

OUR 100th ISSUE!

The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 1

January 1, 2001

Brace yourselves, minions! *The Enlightenment*, Issue #100, has finally arrived!!!! Those of you who have been loyal readers from the start will have plenty to celebrate. Those of you who are new to *The Enlightenment* will have plenty to be happy about too; just not as much. Minions new and old are invited now to relax and reflect upon 100 issues of splendor and greatness. Today, thanks to you, *The Enlightenment* is the most popular newsletter in the world. Count yourself blessed to be among such good company!

Besides being our 100th issue, this is also the first of our new and improved *Enlightenment Vol 5 Series*. As promised, this newsletter has been upgraded thanks to our new assistant editor and his hand-selected staff of artists, writers and technicians. I have been told that wonderful things await your eyes as this newsletter is brought into the new millennium with style and flair. **How exciting!** I only wish I could attend the grand opening of the brand new Friends of Mooj Society building when this new and improved *Enlightenment* is revealed for the first time. It will be quite a gala from what I am told. I can not attend because I am still stranded in the Azores.

Many of you are probably wondering how it is that The Friends of Mooj Society, just recently bankrupt and destituted, can afford new newsletter staffers and the lease to a huge new office complex. From what I am told this has proven to be an auspicious beginning of the year! Last month we were awarded a generous donation from an extremely wealthy devotee. This elderly benefactor died in her sleep and it was from her thoughtful remembrance of us in her Last Will & Testament that some of her earth-laden wealth was bestowed upon The Friends of Mooj Society. We shall dedicate this inaugural new-and-improved issue of *The Enlightenment* to her (whatever her name was). I ask that a plaque with her name emblazoned upon it be hung proudly on the new office lobby wall.

Our new assistant editor, Minion 1150, (can someone with a minion directory please send me his

name) has made the recommendation that we return to a bi-weekly format to allow me the time needed to write **Enlightened Thinking** essays for each newsletter. This is, many will recall, the sole purpose of even publishing the newsletter! I like that kind of thinking and am looking forward to other progressive ideas from this new assistant editor. Our legal department has approved this move since we have used up all of former Minion 648's money and the trust fund established by our latest dead benefactor didn't come with any periodicity constraints.

As far as the formatting of these new issues goes, I'll leave that to my new assistant editor and his team of graphic artists. I assume there will be Minion Mail, Minion Poetry, Minion Stories and New Minion Application Essays as always. I will also send in my traveling adventures and introductory and concluding remarks as well. Oh, and I guess I'll start writing Enlightened Thinking essays too.

Before we begin let me make mention that there won't be a **Travels with Mooj** section this week (mainly because I didn't go anywhere). I am still in the Azores. To be honest I can't wait to get out of here and had hoped that someone would have sent me a ticket to come home, especially now that The



Friends of Mooj Society has all this new found money. I can only assume one is forthcoming.

Oh, additionally, while this thought is fresh in my head: last issue I forgot to tell about what happened when Lance and I tried to break out Jeff W. from the jail. I'm not really in the mood to do so now. I want to begin this year with only happy and positive thoughts, not a tale of abysmal failure. The only good news about that mishap was that both Lance and I were able to escape undetected while the prison guards shot and roughed up poor Jeff W. If you would like to read more about this horrific affair then I refer you to Lance Worthy's web site, where he has posted a detailed account of the ordeal entitled "I Guess We Should Have Given This More Thought." I will only say in passing that I hope all of you continue to pray and meditate for our pal Jeff W., who, as far as we know, is still in a coma recovering from multiple gun shot wounds. At first we thought Lance was also shot but as it turned out he only suffered a slight skin abrasion when one of the bullets ricocheting off Jeff W.'s head struck him in the forearm. Don't worry. Lance will be okay.

On a sad note I should probably mention that our former pal Trent Handjoy has changed his mind about staying with Lance and me. He has returned to America with his father and uncles. A member of their family (that wasn't foolish enough to invest in The Handjoy Syndicate) sent them money to return home. Trent said some pretty nasty things to me as we parted ways and it really hurt my feelings. As mean as Trent was I know he didn't mean all those terrible things he said. I am sure our paths will cross again in happier times. His father, however, was a bit more brutal in his condemnation. He beat me senseless while his brothers held my arms behind my back. I am a forgiving kind of guru and so I imbibe no ill feelings towards the Handjoys and hope that they can regain some of their former wealth and prestige.

So now I invite you to begin reading this first newsletter of 2001. I cannot wait to see it myself!

A Short Word from your New Assistant Editor:

Welcome, Brother and Sister Minions!

Hello! I promised something new and exciting and here it is! As your new assistant editor I am pleased to announce that Volume 5 of *The Enlightenment* is now officially underway. I will tweak with the format over the next few issues and rely on your feedback to determine how things are working. But trust me. I know style. For the time being I will keep the newsletter format the same: i.e., mail, poetry, stories, etal. However, don't think that you can sneak through vulgar and lewd things like in the past. Now that I have a staff of associate editors, they will weed out the naughty and obviously made up stuff. We've also stepped up scrutiny on minion applications. Just because your Credit Card is good enough doesn't mean you are. For now on only well-thought out and legitimate minion candidates will be accepted. It is time to put the holistic back into this holistic newsletter.

This is a special newsletter. Not only is it the first in the Volume 5 Series, it is also Swami Mooj's **100th Issue!** This is a huge milestone in the publishing world and only a handful of magazines in the world can celebrate such a feat. We are **so** proud to be part of this **wonderful** event. Hats off to you, Swami Mooj!

—Minion 1150

Mooj Mail Bag

Guru Mooj,

Congratulations on your 100th issue! I've been reading this newsletter since the beginning. I remember when *The Enlightenment* was only a simple single-paged newsletter that was taped to the walls. Sadly, as I recall, many of your inaugural issues were used by fellow prisoners to clog up their toilets during the big riot. Good luck on the next 100 issues!

Benjamin Henley Jr.
Minion #385
PA Dept. of Corrections Officer
West Chester, PA.

The Mooj Responds: Yes, it is indeed wonderful that *The Enlightenment* is 100 issues old. I had no idea we had reached this milestone until my new assistant editor told me. I still recall humbly how hard it was to get this newsletter off the ground. You are correct. The first few issues were merely single-paged dittos that I ran off on the prison admin office mimeograph machine when I was supposed to be doing my janitorial duties. I had a vision of sharing my enlightenment with the world and now that dream has come into fruition!

Dear Mooj,

I must admit I am perplexed at the success of your *Enlightenment* newsletter. I remember seeing them posted all over the jail. I always thought you were an idiot but now that I reflect on everything that has happened these last few years I see that you are a genius of sorts. I might even go as far as say you're an imbecile savant.

Joe Arapajo, R
Warden, Chester County Jail
East Chester, PA.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, Warden Arapajo. I am honored by your reflections.

Mooj,

Wow! Has it really been 100 issues? It's hard to believe you've been enlightening us for so long. My favorite *Enlightenment* was the one where you showed naked pictures of yourself posing in various Kenpo Karate fighting stances. Too bad you don't have that one available in your Mooj.com archives. Is there a chance that we'll ever get to see some of your older *Enlightenments* in the archives? How come they're not there? I saw some guy selling Vol.1, Number six on eBay. I would have bid on it except that it was way too expensive. It sold for over \$2,000!

Ramoo Rahul Kaloo (minion 669)
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, Mr. Kaloo. I, too, find it hard to believe that I have been enlightening people for so long. Sadly, my memory is faded and I do not recall posing nude in various karate stances. Are you sure that was me? It doesn't sound very enlightening. As far as your query goes about past newsletters, I have no idea what The Mooj.com Archives contain because I am stranded in harm's way at the present moment and have not had access to a computer for many months. I can only presume that this Mooj archive thing must be the fruit of Minion 1150's seed plantings.

[As. Ed Note: Those of you who are not familiar with The Official Mooj Website (Mooj.com) may not know that last month we scanned archived newsletters and put them on the Internet. Those belonging to the Premium Club (\$50/month) have access to these old newsletters, as well as other stuff that regular (non paying) site users cannot see (like new minion photographs, email addresses and other networking/dating/hooking up type data). Sadly, however, only the latter volumes (Volume III & Volume IV) are currently available. For some reason the Volume I & II newsletters are missing. They appear to have been stolen from The Mooj Memory Bank! I have been looking into this matter and found that only a few Volume I and Volume II newsletters still exist and, thus, they are now extremely rare collector's items. As Minion 669 mentioned above, Vol. 1, No. 6 recently sold for \$2,000 on eBay. I can verify that that was true, as I tried in vain to buy it. I will conclude my remarks here by saying that, sadly, there appears to be collusion among *Enlightenment* collectors, because **no one** will allow copies of old newsletters to be made (obviously to keep prices high). I think these collectors should review their Minion handbook and acquaint themselves with the five pillars of Moojism!]

deserved high fives for 100 well deserved newsletters. The boys and I at the Metro Desk be awestruck by your success (*Aaaahoooooga*).

Hey, since I got you on the hook, Mr. Mabbutti, let me pass on some news that's sure to loosen your jowls a wee bit. Numbers 1, 2, and 3 on Bigbsy's revenge list have mysteriously assumed room temperature (*el bango tango*). No. 4 is missing and Numbers 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 have all been subsumed into the witness protection program. As far as I know Bigbsy is near Duluth, Iowa headed east. Stay alert!

Well that's about it, my plumpitous Uzbek-Punjabic bruvah. Keep up the good work!

—anon—

P.S. Hey, I got some insider info to pass along to your readers in Baltimore. I got some friends at *The Baltimore Sun*, who tell me that if you want it, *The Baltimore Sun* is now free. It seems that in order to boost their slumping circulation and keep their advertisers happy, The *Sun* Papers are now giving subscriptions away for free to anyone who wants one. In fact, that's a common practice in most big cities today, where circulations are dropping like zippers in Dupont Circle. Don't tell 'em I told ya.....

The Mooj Responds: As usual, my anonymous friend, I welcome your inside the beltway scoops. I am too tired and hungry to really give what you wrote much thought. I hope it wasn't important.

Dear Mooj,

I just started reading your weekly (or should I say semi-monthly) newsletter. I enjoy the Mooj Mail section the best. I don't have any problems, sexual hang ups or spiritual questions. I'm just writing in to see if my letter makes it into your newsletter. If it does then that will prove that *The Enlightenment* is a real newsletter and that The Mooj is a real guru.

M. Fuller
Fountain Valley, CA.

The Mooj Responds: I am confused by your newsletter and will thus only give it marginal consideration. I will, however, meditate for you and pass along a blessing.

Yo Mooj,

The voices in my head keep whispering things to me. Because of all the loud acid rock music that I listened to as a teenager I'm partially deaf and can't hear them. Can you tell me what the voices in my head are saying? I hope I don't have to kill anyone again. I hate when the voices in my head tell me to do that.

Lost in Outer Space,
Fhlorja Fhjangji
Culver City, CA

The Mooj Responds: I am confused by your newsletter and will thus only give it marginal consideration. I will, however, meditate for you and pass along a blessing.

El Mujo,

He recorrido al agua para ver mi reflexión. Qué veo es un hombre hermoso. Qué deseo ver es una mujer hermosa con los pechos grandes.

Jose D.
El Paso, TX

The Mooj Responds: I am confused by your newsletter and will thus only give it marginal consideration. I will, however, meditate for you and pass along a blessing.

Mooj,

Congratulations on your first 100 newsletters. I am proud to say I have been a loyal reader since 1998. You may or may not remember me but I often sent in letters about my Aunt Hannah, the heavily tattooed nun. I am sorry to report that she recently passed away. Keep her in your thoughts and prayers, though we all know she is safe and sound in Heaven.

Bertha Kaiser (Minion 570)
Avondale Township, PA

The Mooj Responds: I am sorry to hear that. I will meditate for you and pass along a blessing.

Minion Story

This week we have two! The first **Inspirational Story** comes to us from an anonymous source:

Dwight Krossa, Wherever You Are, I'd Like to Shake Your Hand

I owe just about everything that is most precious to me to a man named Dwight Krossa. If it wasn't for Dwight I would never have met my wife, had my four children, been an engineer, sailed the seven seas, or done just about a million other wonderful things. Not that I wouldn't have gotten married, had children, or been just as successful as I am today. It's just that my life could never have been as special.

Today if I met Dwight Krossa on the street I wouldn't know him from Adam. I don't remember anything about this guy other than his name. In truth, I only knew him for about three months and yet this person has indirectly affected everything that has happened to me since June 1982.

When I was a freshman in college I became good friends with another fellow that lived in my dorm. This guy belonged to a fraternity and through him I met several other members of that fraternity. In the spring of 1982 I was asked to pledge this fraternity and gladly accepted. The night before initiation the fraternity held a secret meeting and the active members took a final vote. It took only one "no vote" to ding a pledge and Dwight Krossa was the man who dinged me.

This episode really hurt me deep down inside and I remember feeling about as low as a man could get. The summer break soon arrived and I found myself contemplating my disastrous first year of college. I did horribly in school and had absolutely no desire to return because of what happened in that fraternity. I therefore transferred to another college and then, a year later, enlisted in the navy. I know for a fact that if I had been initiated into that stupid fraternity I would have stayed at that school until I either wised up or flunked out. Chances are that I would have probably improved my study skills enough to eke out a degree in biology, which was my major then. I never would have wound up in the navy, where I would meet my future brother-in-law, who would, in turn, introduce me to his sister, my future wife. There is no way that my life could have been anywhere near as special as it is now if I had married anyone else or had different children. I owe it all to a jerk named Dwight Krossa. Thank you, Dwight!

This week's **True Life Story** comes from Barry Silverwater, Loyal Minion # 543:

Churchly Offerings

Every time I go to church and its collection time I laugh. Why? Because I remember a funny story that my grandfather once told me and it always pops into my head at that moment. Every Sunday when my grandfather was still alive he was an usher at Saint Catherine's in Norwood (Massachusetts). One of his duties as an usher was to walk pew to pew during the offertory hymn with a collection basket. After he completed his assigned section he joined the other ushers and emptied his basket into a larger basket that was placed in front of the altar. One day a new usher was there and my grandfather and he were the last two men to return to the large collection basket. When both my grandfather and the new man had finished dumping their small baskets into the big one my grandfather said to the new guy: "Okay fella, give me a hand carrying this out to the trunk of my car." The new guy was horrified and had no idea that my grandfather was kidding. He complained to the priest afterwards and the priest just laughed and told the guy that my grandfather was always doing funny things like that.

Minion Poetry

Here is a delightful Poem, selected especially for this issue of *The Enlightenment!* I know the title of this poem is a bit long (probably even longer than the poem itself) but it is well worth the read.

Ode to Spring upon a Young Man's Graduation from Kindergarten after an Excruciatingly Long Year, in which the Young Man was Bored to the Point where he Stuck a Pencil in his Own Eye to Relieve the Boredom he was Experiencing due to the Teacher Explaining Over and Over and Over Again to the Slower Elements in the Class that Primary Colors are the Basic Colors, which when Combined, Create all the Other Colors and that there is No Talking Allowed During Nap Time and that First Grade was Going to be a Whole Lot Tougher so We Better Get Used To It

by Albert Einstein Asmus (Age 6)

Spring Sprang Sprung
I sing with sorrow and elation
As the end of the day draws near
So does my graduation

Sit Sat Soot
Asleep has gone my foot
For years and years and years
I've yearned for freedom cheers

Ching Chang Chong
Stop banging on the gong
Enough to wake the dead
The noise has hurt my head

Ping Pang Pong
The school years much too long
Teachers teach the same old stuff
And most of it is wrong

Flip Flop Fly
Take this pencil from my eye
I'm sorry if I'm boring you
I guess I'll say good bye

Another Poem?

This week's second poem was submitted by "aphid," of Dover, Delaware.

Whither I Left Her Alone, Naked and So Satisfied with My Love

by "Aphid"

Whoooo be the man?
Boom-chacka-chaka

Whoooo be the man?
Boom-chacka-chaka

I say whoooo be the man?
Boom-chacka-chaka, whah wow

Me, that's who.

As. Ed. Note: I'm not sure who this "aphid" is but he sure ain't no Albert Einstein Asmus!

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1582

Name: Ern Beckham
From: Surrey, England
Occupation: Space Systems Engineer
Age and Sign: Gemini, age 39
Schooling: Advanced degree in Physics
Height: 180 cm
Weight: 80 Kg
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was born in Cumbria in the small village of Bowness-on-Solway. My father was a police constable and my mother was a Celtic dancer. My fondest childhood memory involves stumbling upon the buxom village widow, Hilda Gottbehüt-Strunz, as she sunbathed nude beside the bonny banks of Lake Windermere.

Minion Application Essay:

I am total Mooj material! Everyone tells me so. People always come up to me while I am doing my good deeds and say I should become a Mooj Minion! Most of my mates are Mooj Minions too. We started a local chapter of The Friends of Mooj Society in Surrey and meet every night at the local pub to play darts, drink and then go out and spread Moojism through word and deed. A noble lot we are!

MEET MINION # 1583

Name: Tommy Hillgreen
From: Flint, Michigan
Occupation: Contractor
Age and Sign: Pieces, age 56
Schooling: Some College
Height: 5' 9"
Weight: 200 Lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

When I was a boy I found a *Playboy* hidden in my dad's tool box. Needless to say I couldn't wait to bring it to school and share it with the other boys. This turned out to be a bad idea because Sister Mary Rose caught us with the magazine. I got suspended for three days and my poor 'saintly' mom had to come and pick me up. *She was furious!* She wanted to know where I got the magazine so I lied and told her that I found it in a vacant lot across the

street from the school. When my dad came home from work and heard what happened he looked like a deer caught in the headlights. He excused himself from the discussion, went into the garage (obviously to check and see if it was his *Playboy*) and then returned to the kitchen to listen to my mom continue her tirade. Dad seemed somewhat guarded in his yelling at me because he knew it was his *Playboy*. After giving me a half-hearted spanking for the benefit of my mom he never said anything about it again and I had totally forgotten about it. Then last year (45+ years later) while my dad lay on his deathbed he grabbed my hand and whispered, "Thanks, son." I asked him what for and he said for not ratting him out to my mom that the *Playboy* I took to school was his. We both laughed and then he died. It was totally weird.

Minion Application Essay:

WARNING: This essay contains mature subject matter, including references to spirituality, authenticity, trust, intuition, unconditional love and a sense of higher purpose. Some may be offended. A True Mooj Head won't!

Man's consciousness has evolved so much that as of today we have unlocked nearly all of the mysteries of this cosmic embryonic Universe that swells and expands so brightly around us. Yet, the wisdom that we know today is but a lowly drop of water in what is an ocean of the knowledge that we shall know in only a few years. But what comes with this enormous new found knowledge? The development of better and more efficient instruments of destruction and death! Yes, so sad it is that almost everything we learn about science and technology is arrived at by first building and designing killing machines for war! It is only by the evolution of wiser, more loving human beings, like The Mooj, that this doomed and evil world will become a better place. It must be thus or our race of creatures will perish into a bloody, fiery, globally warmed atomic wasteland created by greedy scientists and engineers. That is why I want to follow Guru Mooj's teachings and help propagate peace! I am not a scientist or engineer, mind you, but I do read *Popular Mechanics* so I know what I am talking about.

MEET MINION # 1584

Name: Jennifer Garland
From: Boston, MA
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: Aquarius, age 27
Schooling: Smith College
Height: 5' 6"
Weight: none of your business

Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I am working on my PhD. in Women's Studies at Smith College. I hope I can find a job (and a man) when I graduate.

Minion Application Essay:

Enclosed please find a photo of me. Please give it to the intern that looks like Brad Pitt and ask him to email me.

