remember.

As soon as the detectives returned to their office Khote drew a timing diagram showing each significant event in a box with arrows following the flow of action. Depak could not help marveling at how ingenious Khote and the others were as they filled in the details and left spaces for items to be determined later. Anomalies and uncertainties were also added to the diagram in red ink. Bhardwaj then told the group they would now need to visit police headquarters after hours to fill in the blanks and peel layers off their onion. Depak could not imagine how it could be possible to sneak into police headquarters; but he knew his friends would figure a

way to do it. He then reflected sadly, once again, that it was tragic that he did not get to work with these great men his whole life.

The next day Khote and Kapoor were sent to police headquarters to prepare for the after hours visit while the others pursued other leads. The five detectives met at the office later that afternoon to have a drink and compare notes. After the briefing Bhardwaj was confident that Khote and Kapoor’s plan to enter police headquarters would work so he told the men to go back to the veteran’s home and sleep. They would muster “at the midnight place” for a night of fun and adventure. Each detective took another drink and then the office was locked up for the afternoon.

An hour later Depak lay awake in his bed. The shades were drawn so the room was dark but he simply could not sleep. His mind raced with too many thoughts. He wondered if the others were as excited as he was. Or was this just routine stuff for them? They did this kind of exciting work their whole lives. He, on the other hand, was a low paid gumshoe. He never drew timeline diagrams, peeled onions, or made keys. And he certainly never snuck into City Hall or police headquarters after midnight. He wondered what his friends really thought of him. Did they just feel obliged to let him tag along because he had saved their lives that day in that village in Rajasthan? They must have figured out by now that he wasn’t that smart. Did they think he was a “chump” like the men at the precinct thought of Officer Lagaan? He felt embarrassed. Khote, Bhardwaj, Kapoor—they were real detectives; he was a Shamus—a two bit gumshoe Shamus. If only he could have worked with Khote, Bhardwaj, and Kapoor his whole life. He could have been a great detective like them.

Then the murky events of June 21, 1921 came creeping back into Depak’s head. He thought about that day often now. That was the day everything went terribly wrong. It was the day that changed his life forever. His partner at The East Indian Detective Agency and he had been assigned a simple tail job that morning. Later they sat in the lobby of The West End Hotel reading tall newspapers. The mark came downstairs. Garam Kapoor, wearing his ‘lucky hat,’ stood by the elevator and signaled the hand off by lighting a cigarette. Depak and his partner got up from their chairs and followed the mark outside. Halfway down the street Depak heard a click. He turned around and saw two large men on the sidewalk behind him. Depak knew what was going to happen next so he ducked behind a sign post. Depak heard the shots ring out and felt the bullet hit the side of his head. He turned on his side and saw his hat roll into the street. Depak quickly sat up and

pulled his revolver out of his shoulder strap. He tried to return fire but there was no one to shoot at; the two men were gone. Depak wiped the blood from around his eyes and saw his partner lying dead in the street.

Depak drifted in and out of sleep in his veteran's home bed. Now in his dream he was standing in Bhardwaj's office. Bhardwaj was young and steel eyed. He was wearing a dark suit and sitting behind a big mahogany desk. Depak was still wearing the bandage around his head. Depak swore to the bureau chief that his partner and he had done everything by the book. They saw the signal and took over the mark, just as they had done dozens of times before.

Bhardwaj then asked Depak if he had cleared the hotel before making the pick up. Depak said no—they didn't have time. Bhardwaj screamed at Depak and told him that his laziness, drunkenness, and ignorance had killed a good agent. Bhardwaj told Depak that he was a failure as an operator and that the other men were tired of having to cover for him. ***Bhardwaj had had enough!*** Depak was ordered to hand over his badge—*he was fired!* Depak protested: "But, sir, clearing the hotel wasn't our job! Kapoor and Khote were the inside men; Kapoor gave us the signal"

Depak then woke up. Someone was tapping on his door. It was time to sneak into police headquarters.

One by one the detectives slid out the side door of the veteran's home. Khote locked the door with a borrowed key and then the men walked through an alley until they found a convenient automobile to borrow. In twenty minutes they were at police headquarters. Once there they parked on the street and walked one at a time into a service alley. There Khote opened a package he had hidden and handed each man a work shirt. As they entered the building Khote whispered to his fellow detectives: "We must be careful that no one in the actual cleaning crew sees us: they will know we are imposters—the police won't."

The old men entered the building and grabbed pre-staged brooms and mops from a closet; they then followed Khote and Kapoor through an unmarked door into the basement. When they entered the dimly lit area they saw a policeman sitting at a desk near a door marked "Official Records – No Admittance." The policeman looked up and then back down at the magazine he was reading. Khote walked behind the officer to empty an ash can. While there he pretended to fall.

"*You stupid old fool!*" said the policeman as he turned to see what happened to Khote. While the policeman's head was turned Kapoor poured knock out drops into a tea cup that sat on the officer's desk. Depak had no idea how Kapoor knew the policeman would be there; and that he would be drinking tea at 1:00 A.M.—but he was. Khote stood and rubbed his head. The policeman laughed and returned to his reading. The five old men pretended to be cleaning while the officer took sips of his tea. Two minutes later the policeman was out like a light.

"*Quick—,*" yelled Bhardwaj. Khote used the policeman's keys to open the records office. Depak was ordered to change clothes with the policeman and sit behind the desk. The real cleaning crew would be down soon and Depak needed to keep his head down and not let anyone see his face. The other detectives then quickly dragged the sleeping policeman with them into the records office and closed the door.

Depak sat quietly at the desk. He had no idea what his fellow detectives were hoping to find; obviously they were "peeling onions." Then Depak heard the real cleaning crew come down into the room. Depak held up the officer's magazine while the cleaners swept and mopped the floor. No one said anything. The cleaners were done quickly and went back up the stairs. Depak wondered what to do next. Since he had not been issued follow on orders he remained at the desk, although he desperately wanted to be inside the records office helping the others.

"*Let's get out of here!*" said Bhardwaj as the detectives came out of the office. They put the sleeping policeman back into his uniform and set him back up into his chair. They five old men then went quietly up the stairs. The coast was clear. Kapoor and Khote knew the building well enough to get everyone outside quickly. They had gotten what they came for.

The next day Bhardwaj assigned each man some footwork. Depak was assigned to return to the warehouse on 2nd Main Road and see if it was empty. Depak was not smart enough to know why it might be empty but he knew—intuitively—that it would be. He looked in the window and, sure enough, the place was completely vacant. He wrote that in his notebook and then returned to the office. He was alone there. The others would arrive when their tasks were completed. Depak hated being in that office by himself. He had spent too many years sitting there all alone. Depak instinctively opened a drawer and pulled out a bottle. A drink sounded like a good idea so he had one. Then he had another. And then another. He felt unwell. His head was

hurting. It was too early to drink like that. Then he heard the elevator ring. One of the other detectives was returning. *Was it Kapoor—? Was it Khote—? Was it Bhardwaj—?* No, it was the other guy: the fifth man. The ex East Indian Detective Agency Op that never really said much.

The fifth man sat down, lit a cigarette, and said: “I guess the others are still out doing *real* detective work, eh, Chota. As usual they gave us the greasy kid stuff to do. I guess they don’t think we can handle the big stuff.”

Depak poured another drink. His eyes watched the smoke that wisped up from the cigarette in the fifth man’s hand as it floated around the room.

“So what do you think, Chota? You think the Lagaan kid and his partner were set up don’t you? It looks like a classic double cross, eh? His own department did it, right?”

Depak took another drink. He could not focus his eyes anymore. The man sitting in front of him seemed to float around with the smoke the wisped up from his cigarette.

“Do you remember me saying to you as we walked to The West End Hotel that it seemed foolish to use four ops on such a simple tail? Then you said you couldn’t believe Bhardwaj would use Kapoor and Khote on a hotel hoof. Those guys were his aces. Remember how surprised we were when those two Punjab Princes didn’t put up a fuss? Especially since there were so many junior ops just sitting around and twiddling their thumbs that morning. *Then remember how Bhardwaj told us not to get to the hotel until after 10 A.M.?* We walked in at exactly 10:01 and the next thing we knew everything was a go. We barely had time to stage ourselves in the lobby. You and I never took a hoof job without clearing a joint first. Kapoor and Khote were the inside men. Everything should have been roses—right? That’s what we thought anyway. You and I may have been chumps, Chota, but we weren’t fools. They set us up like wicket sticks.”

Depak finished the bottle. He could not even sit up anymore. His head was spinning. He felt sick. The man sitting in front of him seemed to fade in and out now.

“I heard what Bhardwaj said to you the day he took your badge. He was wrong, Chota. You were a good op. You were much better than any of those mugs. You could think faster and punch harder than any of

them pudding heads combined. Your only mistake was that you were too honest to be an East Indian Detective Agency Op. *Hell, it cost me my life.*”

Depak was now staring at the empty bottle as it rolled across the desk and fell to the floor. Hey tried to grab it. The room was spinning and Depak held on to the desk so that he would not fall.

“Yeah, that Lagaan kid and his partner got set up alright. Just like you and me, pal. If you had the heart to dig into this case you’d see it play out just like an old movie. Maybe that’s why you aren’t so interested in this case anymore. You know how it ends. My guess is that the others are starting to realize the same thing. Every layer of that onion they peel reveals a mirror and they’re looking right back at themselves in 1921.”

Depak stood from behind the desk. He could barely stand. His ex partner was gone. He had floated away. The room was spinning and Depak needed to leave immediately. He pulled himself through the air and out the spinning door. He knew he could not be there when the others arrived or he would kill them.

Kapoor, Khote and Bhardwaj sat at their breakfast table in the veteran’s home. No one spoke a word that morning. Depak was not there. They knew they would never see him again.

The night before they met in the office and got to work peeling their onion; layer after layer was coming off. They could see the fine details emerge as if they had arranged them themselves. Bhardwaj was the first to realize that the set up looked awfully familiar—*much, much too familiar!* The pieces of the puzzle were falling into place and he saw the total picture without even having to finish it. Khote and Kapoor soon realized what Bhardwaj knew. All three then realized that Depak also knew. They wondered how and when he figured it out.

“Maybe we should get out of here,” whispered Kapoor, “before he comes back and kills us.” The three men locked up the office, returned to the veteran’s home, and then sat in their rooms alone for the rest of the night.

The Lagaan case was left unsolved.

THE EFFERVESCENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

August 1, 2002

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! There is some news to announce this week. Some of you may have become upset after reading or seeing local media accounts of our Ashram construction being halted because some unenlightened Congressman diverted our funding to renovate an old lighthouse in nearby Harve de Grace, Maryland. **While this may be true to some extent it certainly wasn't the end of our Ashram!** Additional funding was quickly found elsewhere (thanks to a very progressive and enlightened woman on the House Subcommittee on Housing and Community Opportunity) and our new Ashram will still be built. However, instead of being a 400,000 square foot palatial edifice overlooking the Gunpowder River with elaborate meditation gardens and silent retreat parkland, we will simply occupy a sub-leased office space in the newly renovated Fox Hill Corporate Center. From what I understand our new Ashram will be approximately 4,000 square feet and be located next to The Harford Yoga Center and Abingdon New Age Health Spa & Colonic Clinic. *Na mama theke kana mama bhalo* (in Hindi that means a small Ashram is better than none) so we will gladly make use of what we are given and be happy about it. The good news is now the Ashram is almost ready for immediate occupation! All it needs is some plumbing and electrical upgrades. They are also going to repaint and re carpet. So in reality this is a wonderful turn of events! Before, we were going to have to wait six to twelve months; now we only have to wait about a week! Directions and photos of the Ashram will be posted on Mooj.com as soon as possible. The webmaster will also reconnect the Mooj Cam as soon as he finds something interesting to view through it.

While still in the introduction I must address an important issue that came up recently. A local TV station showed surveillance video of an armed robbery taking place at an adult bookstore in nearby Aberdeen, Maryland. The footage showed two individuals, one looking very Amish and the other appearing to be a swarthy teenager. Because the teenager was wearing a Mooj Minion T-shirt it was thought by many that these felons were Lance Worthy and Trent Handjoy. The porn bandits (as they were called) were eventually caught **and I can assure everyone** that these men were not Lance and Trent! The perpetrators turned out to be a Pennsylvania Dutch Reform Mennonite and a part-time student from nearby Edgewood High School. Our records show that the teenager was not a Mooj Minion and it is unknown how he obtained the Mooj Minion T-shirt.

Since I am discussing matters of suspense and crime I would like to ask that the minion (or minions) who keep climbing up on the Port of Lake Charles' water tower and painting "Trust Mooj" please stop? This is the third time it has happened this month and the local law officials have asked that I say something to dissuade this type of wayward behavior in the future. I cannot believe that a true minion would do such a thing but I must comply with the police request as I too am a concerned citizen.



Yours in Effervescent Tranquility,

मूज,प,ती उपवावारावा

Minion Mail

Hey, Wuzzzzzzup!!!

Guess who???? It's me, your old pal Lance Cpl. "Barry" Graham, last seen knockin' boots with the 82nd Mortar platoon, Battalion Landing Team 3/6, 26th Marine Expeditionary Unit in Afghanistan. If my name doesn't ring a bell then you've been smoking too many mango peels up there in your inner sanctum of good vibes in the Abingdon happy hunting ground of old growth forest. I used to be your secret anonymous source from *The Washington Post*. Sadly, or happily, depending on how you look at it, I'm not in the Marines anymore. I got kicked out due to one of those "don't ask—don't tell" offences. (Doink! Or should I say Boink) Being in the Marines sucked. Being in Afghanistan sucked even more (Hoo-rahhhh-de-dah).

These days I'm back in Washington D.C. trying to get my old job back at *The Post*. No easy task, I assure you. Especially since I told my ex boss to shove a corn cob up his methane exhaustifold when I quit last year to join the corps. (Dhoooh-rah!)

Oh Wise and Grizzly Guru, now that I'm back in the States I've decided to become one with you again and have, thus, lovingly, longingly, and blissfully caught up with your many merry adventures by reading your most-recently published newsletters. Now that I've done this I can see that you haven't done anything besides sit around the Mooj Cave, drink beer, puff on the ol' harmony pipe and pick flies out of your beard. Hello! Knock, knock? Anyone there? Ha ha ha! I'm kidding of course. I know you just did one of those Mooj trips again. Welcome back, Swamigo. I'm glad to see you're finally building an Ashram too.

On a half-serious note before I came home I spent a few weeks in India, staying with my old high school pen pal in New Delhi. This pen pal lives in Chandi Chowk with his uncle. The uncle owns a sweetmeat shop and is a certified nut. His shop is next to a small temple and whenever some westerner comes inside mistaking his shop for the temple he sits them down, blesses them with his feet, lights some incense, chants, does a finger puppet dance, recites naughty Bengali limericks, and then tells this naive person that the answers to life's questions are found on Mooj.com. This guy sounds so convincing that they totally believe him. Man, that guy cracked me up. Anyway, that info should help you solve the riddle as to why so many western leftist limousine

limo enlightenment types are now mentioning a Chandi Chowk "monk" in their letters to you.

Speaking of Chandi Chowk, I bet you didn't know this but you're pretty popular there. I saw your picture everywhere (mostly on Wanted Posters—ha ha!) Several people claimed to be illegitimate offspring of yours and one deranged looking fellow even made the claim that he was your recently deported from America Man-Monkey nephew Mogender Singh. I had no idea if this guy was telling the truth but he did have most of his facts right. He wanted me to tell you that he misses you and hopes you'll forgive him for all the trouble he caused. He also needs money.

Well, that's about all I can write on such short notice. Now that I'm back in Washington I'll start making the rounds and see what insider-info is out there for you. Take care, you Big Bwananana! I still love you!

Yours Most Truly,
Barry (ex anonymous scoop guy) Graham

The Mooj Responds: Yes, my friend! I remember you fondly. I am happy to learn that you are back in America. Perhaps you can venture north and visit the new Ashram when it is ready. As far as the other information you shared I will have to sit and meditate on it before I issue forth any comments.

Our Gracious Swami,

How I long to come to your new Ashram and sit at your feet and listen to your wisdom. I have but one humble question, Guru. How come when you made your latest journey of self-enlightenment you did not share those adventures in a Travels with Mooj section? Your most recent trip watching sunrises in Maine, then watching sunsets in Alaska, seeing Mexico and then going to South America, etc. sounds like it was more interesting than floating down the Mississippi River with a nephew who likes to dress up like an ape.

Your most ardent devotee,

chopram@jerseydevils.org (Minion # 740)

The Mooj Responds: You have asked a question that requires deep and untainted insight. To be honest I do not know the answer right now and must meditate to reflect upon it further. In the mean time I pass along a blessing and high-quality sensations.



Dear Mooj,

I must admit that when you first began publishing the Depak Chota stories last year that I was one of those people that wrote in to complain. Back then they seemed really stupid. Now, after reading the very last tale it all makes sense! I can't believe those bastards double crossed him like that! And who knew that the fifth man was really the ghost of his dead partner? I cried for hours after reading the last tale. If only the real Depak Chota didn't die recently! I would have gone and visited him because I live near Chicago. Forgive me, Chandrachur Chacha, wherever you are now that you have reincarnated into someone else.

Abby Porter (Minion # 1116)

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your kind and refreshing letter, my *beti*. To you I also send forth warm and fragrant blessings.



Mooj, etal.

I was thrilled to see mention of Wattstax '72 in Minion # 1771's application essay last month. I haven't thought about Wattstax in years. I attended the event when I was only a boy. I think it only cost a \$1 to get in. My mom and dad took the whole family, including our grandmother. It was part of some big Black Pride music festival. My dad was really affected by the concert and for almost a whole year afterwards dressed and danced like Rufus Thomas (one of the performers) wherever he went. My mom finally had to burn dad's pink cape, pink puffy shirt, pink hot pants and white boots.

Anonymous

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, kind friend, and hereto forth I shall send warm blessings and brilliant puffs of bright light your way as well.



Dear Mooj,

I know I speak for many when I say we can't wait for your ashram in Abingdon to open. I live very near to where it is being built and I'm one of those guys you see hanging around all the time to harass and annoy tree sitters and protesters. I have no idea what an ashram is, or why one is needed in Maryland, but I'm for anything that pisses people off as much as your ashram is doing. Hopefully you can add some skateboard ramps and bike jumps. Then I know tons of dudes who will hang out there too.

Jimi Spandex
Abingdon, MD

The Mooj Responds: My *beta*, I think you are mistaken about the nature of why we are building an Ashram. We do not build it to annoy people; we build it to enlighten and brighten the collective consciousness of the public at large. Since you mentioned skateboarding, you by any chance wouldn't be the young man who kept skateboarding naked in front of the Mooj Cam are you? If so please discontinue that sort of nonsense in the future.



Hey Mooj,

You know how that idiot Vijay Kanduhar is always writing in to complain about how high and mighty he thinks he and his guru Jnyanayogi Sri Siddeshwar are? Well, check out this bumper sticker photo (below). I saw it on a car parked outside one of Siddeshwar's Yoga centers. How's that for peace, love and understanding?

Loud and Proud,
Bob Jones



The Mooj Responds: I am unsure what to think about such vulgarity. But I will say one thing. All this Guru rivalry is getting a bit out of control. I won't mention any names but I know for a fact that other Gurus have been spreading false rumors and harboring accusations toward me of late. I cannot, also, act unconscious when X-rated adult video store robbing criminals are being given my T-shirts prior to committing crimes and my name is being randomly graffiti-ed on water towers! I am not a fool and I advise whoever is behind this nonsense to put an end to it before I have to waste a truth vision to get to the bottom of the matter. Remember, we should work together, as the earth is wide enough to have enlightenment everywhere!



Guru Mooj,

Before my husband died last week he asked me to keep his skull. He collected skulls and other gruesome artifacts. I'm not too keen about keeping the thing but will respect his wishes. How do I go about finding an undertaker or taxidermist to do this type of work? Also, since I'm writing to you for answers, can you tell me where my late husband got all his other skulls? He had about fifty of them. They're in plastic bags and hidden in our attic. He said he bought them at garage sales and swap meets but I doubt that. Also, do you think The Anaheim Angels will win the World Series this year?

"Lukewarm Ethyl,"
West Covina, CA

The Mooj Responds: I have decided not to answer this letter for both ethical and spiritual reasons. I asked that it be removed from this newsletter but have been informed that it may not be possible to do so as up this point has already been typeset. If this letter is in the published version of this newsletter I suggest you avoid reading it. For those also concerned with the Anaheim Angels chances of winning the World Series I can only say my truth visions are never used for gambling or vice. If, however, you are considering using winnings to assist the needy or help build and maintain an Ashram somewhere then by all means give the Anaheim Angles serious consideration in the upcoming post season.



Guruji,

People say that females do not have adam's apples but I am female and have an obvious adam's apple.

This has caused many people to think I was born a male and had recently had a sex change operation. Oh, Guru! People can be so cruel. What should I do? Was I supposed to be a man? Please answer my question with truth and sincerity.

"Sarah," age 19
Somerset, MA

The Mooj Responds: My, *beti*. I have performed a truth meditation for you and determined that you are perfectly normal. You have been blessed with a gift and that gift will become better known to you once you discover your true *dharma*. I do not want to ruin any surprises but I suggest that if you have not already done so, please submit an application to The Longy School of Music, Bassoon Division.



Dear Swami,

I'm a student at Rice University in Texas and cannot afford to live in the dorms so I live at home with my dad and new step mom. Recently my dad left for a business trip. He is an oil rigger and will be gone for three months. My new step mom is really lonely and is always asking me to hug her. She also said that she hates sleeping alone. I think she wants me to sleep with her. She's 50 years old and not too bad looking. Every day when she gets home from work she is dressed very nicely and gives me a hug. I have to admit I get an erection when I hold her. Am I reading her wrong? She does want to have sex with me, right?

agorre@rice.edu

The Mooj Responds: *Soot na kapaas, julahon men laatha laathi?* Listen, *murkh!* I have a good mind to ignore this letter. However, while I was meditating to calm my nerves after reading it I saw in a truth vision that this idiot was somewhat earnest with his dilemma and terrible consequences are in store for everyone involved. My thrifty advice will thus save much unneeded anguish so I will reluctantly give it. The truth is your step mom has no affections of the sexual kind toward you. Please abstain from further impurities of the mind.



Guruji,

My father needs your blessings dearly. He lives in a village called Gurgaon in India. Last week he had a dreadful experience! He went for a walk late at night and then suddenly was surrounded by a gang of

robbers. They took everything including his clothes. He was left stark naked! My poor father had to walk home in that condition and was seen by many. Since then my poor father feels that he has become the laughing stock of his neighborhood. His friends make jokes at his expense and he feels humiliated. Perhaps a blessing from you can bring back his self esteem and confidence? Thank You.

Minion # 1457

The Mooj Responds: This was indeed a tragic occurrence. I send forth heavy blessings and effervescent circles of peace and harmony to him. Since I am giving this sort of blessing I will also extend a similar blessing to a man from Champaign, Illinois (whose letter I asked be excluded from this newsletter due to the graphic nature of the content). This person referred to himself as "another unfortunate victim of the Illinois enema bandit" and he should know who he is.



Dear Mooj,

I know you aren't personally responsible for the behavior of your minions but I feel that you should know that last night I arrested three of your minions (they had on Mooj T-shirts) in a Mt. Vernon playground for soliciting under-age male prostitutes. It was actually the prostitutes that called the police because these guys were creeping them out. I ran them in and all three had priors. I just though you should know that!

badge62@baltimorepolice.org

The Mooj Responds: I thank you for your letter, officer, and can say only that if these hooligans were official Mooj Minions then I am ashamed and my heart pangs with anguish. I think it more likely, however, that these men were given my T-shirts prior to their night of merrymaking. I will now briefly meditate to lower my blood pressure.



Guru,

I live in Abingdon and fully support the Ashram you are building to help enlighten Harford County. I read in the newspaper that they pulled your funding. I was sad. Then I read that another Congressional sub-committee ear-marked different funding, albeit a smaller amount. That was cool. The bottom line is your ashram will be built and you will have a place to teach, pass along blessings and give people the

pranams. The actual reason that I am writing is to tell you that I know it has been tough trying to get your ashram built so I know you've been stressed out a bit but I do not think that makes it necessary to call people on the phone and insult them. You sounded really drunk when you called my house last night and you talked about things that were very inappropriate. I'll thank you to not do that again.

Jhobart.md@hopkinschildrens.org

The Mooj Responds: I assure everyone that I made no such phone call. Without going into detail I will say that when I was meditating a few letters ago I decided to get to the bottom of all this nonsense and see who it was that is currently beseeching my good name. It was not another Guru as I suspected. It is actually some red-headed bearded man who suffers from a mild case of boanthropy. I know who this man is because I have seen him crawling around in the woods and he mooed insults and hurled biological material at me when I was walking the grounds of what was to be the site of our first Ashram. I understand this man's anguish and will, therefore, harbinger no ill feelings towards him. To conclude this awkward mention I want to explain that this man recently bought dozens of semi-smoked Mooj T-shirts at a local C-Mart and is now leaving them at halfway houses, crack houses, adult bookstores and truck stops along the I-40 corridor. No doubt crimes of various categories have or soon will be made by people wearing my T-shirts. There is really nothing I can do about it other than meditate for the poor man and hope his mind becomes clear and he stops suffering from boanthropy. My truth vision did not, however, show me the connection as to why a man with boanthropy would find disfavor with a Guru as cows are considered sacred by people like me.



Wonderful Guru!

I don't know if you remember me. I used to be a subscriber. My name is Tammy James. I once wrote you a very nasty letter when I thought I got ripped off by your Mooj Matchmaking Service. No hard feelings I hope. I was drunk when I mailed the letter. Anyway, the reason I am writing is to tell you of a very funny coincidence. As you know I have had horrible relationships in the past. Every boyfriend I ever had was an alcoholic, idiot, loser, mamma's boy, pervert, or lunatic (or a combination of all six). This year I finally met a wonderful man. I refused to let my guard down and knew something had to be wrong with him. I even paid a detective to investigate the guy. He was clean. I decided to finally fall in love. Then last night I was unpacking my new boyfriend's things (he moved in with me)

and I found a Mooj Head T-shirt in his box! I thought OH MY GOD—NOT ANOTHER FRIGGEN MORON! But it turned out he just found the T-shirt at an adult bookstore in Maryland. Anyway, it made me laugh.

tjames@archidelphia.com

The Mooj Responds: Though I do not know what you are getting at, I thank you, *beti*, for your letter and greetings and send along a blessing of a sort.

Dearest Guru Mooj,

Last summer we bought our dream home in Southern Maryland. The home was built in 1802. It's an old stone farmhouse that sits on about 12 wooded acres overlooking the St. Mary's River. When my husband and I saw it we instantly fell in love with it and made an offer. We were astounded that the owner agreed to sell the house for so little.

Now that we've lived in the house for a few months we're begging to think that something is wrong with the place. Don't get us wrong, we love the home. True, it needs work; but what old house doesn't? The problem is that every time we go into town the locals give us strange looks and whisper things about us. I swear we can walk into somewhere that is bustling with activity and then the place will instantly fall silent. I see nothing but terrified faces looking back at us. I ask what is wrong but nobody will say anything. Most of the townspeople won't even make eye contact with us! This is so weird. *What's wrong with our house?* Is it haunted or something????

Raj and Raakhee Mahmood
Bayport, MD (near Dutchman's Cove)

The Mooj Responds: *Oyla Mehbooba!* I have done a truth vision and saw that nothing unnatural is occurring in your house. Since you are so near to where I am living perhaps I shall venture down for a day-trip visit. By sitting in your home and meditating I am sure the truth of what is going on will envision itself. However, I must admit, just thinking about doing that gives me a sick feeling in my stomach. Perhaps something bad really is wrong with your house. I will make plans to visit you as soon as possible. No harm can come to me as I am a holy man. The same may not be true for you so I advise caution with your activities in or near your home.

Bander-log!

The law of karma is very decisive! Everything is taken into consideration, including one's ignorance! Thusly, improper acts performed by those who know better bring much harsher Eternal punishments than the same acts performed by lowly imbeciles. I'm not sure how you will be dealt with when you are reincarnated but I'm sure you will suffer. Those that find humor in other people's enlightenment make me sick! Also, the laddos I bought at your temple sucked!

scowell@idolonfox.com

The Mooj Responds: *Oyla Mehbooba!* This unhappy man is obviously alluding to the hooligan in Chandi Chowk that is passing himself off as a monk. I will pass along a blessing to this angry man and hope that authentic enlightenment eventually comes to this man when he seeks it in the proper place.

Dear Mooj,

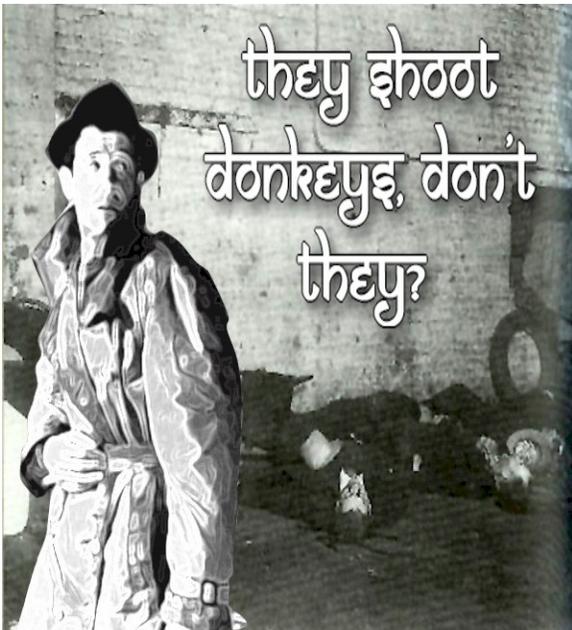
This morning my father's doctor pulled me aside and told me that my dad only had a few more days to live. When I went back into the room to see dad he asked me if I could get him something before he died and I said sure pop, anything. Dad asked me to come closer and held my hand. I knew he was summoning the last of his strength to whisper something to me. He pulled me closer and asked me in a thin and weak voice to get him some funky cold medina. Mooj, what should I do? Should I get it for him? I don't even know where I would find it. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS! Please advise.

Russ Pardo
Stony Pine, GA

The Mooj Responds: Though I am reluctant to perform a truth vision because of the pain and suffering I must undergo I gleefully performed one for you, as this is a timely and important matter. But my truth vision was weak and confused. It did not make much sense. I could not learn the truth no matter how hard I focused or how hot I got my brain with the heat lamp that was shining on my towel-wrapped head. All I can see is a musician that calls himself Tone-Loc singing a rap song about it. Sadly, by the time I can gather enough strength to perform another truth vision your father will have passed away. Oh, the pity of it all!

From what I understand several New Minion applications have been sent in and have yet to be approved. This is because many of the Minion Select Committee members are involved in the renovation of our now smaller Ashram. (For some reason they are all certified welders and electricians). Rather than take them away from their construction duties I will postpone new Minion approvals until the Ashram is ready. Because I have a few pages available to fill (since no one approved new poems or stories either) I have made an editorial judgment and will include an item that came into our newsletter office a few days ago. I know some of you are tired of the multitude of Depak Chota stories that have been surfacing of late. If you are then you may want to terminate your consideration of this newsletter here. That is because another story just came in. It was sent in by Minion # 1760, who claims this tale is absolutely and positively the last Depak Chota story ever written. He said he found it in the National Archives of India. It was written in 1980 and presented to Prime Minister Indira Priyadarshini Gandhi when Chandrachur Umbababbagupta was given the Bharat Ratna Award in absencia. It was never meant to be published but we will do so to honor my late and deserving Uncle.

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in his Last Adventure Tale, Ever!



In the winter of '79 Depak Chota, the famous ex-private eye, was eighty years old. He had been living in a small Chicago duplex for almost ten years. One evening a stranger arrived at his door and asked him if he was Depak Chota. He said that he was.

"I am Garam Kapoor's grandson and I have brought you this," said the visitor as he handed Depak a thick envelope.

"You came all the way from India to hand me this letter?" asked Depak.

"Oh no, sir; I also live in Chicago. I returned to Karnataka when my grandfather was dying. He

knew you also lived in Chicago and asked me to bring this letter back and give it to you. He wrote it on his deathbed."

After a long pause Kapoor's grandson added: "I do not know if you remember me, sir, but I was in the village the day you fought the bandits. I was only a boy then. I will never forget how brave you were that day."

"Yes, the village. It was in Rajisthan, right? I remember you," said Depak as he smiled pretending that he remembered the man.

There was another long pause and then Kapoor's grandson handed Depak his business card and told him that if he ever needed anything to contact him. Depak said that he would (though he knew he probably wouldn't). The men shook hands and then Kapoor's grandson walked away.

Depak took the letter inside and read it. It was a very nice letter. Afterwards Depak thought aloud: "I guess this will be the last letter I ever receive from you, Kapoor. I remember the first one. I probably still have it." And he did. Depak found it in a box of old items that he had brought from India. The letter was dated June 7, 1920 and in it Kapoor claimed to have heard about Depak's heroics in the war and offered him a position at The East Indian Detective Agency. The agency was hiring operatives and needed men who had military and/or police experience. Depak responded quickly to Kapoor's offer and gladly accepted the position. As a postscript he added in his reply that if the agency was still in need of other men he knew a man, a friend of his who he had met in France—a fellow Hindustani soldier—who was also looking for employment. Kapoor wired Depak back and told him to bring the friend.

When Depak and his friend met Garam Kapoor they thought he was a dashing and exciting man. He was just like the hard boiled detectives they read about in newspapers. Kapoor introduced the two ex soldiers to the other ops and they were welcomed into the agency and began drawing wages immediately. Because of their toughness Depak and his partner—his soldier friend—were used as ‘muscle men’ in the early days. They were the mugs that showed up to take and throw punches when things needed to get rough. Depak and his partner soon earned reputations of being men that could drink hard and punch harder. They fit right in at the agency and were soon advanced into better paying positions. Everything seemed to be going well for Depak and his friend. That was until Depak got shot in the head and his friend was killed at the West Side Hotel.

In his deathbed letter Garam Kapoor swore that he did not know about the West Side Hotel double cross. Maybe Kapoor knew about it. Maybe he didn't. The only thing Depak remembered for sure was that Kapoor was the only man at the agency to talk to him after he was fired. The others just turned their backs. Kapoor told him that if he was ever in a fix to contact him. He would do whatever he could to help. Depak told Kapoor that he'd try to do the same for him someday too if possible. They shook hands and Depak walked away not realizing that he actually would do something to help Kapoor fifty years later: Depak would save his life in a village in northern Rajasthan.

As Depak sat in the living room of his Chicago duplex he realized that it was very late. It had been a long day. He needed to sleep. He folded Kapoor's 1920 and 1979 letters and put them into his box. He would never look at them again. Soon he was in his bed and staring at the dark ceiling. He began to remember things again. He hated when that happened. His memories made him feel lonely and sad. But some memories were happy ones; the memory that was seeping forward in his mind that night was. He was recalling the first case he took as a private investigator. It was a simple tail job that turned out to be anything but simple.

It was the summer of 1922. Depak had finally saved enough money to rent an office on Hosoor Road. It was a cheap place on the top floor of a nearly vacant building. Depak was lucky. The previous occupant skipped town and left the place furnished. All Depak needed to do now was find a paying client. He advertised in the city newspaper and waited.

Finally, after many anxious days, someone came to his office. It was a tall and unattractive middle-aged British woman. Depak was struck by her homely looks, garish clothing and excessive millinery. The woman wanted Depak to follow her husband. The husband was spending his nights out and his expenses had become extravagant. She suspected that he was having an affair. It was basic gumshoe work and Depak knew how to do it. The British woman gave Depak her address and as much information as she felt necessary. She also gave him advance money. Depak used it to buy a meal and a bottle. He hadn't eaten in two days and had gone longer without a drink.

That evening Depak arrived at the address written in his notebook. The house was on Kasturba Road in the western part of the city. These *ferringhis* were well-to-do! Depak stood across the road from the front gate of the mansion and set fire to a cigarette. He was trying his best to look like he belonged there. Three cigarettes later the husband came outside. The man was dressed elegantly in a dark western style tuxedo and wearing spats and a top hat. He was handsome and much younger than the wife. The money was hers then. The husband stopped after closing the gate and checked his pocket watch and then began walking west along Kasturba Road. Depak tossed his cigarette into the air and crossed the road to follow him.

The husband walked briskly for about a quarter of a mile and then crossed the road near the Mythic Society building. Depak crossed the road a hundred yards later and kept a safe distance between the husband and himself. The husband then entered a tall brick apartment house. Depak waited a few moments and then entered the building too. He saw the husband waiting for the lift. Depak watched him board the car and then watched the indicator to see which floor the lift stopped on. Depak then ran across the foyer and up the stairs as fast as he could. There was no sign of the husband when Depak arrived on the same floor. Depak realized that people in the hall were staring at him. He must have looked like a lunatic running up the stairs as he had. Depak decided it was best to leave the building. This shadow job was starting off badly.

Once Depak was back on Kasturba Road he looked at his pocket watch and wrote down the time. He then walked the grounds looking for doors, windows, stairways or anything else that might be of use if he needed to leave the building in a hurry. After the survey he sat down on a public bench and made diagrams in his notebook.

The following day Depak was waiting inside the apartment house. As he stood in the hallway he

looked at his pocket watch. If the husband was punctual and predictable he would be coming along very soon. Depak looked out a window and watched the street below. To his delight he saw his client's husband walking toward the building. A few minutes later the lift bell rang and the husband got off the car. Depak pretended that he had just exited one of the rooms and walked towards him. The two men passed in the hallway but did not exchange looks or words. A few steps later Depak heard jiggling keys and turned to see which door the husband was unlocking. The lift operator saw Depak coming and held the car for him; Depak had no choice but to ride down. Depak exited the building as soon as he was in the foyer. This shadow job was *really* starting off badly.

Depak set fire to a cigarette as he sat across the road from the apartment house on the steps of St. Martha's Hospital. Darkness had taken the city by then and the gas lamps were being lit along both sides of the road. Depak knew the worst part of any shadow job was boredom. That night's surveillance was going to be harder than usual because he had no one to talk to. He really missed his ex partner that night. A man really gets to know someone when he spends hours doing nothing but sitting and talking with a man.

After what seemed like hours Depak could barely keep his eyes open. A warm breeze was blowing through the trees and Depak was tired. He checked his pocket watch and saw that it was half past ten. He must have dozed off. The husband would surely have been back at his home by then; he must have missed seeing him come out of the building. Depak decided to call it quits. He needed a drink and knew he had half a bottle sitting on his desk. That settled it: this shadow job was going terrible! In his gut he was worried that he didn't have what it took to be a private eye.

The next morning Depak was fast asleep on the davenport next to his desk when he was aroused by a loud knock on the office door. He got up, folded away the davenport and quickly dressed. It was his client. She looked distressed and told him that her husband did not return home the previous night. Depak looked at his pocket watch and saw that it was almost noon. He told his client everything that he knew: basically he had seen her husband go into an apartment house near St. Margaret's Hospital the night before but did not see him come out. He knew the room so he would return and check things out. The woman made faces and asked Depak if he meant St. Margaret's Hospital or St. Martha's Hospital. Depak did not know; he had not written it down in his notebook—but, he assured his client—he would certainly know which apartment house it

was. His client mumbled something about Depak being an imbecile and then said that she would be at her home around tea time and that Depak should call on her there if he found out anything. He told her that he would and then thanked her. He wasn't sure what he thanked her for. Depak then watched from the window of his office as the woman left the building and got inside her chauffeur-driven Armstrong Whitworth automobile. The woman and the car looked very out of place on Hosoor Road.