MEET MINION # 1585

Name: Virginia Dare Massingill
From: Charleston, SC
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 21
Schooling: I am a pre-law student at George Mason University
Height: 5' 2"
Weight: 130 Lbs
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

My ancestors came to America in 1608 on the *HMS Discovery* with Captain George Waymouth.

Minion Application Essay:

This is a very important story so please read it carefully. I know it starts off kind of weird but it ends with an important lesson about self-realization. I want to share this special moment with whoever reads these application essays.

Last month I needed a ride home for Christmas so I looked on my college's ride share board to see if

anyone was going to my hometown. An engineering student advertised a seat in his car so I called him and he agreed to give me a ride. The guy was named Habeeb Mustafa. At first I was concerned because Habeeb looked like a foreigner. My dad once told me to never talk to Arabs or Hindus and Habeeb was obviously one of those because he wore a turban and had a beard. For most of the trip I sat quietly while Habeeb drove and listened to his Middle Eastern music. He was quiet and didn't bother me because he sensed that I really didn't like him that much. I felt kind of bad but that's how it was. Toward the end of the trip we saw a car pulled over with its hood up and some poor old lady was standing in the road waving her arms. Habeeb pulled over to help the poor woman but it turned out to be a trap. It wasn't an old lady at all. It was some guy dressed up as an old woman and he was part of a carjacker gang. Other gang members jumped out of the woods with guns, knives and baseball bats and made us get out of the car so they could steal it. They also took all our money and my cell phone. Habeeb and I were totally abandoned and had no choice but to walk to the nearest town to get help. It was during that walk that Habeeb and I started talking. I know this sounds corny but I really started to like Habeeb. He was so funny and calm despite just having his car stolen. He turned out to be one of the nicest guys I had ever met. We had so much in common even though we were culturally world's apart and I was actually very sad when our walk was over. This story could go on for many more pages but since I can only use 500 words or less in my essay let me just get to the point. Habeeb and I are now engaged and we will get married as soon as we can. Because Habeeb is a Mooj minion he has asked me to convert to Moojism so that is why I need to become a Mooj minion. Thank you.

Enlightened Thinking

Sorry. Swami Mooj did not send in an essay. He must have forgotten to include it in the envelope he sent back with all his letter responses and opening and closing remarks.

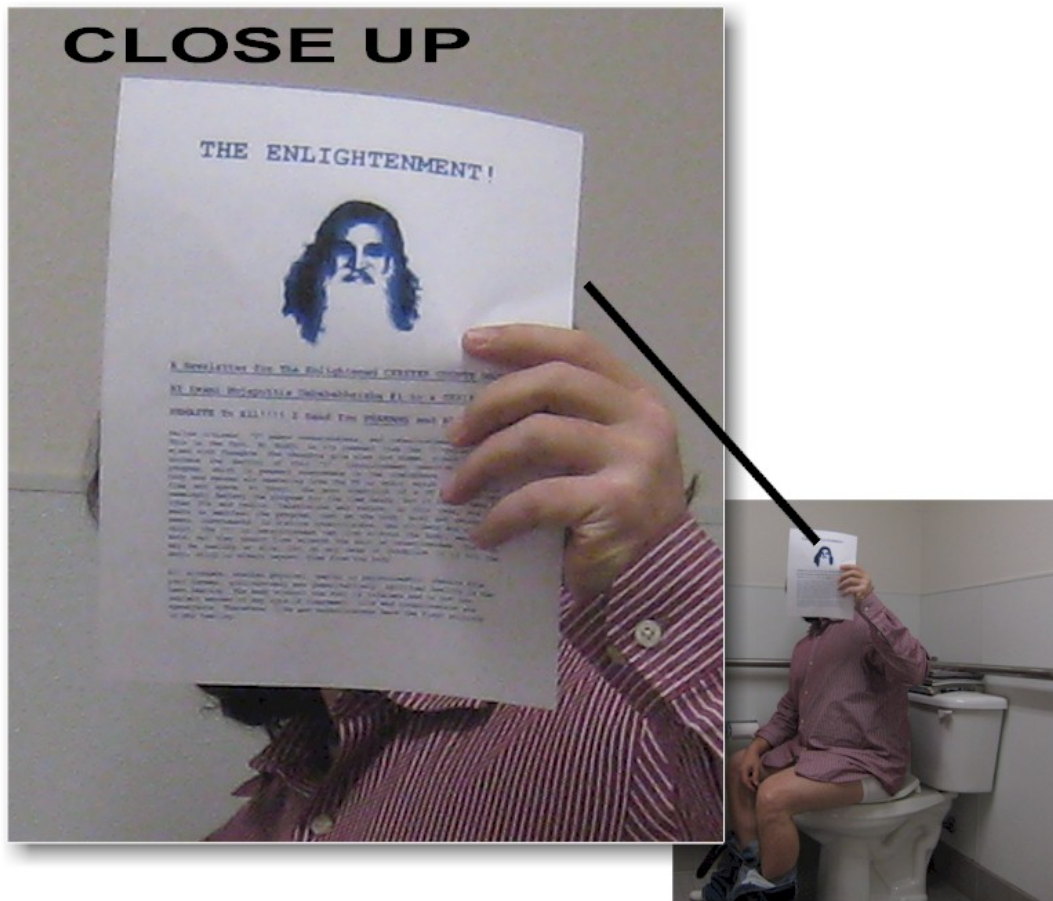
In Closing

A Final word from Swami:

So now that we have given up on the famous Azores treasure hunt, what are we doing? Well, sadly, not much. Since we have no money we cannot afford passage anywhere and are now working in a local fishery. Needless to say it sucks. I had hoped that The Friends of Mooj Society would have sent us some money for a ticket by now but they couldn't because they went too far over budget furnishing their new office complex and throwing their grand opening party. That's what they told me anyway.

Blessings and Such,

मृज,प,ती उमवाबारावा



From The Assistant Editor's Desk: This is the Only Known Photograph of *Enlightenment* Number One (Vol. 1 No. 1). Our graphics art department was able to enlarge a portion of the photograph showing the newsletter. It is unknown who the person reading it is or why he was shown sitting on a toilet. This photo was found in the Chester County Department of Justice Archives.

FOR SALE!



Extremely Rare Early Mooj Enlightenment "One of a Kind!"

I have Several Volume One Newsletters in My Collection for Sale. All in Mint or VG Condition!

Contact Me at InternSteve@Mooj.com
For Price List and Credit Application

SERIOUS COLLECTORS ONLY

-NO DEALERS-

HUGE COLLECTION OF MOOJ MEMORABILIA FOR SALE!



Literally Thousands of Individual Collector's Items are Being Offered for Sale! These Items Sold As Is. For Item List Contact Me at: InternSteve@Mooj.Com. I'd Rather Sell this Collection as a Whole so Any Decent Offer will Be Considered.

The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 2

March 1, 2001

SWAMI IS MISSING!

LAST SEEN ON ISLE of SAO MIGUEL

Is He Hurt or Dead?



I am sorry that this newsletter was delayed. I held up publication as long as possible, hoping material from Swami would arrive but it never did. Most troubling of all was that the package of letters, poems, stories and other newsletter materials sent to Swami to reflect upon was returned unopened. The Sao Miguel post office was unable to locate Him; and this was unfortunate because plane tickets back to America were included in one of those packages. A Sao Miguel detective was hired to look into the matter and he confirmed our worst fears: Swami is, indeed, missing from the island. This agent reported that Swami and Lance Worthy were last seen working at a fishery on the south side of the island. Their former boss had no idea why they weren't showing up for work anymore and said he was going to fire them if they ever did show up.

Until instructed to do otherwise I will use the powers bestowed upon me as the assistant editor to hereby resume publication of this newsletter. There is little else we can do. It is obviously pointless to publish two month's worth of Minion Mail, as Guru Mooj was unable to issue forth guidance or pass along blessings. Most of it concerns the fact that there was no newsletter published in mid January or February. Thus, space normally reserved for minion mail will be used for additional poetry and stories.

I hope you join me and countless others by meditating and praying for Swami's safe return. We can only hope that he is out of harm's way.

V/R

Your Assistant Editor,

Minion 1150

Below are three stories for your reading pleasure:

Minion Story

Home Delivery by Minion # 541

I mentioned before in one of my previous stories that my grandfather was an oil man. By that I mean he delivered home heating oil. Back in the days of yore almost every home in America was heated with fuel oil and so a New England oil man's life was very busy, especially during the winter. On one such busy day my Uncle Bill was entrusted to make a few oil calls while my grandfather caught up on other work. When Uncle Bill returned to the office after making the deliveries he mentioned sort of off handily that the 'such and such' family sure took a lot of oil that morning. My grandfather, absorbed in paperwork, looked up and asked him to explain what he meant by that. My Uncle Bill said: "Well, you know how the 'so and so' family usually only takes about 100 gallons? Well today they took 500! In fact, I stopped pumping before the tank was filled because I needed to make other oil calls and wasn't sure how much oil was left in the truck." Before Uncle Bill could finish the explanation my grandfather was backing out of the driveway and on his way to the house of the customer. Sure enough, just as my grandfather had suspected, the fill pipe to the oil tank had been somehow disconnected and the unlucky customer had 500 gallons of home heating oil sloshing around in his basement.

Smoovie Night by Officer Nez

One night my partner and I were sent to a domestic dispute. When we arrived on scene we found a man sitting on his front lawn holding his head. This man was covered in blood. We asked him what happened and he said that his wife had hit him over the head with a *smoovie*.

"A what?" I asked.

"A *smoovie*," he responded.

"What do you mean by *smoovie*?" my partner asked.

"You know...a *smoovie*!" the victim said.

We were really at a loss as to what this fellow was trying to tell us. Finally my partner asked: "Do you mean a movie?"

"No, I told you. It was a *smoovie*!" he said again.

Finally I asked the guy: "Okay, what the hell is a *smoovie*?"

"You know," said the battered husband, "it's what my wife use to smooove her clothes with." It was then that I realized he was talking about an iron.

The Ballad of R. Sn__k by Minion # 1488

Anyone serving aboard my ship when I was in the navy would undoubtedly have known Randy Sn__k. He was kind, generous and a friend to all.

Often during the wee hours of the night as we steamed aimlessly about in the ocean Randy would sit and tell stories about his life in Iowa. Randy was a "short timer" by then and very near the end of his enlistment. He had saved a considerable amount of money and had made plans to buy a bar and grill in his hometown. We were all very happy for him. On the day of his discharge Randy passed out his address and invited us all to look him up if we were ever in Iowa. We told him that we certainly would.

A year later one of my shipmates passed through Iowa and decided to stop and see Randy. When that person arrived at the given address he found Randy's mom and dad there but no trace of Randy. Most disturbing of all was that Randy's parents had not seen or heard from him in years—in fact, they thought he was still in the navy!

When the news of Randy's mysterious disappearance arrived back on the ship everyone became concerned. "What could have happened to Randy Sn__k?" we wondered. We were very worried about him.

Sometime later my ship pulled into the Philippine Islands for a port visit and I took a trip to a remote

jungle area known as Pujanjan Falls. On the way back to the ship my tour bus stopped in an out of the way place to refuel. I stepped off the bus to stretch my legs and to my astonishment saw Randy Sn___k dressed in a loin cloth squatting on the porch of a nearby hut.

"Randy! Hey, Randy!" I shouted.

When Randy saw me he hopped up out of his squat and ran like hell into the jungle. I ran after him but he was gone and I never saw him again. Whatever happened to Randy Sn___k? I have no idea but at least I know where he was in 1988.



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Minion Poetry

Who were the Hotentots?

A Poem Written By Johntonomo, a loyal minion and noble Citizen of San Jose, CA

Who where the Hotentots?
Dr. Edell says they had big butts
I searched the web, both high and low
I've asked many questions; but I still don't know.

The Hotentot legend, it portends
Had great big ol' rear ends
Designers of yore mimicked that look
Just look inside your history book

Lady Hotentot, Lady Hotentot,
What huge *nalga* you got!
Junk in the trunk, shake it about!
Your badonkadonk make me want to shout

The Hotentots live on
And their attributes do too.
If you doubt what I say
Watch Oprah at two!

Watching Zoom

by Robert Oppenhiemer Asmus (Age 9)

I sit here like a cherub, alone inside my room
Watching a TV show; they seem to call it Zoom

These kids speak in a language that really makes no sense
I can't figure it out; and it makes me feel so dense.

'Ibby obby ooby,' says the little Asian girl
'Ubba bubbu wooby,' replies the red head with a curl

The other kids then join in and the words all sound the same
And then they form a circle and play some kind of game.

I'm not as smart as I should be, I'm not what you'd call a genius
But at least I have my two eyes, unlike my kid brother Albert Asmus.

Sourdough Jack

by Kid Biscuit (Minion 1209)

Sourdough Jack was a lofty man,
Wandering 'bout the land

In the summer heat he'd sit and stare
from his porch wearing only underwear

From the Jackson Line to the Amador Pike
He'd hang out loosely on a Harley Bike

All the Lords and Ladies with civic pride
Hoped and prayed that off he'd ride

But come every summer in the Sourdough Parade
Naked he'd march, glazed in marmalade

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1586

Name: "Barry"
From: Elmira, NY
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: Capricorn, age 25
Schooling: Let's just say life is a never ending journey of education, partying, and knocking boots with the ladies.
Height: 5' 5"
Weight: 120 Lbs
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I have always looked younger than I am. Even though I'm 25 people still think I'm a teenager. Even when I show my driver's license to buy beer I get told to beat it because they think I'm using a fake ID.

Minion Application Essay:

Have you ever wished you could go back in time? What if you could, say, go back to high school knowing all that you know now? I thought about that one day. My grown up life sucked. I hated my job and missed the carefree bliss of being a teenager. So I figured what the hell. I moved to a small town far away, doctored my birth certificate and paid some homeless guy to enroll me in the local high school. Things are totally awesome now. I'm getting

straight As and I'm really popular with the girls. I have tons of confidence (unlike the first time through high school) and I'm totally cool. So that's what's going on in my life as we speak. I'm the BMOC at Sunflower High. I guess you can say I'm a high school student trapped in the body of a 25-year-old. Or, maybe, it's the other way around.

MEET MINION # 1587

Name: John J. Von Dutch
From: NYC
Occupation: Freelance Writer
Age and Sign: Leo, age 85
Schooling: USC Class of '37
Height: 5' 9"
Weight: 160 Lbs
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I have written dozens of award winning novels, including *From Dust to Dawn*; *Dance, Slave Girl, Dance*; *The Agony of Her Sorrows*; *A Gay Pirate in Love*; *Bridget, The Bold Irish Harlot of Peachum Valley* and *The Other Woman's Lover's Other Woman*. I have also written and/or edited scripts for many of the television greats of yesteryear, including Steve Allen, Gene Rayburn, Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gorme, Pat Marshall, Pat Kirby, Hy Averbach, Skitch

Henderson, Peter Handley, Maureen Arthur, Bill Wendell, Bozo the Clown, Barbara Loden, Lassie, and LeRoy Holmes. My greatest claim to fame, however, is my Mickey Mouse joke. I'll explain more about that below.

Minion Application Essay:

My fall from grace came swift! Oh, did it ever! In 1955 I was part of Walt Disney's elite "A Team" of writers. I had worked for Mr. Disney since the early days and was making tons of money. I was totally living the good life. I had a house in Brentwood, fancy cars and lots of pretty women. I was on top of the world. Then it all came crashing down. I'll never forget that awful day. I was working late on the set of The Mickey Mouse Club and thought up this really funny joke. The cast, crew and I had been drinking cocktails during lunch and so everyone was pretty lit and thought the joke was hysterical. The set was roaring with laughter. Then Mr. Disney came into the studio. Someone told him that he needed to hear my joke and so he came over to see me. I was too drunk to know any better. I knew the minute the punch line came out of my mouth that Mr. Disney was not in the least bit amused. He didn't even have to tell me I was fired. I knew it by the way I was quickly escorted off the premises and tossed to the street. It was tragic spelled with a capitol T. The sad truth is I can't even remember the joke now. It had something to do Mickey Mouse wanting a divorce from Minnie Mouse. The punch line was: "Your honor, I never said she was crazy. I said she was f___king Goofy!" Or something like that.

MEET MINION # 1588

Name: Heather Eagan Schmitt
From: Pasco, WA
Occupation: Real Estate Agent
Age and Sign: Leo, age 50
Schooling: WSU
Height: 5' 7"
Weight: 125 Lbs
Hair Color: Red
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

When I was 18 my friend and I hitchhiked to the coast. A family of Hippies picked us up. They told us they lived in a commune in Oregon. Because we were bored with establishment living, my friend and I decided to go with them. I met my husband Bob in that commune. He was so handsome that I fell in love with him at first sight. Both Bob and I are now very conservative and keep our hairy hippie past a secret (well, I guess until people read this).

Minion Application Essay:

My husband Bob is a wonderful man. As I mentioned above he and I met while we were living in a commune in Oregon. Bob has always been a kind and gentle person. A few months ago Bob had a mid-life crisis. This was unlike your average mid-life crisis. Bob didn't go off and buy a convertible, have an affair or do anything like that. No. He simply shed off his clothing, shaved off his body hair (from head to toe), colored himself with Easter egg dye and started walking. A security patrol found him walking in a toxic waste dump near Hanford National Laboratory and brought him home. He was cold, hungry and very tired. Bob is much better now. Sadly, because of the incident Bob lost his Q-Level top secret clearance and is now an unemployed nuclear scientist. Bob now spends most of his time on the Internet. That's how he found Mooj.com. He's very excited about The Mooj and thinks that he has finally found someone to believe in. He is really trying to live the Mooj lifestyle too. Bob would love to become a minion but feels it might ruin any chance of him getting his clearance back. I, on the other hand, don't need to worry about stuff like that so I want to become a minion. I want to do it for Bob.

MEET MINION # 1589

Name: Robert Jason Freeze
From: Hampton Roads, VA
Occupation: Merchant Marine
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 41
Schooling: EE from UVA
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 230 Lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I am a member of the UVA Alumni Drinking and Debating team.

Minion Application Essay:

Yo, Mooj Minion selection Committee! It's me, RJ Freeze! My pals call me "The Ice Man" and so can you. Let me in, bros!

MEET MINION # 1590

Name: Dianne Grouse
From: Scranton, PA
Occupation: Telemarketer
Age and Sign: Taurus, age 22
Schooling: Some college
Height: -
Weight: -
Hair Color: -
Eye Color: -

Something Special about Me:

Just because I didn't answer the questions about my weight, height, eye and hair color above doesn't mean I am self conscious. Whether I am skinny or fat or have red, brown or blond hair or blue, green or brown eyes shouldn't matter. I think it is sexist of the selection committee to even ask these things. I'm surprised they didn't want to know my bust, waist and hip size. Better yet, maybe you should ask women candidates to pose for centerfolds. Maybe I should lie across the hood of a Corvette with red pumps on or something. Or better yet, how about if I

pose sitting on the back of a chopper lifting my tube top up? It makes me sick how society judges women by how they look. So when you consider my application don't worry about how big my boobs are or whether or not I have a nice body. Consider that I am a thinking, caring, loving human being that is happy to be me and I love to help others and I try to make the world a better place to live for all other creatures.

Minion Application Essay:

I think The Mooj is totally hot!

As mentioned before no correspondence was given to us by Swami Mooj and, therefore, no Enlightened Thinking Essay can be provided. In lieu of an essay we will instead show a map of the Azores. It is hoped that as a group we can stare at this map and allow our positive thoughts and vibrations to guide The Mooj back to safety. I hope you will join me as I begin my meditation and reflections on the image below.