An hour later Depak was back inside the apartment house. The lift was engaged so he walked up the stairs slowly and quietly. On the third floor he walked down the hall and knocked on the door to apartment 308. There was no answer. He knew the door would be locked but he tried it anyway. Locked it was. He looked up and down the hallway and then took out a set of skeleton keys and sampled them until the door was unlocked. He was in.

He could smell the dead body before he saw it. The husband was lying slumped over on the floor in a puddle of blood. Depak had no idea what to do next. He needed to get out of there as fast as he could. He went back into the hall but heard the lift bell ring. He had no choice but to get back inside the apartment and wait. From behind the door he heard footsteps trot across the wooden hallway floorboards. Two men were talking. He heard a door unlock, open and close, and then the voices disappeared. Depak waited a few moments and then slowly began to turn the knob. He froze—another door was heard opening and closing and footsteps were heard once again. Depak felt sick to his stomach.

From where he stood he decided look around the room. There was something odd about the body. Doing his best not to touch anything or step in blood Depak walked slowly over and took a better look. To his surprise the man on the floor was not his client's husband! It was a much taller man. Depak decided not to worry about who the man was or why he was there. He'd do that later. Right now he needed to get out of the room.

Finally things were quiet in the hall so Depak opened the door slowly, took a peek, left the room, closed the door quietly behind him, and then walked slowly and calmly down the hall and stairs. He was seen by the lift operator as he exited the building. He knew that would mean big trouble later.

What should he do now? He decided to return to the house on Kasturba Road and see if his client was home. He rang the bell and a servant answered. Depak gave the man his card; a few minutes later his client came to the door. She looked distraught,

like she had been crying. After a short pause she asked Depak if he had found her husband. Depak told her no. Depak then asked his client what she wanted him to do next. She had hired him to follow her husband—which he had done; he found that the man was keeping a secret apartment downtown which was most likely used for adulterous shenanigans. That was worth what she had paid him. Now that her husband was missing Depak thought it was a matter for the police. In many ways Depak was testing his client. He was unsure how much she really knew or wanted to know. When she told him that she did not want to involve the police—yet—he knew something fishy was afoot. Depak told her that gumshoeing and finding missing people were two different things—one was cheap; one was expensive. Depak's client took his hint and advanced him additional funds. Depak could now afford to eat for a few more days.

Depak knew now he had to return to apartment 308. As he suspected the body had been found. Depak knew a corpse that stunk as bad as that one did wouldn't go unnoticed for long. A policeman was standing in the foyer when Depak entered the building. Depak was spotted right away by the lift operator and Depak watched as the boy ran excitedly to the policeman to point at Depak. Depak took off his hat and approached the policeman and asked: "What is going on, *sahib*?"

The policeman ignored Depak's question and wanted to know what Depak had been doing in the apartment house earlier that afternoon. Depak told the policeman that he was a private consulting detective and that he had been hired to follow the man living in apartment 308. The policeman made a guffaw sound and said that Depak needed to follow him upstairs. The policeman and Depak rode to the third floor in the elevator. Depak had a horrendous urge to kick the lift operator to see if that would remove the smile on the kid's face.

The Chief Inspector was standing outside the door to apartment 308. He was a plump British man who looked more like a soldier than an inspector. The policeman told the Chief Inspector what Depak had told him and then Depak was asked by The Chief Inspector to tell him everything he knew. Depak did (omitting, of course, that he had been in apartment 308 earlier that afternoon). The Chief Inspector brought Depak into the room and pulled back the sheet covering the corpse. The dead man was now laid flat on its back. Depak saw that a bullet had been put into his chest.

"Was this the man you were hired to follow?" asked The Chief Inspector as he lit his pipe.

"No," was Depak's honest answer. The Chief Inspector looked surprised and asked Depak for his card. The inspector looked at the card and made grunting sounds as he adjusted his pipe with his other hand. The Chief Inspector then mumbled something and told Depak that things were not adding up and that Depak was not to leave town; he would be summoned to answer questions once the inquiry began. Depak was then excused.

"So far so good," thought Depak as he sat in the foyer of the apartment house reading a newspaper. The dead body was finally brought down on a covered stretcher and the police followed it outside. The Chief Inspector was the last official man to leave the building and did not see Depak sitting behind the tall newspaper. Depak got right to work. He knew people were used to answering questions so they would probably answer his as well. Depak boarded the lift and identified himself to the operator as Mr. Chota and showed the man his city issued private investigator badge. The badge meant absolutely nothing. Anyone could get one if they paid a small fee and filled out paperwork. Depak knew the lift operator was the type of man who remembered faces and liked to stick his nose into other people's business. He was also the pompous sort, the type that liked to pop off about everything he knew.

"Take me back to the third floor," said Depak while the operator tried to read the badge Depak had quickly put back into his breast pocket. Before the operator could say anything Depak added: "The Chief Inspector told me that he thought you were a pretty bright kid." The operator looked pleased to hear that. Depak then told the operator to stop the car between floors so that they could talk in private. The operator put the brake shunt down and the lift stopped between the second and third floor. Depak took out two cigarettes, gave one to the operator, ignited both, and then pulled out his notebook. He told the operator that he was taking his own notes because he didn't trust others and had been made a fool of before by lazy and stupid people. The operator nodded and said that he knew what Depak was talking about. In less than ten minutes Depak learned that: 1) his client's husband was, indeed, the paying leaseholder of the apartment—he had been renting the room for about six months; 2) the husband was never seen during the day and only came at night, approximately four or five times a week; 3) on the nights the husband was in he arrived around seven P.M. and took the lift up to his floor; 4) a young Irish woman, an actress of some sort, was the occupant the apartment—she was very quiet and kept to herself; 5) the husband would spend approximately three hours inside the apartment and then exit the building nonchalantly—

usually taking the stairs; and 6) the man that was found dead in apartment 308 had never been seen before in the building.

When the operator re-engaged the lift Depak asked to be taken back to the ground floor; he had changed his mind about going up. Before he left the car Depak handed the operator a coin and told him to treat himself to a drink when he got off work. The operator seemed very pleased with himself.

Depak had quite a few things to think about as he walked along Kasturba Road back to his client's house. He saw that the front room lights were still burning when he arrived at the gate. He stood under a street lamp and looked at his pocket watch. It was late. Since the lights were still on he decided to make the call. He opened the gate and walked to the door. Before he rang the bell, however, he looked in the front window. His client was sitting in a chair weeping. Depak decided not to pull the bell. He wasn't sure he really wanted to tell his client about her husband and the young Irish actress yet. He quietly returned to the gate and walked away.

That night Depak sat in his office. He had no idea what to do next. He knew he was in trouble, especially when the Chief Inspector started digging around and learned from the lift operator (or others) that he had been nosing around that apartment house *before* and *after* the body was found. Depak opened a bottle and poured himself a drink. He really needed that drink. As he sat in his chair he set fire to a cigarette and thought aloud: "This woman lives on Kasturba Road—in the well-to-do west end of town; her Cantonment tea trotting *ferringhi* friends must use gumshoes all the time to chase after their bored and skylarking husbands. Someone could have surely given this woman the name of some *shamus* that could be trusted and do discreet work. Why would she look for a *gumshoe-wallah* in a Bengali newspaper? This woman is very prim, proper and hoity-toity—so how come after she sees a mug like me, sitting semi-drunk and unshaved in this run down office, in this run down building, in this run down part of town—she wants to hire *me*? This woman is always making faces and calling me names. She thinks I am an idiot. Yet, *now* she wants *me* to find her missing husband?"

Depak had another drink and read over his notes. He drew a box around an item that he had written earlier that day. It read:

"When I told my client that I knocked on the apartment door and there was no answer she wanted to know if I went into the room. I said no because the door was locked. She made a face and said something to the

effect of how she thought two-bit thugs like me didn't worry about locked doors. I told her that people were in the hallway so I couldn't force an entry. She called me an idiot."

Depak set fire to another cigarette, had another drink, and started speaking aloud again: "Of course I broke into that apartment—that's why you hire a guy like me. I go into the places the police won't. A guy like me doesn't care about locked doors or whose nose gets stepped on. That woman knows that. She knows I broke into that room. She said guys like me carry ice picks and skeleton keys wherever we go. That is true. She knows I was lying about going into that room. *So did she know there was a dead body in there?* I think she did!"

Depak wrote three questions down in his notebook: 1) Who was the dead man? 2) Where is the husband? 3) Where is the Irish woman? 4) Does my client know the dead man?

He then scratched out number two and three. He didn't think he could solve those ones. It wouldn't take much to answer number one—all he had to do was look in the morning newspaper. He decided he'd spend the next day answering number four.

The dead man was named Dr. Charles Darcy Holley and he lived on Kasturba Road. *What a coincidence!* In fact, the dead man lived very near his client—across from a park to be exact. *Another coincidence!*

Depak paid a visit to the late Dr. Holley's home that night. It was a little after ten P.M and only a few lights were burning in the rear of the house. After walking along the property line Depak found Dr. Holley's servants sitting in a casibo. He could hear that they were in a cheerful mood. Depak approached them to ask for directions to a nearby address. The servants were kind and helpful. Before Depak continued on his way he thanked them and offered them a drink. They gladly shared a few sips with him. Depak then pulled another bottle from his coat and passed that around as well. It was that easy. Depak had the servants talking in no time and they were more than willing to share everything they knew. Depak learned that: 1) the servants hated Dr. Holley—he was a pompous and immoral man; 2) Dr. Holley was having a torrid love affair with the woman who lived across the park (his client); 3) the husband of this woman (his client) was gone most evenings and so Dr. Holley had a free hand to woo this woman (his client); and 4) a fortnight ago Dr. Holley was called upon by the husband of this woman (his client) and the two men had cross words with each other. Dr. Holley even threatened to kill the husband. The servants told Depak about other peculiarities

and vices of the late Dr. Holley but Depak didn't bother to write them down later as they weren't applicable to the investigation.

So his client was romantically involved with Dr. Holley! Now Depak was onto something. He now needed to find out why his client wanted him to find Dr. Holley's body. Depak decided then to figuratively shake the mango tree and see what fell from the branches. **And shake it he would!**

It was a beautiful summer morning. The bulbuls were chattering away in the trees while Mrs. Emily Bowring sat in her garden sipping tea. She read the morning newspaper to see what the latest developments were concerning the death of Dr. Holley. The Chief Inspector was quoted as saying that he was still making inquiries and expected to make an arrest soon. Mrs. Bowring looked up from her newspaper when a servant arrived to hand her a letter that had come in the morning post. She opened the envelope and unfolded the note inside. It read:

"I know about your sneaky visit to apartment 308—I also know that you and Dr. Holley were engaged in mischievous behavior—! Very naughty, naughty, indeed—! I have the evidence that will hang you—. I will give it to The Chief Inspector unless you want it more—. What say you, friend—? Is your neck worth 2000 Pounds—?"

The letter was signed "Dr. Stevenson, St. Martha's Hospital."

Mrs. Bowring spilled her tea as she jumped up from the table. She appeared to be in a panic. Depak could no longer see her from the tree he was hiding in because she had run into the house. Depak climbed down from the tree and ran as fast as he could along Kasturba Road. He needed to get to St. Martha's Hospital before she did. He entered the hospital and greeted the pretty dark-eyed girl sitting at the front desk. Depak complimented her on her smile and told her that she reminded him of Kayoum Mamajiwala Gahar, a beautiful actress that was famous in those days. Depak then handed the girl an envelope and asked that she give it to a British woman who would soon call inquiring about a Dr. Stevenson. If asked who delivered the letter the girl was told to just say it was given to her by a man that worked for Dr. Stevenson. Depak then winked at the girl, handed her a white edge morning-glory flower that he had picked outside, and inquired if she had always been so pretty. The girl giggled.

Depak's client arrived at the hospital thirty minutes later and inquired about Dr. Stevenson. The girl at the desk looked through her registry and did not see a Dr. Stevenson listed. The girl then remembered the envelope Depak had given her and handed it to the lady saying: "There is no Dr. Stevenson here but a man that works for him gave this to me. It is addressed to Emily Bowring."

"*Who gave this to you?*" demanded Mrs. Bowring as she took the envelope. The girl said that it was a strange dark-eyed man. Depak's client was enraged and berated the young girl for being stupid and then left the hospital in a hurry. She returned to her automobile and read the letter. It was from Dr. Stevenson. It read:

"Alas, —you naughty lass! My, how the hands and feet of fate do unravel—! You have more troubles than most I must say—! But do not lose hope—. I can still save you but it will cost more than 2000 pounds—. I'm guessing it to be 3000 now— !"

Depak was walking along Kasturba Road when he heard an automobile screech to a halt on the rough pavement beside him. It was Mrs. Bowring's Armstrong Whitworth. His client poked her head out of a window and screamed at him to get in. Depak climbed inside and told his client that he was on his way to her house to make his report. Depak played dumb. He told his client that he thought that her husband might have killed a man. A dead body was found in the apartment he was renting. Depak suggested that her husband might have run away to avoid being arrested.

"*You are an imbecile!*" screamed Mrs. Bowring. "Listen to me and listen to me good. I need you to find a man named Doctor Stevenson."

"Finding one man is expensive; finding two is ..."

"*Here, you fool! Take this and use it to pay for whatever it is you do. I need you to find this Doctor Stevenson as soon as possible. All I know is that he works at St. Martha's Hospital...*"

Depak saw that his client had given him a five pound note. He thanked her and left the automobile as fast as he had entered it. Her chauffeur then sped off. So Depak had shaken the truth out of the mango tree. He just wasn't sure what the truth was yet.

An hour later Depak was standing outside of the Chief Inspector's office. Depak had no idea whether The Chief Inspector was looking for him but since he was a vagabond of sorts he knew he was not easy

to find. It would look better if he went in rather than if he was spotted on the street and brought in.

"You—!" said the Chief Inspector as he saw Depak poke his head into his office, "I've been looking all over town for you!" The Chief Inspector then yelled at a policeman that was standing nearby to bring Depak to him. The policeman grabbed Depak by the collar and brought him into the office. The Chief Inspector lit his pipe, made a wheezing sound, and then asked Depak why he was sticking his nose into matters by asking the lift operator questions. Depak (again) told the inspector that he was a private eye, who had been hired to follow a man named Mr. Bowring. This Mr. Bowring had been having a romantic interlude with an Irish actress. On the night before the murder he had followed Mr. Bowring to the apartment house but did not know which room he had entered. Mr. Bowring had taken the lift and he had taken the stairs. When he arrived on the third floor Mr. Bowring had already entered his apartment. The following night he was waiting in the hallway to see which room Mr. Bowring went into. He then exited the building and waited outside to see who came and went into the building. He never saw Mr. Bowring exit. The next day he learned that Mr. Bowring had not returned home so he returned to the apartment. He knocked on door 308 but there was no answer. Ever since then he has been employed by Mrs. Bowring to locate the missing Mr. Bowring.

"Rubbish!" yelled the Inspector. "I don't believe a word of it."

The Inspector then asked the policeman that was standing next to Depak to go and find this Mrs. Bowring. He wanted her brought in for questioning. The name Bowring seemed important. The Inspector thought that he had heard it before somewhere. The Inspector then made a huffing sound and barked at another nearby policeman to lock Depak in a cell. The Chief Inspector said that he did not want to have to look all over Bangalore again the next time he needed questions answered.

Before Depak was taken away he told The Chief Inspector: "Sir, I must tell you one thing. When you speak to this Mrs. Bowring she will be very pretentious and give you vague and insufficient answers. She might even call you an imbecile. When it appears that you are not getting anywhere may I suggest you say, 'Very well, we will finish this conversation later. I must now go and speak with someone named Dr. Stevenson. He is waiting for me in the next room and wishes to show me something.'"

The next morning the Chief Inspector came down to the station jail and asked that Depak be let out of his cell. Depak had spent the night.

"I say! Magic words, indeed!" said The Chief Inspector as he lit his pipe after closing the cell door behind Depak. He then continued: "I wasn't getting anywhere with that woman so I did as you said. I told her I had a Dr. Stevenson waiting to show me something. She turned pale and begged me not to talk to the man. She became so hysterical that we had to have her brought downstairs and sedated. Within an hour she began telling us everything. *It was a ghastly confession, I tell you!* In all my years of police work I never heard such a dreadful thing. I have no idea how you ... Oh, never mind. I will let you go. I did not mean to have you spend the night here. Oh, you were right about something else too. Mrs. Bowring did call me an imbecile quite a few times."

The Chief Inspector walked Depak to the station door and told him to go home. That was too bad. Depak was hoping that The Chief Inspector would explain everything. Depak had no idea what the woman confessed to. The next day Depak read an account of the situation in the newspaper. It turned out to be one of the most convoluted and disturbing things he had ever read:

MURDER, MOST FOUL!!

Murder of Dr. Holley Solved!

**A Cheating Husband Chopped into 1,000 Pieces!
Deranged Wife Arrested for Two Horrific Murders!**

Kasturba Road, Aug 15, 1922. Being held in City Jail is Mrs. Emily Bowring, aged 44, daughter of late Industrialist J.K. Footjoy. Mrs. Bowring has been charged with double Murder. The latter of which now has authorities sickened and unable to comprehend.

Mrs. Bowring admitted in a confession signed August 10, 1922 that she killed both her husband, Mr. Reginald Denny Bowring, aged 39; and her neighbor, Dr. Charles Darcy Holley, aged 40.

Mr. & Mrs. Bowring resided in Leghorn Manor astride Kasturba Road. They were married in 1915 and had no children. Dr. Holley resided in Lytton Manor, which is located adjacent Leghorn Manor. Dr. Holley was a widower. He is survived by two sons, both living in England and attending Eton.

"Not only did Mrs. Bowring kill her husband; she did so in a ghastly manner—by chopping him up into 1,000 pieces with an axe!" said one unidentified source at police headquarters. This source also stated that information given by Mrs. Bowring during the confession allowed police to find the remains of Mr. Bowring. "It was a grizzly episode for all those tasked with collecting the pieces," said Constable V.J. Smith, who led efforts to retrieve the remains. Constable Smith further stated that he had never seen such savagery, not even during The Battle of Futtehabad. Another man, present at the recovery, and who also wishes to remain anonymous, thought it impossible that such a dainty and sickly woman as Mrs. Bowring could have possibly cut up a human body into so many pieces. "Nothing remained that was larger than a fig!" this man said.

Mrs. Bowring's confession also revealed that she was the one who shot Dr. Holley. The body of Dr. Holley was found earlier this week in an apartment house located near Sir Mark Cubbon's statue

across from St. Martha's Hospital. Mrs. Bowring claimed that the shooting was accidental.

It has been learned by this reporter that there is much more to this horrid state of affairs than meets the eye! It turns out that both Mr. Bowring & Dr. Holley were classmates at Pembroke College in England many years prior. In those times it came to pass that Mr. Bowring had swindled Dr. Holley out of a considerable amount of money. It was a coincidence that both men ventured to India to seek fortunes and wound up living on the same road in Bagalore. When Dr. Holley realized that Mr. Bowring was living nearby he decided to get revenge by stealing his wife. This effort resulted in Dr. Holley instigating a torrid love affair with Mrs. Bowring. But it was all for not! Mr. Bowring did not love his wife; he had only married her for her money; or so he told many of his sporting friends, and they told this reporter. Had Dr. Holley really wanted to inflict turmoil on Mr. Bowring's heart he should have looked further along Kasturba Road. Mr. Bowring was actually in love with a young Irish actress named Margaret Keene, age 21, who resided in the very same apartment that Mrs. Bowring shot Dr. Holley.