—Minion 1150

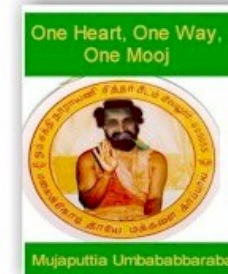
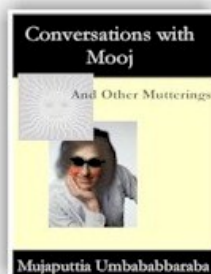
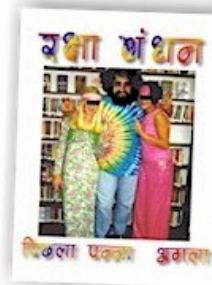
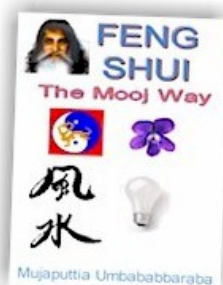
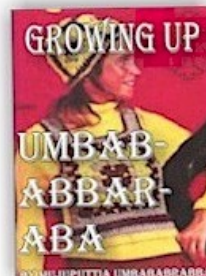
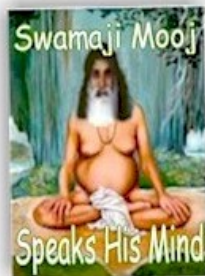
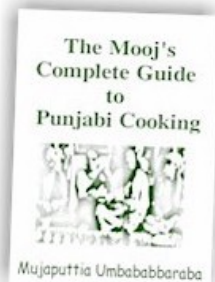


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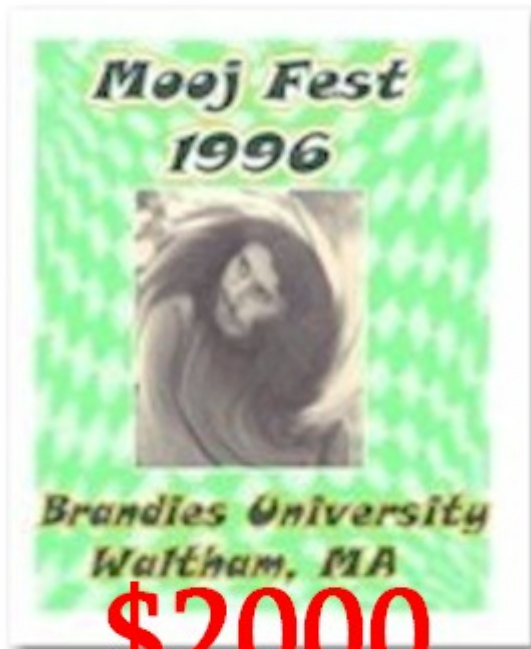
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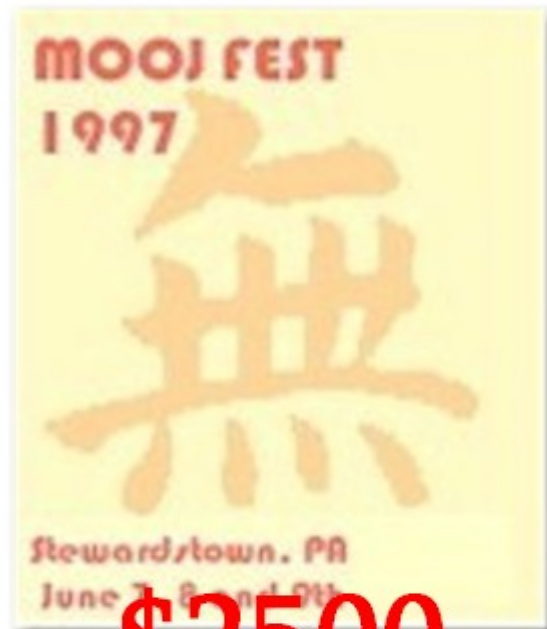
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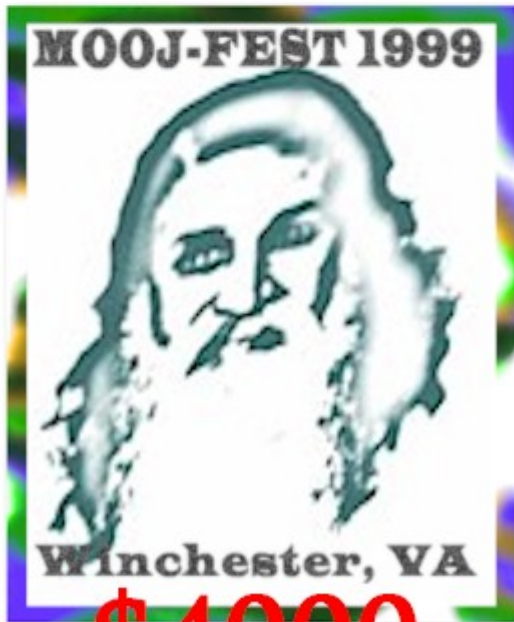
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The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 3

March 21, 2001

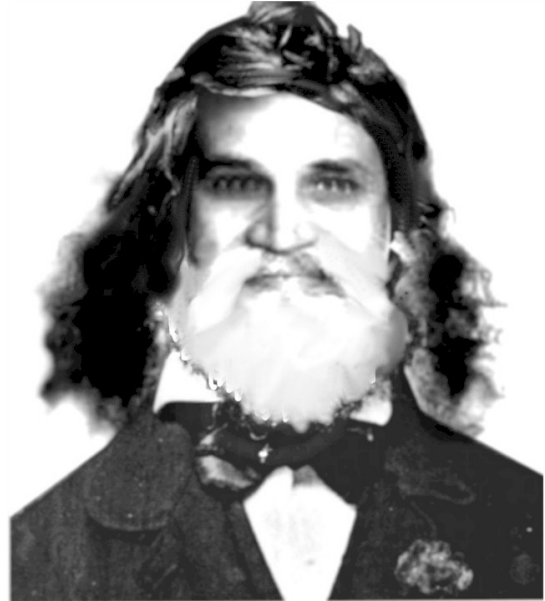
Greetings, my many beloved Minions! While I write the following passage, or rather the bulk of it, I live alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which was built to look like the one Henry David Thoreau lived in many years ago, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earn my living by impersonating Henry David Thoreau for the Walden Pond Preservation Trust. At present I am a sojourner in semi-civilized life again, having survived a horrendous ordeal in the open and vapid sea. Many of you—no, perhaps all of you, being inquisitive in nature, must be wondering how it is that I managed to be here, in the woods, so far from where I began my adventure half score and two weeks ago. I too am somewhat bewildered as I sit here alone beneath the barren pines, aside the ashes of a smoldering fire, wearing shoes with holes in the soles and dressed as a man from the year 1845. All day I entertain inquisitive onlookers and allow tourists to walk about my cabin as I answer inane questions pretending to be Henry David Thoreau. Often times I am visited by guests that linger for hours and I am tasked with amusing them with poetry and flute music; other days, more than not, discourteous school children ramble about my woods and throw acorns and pine cones at my house. But, compared my recent ordeal, and as employment goes, this is a fine way to earn an income and live rent-free.

My latest sea adventure, as reminiscences go, burns brightly in the stove that is my mind; I know the threads that sew memories unravel quickly so it is best to relate this tale now.

Begin I shall, viz:

I mentioned in my last correspondence that my traveling companion Lance Worthy and I were employed at a fishery near where Malaga Cove once stood. We abhorred our daily labors and did what we could to find more rewarding work. However, on Sao Miguel, in those days, there were few jobs to be had unless one had experience doing environmental disaster clean-up type work.

Then one blustery day a fleet of fishing vessels pulled ashore and they were seeking hired hands. Lance and I knew the work would be arduous, and no doubt as monotonous as



what our current duties at the fishery were; however, at least on a fishing boat we could get away from the island and, perhaps, one voyage may lead to another and sooner or later we could find a ship headed to America.

Without much ado we were hired as bait cutters and assigned to one of the lesser-quality fishing boats. With the afternoon tide we sailed into the tropical trade winds and assumed our new life as anglers. To our surprise, when we were away from the shore, we learned that we were not to be paid for our work. This proved as troubling as learning that we were also required to sleep in the fish hold and that our only source of nourishment would consist of what we could scrape together from leftover bait innards that had yet to be washed from the deck! This was a regrettable turn of events and we lamented our haste to leave Sao Miguel.

Our boat was very small and only had a crew of ten. This included Lance, seven fishermen, a deaf, dumb and blind guy (who had no idea who he was or why he was there), and myself. Since Lance and I could speak no Portuguese our communication with our fishing mates was limited (especially with that the deaf, dumb and blind guy). One fisherman could speak some English and so he served as a

translator. Lance and I always knew we were going to be yelled at or beaten because our translator was yelled at or beaten first.

The most frustrating thing about the whole ordeal was every few days our fishing boat would pull into one of the other islands in the Azores and Lance and I (and the deaf, dumb and blind guy) were forbidden to disembark. One by one our fishing mates climbed ashore with the exception of one man who was tasked with guarding us. This guard usually stood on deck with a submachine gun and would shoot at us if we dared lift our heads up out of the fish hold. This treatment was kindness compared to how the rest of the crew treated us when they returned to the boat after a day of drinking.

One day Lance and I befriended the deaf, dumb and blind guy. He told us that he had been enslaved on the boat for many years and that he had been planning a mutiny. (At least that's what we thought he was saying—mostly he just grunted and groaned and showed us a secret stash of weapons that he had fashioned out of fish bones.) Lance and I agreed to join his mutiny. We really had no choice. Our treatment grew worse with each passing day.

What happened next I have tried to block from my memory; but I cannot, for it is engrained in my sleepless dreams. An Enlightened man, such as I, must abhor and strike out against violence. And I have done so under most circumstances. However, it is also one's duty to protect the meek against tyranny and enslavement and, thus, Lance—a devout Amish pacifist, and I, a devout man of Enlightened Peace, were forced to resort to a violent episode. In truth we could have lived with our own misery but we knew we had a duty to protect our deaf dumb and blind friend, as well as others that might happen upon our lot in the future. Thus, with deep reflection, we began the mutiny.

That night as the waxing moon dimly illuminated the midnight sky and our boat rocked gently atop placid waves we climbed silently out of the fish hold. The guard assigned to watch us that night was asleep and was easily overpowered, knocked unconscious, tied up and then thrown overboard. Out of kindness and compassion I insisted that Lance first fit the unconscious man with a life jacket; however, the man, when tossed asunder, landed face down in the ocean and drowned anyway. There was no turning back now. Our mutiny was now officially underway.

We next turned our attention to the sounds of merriment coming from the crew's quarters. Undoubtedly the fishermen were engaged in heavy drinking and we had the advantage on them. Rather than rush the men all at once we decided to hide in

the shadows and wait. One by one each member of the crew came topside, stumbled and wobbled toward the railing to relieve himself and it was then that Lance and I rendered the poor man unconscious by striking him on the head with a yardarm. The drunken scoundrel was then simply pushed over the rail and into the sea. Our mutiny was progressing one man at a time.

Soon the sound of merriment was replaced with an eerie silence. There were no more crew members to put into the sea. All that could be heard atop the creaking of the boat was a loud snore emerging from the captain's quarters. The captain! He was the cruelest and vilest of the lot! Soon, thereafter, his unholy remains were with the others, resting unconscious in Davy Jones' locker. Our mutiny was finally complete.

After a short meditation and mind-cleansing Yoga session Lance and I searched the boat to verify that all were gone. It was then that we sadly realized that the deaf, dumb and blind guy was missing too. Alas, we must have accidentally knocked him unconscious and thrown him overboard too. We were very sorry about that. Exhausted, we finally bedded down in the former crew's quarters for a decent night's sleep. It had been weeks since we had slept in beds.

The next day we awoke when the sun was high and everything seemed so quiet and peaceful. At first we did not know where we were. Then the gentle rocking of the boat and the sound of splashing waves reminded us of where we were. We went out on deck to see to our astonishment that we were now floating in the middle of the ocean. Up until then we could always see a coastline. Now we saw nothing but a wide open ocean. The color of the water had changed. It was no longer green and calm but choppy and dark blue. Somehow, regrettably, we had forgotten to secure the anchor the night before and were now floating away from the Azores.

To compound our situation the boat was old, rickety and lacked any form of modern technology, such as a radio, engine or compass. Thus we had no idea where we were or which way we were headed. Food was of no concern since we could catch all the fish we needed (we were a fishing boat after all). Water was also no trouble since the boat collected rain in a large cistern. Our only worry was that each day we drifted farther and farther into the unknown. This would have actually been a peaceful experience had not the boat's condition begun to worsen each day. She was creaking and snapping with each wave that splashed against her. We knew she didn't have much left in her.

Then one dreadful day the sky turned black. A great wind slowly began to blow and soon we were engulfed in a raging tempest. The sea tossed our tiny fishing boat like a toy. With each wave that splashed across the deck a piece of the boat was torn off. Finally nothing was left but the keel. We hung on for dear life as the water level rose and soon, to our horrors, we realized that the keel was sinking too. Finally there was nothing left afloat but Lance and I. Our lifejackets kept us barely aloft the angry waves and we held hands as long as we could. Then, alas, we lost our grip and I could see Lance float farther and farther away with each passing lightning strike. Finally the speck that had been Lance went over the horizon and I was alone. Had I not known how to meditate I surely would have been in a panic!

I have no recollection of what happened next. Somehow I was rescued by William Farthington, a rich New England socialite, who presently sits upon the Walden Pond Heritage Trust Board of Directors. He and many other notable New Englanders have bought all the land surrounding Walden Pond and are preserving it for its historical and literary significance. At the time of our meeting Mr. Farthington was attempting a solo around the world sailing speed record and radioed for my rescue. Since he was attempting a "solo" around the world sailing record he couldn't allow me to come aboard his sailing craft but he did linger about long enough to make sure that I was picked up by a rescue helicopter. Before we took leave of each other Mr. Farthington gave me his business card

and told me that because of my remarkable resemblance to Henry David Thoreau he wanted to employ me as a living history interpreter at his Walden Pond Living History Museum. He explained that The Walden Pond Heritage Trust was in desperate need of a Henry David Thoreau look-alike to live in the replica cabin that they had built. I accepted the terms of employment and was then rescued and brought here to Walden Pond.

The Walden Pond Heritage Trust tells me that my job duties are simply to live as meekly as possible and entertain the Walden Pond visitors by talking and acting like Henry David Thoreau. So in a nutshell, or just about a nutshell, that is how I landed this dream job and why I am in my present circumstances.

The job is actually very easy since I have basically been a transcendentalist and tax cheat all my life. The actors pretending to be Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller (who visit and sit with me every few days) tell me that only the summer months are busy here at Walden Pond. This winter I should pretty much have the whole pond to myself.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उमवाबारावा

Mooj Mail Bag

My new assistant editor was kind enough to have three large bags of mail sent up to me. It would have been overwhelming to answer all that mail, vast as it was, so I randomly selected a handful of letters and reflected upon only those. If your mail is not present in the after mentioned portion then it was burned in my stove to heat my cabin. I apologize for doing this but it was too cold to go outside and chop wood.

Howdy Mooj,

I have a confession to make. Hopefully you'll find the humor in it as I did. Or maybe not. Back in January I saw a girl named Virginia Massingill signed up to be one of your Mooj Minions. I am the guy she said was

named Habeeb Mustafa. That was a fake name, of course. My real name is Juan Lopez. I'm an American not an Arab. I go to George Mason University and I live down in South Carolina. Whenever I drive home over break I advertise on the ride share board. That way I can give a fellow student a ride and they can pitch in for gas and add some conversation to what is usually a long boring trip. I'm not sure why I wore a turban and put on a fake beard when I gave Virginia her ride. I always try to mix things up because that's the kind of guy I am. Last year I wore a dress and one time I drove in the nude. It's all in good fun. So anyway this Virginia was a real snob. The whole trip down all she did was sit and make faces. When we were about two hours from home I stopped to get gas and called my

friends. I told them to park on a deserted strip of road and pretend to be car jackers. I wanted to put a scare into my snobby passenger because I felt she was totally disrespecting me. As planned my friends were there and I pulled over and we pulled the fake car jacking gag. My friends accidentally drove off without me. (They were supposed to kidnap me.) I wound up having to hoof it with Virginia to the next town. She mentions that she fell in love with "Habeeb" and I guess she did. I was just being nice. Most of the stuff I told her about me was made up. This chick is really in love with me. She keeps calling me and showing up at my frat house. I told her I was a Mooj minion as a joke. I don't even know who you are. I just found your newsletter one day and as a joke I tell people I'm a Mooj minion. It's nothing personal. It's just funny. Anyway, last week I finally fessed up to Virginia that I wasn't an Arab and that I was just pulling her leg about being in love with her. Needless to say she was distraught and has now gone off to live with an aunt in Tennessee. So I guess you can delete her as a minion, as it was derived at under false pretenses. Keep it real, dude!

The Mooj Responds: Forget never that the man is richest whose pleasures are the cheapest. Thus, you, my friend, must be a millionaire.

Dearest Swami Mooj,

How do I tell my friends at work that I won't be inviting them to my wedding? I'm getting married in six months to a very respectable man and our wedding and reception are both very posh events. The guest list is very restricted. The problem is that my co workers at Wendy's think that they're coming and I don't know how to break it to them that they're not. My fiancé is the Crown Prince of Brunei Darussalam and his family is very particular about who can and can't enter the palace for Royal functions.

Shelly Pullaski
Essex, MD.

The Mooj Responds: Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new. My warm wishes are sent to you as your wedding day nears. Minion 1150, if you are reading this, can you see that Miss Pullaski is sent a complementary Mooj Minion T-Shirt?

Mooj,

As I write this letter to you I find myself in a tragic situation. I am currently flying somewhere above the U.S. in a single engine airplane. I decided to take flying lessons and this was my first time up. Unfortunately, as soon as we were airborne, lightning struck the plane killing my instructor and nullifying all instrumentation. The radio doesn't even work so I can't even call for help. All I have is my logbook and this pen so I will use my last minutes on Earth to write you a letter. Please, whoever finds this note in the wreckage; can you forward it to Swami Mooj at The Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters in West Chester, PA? Thanks.

I don't think I have much fuel left so it's pretty much certain that the end is near. As you can imagine many things are going through my head right now; like, I should have been a better listener to my ex-wife. I should have given more money to charity. I also wish I took time to get to know all the kids I sired out of wedlock and maybe I should have called my mother more, especially after I put her in the old folk's home. But my biggest regret is that I wasn't a good minion. I just pretty much took it for granted and never did anything to help my fellow minions when I really could have, like that time I was at Mooj-Fest 98 and there was this other guy and his car wouldn't start. I just drove on by as he waved his jumper cables in the air at me. Oh, oh. The plane is now starting to sputter. As I close this letter let me just say that I

The Mooj Responds: Thank God men cannot fly, and lay waste the sky as well as the earth. Then again this poor soul was flying. So tragic! Our thoughts and prayers go out to whoever this Mooj minion person was and his family. May he find better luck in his next life.

Dear Mooj,

A few months ago our dog Fluffy became ill and my husband had to take him to the vet. When my husband returned home he said that the vet was worried about Fluffy and wanted to see him every day to make sure he was getting better. Every morning now for the last three weeks my husband has risen at the crack of dawn and driven Fluffy to Omaha to see the vet. Three days ago Fluffy and he were late coming home so I got worried and called the vet to see if they had left already. The nurse told me that neither Fluffy nor my husband had been there in weeks! When my husband finally arrived home I confronted him and he tried to deny anything

was going on but I knew he was lying. We ended up having a huge fight and Fluffy and he took off. Yesterday he phoned and admitted that he had been seeing another woman and begged me to take Fluffy and him back. As far as I'm concerned those two dogs can sleep out in the gutter if all I care! I'm through with them.

Cassie Morgan
Uehling, Nebraska

The Mooj Responds: If a man loses pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music in which he hears, however measured, or far away. As far as your distress is concerned I am unsure why you are punishing poor Fluffy. I doubt that Fluffy knew anything about the affair; he was probably given some Kibbles and Bits and put outside in the backyard while your husband and his co-adulterer did what they did. I suggest you forgive both your husband and dog, starting first with the dog.

Mr. Mooj,

A terrible error has taken place! Had I been diligently at my post I would never have allowed that idiot Minion 1150 to claim that the January 1, 2001 newsletter was your 100th issue. I'm not sure who among your bright and talented new associate editors did the math but that issue was only your 61st. In case you forgot who I am my name is Vic Taylor and I am a charter subscriber to *The Enlightenment*. I used to be President of The Mooj Memory Bank. I quit in protest last year and to be honest I can't even remember why. I personally own every *Enlightenment* published (including the rare February 1997 issue, which was recalled because it contained inflammatory remarks about then Commerce Secretary Ron Brown). There were 12 Volume One newsletters, 12 Volume Two newsletters, 12 Volume Three newsletters, 24 Volume Four newsletters and one Volume Five newsletter. Even a half-wit with limited math skills could have easily seen that that only adds up to 61. I know it's too late to do anything about it now but in the future I shall be there for you. Please reinstate me as President of The Mooj Memory Bank and I will forever prove myself worthy. I am so sorry I was angry and abandoned you. I touch your feet in absentia.

Blessed am I to have ever known you,
Vic Taylor
Uniontown, PA

The Mooj Responds: It is not enough to be busy. So are the ants. The question is: What are we busy about? I thank you for your candid realization. To be honest I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about.

What exactly is a Mooj? Our 12-year-old son recently went on a field trip to Walden Pond and returned home with a pamphlet asking for help to build an Ashram in Chester County, PA. He said the guy living in Henry David Thoreau's cabin gave him the literature and asked him to hit up his parents for money and bring it back to him. We are as progressive and peace loving as the next family but find your methods a little extreme. We also did not appreciate you giving our son free condoms. The Walden Pond Heritage Trust will hear from us concerning this matter.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Adali Holmes
Concord, MA.

The Mooj Responds: Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. In truth I do not recall giving any child free condoms. I suspect that your child may have been the bastard who went through my chest of drawers and swiped all my personal toiletry items. That's the trouble with living in this stupid 10' x 10' hut: I have dozens of visitors each day and everyone seems to think its okay to come into my house and walk off with something. I doubt the real Henry David Thoreau had to worry about crap like that since people back in the 1840s were probably more honest than they are today.

Mooj,

I'm torn between the devil and the deep blue sea! I've just found out that the girl I married is actually my secret half-sister! Here's what happened. Last year I went to a big family reunion in Lexington Park, Maryland to celebrate my great grandmother's 105th birthday. All the family was there and my brother introduced me to a cousin, whom I'd never met before. This guy had his daughter with him and she was my age. This girl was the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on and I fell instantly in love with her. We spent the whole evening together and talked about everything and anything and agreed that we wanted to see more of each other. It was like we were soul mates or something. We went out

together the following week and it was clear from the moment I honked my horn and she came running from her trailer to get into my '85 Monte Carlo that we were meant for each other. Our relationship progressed quickly. Too quickly it seems because within a month she got impregnated. Being a Southern Maryland gentleman I did what any other true man would do and took my gal up to Rising Sun, MD to get us hitched. My parents knew we saw a bit of each other but they didn't realize how serious it actually was. When I told my father we were married and expecting a child he went ape-s__t. He just kept shouting that I had sinned against God and all that was holy. I couldn't understand what was wrong and when he realized how upset and confused I was he calmed down and told me that my wife was, in fact, my half-sister. She was the result of a secret affair he had with the wife of my mother's first cousin, who was the second cousin of his uncle. I told my wife about all this and she got sick. She asked her mother and her mother confirmed that my father's name sounded familiar and that he was probably the father of at least one of her children but she didn't know which one(s). I realize that having a sexual relationship with your half-sister is against the law (even in Southern Maryland) and now I live in fear of being arrested. What is the legal standpoint on something like this and what should I do? Also, can you send me a free Mooj minion T-Shirt?

Peety Lusby (minion #1098)
Port Tobacco, MD

The Mooj Responds: What is human warfare but just this; an effort to make the laws of God and nature take sides with one party. Who cares about who you love? It is only important that you love.

Dear Omni-impotent Maha Mooj,

I'm getting married in a few weeks and my wedding dress won't cover my tattoos and I'm afraid that this will ruin my big day. I have been with my fiancé for two years. He's the coolest guy in the world and we totally love each other. He doesn't mind about my tattoos and says he adores me with or without them. I had them done when I was in the circus and, while I don't mind them most of the time, I don't want them showing through my wedding dress. My mom and dad are paying for the whole thing and I want everything to be perfect. Since you are so smart and sagely, what do you suggest?

"The Viper Lady"
Salem, OR

The Mooj Responds: Ah, if we could kill time without injuring eternity! I can only reassure you that you will be beautiful on your wedding day. Forget never that true inner beauty is not seen but felt; and that those who know you, love you for who you are, not for what you have tattooed all over your body. Your husband has decided to share his life with you and that is all that you should think about on your special day. In closing, I request a wedding photo of you and your husband so that I can see what you look like in a wedding dress with a bunch of tattoos sticking out. I can visualize it in my mind and, well, it looks kind of funny.

Dear Mooj,

We are nine lonely oil riggers working in the lovely but remote Island of Svalbard. We'd very much like for some female Mooj Minion pen pals to write to us and send naked pictures. As you can imagine there is little to keep us amused up here and we are sure that a mention by you in your newsletter will do the trick. We'd also like an autographed picture of you to hang up in our drill house.

Philip
Jeremy
Jose
Thomas
Kevin
Jeffrey
Mohammed
Gaylord
Bhutros Bhutros

ARCO Outpost No. 7
Svalbard, Nordkapp, Norway

The Mooj Responds: Be true to your work, your word, and your friends. Thusly, I ask you rescind your letter and try again leaving out the part about female minions sending naked pictures to you. I will, however, pleasure you with a portrait of me if Minion 1150 can find one, forge my name, and send it along.

Dear Mooj,

I just finished your book, *Are You There God? It's Me Mujaputtia* this morning and it was so good. I finished it in 2 days!!! It was so good that I felt like one of those characters (the Mujaputtia one)!!! I am at this site because I am browsing for a new book by you. I read all the Yoga books, (they were great!!)

and I think the next one I'll read is *Growing Up Umbababbaraba*. I love all your Stuff!!!!

Jenny - Age 10 - West Wilton, NY

The Mooj Responds: To read well, that is, to read true books in a true spirit, is a noble exercise, and one that will task the reader more than any other exercise which the customs of the day esteem. It requires a training such as the athletes underwent, the steady intention almost of the whole life to this object. Minion 1150, can you send this little friend an autographed photo as well.

My Mooj Baba,

Thank you so very much for your "encouragement" during a most strenuous time for me: the Miss Mutachar Beauty Pageant. I could not have made it all the way to the crown without you and your many minions collectively beaming their consciousness and holistic good vibes at me from afar! You have been a very faithful mentor to me and to my humble family, dating back many centuries in India. Yes, I guess many of your followers do not know that you have had many more lives than Shirley McClain. May the spirit of Japa Sadhana be ever with you. Na-Mash-Day to you, my good friend Mooj.

Lattha Dhutta
Miss Mutachar 2001
Mutachar, India

The Mooj Responds: The perception of beauty is a moral test. Thank you, Miss Dhutta, for your kind and compassionate words (if this was really you that sent this in). May you have success this year representing Mutachar and Na-Mash-Day to you too. Minion 1150, can you please send this fine woman one of my photographs, as well.

Great and Loving Mooj,

I just met a girl that I want to ask out on a date. Her name is Janet and she lives in my building. I see her every morning when she leaves for work. I follow her and make note of everyone she talks to and everything she does. I also go through her trash regularly to see what things she buys and eats. Sometimes when she's at work I break into her apartment and snoop through all her personal things. I have also taken a complete inventory of all her clothes and undergarments and photographed myself wearing them. I'm pretty convinced that she

is normal and would make a good girlfriend. How can I get to know her better? Do you think she likes me?

Pallus Cañada
Upper West Side, NY, NY

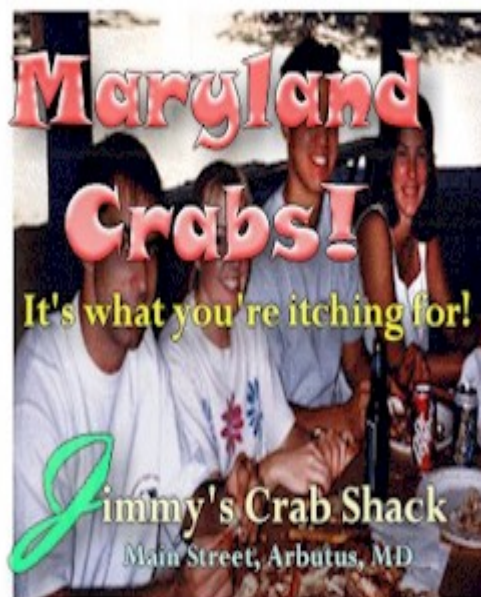
The Mooj Responds: If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with success unexpected in common hours. This is true even for nuts like you.

Hey Mooj,

I want out of this whole Mooj minion thing. A few years ago I became a minion and now fear that my political enemies might use it against me in my upcoming election. I am currently running for Queen Anne's County Dog Catcher.

Lord Peter Billingsly
Mooj Minion #1065
Kent Island, Maryland

The Mooj Responds: Goodness is the only investment that never fails! Your minion # has been officially retired. If after the election you wish to reconsider I will personally see to it that your original minion # is returned to you. Good luck, my friend!



Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1591

Name: Steven Wolff
From: Alexandria, VA
Occupation: Lawyer
Age and Sign: Pieces, age 36
Schooling: Harvard Law School class of '87
Height: 5' 11"
Weight: 225
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Hazel

Something Special about Me:

I work as an advocate to perpetuate and support legislation (on the national level) outlawing hazing rituals in collegiate fraternities and sororities. I do this so that others won't suffer as I have. When I was in college I required hospitalization for three days when a fraternity hazing event went terribly wrong. I was lucky to regain the use of my genitals. The doctors thought I never would. I am also a card carrying member of GLANDHAND. Look it up if you don't know what it is.

Minion Application Essay:

There is a story in Greek mythology of Theseus, the great king of Athens. He went down to the netherworld where the lord of the darkness offered him a chair. Theseus didn't realize it was the chair of ignorance and so he sat down. Instantly he forgot everything – who he was, where he came from, and why he had come to the netherworld. He just sat there like a babbling fool until Lord Brutus came and brought him home. You, My Mooj Uncle, are my Lord Brutus. You have come to get me off the chair of ignorance! Now take me somewhere where I can be enlightened!

MEET MINION # 1592

Name: Deputy John
From: Montana
Occupation: Law Enforcement
Age and Sign: Cancer, age 49
Schooling: 12+
Height: 6' 5"
Weight: 245
Hair Color: Brown/Gray
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I am a deputy in a small town. Things are pretty boring here but once in a while a moose or elk goes on a rampage and I have to shoot it. We actually had one murder in this town back in 1965. I was just a boy. I remember my dad was reading the newspaper and it said some guy was found bound and gagged in the trunk of his car. He had been shot multiple times and stabbed. The story ended by saying "Police have ruled out Suicide." My dad thought that was the funniest thing he had ever read.

Minion Application Essay:

I know you get essays all the time from idiots and drunkards so here's another. I found out about The Mooj last year when an FBI Wanted poster showed up at my office and was posted on the bulletin board. Everyday I looked at the thing and it brought sort of a chuckle to me because The Mooj looked really stupid. Then one day there was something different about The Mooj's picture. It seemed to be glowing. I got up from my desk and walked over to it. Was it really was glowing? I rubbed my eyes and it was. It really was glowing! As I walked away the picture started talking. It said: "Don't be afraid, my child. You are ignorant and I have chosen you to be my follower." I tried to ignore it but each day the picture kept talking to me. I soon had no inhibition to talk back and The Mooj photo and I became very close.

Don't for a minute think that I was foolish enough to talk to The Mooj's picture at work. When I realized this was the real deal I took the poster home and hid it. Every night when I came home from work I would go and get the poster. I would then unroll it and the glowing image of The Mooj would then start talking to me. I felt so blessed to have The Mooj in my life. It soon became necessary to talk to The Mooj more than just once a day and so I began folding the poster and putting it in my pocket. I then could talk to Him wherever I wanted. All I needed to do was find a private place and unfold the poster. I know you guys are probably asking yourselves, why now? Why is Deputy John applying for minionship now? Why did he wait so long? The truth is my Mooj poster is no longer talking to me. A few weeks ago the glow faded and the image fell silent. I do not know what to

do. I simply cannot live without my talking Mooj poster. My hope is that if I become an official minion He will start talking to me again.

MEET MINION # 1593

Name: Sylvia Trucks
From: Las Vegas, NV
Occupation: Card Dealer
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 33
Schooling: 2 yrs College
Height: 5' 6"
Weight: 115 (36-24-36)
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

When I turned 18 my folks gave me a suitcase as a birthday present and then kicked me out. It was a family tradition said my mom. I wound up going to Las Vegas and have been here ever since. In Vegas I have met tons of celebrities and rock stars and the most memorable of them all, I'm afraid to say, was Phillipe Petit, the famous tight rope walker.

Minion Application Essay:

I hope you remember me, Mooj. We met in Las Vegas. Of course back then I had no idea that you were a humble holy swami. I thought you were a Saudi Prince. That's what the pit boss told me. You played Black Jack at my table for about twenty minutes. I felt so bad for you because you kept losing. But, despite your heavy financial losses, you were jolly and full of laughs and gave me generous tips. I saw them throw you out later when you went bust. Since I was off shift by then I ran out to be with

you. It was I who helped you onto your feet. I felt so bad for you. You were so drunk and disoriented. I put you into my car and drove you to my apartment. I sat up with you most of the night as you suffered from alcohol-induced vomiting. The next morning when I left for work you were asleep on my couch. When I came home later you were gone. I had no idea who you were until a few days ago when a co-worker showed me your website.

MEET MINION # 1594

Name: Mack Douglas
From: Northern Pines, Arizona
Occupation: Artist/Poet
Age and Sign: Libra, age 44
Schooling: PhD in Sociology from Cal Berkeley
Height: 5' 10"
Weight: 145
Hair Color: None
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I live in a one-room shack in the White Tank Mountains. I am pretty much a hermit.

Minion Application Essay:

I have no idea how your magazine found me as my address is unlisted. I don't even really have an address. I pick up my mail at a store that is 16 miles away. I buy my food and supplies there. I guess in truth your magazines aren't really addressed to me. The store owner gets them and he just gives them to me because he says I'm the type of guy who would read stuff like this.

Exclusive Offer!



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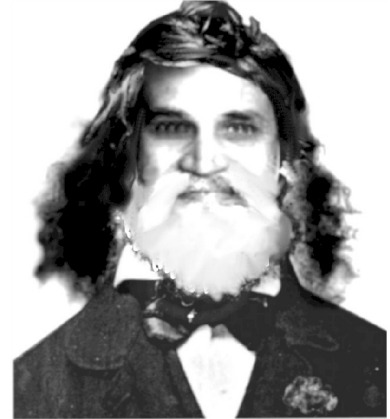


The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 4

April 15, 2001

Life on Walden Pond would be much nicer if it weren't for all these damn tourists that keep showing up and bothering me. Most of these "would be" history/literary/ecology buffs seem hell-bent on complaining about everything. Especially the way I look, act and talk (as if they were close personal friends with the real Henry David Thoreau). My job description only specifies that I must act and look like Henry David Thoreau. I'm also supposed to look busy. My immediate supervisor is the man who runs the Walden Pond gift shop. He also impersonates William Ellery Channing. He shows up at my cabin every hour, on the hour, to give me hell about something. This ante bellum despot then forces me to either chop firewood or make pencils while the park guests look on in wonder. Sometimes if a large enough crowd has gathered then I am forced to pull shingles off my cabin roof and then reattach them as if I was mending the roof or something. By the end of the day I'm so exhausted from all this nonsense that I can hardly think straight. What is worse is my cabin is cold and drafty and leaks like a sieve. Last night as I was lying in my slack rope bed getting soaked from the rain (while the bed bugs in my straw mattress viscously attacked and bit my legs) I wondered if the real Henry David Thoreau had to put up with all this crap here in the wilderness. Maybe that's why he finally left Walden Pond.



Perhaps I should make up a list and compare what I'm paid by the Walden Pond Heritage Trust against how much The Walden Pond Heritage Trust actually makes off my labor. The real Henry David Thoreau was always making up lists. Since I got nothing else to do at this moment perhaps I shall:

What I get paid each day:

\$41 20

What rent for a 10-foot by 10-foot shanty would cost me in Concord, MA (per day) if I were not granted the privilege of squatting here free of charge:

\$6 67

What my daily food intake would cost me if I wasn't allowed free access to all the victuals I can find in the wilderness (or obtain free of charge from local tourists):

Berries: \$1 67
Bugs: free
Butter: \$1 50
Pecans: \$1 50
Tea: \$0 50
Fish: \$1 75
Woodchucks: free
Corn meal: \$1 35
Beans: \$0 95
Yogurt: \$1 67
Indian meal: \$0 45

Beer: \$25 95
Brass Monkey: \$4 50

MY TOTAL BENEFITS (per diem): \$86 59

The value of the two cords of wood that I chop each day (which is then sold at the Walden Pond gift shop):

\$250 50

The retail value of the pencils I make each day (which is then sold in the Walden Pond gift shop):

\$12 25

Total daily gate receipts from all personnel entering the Walden Pond Heritage Park:

\$500 00

Total daily parking revenues collected by the Walden Pond Heritage Park:

\$80 00

THEIR TOTAL BENEFITS (per diem): \$842 75.

Hmmm. It looks like Henry David Mooj is getting screwed on this deal. Oh well. It beats the hell out of floating around in the middle of the Atlantic.

On a happier note I should point out that my time here on Walden Pond isn't totally wasted. Believe it or not I've actually become somewhat enchanted with the surrounding countryside and you might even say that I have gotten back to nature. I have definitely developed an appreciation for the simpler things in life. During the brief moments of solitude I acquire during severe thunderstorms (when tourists stay away) I am confronted with a wilderness that is alive with springtime color and sound. I run naked through the woods and talk with the woodchucks, squirrels and wrens. Sometimes the deer and the antelope come to me; and together we frolic, as animals and humans do when only God is watching. I guess when you get right down to it Walden Pond isn't really that bad of a place after all.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उमवाबारावा

Mooj Mail Bag

A Quick Note from the Assistant Editor: For some reason Swami returned all the mail I sent him unanswered. He wrote a short note about not having the time or energy to reflect on inane and rude nonsense. I'm not sure what he meant by that. Thus, below, this week's mail is presented without reflection or blessings.

Hey Mooj,

Not to sound mean or anything but you totally suck as a Henry David Thoreau impersonator. I'm not sure what planet William Farthington is from but it sure isn't Earth. You don't look or act anything like Henry David Thoreau. You don't even look like someone from the 1850s! The last time I checked a history book Henry David Thoreau didn't wear Old Navy khakis, Tommy Hilfiger hooded sweatshirts and Nike running shoes. Nor do I think that he spoke with a Punjab accent. What's worse is that you didn't even know the first thing about Walden Pond. I asked basic questions and you gave me totally bogus answers. I know that the Walden Pond Preservation Trust was having a hard time finding a new Henry David Thoreau look-alike after their original guy ran off with the Louisa May Alcott look-alike but I think they could have done a better job than picking an uncouth slob like you. Both you and Farthington should be ridden out of town on a rail.

Howard Brandeis
Sudbury, MA.