Mrs. Bowring admitted to police that she knew her husband was engaged in nefarious activity with the Irish thespian; but his adulterous liaisons were of no concern to her because they took him away from Leghorn Manor. His absence allowed her to spend time with her true love, Dr. Holley. This reporter was told by many people living on Kasturba Road that Dr. Holley was a frequent night-time tip-toe into Leghorn Manor when Mr. Bowring was out. Now those same nosy people on Kasturba Road know why Mr. Bowring was away—he was having his own affair with the afore mentioned Miss Keene! Very sporting, indeed!

The plot began to thicken sometime last week when Dr. Holley told Mrs. Bowring following a moment of passion that he was tired of kissing and holding her dainty hand in secret. He loved her and wanted to marry her if she could somehow rid herself of Mr. Bowring. Mrs. Bowring suggested that they hire a private eye to follow Mr. Bowring and catch him being unfaithful. This would serve to provide grounds for a divorce. Dr. Holley, however, was not satisfied with merely ruining Mr. Bowring financially—as would have been the case if he was legally divorced from Mrs. Bowring. Dr. Holley, more-so, wanted to see if they might even get Mr. Bowring hanged! They could achieve this by framing him for a murder! Mrs. Bowring went along with the plan because she so loved Dr. Holley and would do anything for him. The murder victim decided upon by Dr. Holley was none other than Mr. Bowring's mistress Miss Keene! The two conspirators then searched for a private eye they thought would be brutish and unintelligent. This man would be the key to framing Mr. Bowring. The plan was to have the private eye follow Mr. Bowring, discover his infidelity, and report it to Mrs. Bowring. Then Mrs. Bowring would kill Miss Keene in her apartment, the scene of the adultery, and leave evidence implicating her husband. The private eye would then be told by Mrs. Bowring that her husband was missing and so the private eye would be fooled into entering the apartment to search for information regarding Mr. Bowring. There, instead, he would find the dead girl and all the evidence linking Mr. Bowring to the crime. Dr. Holley was convinced that a jury would convict Mr. Bowring in an instant.

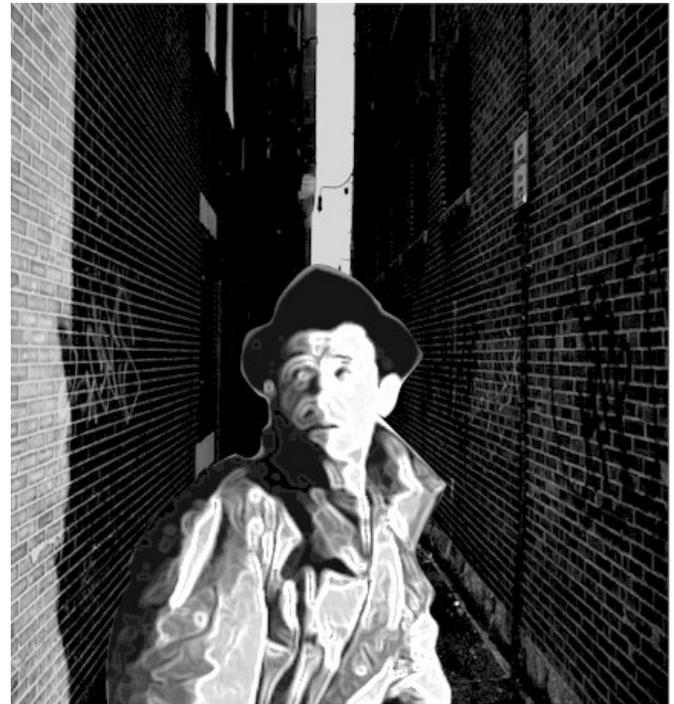
The plan almost succeeded. However, an unforeseen tragic circumstance saved young Miss Keene! On the morning of the day she was to have been murdered she received a telegram informing her that her father had perished in a steam locomotive accident. Miss Keene made immediate plans to travel back to Ireland to be with her family. Thus, she was not present when Mrs. Bowring gained entry to the apartment; gun in hand, using a key she had taken from her husband's trouser pocket. Dr. Holley must have learned of Miss Keene's return to Ireland because he rushed to the apartment to tell Mrs. Bowring the news. Mrs. Bowring, in a fit of nervous hysteria, shot Dr. Holley as he walked through the door. Mrs. Bowring had no choice but to leave the body of Dr. Holley in the apartment and hope that the private eye would find the dead Dr. Holley instead; she believed that the shooting could still be blamed on her husband, as it was well known to many on

Kasturba Road that both men were bitter enemies. They had fist-fought in public often.

Events now bring us to the sorry fate of poor Mr. Bowring: Someone present at the confession, who wishes to remain anonymous, told this reporter that Mrs. Bowring is uncertain as to why she killed her husband. It was not part of the plan and she needed him to frame the murder of Dr. Holley upon. She was, however, so overcome with anguish and madness after accidentally shooting her lover that when she returned to her home and saw Mr. Bowring lying on the couch asleep she went into a blood-curdling rage. She does not remember what happened next but the result was that everything remaining of poor Mr. Bowring lay scattered throughout her parlor. She then came to her senses, dropped the axe, saw what she had done, and then frantically searched the room to retrieve everything she could find of her late husband to put into hat boxes. Later that evening she buried the hat boxes in her garden.

Chief Inspector Lars Harding of the Shooley Police Station was assigned the Dr. Holley murder investigation. He credits good luck and valuable help from the private eye hired by Mrs. Bowring in solving the case. The Chief Inspector told this reporter: "Mrs. Bowring thought she had hired an idiot, but the private eye she employed was actually some sort of genius. He figured everything out and gave that information to me in a very discreet way, most-likely to protect his sources. I confronted Mrs. Bowring with some of that information and she readily confessed to everything." Regrettably, Chief Inspector Harding could not remember the name of the private eye or he would have seen to it that the man got some sort of commendation or something.

- THE END -



THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

August 15, 2002

How auspicious! Our new Ashram is finished and occupied. As many of you know an "ashram" in India is a hermitage where holy Gurus like me live and pray in peace and tranquility amidst the wonders of nature. Traditionally, ashrams are built far from populated places and located in forests or mountainous regions; or basically anywhere natural surroundings are conducive to meditation and holistic thinking. Ours is no different, except that instead of being in the mountains or in a forest somewhere we are in a strip mall 18 miles north of Baltimore. Once you are inside you might even think you were in Varanasi! Perhaps my favorite feature of the new Ashram is the Meditation Garden (which, unfortunately, is an indoor garden because we were not permitted to put one outside). From what I understand this beautiful room was designed by a second year art student from The Rhode Island Institute of Design named Hubert de Givenchy Jr. (no relation to the other more famous Hubert de Givenchy). He claims his theme for the indoor garden was to combine the gothic elements of Exbury Gardens in Hampshire, England with the sensibility of Elvis Presley's Graceland Jungle Room. I've been to both and think he came very close to doing that. The Mooj Cam is now reconnected and shows continuous views of the Meditation Garden. For those of you who do not have a computer I have asked intern Gus to include a few random still photos from the Mooj Cam before he sends this newsletter to the printer so that you can have a good idea of what the room looks like. I suggest, however, you come and see it in person as it is much better in real life.



Speaking of visiting the Ashram I would like to remind everyone that (like every other Ashram in the world) there is never an entrance fee or penance charge to come here. However, certain behaviors are expected and one should always remember that they are in a place of holy repose. With that in mind I would like to ask whoever visited the Ashram last week and stole the furniture and fluffy pillows from the Meditation Garden to please return them. I can only assume they were taken by mistake. Many people have also been seen misbehaving on the Mooj Cam and that has not gone unnoticed. One badly behaved person was even spotted urinating in the Meditation Garden flower pots! This person was asked to leave and has now been banned from both sending mail AND visiting the Ashram.

For now I will conclude the introduction. The newsletter shall follow at this time. I hope to add conclusatory remarks in the end. I will now go off and meditate while you read the rest of the newsletter.

Blessed Reposes,

मूजपती उपवावारावा

Minion Mail

Swami Note: As usual the amount of minion Mail was tremendous. Since I have allotted only a few hours for Minion Mail reflection I will randomly select two handfuls of letters. All mail, as always, is blessed regardless of whether or not it was read or contained a donation.

Guru,

I just wanted to tell you how impressed we were when we visited your new Ashram in Maryland. Even though it was in an industrial complex it felt just like the Ashram we visited in Kerala, India last year. We saw you meditating and heard you making your *munthra* sounds (which we won't divulge, as we know a person's *munthra* is personal and confidential). We stayed for the afternoon vegetarian meal and then chanted with some others on your loading dock at sunset (not exactly the same as chanting while facing the Arabian Sea with the Western Ghats behind you). It was very peaceful except when the trucks came by. Anyway, we hope to return again!

D & S (minions # 1564 & 1565, respectively).

The Mooj Responds: There is an old Sanskrit saying: *Na abhisheko na samskaarah simhasya kruyate vane vikramaarjitas atvasya swayameva mrugendrataa*. This simply means that there is no coronation ceremony in the jungle to declare the lion king. He simply takes the crown where he finds it. So, too, is the attainment of goodness, self-realization and enlightenment. It is yours for the taking; however, unlike in the jungle where only one can be king, there is enough enlightenment for everyone. To you I send along fond blessings and effervescent tidings of joy.

—
Sir,

I live and work at an Ashram that is about 220 miles south of yours. Our ashram is a vibrant spiritual center founded by a real Guru. Our Ashram is a unique Yoga community that serves as an oasis for spiritual unfoldment. Our ashram is situated on the banks of the beautiful James River and has many mountains as a backdrop. We have a 600-acre site that is abundant with serene wooded landscapes. Our Ashram has many sacred sites, including

several options for meditation, prayer and spiritual gatherings. Our members come together from a wide range of backgrounds and nationalities and live in simple yet profound conditions that are conducive for the attainment of an easeful body, peaceful mind and useful life. The mission of our Ashram is to practice, live, and impart the Yoga teachings of our Guru and experience Supreme Peace and Joy. To me what you have in Abingdon just sounds like an office in an industrial park. I'm not sure how people can really learn anything or find real peace there. This letter is not to cast doubts or say you are not a good Guru; I'm just confused as to what kind of Guru you really are. Peace out!

Ramaswamy Johnson
VP of Marketing, Holy Ashram Credit Union
Buckingham Palace, VA

The Mooj Responds: My life is a journey that will take me across fragrant hillsides, over rugged mountains, through mystic oceans, across dense jungles, atop tall-scented trees, through darkened and damp caves, down along windy rivers, through key-stone adorned prison facades, and through, over or under many other obstacles and disagreeable places. Whereas your journey sounds to have been somewhat pleasant and tranquil as would a jaunt along some river to a mountain retreat. I am me, as you are you. Together we are WE. I cannot be compared to you and you cannot be compared to me other than to say we are not so much human beings as humans being. God has designed me and God has designed you. In many ways our Ashrams and life experiences are different; yet in many ways they are the same. I may not have 600+ acres but I do have 4,000 square feet and a nice indoor meditation garden. One does not need a golden throne made of emeralds, jade crystals and peacock eggs to talk with God. The man squatting on a rag bed is heard just as much. Remember in the end one will not care how he learned what he learned. One will just be happy to know.

—
Guru Mooj,

I visited your Ashram yesterday. I am not a devotee and admit I only came for the free vegetarian meal and goat's milk lassi. While I was sitting at the folding table with others on your Ashram's loading

dock I saw you approach me. I wasn't sure what to say or do. I never met a real Guru before. You did not say a word. You just touched me on my forehead and then white puffs of fragrant light formed in rings and then flew geyser-like out of my head in a cosmic spiral. Wow! I felt absolute peace and realized that I had wasted many years of my life not being the person I was capable of being. My fears and inhibitions melted away and I realized then what my *dharma* was. So as of now I am on the road to achievement and better self-realization. I will do what needs to be done! I'll start tomorrow. Today I can't do much. I'm basically crapping my brains out because of all the lentils I ate yesterday.

corbinbleu@duke.edu

The Mooj Responds: Thucydides, the ancient mariner, once was quoted as saying the second Trojan horse did not work out so well. Such too are the lessons we learn when we begin to think in the plane of embodied collective conscious and harmony; we should never forget who we are once we are found. I pass along humble blessings and warm affirmations of hope.



Guru Mooj,

I need to dump my girlfriend. I'm tired of her. I know she loves me but I don't care. It will break her heart but oh well. How best should I end our 15-year relationship? I was thinking of sending her a text message or something.

Minion # 1462

The Mooj Responds: *Bajaraat toori anee bhat bhatnila maari?* Listen, unwise one! Thugs may breakdown walls of temples, churches and mosques but never can a brute break the heart full of love for there is where God actually dwells—so sayeth the *Sufi Saint Buleshabut!* Oh, how true that is! Say, Minion # 1462, what kind of minion are you anyway? Obviously you have not learned much from my examples and teachings. As of this day consider yourself placed on my minion watch list.



Swami,

I have a secret admirer at work. Every morning this wonderful person sends flowers or candy to my desk with a card that says nice things like "smile" or "you're special." Sometimes at lunch when I'm really busy take-out food will mysteriously arrive. I have no

idea who this wonderful man is. Please tell me it's the handsome engineer sitting in the corner window office and not the techno geek that sits in the cube across from me who is always clipping his toe nails and staring at my breasts.

Janice Pilgrim, age 22
Fort Dietrich, MD

The Mooj Responds: *Saathiya*, why is it that sometimes people assume the worst when assessing the good intentions of others? Can genuine kindness ever be conditional? How can the tiger lily charge admission to the bumble bee? Would ever the singing wren pay rent to the sky? *Udhar tum haseen ho, my beti!* God has given us everything and now, somehow, humankind feels it is his right to take these wonderful gifts and allot them conditionally out to others. However, in your case it is more complicated because your so-called secret admirer actually is the guy in the cube across from you. I suggest you avoid the oogler and turn him into the sexual harassment authorities. His designs on you are not entirely holistic.



HOO-HA!

You Americans are such fools! You really think all that high technology crap you invented came from your own simple minds? Before 1947 you were a bunch of simpletons sitting around watching black and white TV, talking on rotary dial phones and listening to AM radio. Then after 1947—*shazam!*—you have computers, color TV, cell phones, fax machines, plus a million other high tech gadgets. Hmmm, I wonder why? Think about it, fool! It's because you stole that nanotechnology from that UFO that crashed in Roswell, New Mexico. I don't care that you're using space alien ideas but at least give credit where credit is due!

Guyd Parbat Se
Malawi, Africa

The Mooj Responds: I must admit I am puzzled as to why this letter was sent to me. The sender asks not for a blessing or advice but appears to be annoying and disparaging toward others. However, his notion is not that far fetched and does sound plausible. Rather than belay this issue further I will do a quick semi-lukewarm truth vision and see if this man speaks with wisdom. Interesting! Just as I thought; this man is full of *aloo kabobs!* The truth about how we came to realize high technology is actually very interesting. It is directly attributed to Dwight D. Eisenhower and his ambitions Federal

Interstate Highway Act of 1956. Once the highways began connecting the country Americans began traveling farther away from their birthplaces and they demanded better telephone service when they called their families at "home" so Bell Labs had to answer this demand by inventing the transistor to reduce costs and boost the reliability of phone line amplification circuitry; and, thus, operational amplifier understanding soon came to be and that naturally progressed into the printed card circuitry of today. So we can tell this Guyd Parbat Se chap to go and soak his head. I will now have to do the same to lower my brain temperature.



Dear Mooj,

I live near Bayport, MD and feel I can shed some light on something that was asked about in the previous newsletter. I think the reason people are being weird toward the Mahmood family is that they bought the Hayes House. The Hayes House is haunted. Legend has it that Colonial Thomas Hayes decapitated his wife there after he caught her being unfaithful with a squad of British Regulars during the War of 1812. Lady Hayes' headless body still wanders the grounds at night searching for her long lost head. Please advise the Mahmood family that the sooner they get out of that house the better!

Dr. Shem Lusby
Rosecroft, MD

The Mooj Responds: Yes, my friend! That would certainly make sense. Your information saves me a trip to Baywood. If the Mahmood family is still reading this newsletter they should be advised that their home may be haunted. I will issue forth a blessing and hope that it helps nullify some of the negative energy associated with the property.



Hey Mooj,

Your *Enlightenment* magazine is pretty cool. I lost my wife to my best friend and I was just about to go over there and get my revenge but then I reflected on your teachings and it made me think twice about what I was about to do. I am now a much better person because of you and your enlightened teachings. Tomorrow I shall give away all my belongings and wander the Earth in ignorance just like you!

hootman@psinet.com

The Mooj Responds: *Vinashkale vipareet buddhi!*
To those who do not speak Hindi this term simply means that when a man is running from the grim reaper he usually doesn't stop to ask directions. The opposite is true when truth, peace or good fortune appear. The diligent man will always stop to learn more about what is coming his way.



Gleeful Swami,

I work for a moving company and was moving this family last month. When I was unpacking their stuff they had a huge portrait of you. I didn't think anything about it until a week later when I was unpacking another family and they had that same giant portrait of you. I made some wisecrack about you looking like some goofball and they got really upset and told me that you were their spiritual Guru, the so-called Shree Mooj, the holy Punjabic warrior of truth from the land of Uzbek or something like that. I'm sorry if I offended you. I certainly didn't mean anything by it. How do I go about getting one of those giant portraits of you?

obaniond@smccartage.com

The Mooj Responds: *Dharmo rakshati rakshitaha!*
That ancient Bengali tongue twister simply means that when your *dharma* is protected, it protects you back. I suggest you now begin protecting your *dharma* as well as your *karma*. This is easy to do. Hanging a photo on a wall is not how you do it. Living the enlightened lifestyle is. The cost is less as well.



Mooj,

I couldn't help but notice a letter in your last newsletter from an Indian couple in Southern Maryland. They were feeling awkward about how they are being treated in Baywood. My honest opinion is that people are just being irrational. Many Southern Marylanders are superstitious by nature. The Mahmoods unwittingly bought The Hayes House. I cannot imagine a more unethical Real Estate agent than the one that sold them that house. It had been on the market for almost ten years. Obviously the fact that the Hayes House was haunted wasn't divulged. Most people won't even drive on the same street as the house! I get shivers just thinking about it myself! Legend has it that whoever buys that home is greeted with a horrific death within a year of occupation. I think people just don't want to get to know the Mahmoods because

they know they won't be around much longer. I have lived near Baywood my whole life and have seen horrible things happen to people that live in that house. The worst was in 1977 when an entire family of New Yorkers got impaled by slate roof pieces that fell off and then flew through bedroom windows during a bizarre windstorm. Then a year later a poor Scottish man and his wife fell into the old Quaker septic system and drowned. I'd tell you about the others but you get the idea. To be honest I'm not even sure why The Hayes House is haunted. Someone told me that back in 1634 English settlers got massacred there by wild Indians. (Not Hindustani Indians but the warpath whoop whoop kind.) Please advise the Mahmoods to leave that house immediately. They have less than a year before something terrible happens to them.

Ham "Veejay" Lusby, LLD
Stoney Run, MD

The Mooj Responds: This letter conforms to the previous one about the same house. I will again caution the Mahmood family to consider leaving such a poorly ambient place.



Wuuuuzzzzup!

Hey, MahaMoojie! What's happening? It's me; you're old pal, aka, the anonymous source guy from way back when. When last we corresponded I had returned to Wash DC looking for my old job at *The Washington Post*. Alas, it wasn't to be. The bossman remembereth. But I did get a job at the cross-town rival *Washington Times* (Hubba Hubba). They had an opening and I got the gig after shaving my head and pledging allegiance to some guy named Sonny Mooney (zoink).