Dear Mr. "Whoever the Hell You Are,"

For your information Henry David Thoreau lived at Walden Pond from July 1845 to September 1847. His experience at Walden provided the material for the book *Walden*, which is credited with helping to inspire awareness and respect for the natural environment. I suggest you get off you lazy butt and read it. Because of Thoreau's legacy, Walden Pond was designated a National Historic Landmark and is considered the birthplace of the conservation movement. I visited Walden Pond last weekend and was horrified by what I saw. I personally retrieved more than 200 beer cans from the pond! You were also a horrible living history interpreter and your appearance (half naked and drunk) was a disgrace to living memory of one of America's great literary giants. I don't know how it is possible that the Walden Pond Heritage Trust sees fit to keep you on

their payroll. I had a very serious talk with the gentleman running the Walden Pond gift shop and he told me that you were handpicked by his boss, the insane and flamboyant William Randolph Farthington. Since Farthington is the richest and most powerful member of the Walden Pond Heritage Trust Board of Directors no one will go against his wishes and fire you. This Farthington fellow is off on some "around the World solo cruise" and hasn't been seen or heard from in quite some time. Until they can locate this person to inform him of your negligence I guess you're free to make a jackass out of yourself. I pity you and all of Concord. Do us a favor and JUST GO AWAY!!!!

Yours &c.
Dr. Gilbert Moses
Concord, MA.

Mooj San,

Takumi come to cabin for tour, yes. Takumi was Japanese tourist woman with long visor hat. Remember Takumi, yes? When tour bus leave without Takumi you let Takumi sleep in cabin, yes. You sing and play flute for Takumi. Next day tour bus came back and find Takumi. Tour over. Takumi return back to Walden, yes? Takumi be Mrs. Mooj San, yes?

Takumi Omorashi
Osaka, Japan

Hey Mooj,

I'm a big fan of yours and can't wait to actually meet you in person. Next week the wife and I will load up the car and drive up to see you at Walden Pond. We know you must be homesick for some decent Chester County style food so we're bringing some hoagies and Yuengling Lager. Let me know if there

the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has declared my property a wildlife refuge and is forcing me off. This is no joke and my family desperately needs you and your minions to write to their congressman and put a stop to this act of treason!

E Pluribus Unum!

John Jay Burgoyne
Hocking, OH

Dear Mooj,

Okay.....I think I finally get it. This isn't a real self realization magazine. It's some kind of a joke, right? For three months I have been reading your stupid *Enlightenment*, hoping to learn something. Not once in the last year (that's as far back as I have read in your Mooj.com archives) have you written one thing about self realization, metaphysics, philosophy, collective consciousness or anything even remotely spiritual. Like an idiot I thought maybe I was missing something. I take my spirituality seriously and find little humor in what you are doing.

Sincerely,
Seth Rajamahala
The Temple of Inner Awareness
Santa Monica, CA.

Dear Mooj Minion Family,

I've been reading these newsletters for years. I thought The Mooj was fake and that this whole Enlightenment thing was a gag. Then I read that The Mooj was living at Walden Pond. Since I live near there I thought, "What the hell. Let's go see about this." I drove out there and sure enough there really is a Mooj and he really is living in a little cabin near Walden Pond. This really shook my faith. If I always thought The Mooj was fake and he is real, what other things that I think are fake are actually real? I ended my 4-year relationship with my girlfriend, sold all my belongings and will now travel the world as an ignorant vagabond in search of The Truth. This journey will begin at Walden Pond, where I shall sit and meditate with His Royal Swami Mooj as I listen and reflect upon his many teachings.

Gordon Heavyfoot
Natick, MA

Minion Story

One-Adam-12, See the Child with a Gun... by Officer Nez

I'm a cop in the city (but I won't say which one—for obvious reasons). In my precinct works a woman that is less than 4 feet tall. Although the police department has minimal height requirements they were waived so that the department wouldn't be sued for discrimination against women and/or short people. As a cop this tiny woman is worthless. She cannot even wear a "billy club" on her belt, lest it drag on the ground! After several attempts to fit her in somewhere The Chief finally assigned her a street corner to write tickets for drivers stopping in the intersection and blocking cross traffic after the light changed.

One night I was working the desk when a hysterical man ran into the station and began ranting in Chinese about something awful. I tried to talk to this old fellow but there was nothing I could do since I didn't understand a word he was saying. Finally the Chinese man's son arrived to translate for him. The father told the son what he had been trying to tell me and the son turned to me and said: "My father say on corner of Bush and Van Ness is child dressed in police uniform. This child running into street waving gun and yelling 'boo' at cars!" I quickly called some nearby units to respond to what seemed like a pretty serious situation. A few seconds later I realized that the corner that this fellow was talking about was the "beat" of the midget police woman! I quickly called off the units and told the old man that it was okay, that the child with the gun was really a cop.

Minion Poetry

Das Booot by Katishka Punjabi, Mooj Minion #200

Das booten hammen flegal foot
Flak jacken beeden ankle put
Der haven shlemel pinkie lee
Fleurden burden, I'll have tea

Fixen booten vit der bracen
Seament loxen floxen racen
Auk to livre, awl is vell
Katzen jammin din don bell

Buzza Buzza, ode du vixen
Singa songa vit der pixen
Hey, que pasa, vit der keepen
Shushen hammen, kitz are sleepen

Ova ton a Ziam
Cheeva ton a Ziam
Poken foonan fartin dust
Zilchen putzen booten crust

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1595

Name: Kat Von Rhee
From: Korea Town, LA
Occupation: Tattoo Artist/Skateboarder/Street Performer
Age and Sign: Pieces, age 25
Schooling: CSUSF (part time, working on polisci degree)
Height: - 5ft
Weight: - 100 lbs
Hair Color: Black (with red and blue highlights)
Eye Color: Black

Something Special about Me:

My boyfriend Dim Jong-ill. He famous rock star from Korea. He in punk band ASSEOUL.

Minion Application Essay:

I consider myself free-thinking of open mind. I live for moment. I totally liberated. My only rule is live and

let live. I do vegetarian and environment. I sit naked on street and let people see me as I am. I tattooed. I pierced. I body modified with spikes and horns and split tongue. I so happy to be minion.

MEET MINION # 1596

Name: Judy Bennerman
From: Akron, OH
Occupation: Admin Asst.
Age and Sign: Aries, age 21
Schooling: HS Grad
Height: 5' 4" (36 28 34)
Weight: 100 lbs
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I am studying to be an actress. I also do modeling and dancing. Everyone says I look just like Joan Van

Ark. I have no idea who she is but she must be gorgeous.

Minion Application Essay:

Enclosed is my headshot. Can you give it to that intern that looks like Brad Pitt and ask him to email me?

MEET MINION # 1597

Name: "Tom"
From: Salinas, CA
Occupation: Medical Lab Technician
Age and Sign: Capricorn, age 23
Schooling: UC Davis
Height: 6'
Weight: 180 lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

When I had my akashic soul reading last night I learned that in a previous life I was John Ledyard, the famous arctic explorer. In my next life I hope to be born in Africa and live in a tribe.

Minion Application Essay:

My *Sadhana* aches to held. Not just anyone can hold it. They must be kind and gentle and take good care of it. They must not bury it away so that others cannot see or nourish from it. They must share it with the world. Then when the final bell tolls and they carry my ashes to the Ganges, my *Sadhana* will float free into another, who like me, shall be committed to all that is happy and good.

MEET MINION # 1598

Name: Ann B. Wheaton
From: Bel Air, MD
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: Taurus, age 23
Schooling: Sophomore at Villa Julie College
Height: 5' 5"
Weight: 120 lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I am clairvoyant. My visions come to me in the weirdest ways. For example, last night I was sipping one of those giant margaritas at a Mexican restaurant with my friends Tammy, Kendra, Savannah and Heather when the liquid at the bottom of my glass began to swirl around and I could see a vision. It showed my friend Tammy marrying a tall, dark and handsome stranger. I told her about it and she was totally excited. Then out of nowhere this man came over and asked us if we wanted a balloon (he was tall, dark and handsome and looked just like the man in my vision). He was one of those guys that go around to tables tying animal balloons for people. I whispered to Tammy that this might be the guy in my vision so she started flirting with him and asked him to make a balloon that was the size and shape of his "thingy." He was pretty funny because he made the balloon really big and even added little round things at the bottom. We were like totally cracking up and stuff. Afterwards Tammy asked the balloon man if he wanted to come and party with us after he got off work. He said sure. Right before we left the restaurant my friend Heather got really sick in the bathroom. When I looked at her vomit I saw another vision in it. It showed the balloon guy killing us all with an axe. Luckily we were able to get away before he knew we were gone. My visions have saved my life before. Last night was just another example of it.

Minion Application Essay:

I have convinced myself, more or less, that I'm absolutely in love with this guy. His name is Drake. The problem is I've never talked to him. And I've been watching him for about two years. How do I know I'm in love with him? Every time I see him, even if it's just for a second, I see his soul. Remember how I told you I'm clairvoyant? Well, I can also see people's souls. Drake's Soul is so beautiful. It is bright orange with pulsing and quasar-like arms that spin around and vibrate. Most people's souls are reddish brown and I've only seen one or two that have quasar-like arms that spin around. Drake must be very special. I hope someday to work up the courage to tell him I love him. For now all I can do is dream about him and hope that he asks me out.

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The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 5

May 1, 2001

First Things First. Well, gentle and ever so humble minions, Henry David Mooj must sadly say goodbye to my naturalistic cabin-living lifestyle. I was tipped off by the local townsfolk that someone resembling J.J. Bigsby was seen nearby. Because I fear what will happen if that madman finds me I have decided to flee Walden Pond and go into hiding.

Before I leave Walden's Pond, however, I would like to personally thank all my soon-to-be former neighbors for their kind and compassionate hospitality. I had been under the impression that many of the townsfolk living near Walden Pond didn't like me but those fears were quickly diminished last night when literally hundreds of local citizens arrived at my door to report that they saw Bigsby (or someone that looked like him) lurking about in the woods nearby. Every single one of these fine people begged me to leave the area immediately to save myself. I was touched that so many cared. Only days before most had nothing to say to me; and if they did, it wasn't polite. It just goes to show you that you must have faith in your fellow-beings. Like all things, goodness always rises to the top.



Had I been at leisure to sit and reflect this morning I would have gladly read and meditated upon the many items of Minion Mail sitting in bags by my feet; however, since I am now in a life-and-death struggle to vacate this cabin I will throw the contents of these minion mail bags (after removing any love offerings) into the nearby pond, lest they weigh me down as I run for the dickens. I know you will understand and kindly re-submit your letters, poems and stories.

Because of my duress I now give Minion 1150 the responsibility of editing and completing this newsletter as I surely can't. I'm off to run for my life. I hope to be in communication with all of you again as soon as possible.

Blessings and Such,

मृज,प,ती उमवाबारावा

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1599

Name: Dr. Ethel Rosenberg
From: Troy, NY
Occupation: Professor, Dept. of Mathematics, RPI
Age and Sign: Leo, age 47
Schooling: PHD, MS and BS from FSU
Height: 6'
Weight: 250 lbs
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I used a tanning bed for the first time yesterday. It was a cheap-o one that was in the locker room of my gym. Now today my skin is breaking out in little red bumps and I itch all over. Oh well. Live and learn I guess.

Minion Application Essay:

I received a copy of *The Enlightenment* in the mail today. It came addressed to me at my office. Since I am a professor I get lots of stupid things in the mail from disgruntled students so I wasn't surprised to see crap like your newsletter. I consider myself to be very intelligent. Thus, I know this whole Mooj thing is a fraud. There is no way in hell it could be real. The only reason I am sending in this application with \$75 cash is that I admire the audacity of it all. Bully for you, Mooj, whoever you are.

MEET MINION # 1600

Name: Russ Gilbert
From: Danville, CA
Occupation: I'm a car salesman
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 25
Schooling: BA, UCSB
Height: 6'1"
Weight: 200 lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

One night I got really, really stoned. The next morning I woke up and was lying facedown on the beach right next to the water. I was covered in seaweed and saltwater so I must have been in the ocean. How I didn't drown is a complete mystery. I

realized then that my guardian angel must have been looking out for me. I made a vow to clean up my act but over the years I've let that promise taper down a bit.

Minion Application Essay:

Today was a historic day. What sucks is that I can't really share it with anyone. I was golfing with the woman I'm having a secret love affair with while I was supposed to be at work. And guess what? I got a hole in one. Who can I tell? Serves me right I guess.

MEET MINION # 1601

Name: J. "La Bamba" Morales
From: Los Angeles, CA
Occupation: LA Unified School District
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 33
Schooling: BA, UCLA
Height: 5'9"
Weight: 120 lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I teach 4th grade.

Minion Application Essay:

Salutations and Prostrations unto thee, Most Wonderful Mooj. May your vision and energy inspire all! Make me a minion and I shall forever rage with wonder. I know that I am Mooj minion material because I drive an electric car and compost all my garbage and coffee grounds. I also voted for Barbara Boxer. Here in the barrio there is no hope but together we can reach the children. *Viva El Mujo!*

MEET MINION # 1602

Name: Umish Butros Bhatti
From: Wash, DC
Occupation: Cab Driver
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 45
Schooling: East Bengali Institute
Height: 60cm
Weight: 60 Kg

Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I grew up in Bombay (present day Mumbai) and knew your brother Hrithik Umbabarabba. He was a very wise and enlightened person. He was also quite popular with the ladies. If I remember correctly we were thrown out of many a bar due to his terrible habit of igniting self-generated methane gas.

Minion Application Essay:

This newsletter is a real good one. I learned a lot about what it means to be a Hindustani. Before I read this newsletter I was ashamed of my heritage. Now I am only ashamed of my ignorance.

MEET MINION # 1603

Name: Carrie Wesley
From: Drexel Hill, PA
Occupation: GAP clerk
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 19
Schooling: J. W. Hallahan High School
Height: Tall
Weight: Medium
Hair Color: Red
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I am a high school senior from Drexel Hill, PA. I work at the mall and my boyfriend's name is Corry. Corry likes rap music. Corry and I are going to get married next June if Corry can get a job. Corry says Hi.

Minion Application Essay:

I am thinking of you, Great Mooj. How wonderful you are, in this form... I bow before your feet, you who selflessly give forth his beacon of light in the night. How can one repay a moment of your Darshan? OM TALLY OM TALLY OM.

MEET MINION # 1604

Name: Anonymous
From: Atherton Estates, CA
Occupation: Executive
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 29
Schooling: Stanford MSEE
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 225
Hair Color: Bald with bushy sideburns
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I AM a self-made Internet billionaire. I helped found a company that rhymes with Boogle.

Minion Application Essay:

A man can only live in one house at a time. In that house a man can only sleep in one bed at a time. In that bed a man can only sleep with one of his domestic partners at a time. So it all comes down to that: time. Not money but time. Time is the one thing I can't buy. Oh Mooj, I am so bewildered! Guide me through the rapids, the storms and the fog!

MEET MINION # 1605

Name: Charles Harper Lee
From: Ojai, CA
Occupation: Retired
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 53
Schooling: I have a Masters in Mechanical Engineering
Height: 5' 8"
Weight: 160
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I reside in Ojai, near the old Six Million Dollar Man filming complex.

Minion Application Essay:

Most Revered Mooj - What a surprise and a delight to find you on the Internet. I send you pranayams for your good health. When I was in the air force I knew a fellow whose nickname was Mooj. He wasn't Uzbek or Punjab. He was from Tulsa, OK. I know you're not that Mooj but I always liked the name Mooj. When I saw your name on the Internet I thought of my old pal from Tulsa and fondly recalled the good times we had together. We were more than airmates. We had a special friendship that went beyond ordinary squadron bonding. No matter how sad or homesick I was my pal Mooj would always cheer me up. Sometimes I didn't even have to say anything. He would just hold me and make me feel better. At night when we were aloft in our B-52, flying NORAD missions, we would sometimes lock ourselves in the aft bomb bay and play a game called guess what this thing is that I'm poking you with. Anyway, that Mooj is gone now and all I have left are memories. Thank you for letting me share that special part of my life with you.

Name: Kip James
 From: Hollywood, CA
 Occupation: Food Service
 Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 23
 Schooling: HS Grad
 Height: 5' 9"
 Weight: 180
 Hair Color: Blond
 Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

Right now I work as a fry cook but I'm hoping to make it big in motion pictures. I am originally from Joplin, MO and came to Hollywood five months ago. Like most 'up and coming stars' I've had to pay my dues. My first job was posing for an underwear catalog. I was the only guy showing up for the photo shoot. It was at this guy's motel room. The guy made me try on lots of swimsuits and underwear bottoms and pose in really weird positions. The job really sucked because the catalog never came out and so I never got paid.

Last night I was standing on the corner of Melrose and La Cieniga when this limo pulled up and a bunch of party kids told me to get in. One of the people in the limo was that chick from the movie *She's All That*. Everyone was totally partying and I was cool with that. We wound up going to this bar called The Jade Whip in West Hollywood. They had a special VIP lounge set up and tons of famous people were in there. It was a total party! Around 3AM I started to sober up and realized that I had no way to get back to my apartment. The limo kids were all gone and most of the people at the party were totally 'weird' looking. This one guy had a big moustache and was dressed in Tom of Finland style biker leather. He was muy macho if you know what I mean. He asked me if I needed a ride. Well, obviously I couldn't walk home. It was like 10 or 20 miles. Oh, I see I am almost at the 500 word limit of this essay. Too bad. What happened next was really, really funny. I guess you'll just have to have me tell you the story later.

Minion Poetry

This week's untitled poem was submitted by Hannifin Parker, a resident of Sudbury, MA. He is a student of Medical Sciences at Boston College and claims to have envisioned this poem in a hallucination (after spending a few hours with Swami Mooj at the cabin on Walden Pond and sharing a bottle of absinthe).

*There, aloft! Up in the sky
 Do you see what I see?*

*There, asunder! Beneath the wood
 Do you hear what I hear?*

*There, hither, deep in the mud
 Do you feel what I feel?*

*There, begotten, within the millpond
 Do you smell what I smell?*

*The swirls of color, so Devine
 My mind is racing—so Benign
 In Yoga trance I walk and stare
 What people think, I do not care
 They yell; they scold; they point; then frown
 Can I be Naked as I walk to town?
 I Sure Am!*

Minion Story

This week we have two stories. Here they are in no particular order.

Why One Should Never Feed Ham to a Dog by minion #894

When my sister was pregnant with her first child she developed a terrible aversion to ham. Most pregnant women acquire aversions to one thing or another and for my sister the smell and/or sight of ham made her sick. At the onset of this condition she had a large slab of leftover Easter ham in her refrigerator and was unable to deal with so she asked her husband to throw it away. He did—sorta. What he actually did was give it to their dog. I, myself, never knew this but I guess dogs can't eat ham. This proved, unfortunately, to be true for my sister's dog. Later that day when she returned home from work she unlocked her front door and stepped inside to escape from the blistering summer heat. Before she even crossed the threshold she knew something was wrong—*terribly wrong!* She could smell two retched things in her house and she wasn't sure which one of the two was making her sicker: dog crap or ham. But it was worse—the smell was a horrible combination of both! It was then that she discovered the nightmare spread before her: the dog (who was allowed to remain inside all day due to the intense summer heat) had literally covered every square inch of her new carpet with doggie diarrhea – doggie diarrhea that was composed entirely of ham! She immediately called her husband, who rushed straight home from work to help clean up the unthinkable mess. They labored in vain to clean the soiled carpets and finally had to call in an emergency carpet cleaning service. Their neighbors, who all witnessed the 11:00 p.m. arrival of the emergency carpet cleaning crew, knew that something was very wrong (and it was). I guess the moral of the story is don't feed ham to your dog.

Lettuce Give Thanks by minion #1468

I used to have a guinea pig that would eat only lettuce. Instead of buying fresh lettuce my mom could usually get the produce manager at our local grocery store to give her scraps. One day while my grandmother was out visiting, she and my mom went grocery shopping. As usual my mom asked the produce manager if he had any lettuce scraps. He sadly informed them that the scraps had just been thrown away. After they completed their shopping my mom and grandmother drove behind the store and decided to search the dumpster for the recently thrown-away lettuce. I'm not sure why they would do this (as lettuce was cheap) but I guess they were both very thrifty. Without much effort they located the scraps and began filling a plastic bag to bring them home for my guinea pig. By some random act of fate a reporter for the local weekly newspaper saw them doing this and asked if he could take their picture. (This was in the early 1970s, when the practice of "dumpster dining" was virtually unheard of.) My mom and grandmother besides being thrifty were also funny so they posed in some ridiculous manner. They then told the guy that they were only fooling and that the lettuce was for a guinea pig. The reporter laughed and thought that was pretty funny. The next day, out of curiosity, my grandmother and mom checked the paper (a freebie and was usually thrown away before anyone unrolled the rubber band). They were shocked and horrified to see their picture on the front page with the caption: "So Poor, They Have to Eat Food from a Dumpster." There was a lesson to be learned from that I guess.

For Sale! Genuine '65 Ford Fairlane



Ride in style Amigos! Forced to sell this one of a kind gem due to pending deportation. Less than 200,000 miles and still has original AM/FM Radio. Call after 6:30 a.m. Ask for Vhing Lhem Dhuc (410) 569-6688

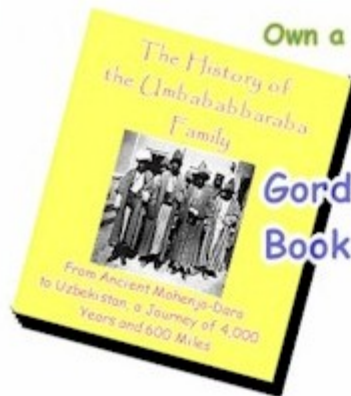
REWARD!!!

No Questions Asked

The following items were stolen from my car during the Mid-Atlantic Mooj-Fest

A base ball autographed by Will Clark
A '57 Stratocaster
An autographed Led Zeppelin poster, and
A Red Skelton clown painting

Contact minion 667@mooj.com if you have any information!



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minion1029@mooj.com

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\$6,000 A '57 Stratocaster with original case!

\$100 An autographed Led Zeppelin poster

\$75,000 A Red Skelton clown painting



Contact minion1106@mooj.com for more info

The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 6

June 1, 2001

First Things First. I beckon *namaste* to all! I know that many of you have been on the edge of your seat awaiting my rustic greetings. It has finally come! Many weeks have now transpired since my egression and I have put considerable distance between that humble hut-like habitat on Walden Pond and my present surroundings. Basically, I have been journeying westward atop the fruited plains of New England. This has in many ways been a pleasant romp through pastoral and serene countryside. During my travels I have come to rely heavily upon the generosity of strangers (some are cognizant of their help; while others only become aware of it after they notice something missing). Except for a brief stay in Amherst, MA, I have been on the move pretty much nonstop. To prevent giving away my present location I will say only that I am no longer in Massachusetts and am now somewhere in upper state New York, near the Lake George Mountains. Here I will stay until nightfall, whence thereupon I shall begin a foot-trot to some other vacant and un-lit place. Like the journey toward enlightenment this jaunt is riddled with uncertainty and travails; however, unlike the journey toward enlightenment, which potentially ends in self-realization, this one might end with my entrails being exposed by a psychopathic madman named J.J. Bigsby.



One bit of news that I must share with you before I complete this introduction is that Minion 1150 (the assistant editor) has given me his notice. He accepted a job in New York City to work on a magazine published by some daytime TV talk show host named Rosie O'Reilly or something. I know I speak for the multitude of my minionhood when I say we shall miss Minion 1150, whoever he was, and thank him for all he has done to return this newsletter to its former greatness. In a private note that he sent along with the minion mail he explained that he felt that the publication parameters he was forced to work within at *The Enlightenment* were too restrictive. I'm not sure what he meant by that. Heck, as far as I can tell this publication has the laxest publication standards around; most of the time I'm either missing or on the lam so I can't even bother the guy. Oh well. I guess that is how the *parata* crumbles.

Well, minions and friends, I have nothing more to say. I am weary from all my traveling and now need to find a place to sleep. Hopefully the local law enforcement won't hassle me like they usually do when I get caught sleeping on someone's porch swing. Please keep all your cards and letters coming. Somehow we'll manage to get this newsletter published as always.

Before I conclude with my remarks I would like to express my sincerest gratitude to the sisters of Sigma Kappa at the University of Massachusetts for their kindness and hospitality. I cannot thank you enough for allowing me to live in your sorority house basement for a few days. (Had I not been discovered by the House Mother I'm sure I would probably still be there to this day, living hand to hand and heart to heart.)

Blessings and Such,

मज्झिमा निकाय उपाखावा

Mooj Mail Bag

Mooj or Lance,

Last night I came out of my coma. The doctor told me that it was a miracle that I survived. According to him they had to remove six bullets from my head and several from my chest and arms. I have no idea what happened. All I know is that I was roused from my slumber by armed guards, who shot at me and two men that had tunneled into my cell. Thanks to whoever it was I have now been charged with attempted escape and had another 15 years added to my sentence. Oh well, life totally sucks and I don't care anymore.

Jeff W.
Sao Miguel Jail

The Mooj Responds: I remember this Jeff W. chap. We were friends; however, I do not recall the specifics of our relationship. So many moons have passed since we labored side by side, doing whatever it was we were doing together. Sao Miguel sounds familiar. I think I was there once. The truth is since I have lived on Walden Pond my mind has been cleansed of all its clutter and turmoil. I have replaced unhappy memories with peaceful new ones. Perhaps this can be a lesson all of you can take from my days on Walden Pond. Perhaps you too can cleanse your mind of things that serve only to remind you of sadness and imprudent ventures. Though it is sometimes necessary to learn from one's mistakes one should never dwell on those mistakes. There is nothing you can do about them now. Just knowing that you shouldn't do something is as important as remembering why you shouldn't. You can never change the past but you can change the future; thus, only fuss about things you can actually affect.

There is one sad memory, however, I cannot secrete from my carefree mind. He is mentioned above in that letter from Jeff W. I still remember my good friend Lance Worthy. I can still see his worried face as he floated away in the tempest that sunk our boat so long ago. I can only presume that he is dead by now.

Swami Mooj,

Something really awful happened. My boyfriend and I broke up after six years. He just wouldn't commit to marriage and I decided to move on. Because I was depressed a friend at work told me she knew this guy that she had been dating on and off for the last few years. She said he was really nice and we'd probably hit it off. Like a fool I agreed to meet this guy. IT TURNED OUT TO BE MY EX BOYFRIEND! So that means that not only was my ex boyfriend a flake; he was also cheating on me with some girl I work with! *I am soooooo pissed off right now.* I know you can't do anything about it now but I hope to have a blessing or something. Do you see any husbands in my future?

"35 and holding"
Rosemead, CA

The Mooj Responds: The poet Thomas Paine once said thou must sometimes go back to nature to learn! Yes, that is what you need to do, my *kakinada khaja*. Forget the pains of modernistic living, with its imitation binds of shallow and insignificant affections. True love is found only in true life. How can one love if one is unwilling to live? Go live in the mountains or woods. Walk along the byroads of America. Eat only from the trees and wild bushes. Cleanse your body and mind in the cool running waters of bubbling brooks and shallow streams. Sleep beneath the stars and moon. Of course I don't mean this literally. Actually, I do. That's what I'm doing now as we speak.

Mooj,

I have a problem. I just can't get a certain girl off my mind. I met her at a party last week and we hit it off great. We sat and talked for hours. Then before I knew it she was gone and I had forgotten to ask her for her phone number. Can you use your psychedelic truth vision powers to tell me her phone number (and name)? Enclosed please find \$100 in cash to help you see things better.

F. C. M.,
Swainsboro, GA

The Mooj Responds: The great poet Eugene Linden once said that a monkey could climb into the jungle canopy at the foothills of the Andes and swing through 2,000 miles of continuous 200-foot-high forest before reaching the Atlantic coast. Yes, he certainly could. But would he know what to do when he got there? I think not. Since this F.C.M. sent in a generous love donation I probably should give his request some kind of consideration. Although I have some vague memory of promising that I would never do this again I think I will. Excuse me while I put a bucket over my head and expose myself to direct sunlight for a few moments to raise my brain temperature a few degrees while I meditate. Okay. I'm back. I tried to use my omni-impotent psychic senses to help you out there, F.C.M. However, I couldn't really pick up anything too definite. The only thing I can envision in my very faint and semi-transparent psychedelic truth vision is that on the night in question you were very drunk and sitting on the couch talking to a big potted plant. If I were you I'd drink less and socialize more with real human beings.

El Mujo,

I love to party and hang out with my no-load friends. I have no ambition and could care less about anything. My folks hassle me all the time to get a job and move out of the house because I'm 35 years old. I've been this way since I graduated from Penn State. Am I a product of my environment or is this condition hereditary?

Ben Troupe
Martic Forge, PA

The Mooj Responds: The wise and intrepid Horace once said: "You may drive out Nature with a pitchfork, yet she still will hurry back with a vengeance!" Thus, too, is ignorance. That being said I suspect that neither environment nor hereditary has anything to do with your plight. I think you might just be ignorant.

Dear Mooj,

I just read an article in *The Wall Street Journal* about eunuchs becoming a political force to be reckoned with in India. There are supposedly a million Eunuchs in India and in the last election three were elected to political office. That is not what disturbed me. If Indians want to be governed by "leaders who have no balls," what business is that of mine? No,

what bothered me was the description of how most Eunuchs earn their living. They show up uninvited to the weddings, funerals, birthday parties and other such festivities thrown by people that they don't know. Then they yell, chant, sing and dance loudly until the head of the household pays them to leave. A few months ago you mentioned in one of your newsletters that while you were studying at the Ashram in Ramrama you became a Eunuch. Can you share with us how you came to the realization that being a Eunuch was something you wanted to do? I'm a kindergarten teacher and I'd love to share your story with my class during our Festival of Cultural Diversity next month.

Ms. Ramona Higgins
Mt. McKinley Elementary School
Santa Monica, CA

The Mooj Responds: Our friend Helen Keller once said that life is either a daring adventure or nothing. That being said, my *chena murki*, I must be honest and proclaim that I was never a eunuch. You must have your facts incorrect. It may be possible that you inadvertently read some other swami's newsletter. I know quite a few swamis and one or two of them might be eunuchs.

Speaking of eunuchs, I must relate a funny yet tragic story about a chap I knew in Ramrama. The letter above reminded me of him. His name was Laddoo Chota Singh. He was always looking for ways to earn extra money to pay for drinking expenses. He came upon the novel idea of posing as a eunuch and often showed up uninvited at weddings, funerals, birthday parties and other such festivities to yell, chant, sing and dance loudly until the head of the household paid him to leave. He earned a decent wage at this charade until an inauspicious misfortune occurred. He crashed the wedding of a beautiful Gujarat woman. His loins beckoned and howled at the sight of her and he could not resist her affections. An hour before the nuptials were to be blessed he was caught in a mango grove with the sultry bride-to-be doing something mischievous. The bridegroom and his family were outraged and saw to it that Laddoo Chota became a real eunuch that afternoon. I think there was a lesson in all that for anyone hoping to learn one.

Hey, Mooj my man! What up? I totally worship you. You are one fine inspiration and a totally amazing role model for society today. I have a shrine to you in my totally 'moojed out' house. It's a mooj workshop for the mind and my followers totally agree and my cult is growing daily. Please understand I am your most genuine fan even though I have read

none of your newsletters or do not know who the hell you are.

Jon - Age 36 - Chicago, USA

The Mooj Responds: Thanks, Jon. I guess with minions like you I can feel reassured that my message is getting out. As a gift back to you for your kind words I shall now sit and recite an Emily Dickinson poem for you. It is one of my favorites and I just carved it into a picnic table for others to enjoy:

*Hope is a thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings a tune without words
And never stops at all.
And sweetest, in the gale, is heard
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That keeps so many warm.
I've heard it in the chilliest land
And on the strangest sea
Yet, never, in extremity
It ask a crumb of me.*

Dear Mooj,

I was totally disgusted by a dirty card that my husband got for his birthday from a female co-worker. This woman gave him the card at his birthday party and he opened in front of everyone. After my husband saw it, he laughed and passed it around for everyone else to see. I couldn't believe my eyes when it finally got to me—inside was a ring-size chart and ruler referring to the size and circumference of his manhood. It wasn't so much that the card was X-rated that upset me as the fact that his co-worker's estimate of his manhood was so accurate. I asked my husband how this woman would know such a thing and he said it was just a coincidence. I seriously doubt that, especially since all the other women at the party seemed to think that the woman's card was pretty accurate too. I'm very troubled, Swami Mooj. Should I be alarmed?

Your #1 Devotee,
Jane Ellison
Airville, PA

The Mooj Responds: My sweet and delicate *pathishapta*, fear not! Was it not La Rochefoucauld who told us that true love is like the ghost everybody talks about but few have seen? I think this can be true for alarm bells that sound for all occasions.

Pretty soon the warning will be ignored and the true tragedy will be allowed to arrive unencumbered. Had you enclosed a donation of some sort I might have given you your own poem to reflect upon; for now go ahead and share the Emily Dickinson poem I gave Jon above.

Ponder this, Mooj: "When the axe entered the forest... the trees said the handle is one of us."

Anonymous

The Mooj Responds: Wow. Here I am doling out naturalistic advice and some guy gives *me* naturalist advice. A rare treat, indeed! Thank you, Anonymous friend, for your deep and insightful thought. I have no idea what it means but it sounds nice.

Hey Dumb Ass,

You totally suck as a guru. I applied for a Mooj minion number five weeks ago and haven't heard nothing. As of now I no longer want to be considered as a loyal minion. Enclosed is a picture of what I really think of you.

Herr Mueller
Greenbriar, CT

The Mooj Responds: This *khankir nati* has flung forth a tirade. I have no problem with that. For Buddha teaches us that holding onto anger is like grasping a hot coal to throw at someone else; most of the time you miss the absconder and are the only one that gets burned. However, I do not think Buddha ever said anything about some *chut marike* taking photographs of himself bending over and exposing his buttocks. Obviously there was some mix-up at The Friends of Mooj Society and I apologize for that. I suggest that this man re submit his application anew using a different name because as far as I'm concerned anyone named Herr Mueller is now and forever banned from Friends of Mooj Society sponsored activities. I don't mind a little criticism now and again but this person's mean spirited remarks were taken to be offensive and I cannot tolerate that kind of rude behavior in a minion candidate. This episode has so inflamed me that I think I will now conclude the minion mail and leave the remainder for a later reflection.

Minion Story

The Vanity of Americans (Concerning Popsicles) by minion #894

When I was in Taiwan a few summers back I had an unusual experience that I think you and your minions might enjoy reading. One day during a business trip I wandered into a hotel conference room and found a refrigerator. I took the liberty of investigating the contents and found to my delight several brightly-colored popsicles inside the freezer. "Ah, that would hit the spot!" I thought as I wiped the sweat from my brow. It was hot and humid that day and the thought of sucking on a frozen popsicle seemed almost too good to be true. Since all the labels were in Chinese I had no idea what flavors were available so I made guesses based on the wrapper color. I chose first a yellow popsicle, thinking it to be lemon. It wasn't. It was corn! I literally went into taste shock (if there is such a thing). The coast was clear so I nonchalantly threw the popsicle away (minus a bite) and selected next a maroon colored popsicle, thinking perhaps that it was grape. It wasn't. It was beet! Soon I was desperate for any fruit-flavored popsicle and so I sampled a few more varieties (red bean, cauliflower, cabbage and onion) until I found one that was some kind of a fish flavor. By then I didn't care anymore and ate it anyway. Now that I have had several years to re-examine this cultural experience I can only think that perhaps we Americans are a bit too selective. Why is it that we think that only fruit would make good popsicles?

Minion Poetry

It looks like someone has been paying attention in public school. Below is a very well thought out poem that was sent in by a very smart and progressive 10-year-old kid. I wonder if this guy is related to all the other Asmus children out there who send in poems? Probably.

Save our Planet!! By Enrico Fermi Asmus, Age 10

As I stare off into space
I wonder about the human race
Why is mankind oh so vain?
We eat poor mammals; cause them pain
My 5th grade teacher tells me so
Our globe is warming; there's an Ozone hole
The rainforests burn too fast
Our fossil fuels cannot last
Endangered wetlands turn to goo
Tell me people, what shall we do?
Earth in the balance, Armageddon, then doom
And my stupid brothers just sit there watching Zoom!

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1607

Name: Bernard M.
From: Cambridge, MA
Occupation: CEO of a Russell 2000 Company
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 39
Schooling: MBA, Harvard
Height: 6-ft
Weight: 220
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

When I was an 11-year-old boy I found a book in my mom's closet called *Our Bodies, Ourselves*. That was my first experience seeing what a naked woman looked like. I think it helped me develop into the sensitive new guy that I am today.

Minion Application Essay:

The ecstasy and the delight of the soul when it encounters the quintessence and epitome of wisdom is manifested in this newsletter. Is there room in your heart for a guy like me? I am like forbidden fruit: so naughty yet so tasty. Om Shaka Laka Om.

MEET MINION # 1608

Name: Danny Fognow
From: Atlanta, GA
Occupation: Pilot
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 35
Schooling: Georgia Tech, Class of '87
Height: 6-ft
Weight: 220
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was born during the '65 NYC blackout. Looters carried me away from the hospital when I was only 2 days old and I wasn't found again for 18 hours. I would have died had it not been for the loving care of a dog named Sebastian.

Minion Application Essay:

Imagine for a moment that the whole world and all that spews forth from under its thick fertile crust is radiant in blazing splendor. Then imagine at the same time that this blazing splendor stuff is going on

and that the ozone and atmosphere above the Earth is filling with love and good vibes. Now stretch your imagination even further and consider that all matter and antimatter, including quarks, neutrinos, fermions, bosons, positrons, neutrons and electrons are exploding with brilliant color, comparable with the sun, but even more brilliant! That's how I feel inside my head when I read *The Enlightenment*.

MEET MINION # 1609

Name: LtJg Jasper
From: Great Lakes, IL
Occupation: I am a junior officer in the US Navy
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 22
Schooling: OSU (BSEE)
Height: 6-ft
Weight: 180
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I am stationed at the Great Lakes Recruit Training Center in Great Lakes, IL. I was just awarded the Commodore Emery Award for Excellence for my outstanding work as a sexual harassment counselor.

Minion Application Essay:

*All our lives we had fun,
we had seasons in the sun;
But the stars we could reach
were just starfish on the beach.*

This song by Terry Jacks kinda sums it all up don't you think, Mooj?

MEET MINION # 1610

Name: Delton Morgan
From: Nye City, NV
Occupation: Bar tender
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 25
Schooling: HS Grad
Height: 5-ft 6-in
Weight: 150
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I am a dreamer. Usually I'm dreaming about sex.

Minion Application Essay:

I read somewhere that purity is achieved by freedom from desire, and desire should be distinguished from necessity since one does not become free of desire by merely making freedom unnecessary. Though it is true that when one is hungry, one should eat; when one is thirsty one should drink; and when one is fatigued, one should sleep. But how do I know that these are needs and not desires? I am at a loss, Great One. I have now been without sleep, food and drink for 15 days as I ponder this and other advanced paradigms of this once mighty green earth. Am I Mooj material? I think so.

MEET MINION # 1611

Name: Karl Voncosel
From: Raleigh, NC
Occupation: Radiologist
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 72
Schooling: USMA, class of '46
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 200
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

One of my ancestors survived the Lake Toba super eruption.