BOY DO I HAVE A SCOOP FOR YOU! I've been doing some digging around at #1 East Capitol Street, NE, Washington, DC 20002 and found out a thing or two about a thing or two. I know how your ashram funds came and went like a Dupont Circle *astro-glydus culus flatus*. It turns out Senators Mikulsky and Biden had nothing to do with it. It was a K-Street lobbyist (that just so happens to be a card-carrying Mooj minionette). She was/is having sweltering love affairs with several U.S. Senators and was able to grease their skids in your favor. I could go on but won't as I am about to publish a Page One above the fold exposé. My article will make the stuff Woodward and Bernstein wrote about Dickhead Nixon look like Jannette Sebring Lowrey's *The Pokey Little Puppy*. **This is gonna be big I tell ya!** I mean bigger than The Teapot Dome,

Chappaquiddick, Chicago Black Sox, Thomas Hutchinson Affair, Abe Fortas Fiasco, Teamstergate, Iran-Contra, and the Keating-Clark Five scandals COMBINED! Heads will roll! Let me just say this story involves adult beverages, adult toys, adult drugs, and adult pants down around the ankle situations. Not to mention a generous dose of earmarks, Cuban cigars, Congressional fiduciary oversight payouts, partisan politics as usual, a stained red dress, implied legislative powers, the Watergate Hotel swimming pool, a busty secretary who cannot type named Elizabeth Ray, unopened subpoenas, felonious perjury, quorum calls, and an exotic dancer named Fannie Fox. **The bottom line is this ashram funding scandal goes all the way to the top and then some!** If for some reason my story is never published and/or I disappear I have sent a sealed envelope containing the facts to four random people including you. These people are Minnesota Senator Paul Wellstone, former NFL Hall of Famer Johnny Unitas, and skiffle musician Lonnie Donegan. These envelopes give specific directions on when they should be opened. You should get yours tomorrow before 10 AM (I sent it FedEx).

It is probably best that I now say goodbye and finish tying up some loose ends before I go to press with my story. As soon as things settle down after the *merda maximus* hits the fan I will come up and visit you. Wish me luck. I will need it.

v/r

Your Secret Anonymous Source at *The Washington Times* who used to be at *The Washington Post* (forget that I gave you my name a few months ago)

The Mooj Responds: I have decided not to comment on this letter as it makes no sense to me. As usual I will pass along good tidings and warm blessings to my secret anonymous reporter friend. Although I think this guy's name is Barry or something.



Guru,

I had a very troubling dream last night and would like if all possible that you could explain it. I am 56 years old and am a Scorpio if that helps any. I live with my girlfriend and her two teenage daughters. The dream was basically one of those *The Year Without a Santa Claus* type Rankin/Bass stop motion animated television special looking things. I was me as a plastic figurine and was dressed in Alpine lederhosen. There was cotton snow all over and I walked into a type of Alpine or North Pole looking

Inn and April Stevens was singing at a piano bar (she was a clay-like figure too). She was singing the song *Teach Me Tiger*. I woke up before it made any sense. Does my dream mean anything?

Rico Margera
Peach Bottom Ferry, PA

The Mooj Responds: Pull a mountain by tying a hair to it. If you succeed then you will have a mountain; if you don't you will only lose a hair. There is no harm in trying then is there? Thus, too, is dreaming about wonder and better things. Your dream tells you that you have yet to fully understand your true potential.



Mooj,

I have clarification regarding a letter posted in your last newsletter from the Mahmoods in Bayport, MD. I believe they are the same people that bought The Hayes House. No one will talk to them because people are scared! The Hayes House is haunted. It is the most haunted house in Southern Maryland. When I was a kid we used to dare each other to go inside. It was boarded up then because the owner was killed by a deer that fell out of a tree and squashed him. The county sheriff said he never saw a more bizarre accident. Ever since then I've kept my distance from that old house. Better to be safe than sorry I always say. Local legend has it that in 1779 a traveling vagabond was hung by Reverend Jeremiah Hayes after being caught stealing chickens. The vagabond's ghost still wanders the grounds looking for revenge. If I were the Mahmoods I'd get the hell out of there.

Prof. Japeth Lusby
Georgetown, MD

The Mooj Responds: I am beginning to suspect that there is more to this Hayes House than meets the third eye. Perhaps I should venture down there. I find it suspicious that so many people are concerned for the Mahmood's safety without really being that concerned. I sense that there is an organized effort to scare these poor people away from that house.



To *The Enlightenment*:

I work at the St. Mary's County Historical Society and, though I could probably lose my job for this, I am going to politely ask that you advise The Mahmood Family to leave their Bayport home. I

personally do not believe in ghosts but many around here do and most people believe their house is haunted. Legend has it that Captain Warren Hayes, the sea captain who built the house, was a cannibal. He supposedly killed his victims in the root cellar and then cooked them in the smokehouse. The souls of the eaten are said to still wander the grounds. If the Mahmoods would like me to send them a pamphlet on the trial of Captain Hayes (not for the cannibalistic murders; he was later charged and jailed for whiskey tax revolting) I can send it to them.

Mizraim Lusby
St. Mary's City, MD

The Mooj Responds: That settles it! I will pay a visit to this house to see for myself what is going on. A good truth vision will get to the bottom of things.

You've Seen Them on
PBS!



Now See Them on Their 2003
World Tour!

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- La Scala - Milan, Jan 30
- The Met - New York, Feb 3
- Sydney Opera House, Feb 12
- The Royal Opera House, London, Mar 18
- Opéra Bastille, Paris, Mar 22
- Neuschwanstein Castle, Salzberg, Apr 25
- ABC Liquor Lounge, Ocala, FL May 28
- Perks Coffee House, Norwood, MA, May 30
- Dante's Inferno, Edgewood, MD, Jun 4
- Helms Club, N. Chicago, Jul 7
- Top Of The River, Vicksburg, MS, Aug 15
- Rawhide, Scottsdale, AZ, Aug 25
- The Big Texan, Amarillo, TX, Aug 28
- Ice Centre, San Jose, CA, Aug 30
- Happy Jacks Saloon, Morro Bay, CA, Sept 3
- Hermosa Beach YMCA, Sept 15

Minion Poetry

One thing that has been missing in our newsletters of late is poetry. Poetry has been submitted; however, space limitations were abundant in previous issues. This week I would like to include some of this forlorn poetry in lieu of the latest Minion essays. I hope you enjoy these poems as much as I have. The first poem is about an earthworm; the second poem is about particle physics and the third is about ... well, actually I am not sure.

Kavishwar!

By Govardhanam Madhavram Patel, Age 12

જામ થઈ ગયો છે, વન અઠટ હડ્ડ ટ્રિંગ ટ્રિંગ!
વગાડો તમારાં હોર્ન લગાડો તમારા કોલિંગ કર્ડ
મારી ખોપડીમાં કોઈ ખલેલ પહોંચી શકે તેમ નથી
વગાડો મારા ફોનની રિંગ, વન અઠટ હડ્ડ ટ્રિંગ ।
વન અઠટ હડ્ડ ટ્રિંગ ટ્રિંગ! વન અઠટ હડ્ડ ટ્રિંગ
લગાડો તમારા કોલિંગ કર્ડ લગાડો તમારા કોલિંગ

Note: since this poem was written in traditional Gujarat it must be sung while reciting. The translation provided below is a bit harsh because of the complexity of the syntax:

**Come have a look and you will see
Somethin' in my (trouser pocket?) waiting for thee**

**It is tall and slender; like the Qutub Minar
Yet soft, fleshy and tapered; like a Bengali cigar**

**When you touch it gently it will awaken, harden and squirm
Then it will (increase in diameter?) and get real thick and firm**

**Like a mighty tiger or the humble lowly toad
Handle it (in a rugged manner?) and it surely will explode!**

Heisneberg Certainty

By J. Maxwell, PhD
(Not a minion, just a concerned scientist)

P-Branes, Superstrings, speeding though the air
10-Dimensional Membranes,
Stephen Hawking thinks they're there;
Super gravity, M-theory, tell me do we care?
Expose these scientific frauds, I say!
Tell me, *do we dare?*

Marceline the Clown

By Minion # 1728

Marceline the Clown;
Wore a sultry frown;
Put a Bullet to his head;
Now it's in his crown!

Minion Stories

This week's story comes from Minion 1653, who claims to have found this torrid and true tale at an estate sale.

Why One Should Never Anger a Ghost!

*O*nce, in the small village of Hickory, Maryland lived a fellow named Timothy Allen Groves. He was an offensive man and had few friends. The local church employed this wretch from time-to-time as a grounds keeper, which also included digging graves whenever that was required.

One day a prominent member of the parish died and Groves was instructed by the pastor to prepare the grave. Groves, in his typical style, was half drunk and unwilling to work. The pastor was annoyed and reminded Groves that there were others willing to do the job for less; and that it was mainly charity that kept Groves employed at the parish.

After badmouthing the pastor (when out of earshot, of course) Groves took off his coat,

draped it over a nearby tombstone and began haphazardly excavating dirt from the marked spot. After an hour or so of exhausting labor Groves sat down and fell asleep. The grave was barely two feet deep.

When Groves awoke he found himself leaning against an oak tree in the graveyard; it was very, very late. Groves mumbled to himself as he stumbled to his feet. He then picked up his spade and resumed digging by the light of the moon. He dug for another hour or so and then decided to call it quits as the church bell announced the midnight hour.

“Glory be!” he said aloud, “’Tis much too late for a gentleman like myself to be out here in this God-forsaken place.” He then climbed out of the hole and tossed the

shovel across the yard. After wiping the sweat from his brow and rubbing his hands on his trousers he picked up his coat and began walking home. It was then that he sensed that someone was walking beside him. He quickly turned and saw a bright figure outlined against the dark woods—*it was a ghost!*

“Go on, getaway!” yelled Groves (more annoyed than scared).

“Where are you going? You haven’t finished your job yet!” said the ghost.

“G’way!” said Groves.

“Please finish digging my grave,” continued the ghost. “I watched you work—you did a terrible job. That grave is barely four feet deep. Get back there and do your job!”

Groves cursed the ghost and continued walking. The ghost kept after him: “I say! Please finish the job! Please don’t let them burry me in a makeshift grave.”

The ghost realized he wasn’t getting anywhere with the lazy grave digger so he became upset and raised his voice slightly: “Listen, you scoundrel! You were paid to dig my grave. Now get back to work!”

“*Ha, what can you do to me? Be gone!*”

“I will not be buried in a shallow grave—get back there and finish your job!”

Groves continued walking. The ghost then began to address him more gingerly: “I say, good man, perhaps I was a bit on edge before. You see, tomorrow’s my funeral and I want things done right since my family is paying good money. Can’t you go back and prepare my grave properly?”

“*Bug-off!*” shouted Groves.

“Listen, friend, you don’t know me but I was rather particular about such things and I believe that I could never rest in peace unless my grave was dug properly. Please, good friend, what do you say?”

“*I say bug-off!*”

“I say, fellah, it’s your job you know—can’t you go back there and finish the job properly?”

“*Bug off, I said!*”

The ghost of Philip C__ins finally lost his patience: “*D__n you!* Get back to work, you scoundrel! You were paid good money to dig that grave and you did a shoddy job. *I will not let you get away with this!*”

However, Tim Groves was a stubborn man and he didn’t have enough common sense to know that one should never anger a ghost, especially one that was as particular as the late Philip C__ins. Groves ignored the ghost and walked all the way home.

The next morning the pastor was enraged—not only had Groves failed to do a proper job, he never showed up to fill in the hole after the funeral. The friends and family of Philip C__ins had to finish digging the grave and then fill it in after the body was put to rest. Groves failed to show up the next day as well—*in fact, he was never seen or heard from again!*

A hundred and fifty years have passed since that day and the tiny village of Hickory has grown substantially. However, the church and its graveyard are still there and often, late at night, I am told, one can still hear the sounds of a grave digger digging—doomed for eternity to dig under the watchful eye of a fellow ghost—one that is very particular.



Random Thoughts

This afternoon as I was mediating in my Ashram reflection Jacuzzi, Lance Worthy came in and interrupted me. He had been reading some of the Minion Mail. He asked me if I thought it odd that SO MANY letters came from Southern Maryland concerning the Hayes House. Each letter seemed to have a variation of the house being haunted. I responded in kind, and even admitted that I was thinking of taking a trip down there to do a truth meditation inside the house. Though my gut was sickened by the notion of doing such a thing (indication that something or someone wanted to keep me away) I felt that it was my duty as an enlightened Guru. "Something is definitely wrong with the house or the land it stands upon," I told Lance.

Later, when Trent Handjoy arrived at the Ashram after finishing his shift at Old Navy, Lance and I quickly pulled him aside and told him about the upcoming trip. He was very excited about it and asked to see all the letters concerning the Hayes House. After reading them he agreed that there was indeed a mystery afoot. Trent further reasoned that it was no coincidence that each letter was signed by someone whose last name was "Lusby." Someone (probably a Lusby) was definitely trying to scare the Mahmood family out of their house. But why? Yes, Trent assured us, some sleuthing was in order.

Our bags are now packed and we will leave for Southern Maryland on the morning train. Those of you visiting the Mooj Ashram next week (or perhaps next month) should be advised that I probably won't be there. But that is okay. My staff has been informed that they can accept donations and love offerings in my name. There is also a life-size Mooj ceramic figurine in the lobby that guests can sit with and rub the feet of. The Ashram gift shop will also be open most days but Sunday and holidays. I will again ask that those visiting the Ashram not do naughty things in front of The Mooj Cam or I will just have to have it disconnected.

Yours in eternal righteousness and harmony,

मृज्जपती उमवाबारावा

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

September 1, 2002

Hello Fellow Minions! Some of you may remember me. I am Intern Gus. That's actually not my real name. Back when I first came to Mooj.com to work as an intern I put "Gus" on my name badge as a joke. Everyone thought it was my real name. It sort of stuck. Anyway, the reason I am putting together this newsletter is that Our Beloved Guru, Trent and Lance are away from the Ashram this week. They are in Southern Maryland attempting to solve a mystery. What follows in this newsletter (and probably the next few) are the actual writings of Our Beloved Guru as he and his noble companions solve the mystery of the Hayes House. These writings are dispatched from the field and are posted as they come in. Since this adventure is taking place in real time it is hoped that those reading this narrative will not travel to The Hayes House and interfere with them or the outcome of this case. For S&Gs I will add a few illustrations of my own to make the mystery seem more legitimate. I always wanted to be a detective story illustrator so I guess this is my big chance.

Things are pretty quiet around the Ashram now that Our Beloved Guru is gone. People still stop in to meditate and eat the free vegetarian meals. We used to have a problem with homeless people staying for each meal but most got tired eating only lentils and now few return. One of the big rules around here is that only vegetarian food can be served. Last week we had a big scandal when a Burger King wrapper was found.

I'm not sure if Our Beloved Guru saw last week's newsletter. If he did then I am sure he was angry. I was the guy that accidentally added the photo of the girl mooning The Mooj Cam. I swear I did not do it on purpose. I was in a hurry and there were hundreds of cam shots to choose from. I found two that had Our Beloved Guru playing the sitar and naturally chose those without looking too carefully. The girl who was in the moon shot is actually an intern here. I doubt she will be here for long as Our Beloved Guru is cracking down on misbehavior. This girl is actually pretty funny. It will be sad if she gets fired. She cried when she got her newsletter in the mail and saw herself exposed like that. She was angry at me for putting it in. I told her I was truly sorry and that it was a total accident. She is actually a very nice person and hopes that her fellow minions do not think less of her for the incident. I can speak for all the other interns and say we hope she doesn't get fired. And, yes, she was also the one who snuck in the whopper. To say that she is on thin ice is an understatement.

To be honest I was braced for a firestorm when the minion mail came in this week concerning the bare-butt photo; thinking all the fuddy-duddies that complain about everything would surely complain about that. The truth was no one cared. Most people wanted to see more naked pictures of the girl. Well, that won't happen (or at least I don't think it will happen).

Well, anyway, I should be going. I have to go and sweep the loading dock. We just had an afternoon chant and most of the people attending today left behind trash and other odd-ifacts (as I call them). Don't forget we have a lost and found at the Ashram. If you lost something we probably have it. I'm surprised that the guy who left behind his glass eye and wooden leg never came back to reclaim them. The same goes for the woman who left behind her wig and crutches. And, sadly, yes. We have many pairs of unclaimed panties that seem to be left in the vicinity of The Mooj Cam.

For Now, I say Goodbye!



THE BAY ROAD MYSTERY

Chapter 1. The House on the Cliff

It was a brisk summer morning. Lance, Trent and I began our journey to Southern Maryland early. Rather than take the train as we had originally planned we decided to rent motorcycles. Trent felt that if we were really going to do serious sleuthing we should do it in the style and manner of the Hardy Boys. He also made us pack picnic lunches and bring swimming trunks in case we came across a swimming hole on the ride.

It did not take long to travel the hundred or so miles to St. Mary's City and we arrived before noon. As soon as we were unpacked we began sleuthing. The first course of action was to find the town of Bayport, since that was where the Hayes House was located. All we knew was that Bayport was near St. Mary's City. As hard as we looked we couldn't find it on any map. Trent even went to the local library to use a public computer. The town of Bayport just did not seem to exist. Finally Trent asked an old man that was standing in the middle of the road with half his hand tucked down his pants. This old man was missing most of his teeth, reeked of alcohol, and pretty much looked like he had just woken up. But he was coherent and told us that Bayport was a tiny hamlet wedged between the villages of Old Dutchman's Cove and Ancient Oaks on the Old Bay Road, just south of town. He then squinted his bloodshot eyes, threw us an angry glance, and asked us why we were so damn interested in Bayport. Trent, thinking quickly, said: "Bayport? No sir, not Bayport uh, we asked if you knew where Bay Park was." The old timer's gruff demeanor changed instantly and he said, "Oh, well dang if I know, boys. I ain't from around there." He then staggered off, sat down on the curb and appeared to smile as his lap area began to darken.

"That was a close call," said Trent once the old man was out of earshot. "I guess we're going to have to be more careful about mentioning Bayport in the future." Lance and I agreed. We returned to our motel and decided to rest. We would visit Bayport in the evening when fewer eyes were wandering about.

Once dusk settled in we rode south on our motorcycles. When we reached the village of Old Dutchman's Cove we turned left onto the Old Bay Road and headed east toward Ancient Oaks. Within minutes we arrived in Ancient Oaks. Old Dutchman's Cove and Ancient Oaks were barely a mile apart. We pulled over and Trent said: "Jeez, fellows. It looks like we missed Bayport." Lance and I agreed. We doubled back on the Old Bay Road to look for Bayport again. The next thing we knew we were in Old Dutchman's Cove. In Old Dutchman's Cove we made another u-turn and returned to Ancient Oaks.

"This is getting ridiculous," said Lance. Trent suggested that we hide our motorcycles in the woods and proceed along the road on foot. It was basically the only thing we could do. We ditched our motorcycles behind some trees and then hiked along the single lane Old Bay Road. By then it was nearly midnight and extremely dark. Every few minutes a car or truck came down the road so we turned off our flashlights and hid in the woods. About halfway to Old Dutchman's Cove Trent spotted a sign that was heavily obscured by trees. It was nearly impossible to see from the road. When Trent illuminated it with

his flashlight it read 'Bayport' and had an arrow pointing into the woods. Whatever path or roadway this sign called out for had long since been overgrown with trees and brambles. A hundred feet further up the road we found a dirt path that seemed to head in the same direction as Bayport so we followed it through the dark and dense woods. The silence and darkness of the night made us feel very uneasy.



"When Trent illuminated the sign with his flashlight it read 'Bayport' and had an arrow pointing into the woods."