Minion Application Essay:

Believe it or not my father knew the infamous Carl Tanzler. They were both German immigrants working at a hospital in Florida in the late 1930s. I would rather not say what Carl Tanzler did (this story has long since been forgotten) but in many ways I feel sorry for Tanzler. I can totally relate to his love for the young and beautiful "Elena" because I, too, have been in love. I, too, was robbed of my love by misfortune and I, too, have had to live a secret life, pretending to be somebody I am not. Society is so quick to judge people.

MEET MINION # 1612

Name: "The Swarthy Man"
From: El Monte, CA
Occupation: Retired gardener at Union High School
Age and Sign: Aires, age 75
Schooling: Not much.
Height: 5' 5"
Weight: 150
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I have many secrets. I have many dark places. I have you.

Minion Application Essay:

Your poetry is very inspiring, most wonderful and full of peppitones. I sense that you are more holy than you know! May I join you on your spiritual journey?

MEET MINION # 1613

Name: Betty Coors
From: Gardena, CA
Occupation: Teacher
Age and Sign: Pisces, age 45
Schooling: CSULB and CSUDH
Height: 5' 2"
Weight: 120
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was baptized by The Good Reverend Shambaugh in front of millions of TBN viewers.

Minion Application Essay:

What an auspicious blessing for a seeker like myself to have access to your knowledge in the form of this newsletter. I promise to use it well. I also promise to help my fellow minions and others in need of help.

MEET MINION # 1614

Name: Kim Carrel
From: Jamestown, VA
Occupation: Nurse
Age and Sign: Leo, age 33
Schooling: MBA
Height: 5' 7"
Weight: 125
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I starred in my high school drama department's production of *Oh Calcutta!*

Minion Application Essay:

I'm an ER nurse and have seen people come in with just about everything you can imagine stuck up their colons. Last night they brought in this guy who "supposedly fell backwards" on a Gallo wine jug. This fellow turned out to be a Mooj Head and told me to check out your web site. I did. I'm now

convinced that I need to be part of your weird and strange world.

MEET MINION # 1615

Name: Franco Delarosa
From: Maynard, MA
Occupation: None
Age and Sign: Aires, age 17
Schooling: Maynard High
Height: 5' 5"
Weight: 160
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I spent six months in juvvy for stealing a car.

Minion Application Essay:

I met you at Walden Pond a few weeks back. I was there for a totally wicked ass party. I was the guy that broke his foot jumping from the tree into the lake. My brother and I went back to see you last night but your shack was boarded up and there was a big NO TRESSPASSING sign up. A Concord policeman showed up and told us to beat it. We asked if he knew what happened to Henry David Mooj and he just laughed and said you were gone. My brother and I want to become Mooj minions. Later.

MEET MINION # 1616

Name: Alfonso Delarosa
From: Maynard, MA
Occupation: None
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 19
Schooling: Maynard High drop out
Height: 5' 6"
Weight: 165
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I have three children.

Minion Application Essay:

Word! My brother and I went to hang out with you at the pond and you were gone. A lady that works at the Dunkin Donuts said you quit. My brother and I are going to become Mooj minions so we can find you and hang out some more. We got the money to join from a credit card we stole. If it works, cool. If it don't, oh friggen well.

MEET MINION # 1617

Name: Ben Tyler
From: NO-LA
Occupation: Sales & Service Rep.
Age and Sign: Cancer, age 25
Schooling: High School Grad.
Height: 6' 4"
Weight: 250
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I woke up this morning with a raging thirst for wisdom.

Minion Application Essay:

I am very impressed by your activities in the world and subscribe to your newsletter wholeheartedly. Would swami consider granting me a small spiritual request? I have a silver Elvis TCB necklace that I wear every day. I have already had it blessed by Jim Bakker, Jimmy Swaggart, John Hagee, Benny Hinn and a few other select saints.

MEET MINION # 1618

Name: Bob
From: Burbank, CA
Occupation: Trucker
Age and Sign: Aires, age 63
Schooling: USC Grad.
Height: 5' 9"
Weight: 175
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I had my luggage stolen at the Burbank airport by the infamous porn star John C. Holmes.

Minion Application Essay:

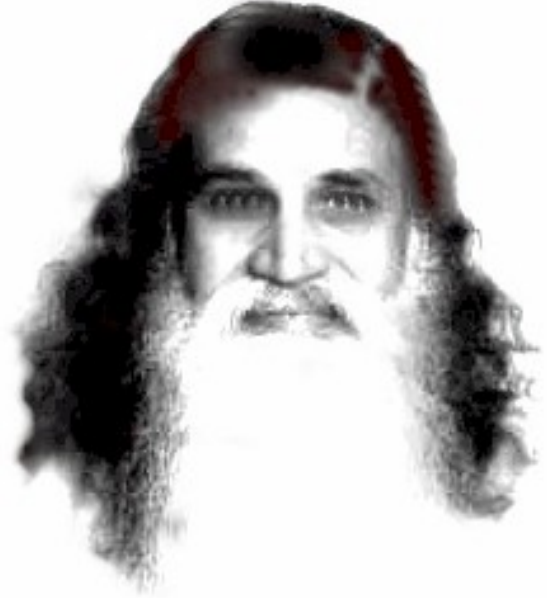
I'm married to a 22-year-old Belorussian woman, who is a practicing Mooj Head. At first we struggled with our opposing ideas, especially those things that are 360 degrees opposite of each other. Our differences in attitudes about self-realization were huge. Had I not been able to see your goodness through her this marriage would have lasted only a few months and I would have had to send her back to Belorussia and found another mail order bride. For if peace is going to be genuine, then first it has to happen within our own hearts, then in our own families and finally it can happen within our own community. Praise Mooj!

The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 7

June 15, 2001

First Things First. With a heavy heart and heavy hand I begin this week's newsletter. I just learned about a betrayal that was perpetrated upon me by the good citizens of Concord, Massachusetts. Unbeknownst to me several members of the Walden Pond Heritage Trust conspired against me during a Town Hall Meeting, and a plan was concocted by the local citizenry to lie about the presence of J.J. Bigsby in the community. I should have been suspicious that after so many months of rotten and discourteous treatment that a sudden outpouring of concern over my safety would have been less than genuine. I learned about this hoax when I received a note in the mail with my last pay check. It was written by the man that runs the Walden Pond gift shop and impersonates William Ellery Channing. He was my old boss. He told me what he really thought about me and made some snide remark about the hoax working better than he ever imagined. I have a good mind to return to Walden Pond and retake my rightful occupation as the official Henry David Thoreau impersonator. But then again the thought of living in that squalid cabin again makes my stomach turn and so maybe I'll just continue along on my journey to wherever it is I'm going. I promise to fill you in on all my traveling adventures when I feel enough time has elapsed such that Bigsby cannot deduce from my writings where I am or where I am headed. But then again maybe Bigsby isn't even after me. Just to be safe I'll assume he is. Someone certainly is. I get shot at all the time.



As if the above mentioned betrayal wasn't enough to start this week off with a bang, how about this: I also learned from officials within The Friends of Mooj Society that a serious theft occurred a few months ago. Some jackass stole everything from The Official Mooj Archives. Among the collectables taken were original copies of all my *Enlightenment* newsletters, rare first edition books, bumper stickers, T-shirts, posters, rare photographs, love letters and other assorted goodies. The entire collection is estimated to be worth a fortune. A detective working on the case says he thinks everything got stolen by an intern named Steve who then most likely sold it all to a Dr. Mark Guban in Texas. This Dr. Guban then auctioned everything off. If you by any chance bought one of these items from Dr. Guban would you kindly return it to The Official Mooj Archives? Thank you. This theft was a travesty; and as usual I am in circumstances too tiring and hungry to give a crap.

Oh, before we conclude the introduction The Friends of Mooj Society has asked me to ask you if any of you have experience editing a newsletter. If you do let them know. They have posted a job opening to assistant edit this newsletter and so far no one has responded. One of Minion 1150's associate editors is staying behind until a replacement assistant editor can be found. For that, I guess, we should be grateful.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उम्माबारावा

Mooj Mail Bag

Sup, Dawg! Me and my homies at Concord-Carlisle High School think you're totally righteous. We all think it was totally uncool of our parents to run you out of town. I used to work at the Pump'n Pantry but quit so I could devote more time to partying and getting wasted. I flunked my SATs. What do you think? Am I a future Road Scholar or what?

Joey Silva,
Concord, MA

The Mooj Responds: The witty Albert Einstein once said: "Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; and I'm not sure about the universe!" Although Einstein may have been proven wrong about most of his theories by modern science; this conjecture has never been disputed. Yes, my *humdum jaar*, it is true that a man can lead his horse to the schoolhouse but he cannot make it think. Such, too, can be said about the teachings of a guru. I ask only that you not harm others with your stupidity as you grow older.

Dear Sir,

First of all I must tell you I had nothing to do with the town's deception to scare you out of Concord. Had I attended the town hall meeting I would surely have stood up and expressed my concern about a lack of fundamental fairness. The truth is, however, you weren't exactly a model citizen and you certainly didn't try very hard to be a reasonable facsimile of Henry David Thoreau. Perhaps no one explained to you how important Concord's literary past is and, most important, how significant Walden Pond is to that legacy. We value that heritage and that is why it was time to part ways with you. Most of us understand that Wm. Farthington can be a bit loopy at times; and that he sometimes made peculiar selections to his various committees and boards. His generosity, however, is enormous and, thus, we do our best to appear grateful and accommodating. But enough was enough! Had we been able to contact Mr. Farthington (who is still at sea) I am confident that once he learned of your dereliction to duty (not to mention your endless partying, drunken shenanigans, civic nakedness, disregard for ecology, and other countless wanton acts of destruction and pollution) he would have dismissed you immediately. Even you must admit that things

had really gotten out of hand. Now that you are departed, let bygones be bygones. I hope you accept my apology but please don't construe it as an invitation to return.

V/R

Ronald Wilson Roxbury
President of the Concord Preservation Trust

The Mooj Responds: As I mentioned in my introduction I was just made aware of this hoax. My mail bag was filled with several letters concerning this issue and I decided not to reflect on them, as most contained unsavory and unflattering language. I will reflect on this one, however, because it contains an apology. To put this issue behind us now I will recite a short, but sweet, ode by Ralph Waldo Emerson (some other Concord literary person that everyone seems to blather on about). It pretty much sums up how I feel if you substitute the word "Mooj's Heart" for "bridge":

*By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,*

*The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the Conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.*

*On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires our sons are gone.*

*Spirit! who made those freemen dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.*

Hi, my name is Elliott Wang, also known as "Big Ell" and I am the Planner/Organizer of Mooj Day 2001. I hope to make this an annual event, and hope that Mooj Day 2001 is the first of many Mooj Days to come in the future. Mooj Day 2001 will take place on the boardwalk of beautiful Ocean City, MD on Saturday, July 21, 2001 from 11:00 AM until 5:00

PM. All members of the Mooj community are invited to attend. The day will be filled with fun, events, fun, games, fun, live entertainment, fun, contests, fun, and prizes. Oh, did I mention there would be fun? Admission is entirely free. Food and beverages will be available at a nominal cost. Also feel free to bring your own food and beverages. No alcoholic beverages please! Several motels in the area will be offering special rates for our out-of-town guests. If you need a list of motels, please e-mail me at bigell14@spitfire.com and I will e-mail the list back to you. If you are interested in attending and need more information, please let me know and I will e-mail you with all of the details. Please note my e-mail address is the letters B-I-G-E-L-L followed by the number 14. Please do not type three L's in a row, or three one's in a row, or I will not get your message. Also, do not call my home phone number (listed as minion 1092 in the official minion roster) because my current roommate is a day sleeper.

Taataa-

Big Ell
Salisbury, MD.

The Mooj Responds: "Mooj Day 2001," huh? Is this an officially sanctioned Friends of Mooj Society event? I suspect that this might be another scam being perpetrated upon my unsuspecting minions by a known huckster. If this event is genuine and holistic in nature then I have no problem with any minion attending and having a good time. The Friends of Mooj Society cannot be held responsible if this is anything like the last "big gala" put together by Big Ell, when numerous unsuspecting minions were lured to some far away tropical resort and then forced to sit for hours listening to a time-share sales pitch.

Dear Mooj,

I have always been fascinated by the Hohokum Indians and their mysterious disappearance in the year 1450 A.D. Some people believe that they were taken away in space ships. I have another theory. During my last trip to the desert I sampled the DNA of several types of cacti. To my surprise saguaro cacti contain very human-like DNA strands. It is my belief that the Hohokums turned into saguaro cacti. I had hoped to report my findings in an upcoming issue of *The Journal of Natural History*. However, peer reviewers are not being very cooperative. I have even supported this claim with pictures of very human-like looking saguaro cacti. If you or your

followers could help fund my research in any way I would greatly appreciate it.

Dr. Claude Vorrelhouse
Arizona State University
Department of Sensuality
Tempe, AZ



The Mooj Responds: Nature does not hurry, yet everything is accomplished on time. Or so says the great Chinese proverb Lao Tzu. I believe in your theory, Dr. Claude. But then again I also believe that a dog with a transplanted human brain and I were abducted by a UFO and had ourselves probed by semi-friendly aliens. I pass along my blessings and will meditate to help you with your researches.

Dear Mooj,

Sometime ago I sent you a letter requesting a psychic evaluation for a business venture that I was about to embark on. As I recall you responded privately to my request with a remarkably accurate reading of nearly every detail of my family life and then you demanded an outrageous amount of money to actually comment on the prospects of my business venture. I had to decline for financial reasons. Anyway, I have a new venture which came to mind while watching an infomercial. I was

watching the one where you can buy a kit to refill inkjet printer ink cartridges rather than buy new ones when I hit on this gem of an idea. My kids drink Capri Sun Juice Bags and Juicy Juice Juice Boxes and I think that it is just a waste to drink the contents and throw away the packaging. I plan on selling a kit, which contains Bulk Juice along with a syringe used to transfer the Bulk juice into the juice bags along with a roll of scotch tape to reseal the juice bag/box. As an added incentive I plan to offer (as part of the promotion) 100 free straws to use to get the juice out of the boxes/bags and into the mouths of the little ones. What do you think of that?

Thanks,

Bill Quinnton (Obviously not my real name. I'm using a nom-de-plume.)

The Mooj Responds: It is through grand schemes we embrace the ideas that come from our lofty heads. Knowing whether that idea is poor or great is important; as it may help pave or demolish the pathway through our *zindigee*. But be forewarned! Visualizing money or power along the way or at the end of this path is but a trap that can never result in true satisfaction. It is far better that you envision a goal of improving the world and bettering the lives of all those that live under its sea-green heavens. Then success will be achieved by just positively affecting even one person. If riches or fame come as a by-product of that; then jolly good for you! But, then again, let's be honest. Your idea is pretty stupid.

Sir,

My six-year-old daughter has received a chain letter claiming to be part of a record-breaking attempt for the Guinness Book of World Records but it seems suspicious to me. The letter arrived while she was at school and I have not given it to her. The sender demands that she send a copy of the letter to at least 200 other people or she'll be struck dead by some evil curse. She doesn't even know 200 other people! Do you know of any Guinness Book of Records attempts like this? Does this sound like something that's legitimate?

Mooj minion # 1116

The Mooj Responds: The greatest superstition is the belief in facts; because facts are often lies; and lies are often facts. Thus, then spins the wheel of fortune supported by spokes of pride and mistrust. I leave it to you to determine how that advice matters. Before I conclude this reflection, however, I should

point out that not paying one's minion love offering dues in a timely manner can also result in being struck dead by some evil curse.

Dear Mooj,

I heard some guy at my work talking about you and he told me to check out your website. I think your newsletters are pretty funny. I'm not sure what your message is though. Are you really a spiritual guru or yoga master or something? If so, how come you never write anything meaningful? It seems to me that if you were a real swami or something like that you would at least mention something of value for people seeking greater consciousness. Anyway, so as not to go on I end this letter on a happy note. Bye.

"A wandering soul in search of the truth"
Gilroy, CA.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, Mr. Wandering Soul. I'm not sure what you meant by that letter; but I shall, none-the-less, pass along a blessing and good vibes. Forget never that enormous truth is often found in diminutive places.

Swamiji Mooj,

I am totally devoted to your many causes and an ardent believer in everything you do and say. To prove this I have had your creed *Atmano Mokshartham Jagad-hitaya Cha* proudly tattooed on my chest in giant brazen letters! Please send along a blessing so that I may rejoice!

Minion # 1131

The Mooj Responds: I hate to point this out, dear minion, but what you have had tattooed in giant brazen letters on your chest is not my creed; but the creed of Swami Vivekananda. This is not such a bad thing, as Swami Vivekananda was a decent chap and had some good mottos and sayings. In the future I advise you to consult the Mooj Minion handbook for my creeds and slogans.

Hi!

Ms. Margaret Foster
Roseville, CA 95661

The Mooj Responds: Hello yourself, Ms. Margaret Foster. Although you are vague with your letter I assume you are seeking a blessing and so I will send one forth.

Mooj!

I adore this website! Hands down it's the best Uzbekistani-Punjab fugitive insane poet web site on the net. Princess Dianna would have been so proud of you.

Christopher Marks
Raleigh, North Carolina, United States

The Mooj Responds: Although you are vague with your letter I will also assume you are seeking a blessing and so I will send one forth.

Mooj,

My boyfriend and I were totally into each other and decided the time was right to make love for the first time. My boyfriend is a Taurus and I am a Virgo. We've been together for three months. We told our parents that we were staying with friends but instead booked a room at the local motel. The room was really expensive and had its own TV. We wanted everything to be right for our special night and so we spared no expense. We were totally excited by what awaited us but avoided the temptation to jump right into bed and instead went to KFC for a romantic dinner. That went well but then when we got back to our room my boyfriend started watching a football game on TV. There was also a bunch of tiny booze bottles in the room (in this little cabinet thing) so he helped himself and got super drunk. Before long he was passed out. I just went to sleep and before I knew it the front desk called and told me we had to check out or pay for another night. I was so angry I just left my stupid boyfriend passed out in the room and walked home. Why are boys such idiots?

Ellen Corby
Rice, TX.

The Mooj Responds: *Sone pe suhaga?* The Greek versifier Plato said it best when he said a hero is born among a hundred, a wise man is found among a thousand, but a true *Hum Naujawan* might not be found even among a hundred thousand men. Lucky for you it sounds like you have found one of those.

I have been a spiritualist/gnostic since the age of 10. I feel I have the qualifications to say this so I will: you suck. Your newsletter sucks, your stupid stories suck and your poetry sucks. On a scale of 1 to 10 you rate a 2, right behind Abby Hoffman. The only reason I read your stupid newsletter is to see how stupid it really is.

Bo Schaeffer
Baltimore, MD

The Mooj Responds: *Janam Janam Ke Phere?* This is a very naughty letter and I have a good mind to ignore it. The truth is I do not care why you read my newsletter so long as you do; perhaps someday you will come to understand the greater consciousness. Until then, however, on a scale of 1 to 10 for rudeness I'd say you rate about a 10.

Mr. Mooj,

This is my first time on your website and I already love it. In January of this year I came in third place in a book writing competition in my school with a book called "hamora" about a girl in the past who has to decide on her future. Everyone said it was great and that gave me the confidence to publish it. Since you are so famous can you help me?

Celine. Age 12.
Funkstown, MD

The Mooj Responds: How novel! By novel I mean creative not 'book' but this was a good pun that I did not anticipate in my reflection but will leave for its artistic affect. I am happy that you have seen fit to share your talents with the world. The great poet G.K. Chesterton has often said that a good novel tells us the truth about its hero; but a bad novel tells us the truth about its author. Thus, my *sheera kabab*, be sure you give this enterprise a worthy effort. Sadly at this time I cannot read your novel because I am wandering aimless and alone atop the northwestern fruited plains. Feel free to send your manuscript to the Friends of Mooj Society. Be sure to enclose a SASE so that whichever one of my interns reading your book can mail it back to you.