Since Trent had read *The Hardy Boy's Detective Handbook* he instructed us to hold our hand in front of our flashlight lens and spread our fingers slightly to "redden" the beams to make them less noticeable from a distance. Trent also observed tire tracks in the dirt path, including one that he said belonged to a large truck. This truck had traveled down the path one way "unloaded" and then returned the other way "loaded," or at least much heavier. Trent confirmed this by making plaster casts of the tire marks and then taking careful measurements of the groove depths. Again, this was probably something he learned about doing while reading *The Hardy Boy's Detective Handbook*.

We followed the tire marks for several hundred yards until they turned onto a dirt road. At this juncture we found a dented mailbox that was freshly painted to read: The Mahmoods. *"This is it!"* said Trent. The

three of us then walked slowly up the driveway as quietly as possible. When we arrived at the house it was completely dark. Trent ordered Lance and me to remain hidden while he proceeded forward on his tip-toes and crawled onto the porch. Using evasive maneuvers he shined his flashlight through each front window and then reported back to us that the house was completely empty. Lance and I joined him on the porch to help look for clues.

While looking through the windows Trent observed numerous scratches and grooves on the floorboards. There were also many dings and holes in the plaster walls. Trent deduced that either the movers hired by the Mahmoods were extremely careless or that the Mahmoods had moved themselves with a great sense of urgency. Trent then examined several divots and grooves on the porch with his magnifying lens and told us that the marks were obviously made by dragging heavy objects across the porch. The grooves were fresh; all were less than 24 hours old.

We next explored the backyard and discovered that the property overlooked a large horseshoe shaped cove. Far off in the distance was a steamship at anchor. It was illuminated by the moon and seemed out of place in such a small cove. Trent pulled a pair of binoculars out of his sleuth kit and observed that a man was climbing down from the ship into a small rowboat that was drifting alongside. Once this man was in the rowboat he and another man began rowing toward the cliffs below us. Trent advised that we better hide in the woods and watch from afar.

In a short while Trent and Lance roused me from my slumber to tell me that a light had just come on in the attic of the Hayes House. From where we were hiding in the woods we could clearly see two men inside the house flashing signals to the ship in the cove. The ship then signaled back. Trent said that the men were using a derivative of Morse code. He thought, perhaps, it was a version used by the Royal Canadian Air Force. He took out his sleuth notebook and began taking notes, trying to decipher as much of the code as possible. When they were finished Trent admitted that he was unable to decipher the code but the fact that these men were using such a complex code was an important clue.

While we continued to stake out the Hayes House we observed more lights come on and go off inside the home while the men went from room to room. They seemed to linger longest in the basement. A short while later Trent and Lance woke me up again to tell me that the house was now dark. The air was still and we could hear the splashing sound of oars in the water. We walked over to the cliff overlooking the cove and spotted the two men rowing back to their ship. Trent had no idea how the two men got from the house down into the cove since it was at least a 100-foot drop from the top of the cliff down to the water. When the rowboat reached the ship Trent watched through his binoculars as both men climbed aboard and then saw their rowboat hoisted up out of the water. The ship soon weighed anchor and steamed away.

The house was now empty. All the windows and doors were locked. Trent dusted the exterior door knobs for fingerprints and made a few more plaster imprints of tire and foot prints he found on the driveway. Since it was now close to dawn Trent advised us that we should leave the scene. We would need to return again the following night. He was sure the steamship would return. We then headed back to the Old Bay Road to search for our hidden motorcycles. Sadly we could not find them. We had no idea where we had hidden them! We finally had to give up the search. It was a very long walk back to St. Mary's City.

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

September 15, 2002

Hi, it's "Gus." I guess I'm editing this newsletter again. We should have a pretty good issue as I was able to get Mooj Mail to Our Beloved Guru and He returned it reflected upon in his usual wise and insightful way. Our Beloved Guru also sent in the next chapter of his *Bay Road Mystery* so I will include that as well. I read it. It was pretty good.

I'm not really in the mood to write an introduction this week because of some really bad stuff that happened at the Ashram and I don't want to talk about it. To fill up this page I will show pictures of road adoption signs. For some reason Mooj Minions like to adopt highways. It is good to know so many people clean litter in the name of Our Beloved Guru.



Minion Mail

Fragrant Greetings!

I have fallen in love with a very special woman. I do not know her name. All I know is she is often displaying her buttocks on your Mooj Cam. She even graced the front page of your latest newsletter. I watch The Mooj Cam with eager anticipation and jump for joy when she enters the indoor Meditation Garden, as I know she will bless me with her wonder-hams every time. Yowzaa!!!

filbertobennett@refco.com

The Mooj Responds: One cannot reap a cucumber when a pumpkin seed is sown! I do not want to belabor this matter so I won't. All I can say about the woman is that she no longer works at the Ashram. To avoid something like this from happening again I have asked that The Mooj Cam be removed from the Meditation Garden and focus here-to-after on the perpetual meditation cushion, which is located in the lobby of the Ashram. If you have not visited the Ashram then you might not know what this is. This is a holy pooja-style sitting-pad that is continuously manned by someone meditating. Our Ashram will continue to have someone perpetually meditate in the lobby until World Peace is achieved.

Guru,

I abide gentle and humble blessings from you! This letter is to inform you that I will be visiting your Ashram in the near future. However, due to extreme poverty and poor lifestyle choices I cannot afford to pay motel fees. Is it okay to sleep in my brightly painted Volkswagen Vanagon that will be parked loudly in your parking lot?

P.S., Jess Saes: God is alive and well and living in a sugar cube!

Mumblin' Jim (on the road—again)

The Mooj Responds: Although no one should accuse the tiger of hunting too proudly; I do, however, wish to spare fellow tenants at The Fox Hill Business Park the effort of calling the police and having your bus-like vehicle towed away. Experience has shown that the average brightly painted Vanagon lasts about three hours in our parking lot; especially if smoke puffs are forthcoming

from the inside. If you are in the need of lodgings I assure you a place can be found somewhere within the Ashram. Better yet, you can sign up to perform perpetual meditation. Obviously with Lance, Trent, and me away we need volunteers, especially during the night time hours. Luckily we have a homeless man sleeping near our loading dock that is willing to perpetually meditate when a vacancy is eminent in return for a hot meal, restroom privileges and seasonal warmth. If others are interested in obtaining one of the available timeslots, a sign-up sheet is located at the front check-in desk. You are reminded, however, not to leave the meditation pad until your replacement arrives, lest the whole scheme lose its meaning.

Guruji,

I need your help. First, however, I must ask that all correspondence between us remain confidential. Thank you. Now my bewildering tale: During the Battle of the Hürtgen Forest in 1945 this guy named Jacob Waltz and I were ordered to the rear to get ammo. When we tried to rejoin our unit we got lost behind enemy lines. We thought we were goners and hid. As we waited Jake and I started to talk. We talked about everything, including family, God, friends, girlfriends, cigarettes, hobbies, baseball, and our hometowns. I hardly knew Jake before then but as we sat and talked we became regular pals. When night came we heard the sound of an approaching infantry patrol. We had no idea if they were our guys or Germans. When they turned out to be Germans we opened up on them and gave it to 'em good. When it was over the Germans were dead but Jake was hit pretty bad. As he lay there dying Jake told me that he had something very important to tell me. This is what he told me:

Jake's grandfather immigrated to America in 1839, arriving in New York City. Grandpa Waltz (as Jake called him) traveled to the gold fields of North Carolina, hoping to strike it rich. But he didn't so he moved on to Dohney, Georgia. There, too, he went bust. Finally Grandpa Waltz traveled to California during the Gold Rush and hooked up with the Peoples-Weaver Party. After many years of prospecting he followed the Peoples-Weaver Party east into the Bradshaw Mountains of Arizona Territory. By late 1869 Grandpa Waltz struck out on his own for the Salt River Valley.

When Jake got to this part of his story he started wheezing really bad. I gave him a drink of water from my canteen and told him to rest but he said he had to finish his story. So he went on:

Jake said one day Grandpa Waltz was prospecting outside the town of Lehi, Arizona when he got attacked by Apaches. He killed them and found a map on one that indicated that these red skins were searching for something called The Lost Peralta Family gold mine. The map showed that the mine was in the Superstition Mountains near a rock formation called Weaver's Needle. Grandpa Waltz knew exactly where Weaver's Needle was so he followed the map and found the lost mine. And it was a bonanza too! Tons and tons of gold were inside!!! Grandpa Waltz knew better than to attract unwanted attention to himself and his new-found wealth so he returned from the mountains with only a few nuggets of gold hidden in his pockets. He then carefully sewed them into the floor of his tent.

Since the valley below the Superstition Mountains was filled with other prospectors he avoided all mention of the lost mine and made only a few trips to the lost mine each day to retrieve small quantities of gold. Pretty soon he had so much gold that he had to buy a bigger tent to hid it inside.

Now Jake was coughing up blood really bad and I begged him to rest but he said he had to finish the story. Here Jake's tale took a turn and he explained that one day Grandpa Waltz got double-crossed by a rival prospector. The man followed him up to the lost mine. Grandpa Waltz realized this man had followed him so he shot him but not before he got shot himself. Grandpa Waltz climbed down from the mountain bleeding really badly and soon became infected. Grandpa Waltz knew he was going to die so he told the woman who was pregnant with his child about the mine and made a map for her. Grandpa Waltz then died. This woman, sadly, wasn't too good at prospecting and couldn't find the mine. About a year after her child was born she still hadn't found the mine and caught Yellow Fever. Before she died, however, she sent the map to her sister in Illinois with careful instructions to give it to her son (who was my buddy Jake's father). The sister hid the map but got killed unexpectedly. The son of Grandpa Waltz (Jake's dad) died poor and did not know anything about his father's lost gold mine.

By this time in the story Jake was near death and I begged him to rest but he said he was almost finished and went on, gasping for air. He continued:

During the fall of '41 my buddy Jake visited his Great Uncle in Illinois. This uncle gave Jake a book that

once belonged to his Great Aunt. Inside the book Jake found the map and a handwritten note explaining everything. Jake was all set to go find the lost mine except WWII broke out and he got drafted.

My buddy Jake coughed one last time. I knew he was going to die. The last thing he did was pull the map from his pocket and give it to me.

Well, you can bet your Royal Irish ass that as soon as the war was over I high tailed it to Arizona and began looking for that long-lost mine. The problem is the map Jake gave me makes no sense at all! I've been searching for that stupid lost mine for 58 years! I'm too old to keep climbing up and down those stupid mountains so I need your help. I totally trust you because you are my guru. If you can help me find the lost mine I'll give you half. Are you in or out?

"Lefty" Harper
Goldfield, AZ

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, *dosti*. I can assure you absolute confidentiality concerning this matter. I have attached a note to your letter instructing whoever it is that edits the next newsletter to **NOT** post it and to send my reply to whatever address you supplied on the envelope. As far as your offer goes I must say that I am very intrigued. Yes, a good treasure hunt might be just what I need enliven my down-trodden spirits. Sadly, I am involved in another adventure at the moment so I won't be able to help you just yet. But I will pencil you in for my next big adventure. In the meantime don't tell anyone about this lost gold mine. I hope Trent Handjoy is willing to use his boy-genius skills to help us; however, it might not be his cup of tea as the previous such treasure-hunt left his family and him destitute.



Great and Wondrous Swami,

I seek your blessings. For years I have agonized over something and I am now ready to admit my guilt. May God and my fellow beings forgive me! Back when I was a student at Yale University I was invited to join a secret society. To make a long story short I pledged this secret organization and had a very difficult time of it because the pledge master was a brutish man. I hated this guy more than words can describe. About a week before initiation the other pledges and I were moved into the basement of an old Wippenpoof House located outside the city limits of New Haven. This place served as the unofficial headquarters of the organization and was often used for secret rituals, councils, animal

sacrifices, mass paddling and other fraternal matters. On the night before initiation the pledge master arrived, roused us from our slumber, and then marched us into the darkness of night. We were then blinded by bright lights and asked questions about our loyalty while members of the organization stood around in dark robes. We were then ordered to strip naked and lie inside coffins. Next we were buried alive while the brothers danced around and sang songs about skulls and bones and stuff. I thought I was going to die but at the last minute they dug us up. Then the brothers took off their robes and we had this huge celebration and drank lots of beer. After all the good and decent brothers left the pledge master stayed behind and informed us that now the real fun would begin. We knew that what awaited us wasn't part of the normal ritual. I won't go into detail but let's just say that it wasn't pleasant. When it was over the pledge master marched us back into the basement and locked us up to await the next night's final initiation. As we lay in darkness the other pledges and I began talking. What the pledge master had done to us that night was illegal. Worse than immoral it was barbaric! None of us cared about joining the organization anymore. Revenge was our only desire!

So the other pledges and I hatched a plan. In the morning one of the pledges escaped from the basement and broke into the Medical School morgue. There he found a cadaver awaiting transport to an anatomy class. He severed a hand from the cadaver and brought it back to the house. Before the pledge master arrived for the big initiation we placed the dead hand in the toilet, standing it upright. We joked that we were going to give the pledge master a proctology exam like he never had before! Just as we suspected the pledge master arrived earlier than the others. We heard him enter the house and proceed immediately to the bathroom. We waited in anticipation but there was only silence—no scream or yell. Finally we decided to see what had happened. In the bathroom we found the pledge master dead on the floor. His hair was as white as snow! He had been frightened to death!

We had no idea what to do next. The others would arrive shortly so we had to act fast. We carried the pledge master back to his car, poured gasoline all over him, filled the inside of the car with empty beer cans, and then pushed it down a hill. We watched in horror as the car accelerated downward, bounced up and down, and then struck a tree and exploded into a ball of fire. When the others arrived they found the smoldering wreck and the remains of the pledge master. The police ruled it an accident. The other pledges and I swore an oath of secrecy and none of us have broken that vow (until now I guess). In the

end we were initiated, finished school and went on with our lives. Most of us are now extremely successful—hell; one of us is even the President! Now that I have gotten this off my chest I feel much better. Thanks.

Anonymous
Palm Beach, FL

The Mooj Responds: Even water can be held in a sieve; but only if it is freezing outside! Thus, the opposite is the thawing effect of the guilty conscious. Whenever I get a letter from some anonymous person that starts off saying "for years I have agonized over something and I am now ready to tell my story" I know that what will follow will be pure unadulterated nonsense. But not in this case! I feel this person was really trying to cleanse his soul and make things right with the Universe. The large donation to the Ashram (that I was told accompanied this letter) has inspired me to meditate for him rigorously.



Mooj,

This is just a quick note to tell you that my wife Dora and I loved your new Ashram. We visited it on the morning of September 8th and it was so peaceful and serene. We had the whole place to ourselves. How trusting you are to leave your doors unlocked for religious pilgrims like us to come and go as we please. You are the best Guru ever! We send many Oms your way!

Hank and Dora Buildaburger
Toms River, NJ

The Mooj Responds: I am happy to hear of your bewonderment. However, I am not sure why the Ashram was empty as there should have been someone manning the front desk or at least sitting on the perpetual meditation pad.



Mooj,

How wonderful your new Ashram is! On September 8th my domestic partner and I stopped in to rest, relax and meditate. We just loved sitting in those big, overstuffed beanbag chairs that were made to look like your feet. Were those bathroom fixtures real gold? And where did you get those giant sandalwood elephants? And those solid onyx barstools and jeweled shot glasses—*woof!* The next time we are in Maryland we will surely return and

meditate again. Oh, by the way, when we arrived there was nobody there. I'm not sure if someone was supposed to be there or not but nobody was. The door was unlocked when we arrived so we left it unlocked when we left. Many Oms, Great Sage!

"T-Bear,"
Charleston, SC

The Mooj Responds: This too sounds odd. I suspect someone may be delinquent with their duties.

Mooj I recently got in a fight with one of my best friends named Rada it had to do with the behavior of another girl named Mira basically we had all gone out one night to a club and Rada was dancing with this guy and I decided instead of standing by myself I would go over and stand with Mira well instead she totally backed away from me like two feet and gave me this dirty look all I wanted to do was talk about it with Rada and all she kept saying was that she never saw anything and she didn't want to get involved and she was bringing up another issue I had with another friend that had nothing to do with the conversation So we argued and finally my mom came in and calmed us both down three days went by and I called again and we talked again this time the conversation was a little more calm but it went something like me talking about stuff her telling me she told Mira everything I told her all I was looking for was a little support the conversation left me feeling very uncertain about our friendship because it's not like she was the one that was trying to work things out I was the one she was just kind of saying all these things like she's never gotten into fights with friends meanwhile she was really quick to point the finger at me for things that I did wrong but not willing ever to look at herself for any part of the conversation that she did wrong anyways I didn't blame her not even for telling Mira what I said in confidence to her I guess I'm wondering why did this happen will we be friends again what should I do please give me some advice

Kareena Karnataka, age 19
Hamilton, Ontario

The Mooj Responds: Please, *beti*, relax your unease. There is no need to use the *brahmastram* to kill a bird when a slingshot will suffice. In all honestyhood this *choti* should use punctuation to form her sentences. I have no idea what she is even asking about and I'm too upset about my Ashram to worry about it.

Mooj,

Last week I decided to get a tattoo. Since my friends call me Jewel I wanted to get that word tattooed on my lower back in BIG letters so that's what I told the tattoo guy. Afterwards people started asking me if I was a scientist and stuff. I had no idea what they were saying that so I looked in the mirror and it said "Joule" instead of "Jewel"! What the hell is a joule???????

"Jewel" not Joule
Pawtucket, RI



The Mooj Responds: When *Laxmi* is doing the *tilak* don't go for a face wash afterwards! Other than that I have nothing to soothe your ire except to tell you that James Prescott Joule was a famous brewer. I believe he invented the steam-driven kettle for beer making and became quite famous.

Hey Mooj,

On the evening of September 8th I stopped in at your new Ashram to buy one of those giant posters of you. The doors were open and the place was empty. I mean empty of everything! Even your reflection Jacuzzi was drained. I hope this doesn't mean you got robbed!

Joe Fallon
Mt. Vernon, VA

The Mooj Responds: *Chori Pe Chori!* I have been robbed! Rather than reflect on this bad news I think I will just go to sleep.

THE BAY ROAD MYSTERY

Chapter 2. The Secret Passage

After our first night of sleuthing we came to the ruddy conclusion that something was indeed going on at The Hayes House: a mysterious ship in the cove; a rowboat rowing around at midnight; lights going on and off inside the house; tire tracks in the driveway; fingerprints on the door knobs; the Mahmoods mysteriously abandoning their beloved home—yes, my friends, something was definitely afoot!

To be honest we did not do much sleuthing the next day because we had to look for our missing motorcycles. We had rented them and, unfortunately, did not buy the optional insurance. Though it doesn't factor into our Hayes House mystery I will mention that we still haven't found the motorcycles; nor do we expect to. I even used up a truth vision. All it showed was that they were in the woods somewhere. A lot of help that was.

Thus, without transportation, we were forced to move our base of operations closer to the Hayes House. As luck would have it there was a motel in Old Dutchman's Cove that had a vacancy. This motel was situated on the bluff overlooking Barmet Bay, which, coincidentally, was the same bay that the Hayes House overlooked. Trent thought this was an ideal location to conduct surveillance and watch for the return of the mysterious ship.

Our second visit to The Hayes House occurred serendipitously. It was early in the morning and Trent, Lance and I were walking back to our motel along on the Old Bay Road. We had just spent the night in a tavern called *The Ark and Dove*. Trent spotted the familiar Bayport sign and suggested that we take another look at the mysterious Hayes House. Lance and I were too tired to care one way or another so we went along without much of a fuss. As we walked along the somewhat familiar dirt road leading to the house Trent noticed that new tire tracks were deposited upon the road. Unsure of what that meant Trent advised us to stay alert and be as quiet as possible. Trent then noticed a mysterious foot path that we did not observe in the darkness on our previous hike; Trent suggested we see where it led. We followed the path to its terminus and before we knew it we were in backyard of the Hayes House. To our horror a tall slender elderly woman was standing there wearing only a bra and panties. She was hanging laundry on a clothesline. Before we could duck back into the woods the woman gave us the evil eye. Trent realized that it was useless for us to hide so he called out to the woman and told her that our car had broken down and he wondered if we might use her telephone.

"Tain't got one. Now buzz off!" said the woman as she spit tobacco threw her missing teeth. We thanked the old lady, excused ourselves, and walked back into the dense woods. When we reached the dirt road Trent yelled, "*Look!*" He was pointing up the lane to the mailbox. Instead of saying The Mahmoods—as it had a few nights before—it now read Abram and Sarah Lusby.

When evening came Trent roused Lance and I from our slumber. He said we needed to return to The Hayes House. The mysterious ship was back in the bay. We found the familiar dirt road off the Old Bay Road and took it to the Hayes House. From a considerable distance we observed that the Hayes House was now lit up. The same woman that we had seen in the morning was now clothed and sitting on the front porch smoking a cigarette. A fat man sat next to her but we could not see what he was doing. Trent looked through his binoculars and said it looked like he was shucking oysters. A few minutes later we heard the house telephone ring.

"It appears that the lady told us a lie this morning about not having a phone!" whispered Trent. We watched the woman get up and go inside. A few moments later she poked her head out from behind the screen door and yelled something to the man. He got up, rubbed his hands on his pants, and then went inside. After a few minutes the man and woman emerged together from the house, locked the front door, and then got into a dark sedan that was parked in the driveway. After they had driven away Trent decided we needed to look around inside the house. "This may be the only chance we get," he said. Before entering the house, however, Trent studied the bay with his binoculars. The mysterious ship was gone. The coast was clear.

Trent quickly climbed inside the house through an open window and unlocked the front door for Lance and me. We entered the house and observed that it was moderately furnished. To the untrained eye it would appear that the Lusbys had been living there for years. We knew better because we had seen the house days before completely empty. Trent suggested that we begin our search in the basement. We found the cellar door and climbed down into the damp darkness. Using our flashlights we discovered that the cellar was filled with large machines. "These are printing presses!" said Trent after lifting a canvas tarp. "*And look,*" Trent continued, "there's money hanging everywhere!" Trent was right! There were dozens of freshly printed \$20 bills hanging by clothespins on makeshift wires that were strung across the room. "*These Lusbys are counterfeiters!*" said Trent.

Then all of a sudden Trent yelled: "*Kill your flashlights!*" In the darkness we saw dim headlights shine across the cellar wall through the windows. Someone had just driven into the driveway. We made our way to the rear of the cellar to hide. We sat in silence as the floorboards above us creaked. Then the cellar door scraped open and we heard a soft "click." The cellar was now awash in bright florescent light! We had only a few moments to find a better hiding spot. Seconds later footsteps were heard slowly coming down the cellar stairs. From behind a large crate we could see four people enter the space. Two of the four were Sarah and Abram Lusby. The other two were dressed in wool pea coats and appeared to be seamen. From our hiding spot we could easily hear them discuss their operations. It turned out that these crooks were not only counterfeiters, but also smugglers, kidnappers and car thieves. They were also planning a heist of someplace called the Applegate Tower. "*Holy crap,*" whispered Trent. "This is like the first four Hardy Boy books all in one!"

When the four crooks were done disguising their crimes the fat Lusby man walked over to a hidden lever, pulled it, and a wall near where they stood slid open. "*A secret passage!*" whispered Trent. The crooks then stepped inside and disappeared into a dark tunnel. A few seconds later the secret door closed behind them.

After discussing whether or not it was wise to follow the crooks through the secret passage (something the Hardy Boys would do) Lance and I convinced Trent that it was best just to get the hell out of there. So we did.

Random Thoughts

An Afterward from Swami: After we returned to our motel last night Trent, Lance and I had a big talk. This Hayes House mystery is a bit more complicated than we had originally thought. It's one thing to solve a mystery about smugglers or just counterfeiters or just kidnappers or just car thieves. But when we are going up against smugglers that are also counterfeiters, kidnappers and car thieves—well that's a bit too much. Trent admitted to me that it had always been his life's ambition to be an amateur detective. He claims he grew up sneak-reading Hardy Boy and Encyclopedia Brown style books (he had to sneak read them because he was a certified boy genius and his parents, tutors and college professors discouraged him from adolescent reading). I must admit that I too was caught up in the whole detective adventure thing. Reading my chacha's Depak Chota adventure stories really had me thinking how much, as a young man, I wanted to be a hard-boiled private eye too. I guess it is one thing to sit in an Ashram and have truth visions. It is an entirely different matter to have truth visions about people that have guns and are not afraid to kill you for being nosy. Trent, Lance and I will conclude our sleuthing now and return to the Ashram tomorrow morning. We have had enough of Southern Maryland and all the Lusbys that live down here.

Speaking of my Ashram, I must sadly report that it was robbed last week. From what I understand everything was taken; even the carpeting, toilets, and copper pipes. The *bastardgees* even took The Mooj Cam! These are sad times when an Ashram can be robbed in broad daylight. (I guess it would have helped if someone didn't leave the place unlocked and unattended for the day.) As soon as I get back I will look into this matter and express my disappointment upon those responsible for whatever negligence took place.

Before I end this newsletter I must make mention of something I am legally compelled to address. A few weeks ago I inadvertently made a sports prediction for this year's forthcoming World Series. As a result I was sent a warning (a grizzly one at that) from The Great Thinker's Society. This super secret New World Order-style organization claimed that I took money from them not to reveal outcomes of significant future events. I guess the World Series is such an event. To be honest I have no recollection of making this prediction, or of this organization; nor do I remember promising anyone that I would not for-tell future events. But I am a Guru of my word so

I will adhere to whatever agreement I had and ask all subscribers of this newsletter that if you still have in your possession Volume VI, Issue Number 8 PLEASE use a permanent marker to darken over the World Series team that was mentioned.

Here is a funny thought: Since I cannot reveal future events I wonder if I can reveal past ones? I say this because the other night while I was performing a truth vision mediation to find our missing motorcycles I had an out of body occurrence that took me much farther back in time and into a deeper level of unconsciousness than I had ever gone before. I saw significant events occur as if I were watching them happen. For example, I saw how Stonehenge, the pyramids, Atlantis, and all the other wonders of the ancient world were built. It was very interesting and involved technologies that most of us do not know about. Then I witnessed a few random contemporary historical things like D.B. Cooper landing in the woods with a parachute and then riding off on a horse; the Black Dahlia murder guy, dressed in a doctor's smock, driving away; those guys escaping from Alcatraz in a raft and landing on Baker Beach; the CIA man in the sewer shooting at JFK's motorcade in Dallas; and a bunch of others. It was all very interesting! My favorite part of the vision was the realization of things I had always wondered about, like: is the Bermuda Triangle real? Was Jesus really covered in the Shroud of Turin? Who really drew the Piri Reis map? Where is the Arc of the Covenant now? Are crop circles real? I didn't take notes but I think I can remember most of what I saw. Perhaps I can write about some of these mysteries in upcoming newsletters. Perhaps I will.

Well, I guess that about sums it up. I will return to my vacant Ashram tomorrow. We would leave tonight except that I promised Trent that we would sneak back one last time into the Hayes House and go inside the secret passageway we discovered last night. Trent told me that it has always been his life-long passion to go inside a real secret passageway. To be honest I have always wanted to do that too.

Yours in Embodied Collective Realization,

मज्जपती उषावारावा

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

LAST ISSUE – November 2002–

I put off publishing this final newsletter for sometime. Although I was not involved in Swami's latter days I remained a loyal and loving friend for many years. I feel honored that so many of you wanted me to be the one that edited this final newsletter. For those of you who don't know me my name is Victor Taylor. For many years I was President of The Mooj Memory Bank and keeper of Swami's official archives.

People often ask me what my Minion Number is. The truth is I was never an official Minion. I met Swami Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba while working at the Chester County Jail. I was just beginning my career in law enforcement. Although it was against regulations to fraternize with prisoners I got to know Guru Mooj. He was unlike any of the other prisoners. He seemed too holy and enlightened to be in jail. While other prisoners looked and smelled awful, Swami Mooj always looked radiant and smelled of sandal wood. One day he saw that I was troubled and touched my forehead and then I saw white rings of effervescent light pulsate out. At that moment I felt happier and more peaceful than I had ever felt in my life. I knew that something wonderful was in store for me. I could go on but won't. I will only add that I did everything I could to help Swami Mooj while he was in jail and it cost me my job. It also cost me my marriage (but that is a different story altogether).



By now all of you know that Swami Mooj is missing and presumed dead. In late September Trent, Lance and He checked out of their motel near Bayport. They were never seen or heard from again. Three or four days later motorcycles rented in their names were found in the woods behind The Ark and Dove Tavern but the police felt it wasn't an important clue because these motorcycles had been reported missing before their disappearance. The police also found a bloodstained *dhoti* and *purgree* floating in the bay. I tried to get these items for the Ashram as holy relics to pray over but because they were made from sheets stolen from the motel where Lance, Trent and The Mooj were staying they had to be returned. An Amish looking hat was also found. The hat was riddled with bullet holes.

I would like to ask that while you are meditating and praying for Lance, Trent and Swami Mooj please include Barry Graham in those prayers as well. He was the anonymous scoop guy that often sent Guru Mooj letters with zany sound effects. His colleagues at *The Washington Times* report that he has been missing for over a month too. Before he disappeared he mailed important information about a congressional investigation he was working on to Swami Mooj. An intern named Gus remembers seeing the package arrive on September 6th or 7th and he says that he locked it in the Ashram safe. A day or two later the safe and just about everything at the Ashram was stolen. The thieves even removed and took the plumbing and toilets. I suspect that the Ashram robbery and disappearance of Handjoy, Worthy, Graham and Swami Mooj are related. I have placed several calls to the FBI trying to get someone to look into the matter but they give me the runaround. One person even told me that the FBI no longer works on Mooj-related cases. This guy then had the gall to suggest that Our Guru faked his death so that he could go and secretly find the Lost Dutchman Mine in Arizona. The same person then laughed and said "or better yet, it might have been the work of The Great Thinker's Society because The Mooj was about to expose how the ancient pyramids were built using Scottish Rite Freemasonry secrets." In the background I heard another agent laugh and say that he thought The Lusby Gang got them. This is no joking matter and I am upset that the authorities are not taking this disappearance seriously.

Sadly, now that people think Our Guru is dead donations to The Abingdon Ashram have all but dried up. In fact, the place has been boarded up. The landlord at The Fox Hill Corporate Center has listed the space and it looks like it will be leased as soon as they replace the missing pipes, toilets, wiring and drywall.

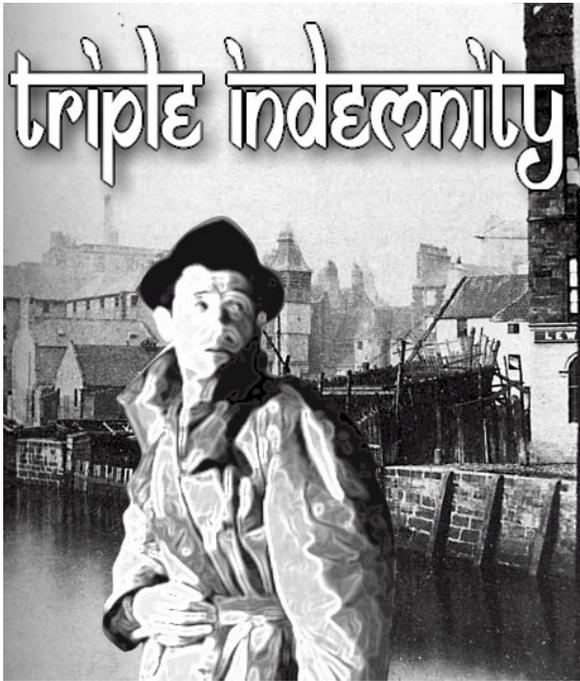
Those of you who knew Guru Mooj as well as I did know his biggest dream of all was to build that Ashram. His Ashram could have been anywhere: the mountains of India, the jungles of Brazil, the tundra of the Klondikes, or even a strip mall in suburban Maryland. Where it was located was not important. The fact that it was a holy place to go and be with his devotees while he chanted, played sitar and meditated was all that mattered. I cannot put into words how sad it is that once that Ashram was finally built it lasted only four weeks. That Ashram may no longer stand erect but our hearts do; and I, like many of you, will never forget the wonders and works of Our Guru. May **Sri Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba** reign supreme in his next life or this one if he is still with us!

Yours in The Mooj,

Vic Taylor

Those looting the holy Ashram put everything into large trucks that were pulled up to the loading dock. Somehow an envelope fell between the building and loading dock bumper guard. I found the envelope, opened it, and saw it contained an issue of *Kaala Haath*. I'm sure no one will mind if I print the Depak Chota story in the issue. In many ways this seems a fitting way to end these *Enlightenments*.

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in



Though it was early afternoon the sky outside was as dark as midnight. Depak Chota, the famous private eye, sat at his desk spinning a revolver. The monsoon rain was driving hard against his office windows. It had been raining like this for days and Depak was feeling restless. He needed to do something. He needed to go somewhere. He needed something big to happen. Depak stood from

his desk and checked his pockets. They were empty and he was hungry. He had not worked in weeks. Actually, it was more like a month. He searched his filing cabinet for a bottle. When times were good he sometimes stashed one there. When times were bad, like then, he would find one. He did not find a bottle but he did find an envelope. It had money inside. He couldn't remember putting it there but was happy he did. Depak pulled down his window shade, turned off his desk light, and locked the office door.

About an hour later Depak was standing beneath the awning of a crowded *laddoo* shop. The rain was coming down in sheets and he had just eaten a small meal. He was now waiting to see who walked by. **Bingo!** He saw two men he recognized and followed them into a bar. The men worked for The East Indian Detective Agency. Depak did too, once—ten years earlier.

Depak sat several bar stools away from the men and waited for one of them to notice him. "Chota!" yelled the taller of the two men when he saw Depak. Depak moved from his stool to one next to the man that just called his name. Depak needed to drink that day and he certainly couldn't afford to do it on his own. Drinks were ordered and soon the talk turned to business. It was then that Depak's drinking companions learned that he was looking for work. The gumshoe trade was slow on Hosoor Road he told them. The tall man told Depak that there was money to be had in Madras if Depak was interested.

"Gumshoe work?" asked Depak.

"No, more like hired gun work," said the tall man. He then added: "Our bureau chief doesn't want anyone at the agency to touch this one for understandable reasons. The money is good that's all I know."

Depak gave the tall man his card and told him to have the man in Madras contact him. That afternoon Depak's desk phone rang. It was the man from Madras. No names were given and Depak was asked if he was interested in the job. He was. The soft voice on the phone told him to go and pick up a train ticket at the Express Office. There would be money waiting too. Depak was glad to hear that; it meant he would eat that night.

The next day Depak disembarked from a train in Madras and looked for a contact. No instructions had been given but Depak knew the drill. He just had to keep his eyes and ears open; someone would know him. Someone did. It was a fat Tamil with greasy fingers, missing teeth and a runny nose. Depak followed the man to his car and then observed the scenery of the sea-side city from the backseat of a polished Austin Twelve-Four sedan. Depak noted that the Tamil drove like a maniac; and then he further noted that everyone else in Madras drove like maniacs too.

Depak exited the car once it was parked between two large brick warehouses and followed the Tamil inside a building that had the words Veysarpadi Ship Works painted across the façade. He followed the Tamil down a long hallway and up metal stairs into an office that was brightly illuminated by large open windows.

"Welcome," said a voice Depak recognized from the phone. The man looked nothing like Depak had imagined. Depak expected a tall and swarthy man. This man was anything but that and had eyes that were dark as coal. The thing Depak noticed foremost, however, was that he had a shiny bald head. Depak could sense that although this man came across as being jovial he was not a man to cross. Depak knew he was a man that could hurt someone really bad.

Depak sat in a chair that was pointed to by the bald man. The bald man then put his cigar in his mouth and poured Depak a generous drink. As he handed the drink to Depak he said: "You met Rajeesh Subramaniam I trust (the bald man nodded toward the silent Tamil)." Depak said that he had. The bald man then told Depak that Subramaniam would show him where he was staying. Subramaniam quickly stood and so did Depak as he finished his drink in one quick gulp and followed the fat Tamil out of the office.

Later that evening Depak was sitting in the front room of a flophouse. It was a narrow two-story brick structure that had its windows blackened with paint. Depak wasn't sure what that meant. From where he sat Depak could smell and hear the waterfront. Depak heard the door unlock and then saw two seedy-looking men come in the house. They looked like trouble.

"Hey, you the new guy?" asked one of the men. Depak said that he was. The man then asked: "Do you know what the job is going to be yet?" Depak told the man that he didn't. The man got excited and said: "A British warship is coming to Madras tomorrow and the boss wants us to ..."

The second man interrupted the first man and reminded him that he wasn't supposed to say anything about the gem heist. The first man got a stupid expression on his face and then tried to quickly change the subject. After talking with both men for a while Depak realized these mugs were about as sharp as river stones. This was going to be a one-man job if he was only working with these two.

All of a sudden the front door swung open and Subramaniam entered the flophouse carrying food and drinks. He told Depak and the two other men that the job was on for the next day and that he would pick them up early in the morning. Subramaniam then grabbed Depak as he was about to eat and told him the boss needed a quick word with him first. Depak followed the fat Tamil outside to an idling automobile. The bald man was sitting in the backseat smoking a cigar.

"Get in," said the bald man as opened the door. "I know I can trust you because you came recommended by someone I know very well. There's a nice paycheck in it for you tomorrow if all goes well." The bald man then took a drag on his cigar, blew the smoke out quickly and continued: "Tomorrow morning the *HMS Dorsetshire* will dock at the Veysarpadi Yard Pier. Aboard her is *The Eye of Kshatriya*, a 22 caret black diamond. This jewel is one of a kind. This National Treasure was stolen from India long ago and has been hidden in the Tower of London for over 100 years. It is our job to retrieve this jewel and return it to where it rightfully belongs. I cannot tell you how the jewel was put aboard the *HMS Dorsetshire* but it was. The two men you met inside that house will be working with you tomorrow. They can be trusted. From this point on you will get your orders from Subramaniam. That is all you need to know. Got that?" Depak did.

Depak returned to the flophouse and regretted taking the job. Somehow he was now mixed up in a royal gem swipe. Worse, it involved sneaking onto a

British warship. That sounded like a dead end job to him (emphasis being on the word 'dead'). Depak had been in many tight spots before. This was just going to have to be another one.

Later that evening there was a loud knock on the door of the flophouse. It was a man Depak had never seen before but the two others knew him. The stranger asked Depak's housemates to go out with him and have drinks. Depak's new associates invited him to come along too. Depak figured he might learn something if he went but he didn't. Depak decided to call it quits after several rounds of Gimlets in a dimly-lit waterfront bar. He knew he needed to have a clear head the next day. His two flophouse mates, however, didn't seem to care what condition they were in then or later; they stayed with the stranger and kept drinking.

It was now almost midnight as Depak walked along the dark cobblestone street back to the flophouse. The fog was as thick as pea soup. He could hear a fog horn in the distance and saw many shadows lurking in darkened alleys and doorways. His gut told him to be careful; he trusted his gut; it was never wrong. Depak patted the revolver that was next to his heart. That revolver was Depak's best friend. When they were together Depak never worried about anything. Depak decided to take his friend out and hold him in his hand. A moment later a dark figure came upon him, saw the gun in Depak's hand and then faded away into the fog. "That was close," thought Depak.

Early the next morning Depak heard a loud thud on the door. Depak unlocked it and saw that it was Subramaniam. The fat Tamil looked as pleasant as ever. He was there to pick everyone up. Depak wasn't even sure if the other men came home the night before. He never heard them return. Subramaniam found them sound asleep in their beds and woke them by throwing water on them from a pail. Depak took one look at them once they were dressed and knew they were going to be of no help to him that day.

Subramaniam brought Depak and the two other hired guns back to the Veysarpadi Ship Works. The bald man was waiting when the four men entered the building. It was still very foggy outside and the fog horn could still be heard in the distance. Depak saw through the large open front doors that dock workers were mustering outside. The bald man frowned when he saw the condition of Depak's hired gun companions. He said something to them privately that made them straighten up and try to look more alert. The bald man then took Depak aside and said: "One of them (he pointed to the dock workers) will retrieve the diamond. Your job is to

shoot anyone that comes near it besides Subramaniam or me. Got that?" Depak did.

Subramaniam, now dressed in a British civil service uniform, came out of an office and led the dock workers and hired guns to the pier. The *HMS Dorsetshire* was berthed there. She still had steam in her engines and was being secured to the dock. Once the gangway was lowered and placed between the ship and pier Depak and the other hired guns followed Subramaniam up the gangway to the ship's quarterdeck. They were challenged by the officer of the deck and Subramaniam gave the British officer his orders. The British naval officer read them and allowed the four men to come aboard. Subramaniam told the officer of the deck that Depak and the two other men were the *boss-wallahs* of the dock workers. The British officer didn't seem to care one way or the other. Subramaniam then called down and had his workers come aboard one man at a time. While the dock workers came aboard Subramaniam took Depak aside and told him to pay attention to the dark man in the white turban (he really stood out because he had a very long curled up moustache and thick beard). He was carrying a tool bag. "Keep that *sardar* in your sights at all times! Once he hands the diamond over to me you will guard me with your life. This fog will be good to hide us when we leave the ship but you must stay close to me at all times. Understand?" Depak did.

It was actually a simple job. Depak watched the *sardar* enter a storage locker, find a power panel, open the panel cover, and then replace what looked like a fuse. Subramaniam showed up out of nowhere and took the fuse. Depak and the two other hired guns then walked behind Subramaniam as he made his way back to the quarterdeck and the four men then climbed down the gangway single file. Subramaniam lead the way; Depak went second. On the pier the four men walked slowly along the navy yard cobblestones. The Veysarpadi Ship Works building was about a hundred yards away. The fog had lifted slightly but it was still thick in places. "Stay close," whispered Subramaniam as the four men entered a narrow alleyway next to the Veysarpadi Ship Works building. Subramaniam stopped and opened the side door and then stepped inside.

That's all Depak remembered. Depak sat up and the first thought that entered his mind was that the guys he was told he could trust weren't that trustworthy after all. A few seconds later Depak realized the bald man was standing over him. He was in a rage. He wanted to know what happened to the diamond. Depak did not know. Something bad just happened to his head and Depak needed to think about that first. Several men were now there and everyone wanted to know where the diamond was. Depak was

pulled to his feet by people he didn't know yet. They brought him into an office with Subramaniam. The semi-conscious fat Tamil was just as confused as he was. Subramaniam and he were tied to chairs and Depak knew what was coming next.

"Where the hell is the diamond!" screamed the bald man as he slapped Subramaniam across the face. Subramaniam didn't know. Depak closed his eyes. He knew the slap and question were headed his way next. Finally things calmed down and the bald man realized he was wasting valuable time. He ordered the pier and warehouse searched for the two missing hired guns. Depak would have helped in the search except that he was still tied to the chair.

He and Subramaniam were all that remained in the office now. Subramaniam was suddenly very talkative. The fat Tamil didn't know anything. He got sapped from behind. The diamond was gone. That's all he knew. That's all Depak knew too. Subramaniam was trying to put the pieces together. "Those two men!" the fat Tamil kept saying, "I warned the boss not to use them! They were nothing but trouble! I kept telling the boss that! Now they are going to cost us our lives!" Depak was hoping that the fat Tamil was wrong about that.

The bald man came back into the room in a few minutes. By then the fat Tamil was sobbing and begging his boss not to hurt him again. The bald man kicked the fat Tamil. The blow was so hard that Subramaniam's chair fell sideways. Depak thought it was the funniest thing he ever saw but dared not to laugh. Subramaniam continued to sob as he sat sideways on the floor.

The bald man ordered someone to untie Depak. Depak could not feel his hands anymore; they were numb as he tried in vain to move his fingers once his wrists were free. Depak was all ears when the bald man told him: "Listen, *yar!* Those two men have the black diamond. You are going to find them. Understand?" Depak did. Depak needed work. Now he had more than he could handle but knew better than to try and negotiate a pay raise.

The bald man gave Depak back his gun. Depak quickly returned to the doorway where the knock over happened. Someone obviously sapped the fat Tamil and him from behind when they went through the doorway. Depak should have known better than to let anyone walk behind him like that. There was one of the saps. Depak saw it sitting on the cobblestones next to the building. It was a simple leather pouch filled with lead—a Bengali bushwhacker they were called. From where it lay on the ground Depak could deduce it was thrown as the man using it ran "that way." That way led down the

waterfront to a row of large warehouses. Depak knew there was little more he could find in the Veysarpadi Ship Works building. Those two guys and the diamond were long gone.

Depak then began to wonder if those two guys were really as stupid as he thought they were; maybe it was just an act. No. He was pretty sure it wasn't. The one thing Depak could do was read faces. Those guys were definitely dim. So maybe they were too dumb to return to the flophouse and collect their belongings? By then Subramaniam had been untied from his sideways chair and instructed to help Depak. The poor fat Tamil's face looked like a swollen mango. Depak told Subramaniam to get his car. Depak's hunch was right: the two men had left everything behind at the flophouse. Depak went through it all and took notes. The fat Tamil asked Depak what it all meant and Depak ignored him.

Depak then asked the fat Tamil a question he hadn't thought to ask until just then: "Who hired those two guys?"

Depak was then amazed to learn that they were the bald man's nephews and the boss hired them. Depak didn't know what to make of that. So he figured it was time to go back and talk to the bald man. The boss wasn't so tough anymore. He was also, by then, much calmer. Depak found that odd. He seemed to have regained his composure. He asked Depak if he found the other two men. Depak answered his question with a question: "Say, boss. Why did you use your nephews on this job?"

The bald man actually gave Depak a straight answer. Depak learned that the nephews were basically two-bit hoodlums and weren't afraid to use a gun. That was all that was required for the job. The bald man never thought they'd double cross him. He had always been good to them. The bald man had no idea where they might be now. He could give Depak names and addresses of friends and relatives but Depak told him to save his breath. He found their address book at the flophouse.

Depak went back outside and stood on the navy yard cobblestones. The fog had completely lifted by then. Depak set fire to a cigarette and looked around to see everything now that it was daylight. Nothing looked out of place. Depak then started thinking. He was sure that the bald man's nephews were too stupid to pull off something as big as this. Plus, they were pretty drunk the previous night. Depak watched them put away drink after drink with that stranger. That morning they could barely function. They couldn't even stand up straight! How could they deliver two precision blows at the same exact moment, through a small doorway, and then snag a

diamond from Subramaniam's pocket before the fat Tamil even hit the ground?

So who was the mysterious man that came to the flophouse the previous night and invited them out for drinks? The bald man didn't know. Subramaniam didn't know. The only thing Depak knew about the stranger was that the two nephews seemed to know him. This mysterious man—whoever he was—was, thus, somehow involved. This mysterious man must have heard about the jewel somehow. Those two drunken idiots must have had loose lips after Depak left the bar. Or maybe the mysterious stranger knew the black diamond was coming and befriended the nephews as part of a well-organized swipe. One thing was certain: one guy couldn't sap both Depak and Subramaniam at the same time. If it was the mysterious stranger then he had help.

So what happened to the bald man's nephews? They were walking behind Depak and Subramaniam the whole way back from the pier. *Or were they?* That fog was awfully thick. Depak retraced the route taken by the four men as they came off the ship. Depak remembered that they had walked along a row of warehouses before entering the Veysarpadi Ship Works building. Could it be that simple? **It was!** Depak found the nephew's bodies lying behind some barrels in one of the warehouses. The nephews were dead as dead could be thanks to whoever cut their throats.

So how did Subramaniam and he luck out and only take a lead sap to the head when throat cutters were after that diamond? It was all a matter of timing and good fortune Depak guessed. The two nephews were an easy target being semi-sober stragglers. But one can't just cut someone's throat quickly and quietly. Depak knew from experience it was really quite a struggle and could last several seconds or even minutes. Subramaniam and Depak must have reached the Veysarpadi Ship Works doorway by the time the killers had finished their dirty work and caught up with them. The thieves had to get that gem before they entered the Veysarpadi Ship Works building. A sap was the only sure fire way to get into someone's pockets quickly.

It was a long shot but maybe Depak could find the mysterious man that came to the flophouse the previous night. Depak told the bald man after the nephew's bodies were recovered, secretly bagged, weighed down, and dumped into the harbor that he would begin searching for the stranger immediately. The bald man told Depak to hang it up. He was tired of wasting time. The black diamond was probably miles from Madras by then. The bald man needed professional help and he needed it fast so he had already sent a wire to The East Indian Detective

Agency. Depak's services were no longer needed and he was relieved of his duties. He would, however, be required to stick around to help identify the mysterious man that called at the flophouse. Depak was the only person alive who knew what that man looked like.

Darkness once again returned to the waterfront and Depak could hear the fog horn outside. He was back at the flophouse again. Subramaniam was also staying there now too. The boss must have wanted him to keep an eye on Depak. The East Indian Detective Agency ops arrived that evening and the junior ops were put up at the flophouse. Depak did not know any of them; they were newcomers to the agency. They knew who Depak was though. Depak could sense that they thought little of him. One of the men even joked that they were there to clean up his mess. Depak smiled but did not laugh. He knew it was true.

Later that evening there was a knock on the flophouse door. *Could it be ... ? It was!* It was the mysterious stranger. The man was looking for the two nephews again. He wanted to go and have drinks with them again. Subramaniam walked into the front room to see who was at the door. Depak told him that it was just some drunk looking for his wife. Subramaniam looked over the man (the man certainly looked drunk). The fat Tamil frowned and then told Depak to get rid of the bum; he then returned to the kitchen where the others and he were playing cards.

"Listen, pal, your friends are away tonight but I have some money. I want to go and have drinks with you, okey? I will meet you on the street after I get my coat. Go wait for me." whispered Depak.

Depak wasn't sure if he was allowed to leave the house. Obviously the fat Tamil was there to ensure he didn't if that was the case. After Depak closed the door Subramaniam stuck his head back out of the kitchen to make sure Depak was still there. Depak knew then that he was going to have to sneak out. Depak walked into the kitchen, grabbed a bottle (there were several sitting on the sink) and told everyone good night. He said he needed to sleep and drink and wasn't sure in what order he was going to do it. Subramaniam blew Depak a sarcastic kiss and watched him go into a back room while cards were being dealt.

Just like that Depak was outside. The stranger was standing under a street lamp near the house. Depak handed him the bottle he took from the kitchen and the two men walked along the cobblestone street. Since the man was already half drunk it didn't take much more to get him to really loosen up. It turned

out that the man met the nephews only three nights before at some waterfront bar. He drank with them again the following night (the night Depak went along); and now he wanted to drink with them again. All the man knew about them was that their uncle owned the Veysarpadi Ship Works. Depak asked the man if anyone had ever asked questions about the Veysarpadi Ship Works or a British warship while he was with the two men. To Depak's surprise the man answered: "Yes. On the first night two good-looking Tamil women joined us for drinks. Those chaps were new to town and did not shy away from the female companionship. They talked like big shots and told these women that they were important men who had come to Madras to do an important job. Those women seemed very interested."

"Do you remember what they told the women?"

"No. I was pretty lit by then. All I remember was they kept talking like big shots and buying the women drinks; it was after midnight when they left the bar with these women and I followed them to the house on Blacktown Road. That's how I know where they live."

"Have you seen these women lately?"

"Sure! I saw 'em tonight. They were on Rayapet Road."

Ten minutes later Depak and the stranger were standing in a dimly lit waterfront bar. The two Tamil women were sitting in a booth with two British sailors. The sailors were very drunk and so were the women. The women were Tamil alright; but to say that they were good looking was a stretch of the imagination. Depak saw that they were hop-heads too. Depak needed desperately to get those women alone. There was only one way to do it and it wasn't going to be friendly: he used the Bengali Bushwacker he found earlier to send both sailors to sleepsville when they had their backs to him in the loo. Hopefully someone would wake them up before their ship sailed.

"*Whoerooo?*" asked one of the Tamil women as Depak sat down in the booth next to her.

"I'm the man of your dreams, *moustache mouth*. Anyone ever tell you that you have a face so ugly that it would make a train take a dirt road?"

"My, you are so very rude," said the woman as she put a cigarette into her mouth (it took several tries); Depak lit it. Depak then told the stranger to sit down next to the other woman.

"Now, *hook nose*, where's that kiss you promised me?" said Depak as he pulled the cigarette out of the mouth of the woman sitting next to him and threw it across the room.

The woman leaned over and kissed Depak. Not only was this woman ugly but her breath stank. Depak decided to forgo the sweet talk and just get down to business. "Say, *swine breath*, there's a big party tonight at The Viceroy Club. I bet my pal and I can get you dames in regardless of how ugly you two are."

Depak wasn't sure why that kind of talk worked with women like that but it did. The stranger and he had to help the woman get to their feet. Outside Depak hailed a cab and whispered to the *taxi-wallah* to take them to the Veysarpadi Ship Works. Depak had a parting gift to leave for the bald man.

When they arrived at the Veysarpadi Ship Works the main building was lit up with electric lights and several automobiles were parked in the alley. Depak gave the stranger some money and told the man to stay in the taxi and go home. He then made the man promise to never return to the house on Blacktown Road again. His life depended on it.

Depak then had the taxi driver help him carry the women by their arms and lean them against the Veysarpadi Ship Works side door. Using the butt of his revolver Depak pounded on the metal door until it was unbolted from inside. When the door was open Depak pushed the two drunken women inside and let them fall onto the floor. Standing inside the room were many important looking people. The bald man was there too. A big pow-wow going on.

Depak could read faces. What he saw in the bald man's dark eyes that instant told him something important: the bald man knew the two hop-heads. Depak had never factored the bald man into the equation.

There was silence around the room. No one knew what to say or do. Depak looked around and recognized some familiar faces in the crowd. The elite team from The East Indian Detective Agency was there. So the big guns had been called in on this one. Good. The bald man was going to need them if he was really hoping to find that diamond.

Depak decided to finally talk. He told the bald man: "These two ugly ducks know who swiped your diamond, boss. You can do with them what you please. All I want now is what you owe me for two day's work and a train ticket back to Bangalore."

"Uh, where is Subramaniam?" asked the bald man after a few moments of uneasy silence. Everyone in the room was still silent.

"He's back at the house on Blacktown Road. I'm guessing by now he's lost most of his money because the East Indian Detective Agency ops he's playing cards with are cheating," said Depak as he put a cigarette into his mouth.

The two Tamil women knew the bald man. As drunk as they were Depak could see fear in their faces. Depak knew they knew they shouldn't be there. Depak somehow kicked a nest of hornets. He decided it was time to go. He'd let the others finish this job.

"*Not so fast, Chota,*" said one of the senior East India Detective Agency ops as Depak began walking toward the door. "How about giving us the juice on how these dames know about the diamond?"

All Depak could do now was pretend he knew something. He could see the bald man and the worried look on his face told Depak that he was very scared. The women looked very scared too. Depak figured it was time to figuratively shake the mango tree and see what fell.

Depak slowly set fire to his cigarette and then responded: "Ask the boss man here. Better yet, ask these two hop-heads. They can tell you everything. I never heard two birds sing so well ..."

One of the women began sobbing and cried out: "*Boss-gee, we didn't tell this man anything! He is lying! I swear! We didn't say anything! He is lying, boss-gee; he is lying!*"

So a big mango fell from the tree. Suddenly everyone in the room wanted to know more.

It was a long train ride back to Bangalore. Depak had plenty of time to think about everything. In his pocket was a nice payout. He could pay his rent, back rent, and even feed himself for a few weeks. He would also buy *two* bottles and hide them in his filing cabinet this time. He might even throw a little cash in an envelope and hide that too.

"What a strange few days," thought Depak as he sat inside his crowded train compartment. Once again Depak seemed to land in the middle of something extraordinary. How fortunate was it that the mysterious man came back to the flophouse! How

fortunate was it that those two hop-head dames were so easy to find! How fortunate was it that the bald man liked to weave a tangled web. Didn't Shakespeare once say something about weaving a tangled web? Depak never read Shakespeare so he didn't know.

The funny thing was the two hop-heads actually had nothing to do with the heist. Being hop-heads they just found themselves in the wrong place at the wrong time. This time it was a waterfront dive bar where two idiots sat yapping about a royal gem that was being brought to India. Hop-heads like to hear stuff like that because they know information like that is worth money and money means another day on the hop. So who pays good money for information like that? Mostly thugs; and those thugs usually work for bigger thugs, who work for even bigger thugs.

Imagine the bald man's surprise when the two hop-heads were brought to him by his criminal underlings with their spectacular tale! *His stupid nephews!* It had to have been them sitting in that bar popping off about the priceless gem! This was supposed to be hush-hush. A national secret! Now every crook in Madras knew about the gem.

The bald man was a big man in Madras alright. He owned the Veysarpadi Ship Works and most of the east-side piers. So he was the logical man to approach when those that planned to retrieve the precious *Eye of Kshatriya* needed a safe place to disembark the precious jewel. The bald man was patriotic and was willing to do his part. He spared no expense in the planning and preparations. He could be counted on to make sure that the gem was returned to its rightful place. But he had a secret. He was also the kingpin of Madras' most notorious criminal organization. The Veysarpadi Ship Works was just a front for his black market and dope trade. The bald man controlled vice along the entire eastern seaboard. Helping retrieve the *Eye of Kshatriya* was probably going to be the noblest thing he ever did in his life.

So the crime boss had a big problem: the theft of the century was festering in his town and everyone wanted to be in on it! He was basically going to have to steal the gem to save it. So he decided at the last minute to kill off his hired guns (even though two were blood relatives), steal the diamond, show that he was capable of the biggest heist in Madras history to keep control of his crime family—and then (using the best detectives money could buy) have the diamond found and returned to those bringing it secretly to India. What a tangled web, indeed.

The Complete Enlightenment written and edited by Ram W. Tuli

This work, dedicated to my wife and kids, took ten years to complete and was a labor of love.

This book uses invented names in letters and adventures, except notable public figures who are the subjects of satire. Any other use of real names is accidental and coincidental.

Contributing Authors (submitting poems, letters & stories):

Mary Tuli, Debby Kichler, Patricia Tuli, John Hutchings, Mark Hutchings, James Hutchings, Roseann Perez, Alaana Wood, Kate Allendorf, Terry Stiemsma, Jim Funk, Tom Urbansky, Paul Grimes, and many unknown others who sent in legitimate minion essays, poems and stories.

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The Traveling Adventure beginning on Volume IV, No. 21 (Azores Treasure Hunt) was based loosely on a story published by Penn Leary entitled *The Oak Island Enigma*, 1953. Other sources used were *The Oak Island Money Pit* by Dick Joltes and *Oak Island* by William Fuller, 1997.

The letter on Volume IV, No. 23, Page 3 (attributed to Alfred Sinclair Lewis) was based on information found in *The Knights Templar* by Stephen Dafoe.

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