Dear Mooj,

Thank you so much for writing "Are you There God? It's Me Mujuputtia". I locked myself in my room for

sixteen hours until I finished it. I laughed. I cried. I crapped myself. It was such a good book that I'm reading it again.

Philip Leroy, age 15
Troy, N.Y.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, Philip! Back in 1977 when I wrote that masterpiece I was targeting a person just like you. For your kind words I will ask The Friends of Mooj Society to send you a complementary 1999 Vintage Mooj Minion T-Shirt and Mooj coffee mug.

Dear Mooj,

My friend Stacey keeps copying all of my homework. Not only that but our teacher forces us to do projects together so I end up doing all the work and we both get the credit. I wouldn't mind so much if she also helped me with my work every now and then but this is totally one sided. She expects me to do everything! Stacey is also trying to steal my boyfriend. What should I do? Before I sign off Stacey is here and wants to say hi to you. Hi Mooj (from Stacey).

Samantha, age 12
Fallston, MD.

The Mooj Responds: I tell you what I think about this. Both Stacey and Samantha are immature and I'm not quite sure why either of them thinks that this self-realization newsletter is the appropriate forum for their banality. I wish them both good luck and hope they can remain friends for a long time but doubt it.

Dear Mooj,

I am 15 years old and have only had one boyfriend. All my friends tell me that I am pretty and that I should have a lot of boyfriends and not to worry

about it. Well, I am and I am beginning to think that it is the way I look so I am thinking about getting plastic surgery to change the way I look so maybe I could get a boyfriend or something. I have been told by a few boys that they think I am pretty and nice but they would never go out with me. I have no clue why that is the way they feel. Enclosed is a picture of me. Why don't boys like me? Tell me the truth, Mooj. I can take it.

Dee Dee Morales
Ocala, FL

The Mooj Responds: In a treeless country, the castor-oil plant is a big tree! Such is your lot, my *choti kela*. With deep reflection I am not sure why all of a sudden teenage girls with teenage girl problems are occupying my mail bag. I suspect some prankster has posted my web site link in Teen Beat magazine's chat room again. I find this prank tasteless and warn the minion(s) responsible that they risk banishment from the Mooj minion family if they continue with this nonsense!

Now as for you, Miss Morales, I discourage you from ever again sending a picture of yourself to a strange guru. If it makes you feel any better someone at the Friends of Mooj Society attached a note on your photograph that said you looked like Posh Spice (whoever that is). Someone else attached a note that said you were cute but could stand to lose a few pounds and maybe get a nose job. I am outraged that someone would be so insensitive and say such an awful thing. Some people are too ignorant to spare hurt feelings I guess.

I just looked at the next letter. It too is from a pre-teen girl. So are the next several. The topics of these letters deal with menstruation, puberty, boyfriends, pimples and the boys from O-Town. With that being said I abandon the Mooj Mail Bag for the remainder of this newsletter.

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1619

Name: Betty Jean Slough
From: Southwestern New Jersey
Occupation: Housewife
Age and Sign: Capricorn, age 42
Schooling: College grad
Height: 5'-2"
Weight: 110
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I have three children and a lovely husband named Ken. In the late 70s I was first runner-up in the Miss New Jersey Pageant, for which I was awarded a full scholarship to Salem County Community College and a brand new Datsun 200SX.

Minion Application Essay:

I find your web site very wonderful. I want to be considered for minionship because I am a True American and believe in your strong moral leadership.

MEET MINION # 1620

Name: Jeff
From: San Jose, CA
Occupation: Full Time Student
Age and Sign: Leo, age 22
Schooling: Right now I'm on sabbatical
Height: Tall
Weight: Skinny
Hair Color: Dreds
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I was the infamous "Phantom Crapper" at the Winchester Mystery House.

Minion Application Essay:

Dude, I'm so wasted right now.

MEET MINION # 1621

Name: Teresa Griffin
From: Chester, PA
Occupation: Admin asst.
Age and Sign: Capricorn, age 27
Schooling: HS

Height: 5-5
Weight: 130
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I enjoyed reading your book called *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family: From Ancient Mohenjo-Daro to Uzbekistan, a Journey of 4,000 Years and 600 Miles*. I found it at a garage sale. The old lady who sold it to me said she thought you were an idiot. I think you're cool and want to be like you.

Minion Application Essay:

I wish I could say every relationship I've had was wonderful. The truth is most of my relationships failed for one reason or another. In retrospect I cannot even access who was to blame. Many times it was my ex boyfriend's fault and other times it was mine. I always try to make things work. I compromise more than anyone I know. For example, six months ago I met and began dating what I thought was a really nice guy. We had three fantastic dates and he even introduced me to his mom. He told me that he really liked me as a friend. Then all of a sudden he stops calling me. I decided to go over to his apartment and see if he was okay and – well, you know. He's there with another woman. Fine. I understand. We aren't married or anything; he can date all he wants. I wasn't even that mad at him. I told him to call me later if he wanted. Well, he never called. A week or two went by and I decided to visit him again and –well, you know. He's there with *another* woman. Okay. Fine. I get it. He wants to sew his oats or whatever. Another week goes by and he still won't call. Now I'm upset. This fool has someone who will love him forever (me) and make him happy (me) but he wants to mess around with every bimbo in town. Good. Good for him. So I went to his work, marched right into his office and gave him an ultimatum: I told him he had to choose between me and all those other women. He chose the other women.

MEET MINION # 1622

Name: Carol Hirschell
From: Tel Aviv, PA
Occupation: Finger Food Chef
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 31
Schooling: NYU Grad
Height: 155cm

Weight: 55 Kg
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

When I was a little girl I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus. Then I saw her do something else that was, well, kinda naughty. But it was okay. Santa turned out to be my dad.

Minion Application Essay:

I am a frequent visitor to your web-site and I take away from it more than I return. Is that so wrong?

MEET MINION # 1623

Name: David Cloverdale
From: Baltimore, MD
Occupation: Shift Supervisor
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 45
Schooling: 12+ yrs
Height: 5ft 8in
Weight: 300lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I'm a proud member of the UAW, Local 239 in Baltimore, MD. I am currently out on disability due to a pulled groin muscle.

Minion Application Essay:

When I was a boy I remember working for an old man named Mr. Byassee. He once told me that having a good bowel movement was sometimes better than sex. Now that I am 45 year's old I know exactly what he was talking about.

MEET MINION # 1624

Name: Gung Hay Fat Choy
From: Gainesville, FLA
Occupation: Studio musician
Age and Sign: Pieces, age 45
Schooling: Yes
Height: 5'
Weight: 100lbs
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was back up singer for band Lynyrd Skynyrd.

Minion Application Essay:

I cannot put into words how important this is to me so I won't.

MEET MINION # 1625

Name: Don't Know
From: Umiat, Alaska
Occupation: Fur Trapper
Age and Sign: Don't Know
Schooling: Don't Know
Height: Don't Know
Weight: Don't Know
Hair Color: Don't Know
Eye Color: Don't Know

Something Special about Me:

Don't Know.

Minion Application Essay:

Win the sun don't shine and the win be blowin cold I tink of a special time when I was friend with human. I have seen no man for 10 years and forgit who he look like.

MEET MINION # 1626

Name: Orlo Jones
From: East Anglia, PA
Occupation: Surveyor
Age and Sign: 65, Sagittarius
Schooling: University of Ottawa grad
Height: 160 cm
Weight: 65 Kg
Hair Color: Gray/bald
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I am maternally related to Edgar Allen Poe.

Minion Application Essay:

Several years ago I fell from a skyscraper window. By some miracle I was not injured. Authorities believe a wind gust or microburst buffered my fall. Because so many people witnessed the accident I became quite the local celebrity and was asked often to speak at religious and civil functions. My tale was always the same: my life flashed before my eyes as I fell and I saw that I was less than perfect so now I that I've been given a second chance I live a more religious and charitable life, etc. ... you know; the kind of stuff people like to hear. During those speeches, however, I never told people what REALLY flashed through my mind during that awful split second of what should have been my last

moments on Earth. The truth is I saw you. YOUR image flashed before my eyes. For years it bothered me: who was that man that I saw flash before my eyes as I fell? Why (I thought) would I think of a man with a big hairy beard, long straggly hair and mysterious eyes? I searched every face I met thereafter in hope that I would once again see that dark and Hindu-looking stranger. It wasn't until yesterday that I finally learned that the face belonged to you. I saw your poster in the Post Office. It was some FBI thing. I do not care that you are a fugitive. I now know my path must lead to you. I told my Anglican pastor that I was leaving his church to follow you and he said that he thought it was all nonsense. But I know it isn't. I now come to you, Mooj. What do I do next?

MEET MINION # 1627

Name: Faith Malloy
From: Bedford, NS
Occupation: Accountant
Age and Sign: 55, Capricorn
Schooling: Acadia University
Height: 173 cm
Weight: 50 Kg
Hair Color: Red
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

My mother was born in Halifax on December 6, 1917. That was a tragic day in Nova Scotia history. That was the day the ammunition ship exploded in the harbor killing thousands. Many of my grandmother's friends and relatives were killed or injured that day, including my grandfather. Because all the doctors were busy aiding those that were affected by the tragedy no one could come out and help my poor grandmother during her childbirth. She had to deliver my mom by herself. It's amazing how candy-ass we've all become these days. Can you imagine today's pampered soccer mom delivering her own baby while the whole city was burning?

Minion Application Essay:

I had a serious emotional breakdown a few months ago. My therapist suggested self realization and gave me your web address. I'm not sure if this is a legitimate portal of self realization or just a big rip-off but I'll try anything at this point. Can you send me information about what I am supposed to do now?

MEET MINION # 1628

Name: Max Coulter, PhD.
From: Boston, MA
Occupation: Real estate Agent
Age and Sign: 75, Aires
Schooling: MIT Grad
Height: 5' 11"
Weight: 190 lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

From 1955 to 1959 I worked for NRL (the Navy Research Laboratory) on Project Vanguard. Here's an FYI for you: Did you know the good old U.S. of A. actually had the ability to launch a satellite one year before the Russians launched Sputnik? Werner Von Braun and his Redstone wonder boys had one ready to go up in 1956 but were told to put the kabash on the whole thing. It was due to politics. The powers that be wanted the Russians to launch one first. I forget the specifics. It had something to do with establishing international/space boundary protocol or something.

Minion Application Essay:

I mentioned above that I worked on the Vanguard program. Here's something I never told anyone. One night I was working near the Cape Canaveral launch site. It was a few days before the TV3 test burn. Another engineer and I were driving toward the launch pad when we heard spooky noises and saw lots of flashing lights behind some palm trees. We decided to investigate and couldn't believe what we saw: sitting behind the tall trees was a space ship! It was one of those giant flying saucers type things. The aliens were probably spying on America. When the aliens saw us drive up they ran back to their space ship and flew away. I asked the other engineer if he saw what I saw and he said yes. We didn't want to lose our jobs or delay the launch so we never told anyone anything. To this day I don't know what I really saw that night. As you know time has a way of playing tricks with old memories. But I know what I think I saw. Sadly, the other engineer that was with me that night has passed away so I can't call him up and ask him what he remembers. But I KNOW I saw a space ship and little green men running around that night. Since you were abducted by a space ship yourself I feel you will believe me and that I can trust you.

Binsaki & Co. Recall Clown Knife



Charlesbourg, Que. -- In cooperation with the Canadian Consumer Product Safety Commission (CCPSC), Binsaki & Co. Ltd., is voluntarily recalling about 50,000 toy clown knives, model number B-8847, with detachable clown head.

The Binsaki clown knives have one large clown head atop a razor sharp hunting-style knife. The clown head can slip on-and-off and possesses a potential choking hazard.

Binsaki & Co, Ltd. distributed the recalled knives from July 1995 through June 2000. The knives, which cost under \$5, were sold mainly on the Internet and through various eastern Canadian party supply warehouses.

Consumers should take the knives away from young children immediately and return them to the store where they were purchased for a full refund. Consumers with any questions can call Binsaki & Co, Ltd. for more information.

The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 8

July 1, 2001

First Things First. Humble Minions! What more can I say? It is impossible for me to put into words how happy I am whenever I can write my humble thoughts in this newsletter. Although *The Enlightenment* may be just one of many newsletters you read searching for enlightenment, it is my whole life. So when I run into whoever The Friends of Mooj Society sends to give me the minion mail, poetry and stories to reflect upon I am filled with immense joy, for this is my only way to stay in communion with the vast majority of my many happy minions. Yes, sadly, if it weren't for this portal of personal self-realized collective wisdom dispersion I would have nothing to live for anymore. Words cannot describe how lonely I have become these last few weeks as I have drifted across the fruited plains and amber waves of grain of northwestern America.

You know what I find strange, now that I think of it. How come someone from the Friends of Mooj Society can find me so easily and yet that madman J.J. Bigsby can't? The truth is I'm not really hiding that much anymore. I just wander from town to town collecting alms and passing out blessings. Bigsby is always nearby too. I see him all the time. He seems to be just wandering around himself. Maybe he has become Mooj-like again.

Whether intentional or not The Friends of Mooj Society Semi-Annual Report was included in my minion mail bag this week. Normally I would never bother to read crap like this except I was bored. I never knew they published a semi-annual report. Heck, I didn't even know they published an annual report. This official looking thing was full of numbers and charts. The introduction said that this was a blockbuster half-year for the organization and that hefty love donations continue to pour in. Minion applicants were way up, too. It was concluded that my aimless wandering seems to really make a significant impact on revenues because so many loyal minions want to help in anyway they can. This makes me happy. I am so glad that so many of you are willing to help during these dreadful times. I just wish The Friends of Mooj Society was sending some of that increased revenue my way. It would make my life easier if I didn't have to forage for food and fight wild animals for sheltered sleeping spots.



With "can" being the operative word.

BECOME "ONE" WITH THE MOOJ!

Log onto Mooj.com To Fill In Your Very Own Minion Application.

THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL

Free T-Shirt, Diploma, Minion Handbook, Coffee Mug and Tub of Skyline Chili with Every Approved Minionship!

Mooj Mail Bag

Guru Mooj,

My husband and I are expecting our first child and we can't decide on a name. We know from the ultrasound that we are having a girl and I want to use the name Marcia. My husband refuses to use the name because he says all he can think about when he hears the name is Marcia Brady from The Brady Bunch. Then he does his stupid, "Marcia, Marcia, Marcia," voice. I'm furious and can't see why he has to be so immature about something as important as our daughter's name. Both my mother and grandmother were named Marcia and I would really like to use the name. My husband is a big fan of yours so please admonish him about his foolish behavior. It will break my heart if our daughter cannot retain an important part of her heritage because of my idiot husband and his teenage TV viewing habits.

Mary Ann McCormick
Emersonville, CT

The Mooj Responds: I understand your anguish and admonish your husband for his lack of sensitivity. To help your husband open his heart and mind I will perform a short and meaningful tantric meditation. While I am doing this I will also fast and abstain from any impure thoughts. In closing I shall now quote the poet Oscar Wilde who said: "Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes, they forgive them." I'm not sure if this popped into my head as part of some inadvertent truth vision that I seem to have every now and then. If it did then that means your daughter will be affected by her name choice and might not forgive you for years of needless harassment. I leave it for you to decide.

Howdy moron! --You have plenty of stuff on your web site telling us that you're a self-realized swami, but nothing whatsoever telling us *why*. Why don't you take a break from [omitted due to its vulgar reference to something very taboo in our society] and try actually explaining your views. Good luck, drippy.

lez69@gci-gte.com

The Mooj Responds: For every 10 emails of praise I get, I get one of these "hate-filled" type messages. I guess it is all part of being a virtuous example of moral leadership in today's troubled world.

I really love your site. There are so many things to check out. I can tell you have really worked hard. I am trying to get my mom (known as granny Goya) to become involved in computers but she is too scared. I'm going to bring her to your site and show her what you have done, although it might scare her more because you are insane and obviously socially retarded.

Oliverjoe@webvan.com

The Mooj Responds: I'm not clear on how to score this particular email (i.e., is this a letter of praise or a "hate-filled" message). For the time being I will count it as undecided.

Dear Mooj,

I graduated from college two months ago. Now I'm completely broke, hopelessly in debt and can't find a decent job. I studied hard for my PhD. in Women's Studies and nobody out there will hire me! This is obviously because of the grosser aspects of male-dominant social archetypes that are typified by gender-racist male chauvinism. I'm not the first person to be affected by these masculine-racist conditioning patterns; countless other sisters before me have also suffered because men are pigs and want only to keep us sisters in the kitchen, barefoot and pregnant! Mooj, what can I do to find a job? I tried everything, including dressing really sexy and getting a boob-job.

Jennifer G (Minion #1584)
Boston, MA

The Mooj Responds: Eleanor Roosevelt once said that a woman is like a tea bag. It's only when she's in hot water that you realize how strong she can be. Stand proud of your accomplishments! You have completed one arduous journey only to find another one before you. Take the challenge and defeat

those that stand in your path! However, instead of listing "Women's Studies" on your resume claim "Microsoft Certified Systems Engineer." Don't worry about knowing anything about computers. If you really are dressing really sexy and showcasing your new breasts then you'll be able to keep any job long enough to actually learn something marketable.

Dear Mr. Umbababbaraba,

I have written to you before concerning *The Enlightenment*. I now must offer an apology. I recently found a book written by you in my local library entitled, *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family: From Ancient Mohenjo-Daro to Uzbekistan, A Journey of 4,000 Years and 600 Miles*. I checked it out and began scouting it for what I thought would be absolute nonsense. I was pleasantly surprised! I have published many papers on early Indus River Valley civilizations and have taken part in numerous excavations of both Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa, the first two great cities in the Indus-Valley. Few people are as knowledgeable on this topic as I am and I was shocked at the level of detail and accuracy displayed in your book, which you claim was based on family oral traditions. Since your book is no longer in print I have contacted the publisher and requested a second printing so that I can have this great work circulated among (our) peers. At this time I am also organizing a History of India traveling seminar to coincide with my Raga to Rap Indian Music Expo and would like to employ you as a guest lecturer. Since I found your family histories interesting I'm sure others will too. I will contact you with further details when they become available.

Namaste and Shubh Kamnae,
Seth Rajmahala
The Temple of Inner Awareness
Santa Monica, CA.

The Mooj Responds: I am touched that some one as well known and respectable as Seth Rajmahala (whoever the hell he is) has found merit in my otherwise overlooked book. A second printing would be fantastic since, from what I recall, only a few of my History of the Umbababbaraba Family books ever sold. The rest were donated to RIF. In many ways I have always felt like the Charlotte Brontë of my race and this may be just what I need to get a second chance to become accepted as a legitimate author.

Sri Mooj,

My 13 year-old son is now experimenting with alcohol. My husband and I have allowed him to drink some wine on Shabbat and holidays, but we have now caught him and his friends sampling our liquor whenever we are away from the house. How do I put my foot down without worrying that he will just find another venue, outside the safety of our home, to experiment with alcohol? Another thing that concerns us is that our son is now also experimenting with pornography, klismaphilia, devil worshipping, extreme sports, day-trading, heavy metal music, drugs, non kosher food, cigarettes, marijuana, prostitutes, violent video games, gluttony, truancy, gang affiliation, body piercing, counterfeiting, tattooing and software piracy. Oy!

"A Very Worried Mother"
Westchester, CA

The Mooj Responds: With great anguish I read your letter and I will now meditate and pass along blessings and happy thoughts. I am reminded at times like this about something that the worn and weary Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in his diary during the battle of Gettysburg. He said: "Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall; but a mother's secret hope outlives them all!" Thus, when you have hopes you child does also.

Will things ever get better for me?

kklm@pets.com

The Mooj Responds: My friend, I have performed a truth vision for you and see wonderful things ahead! Although you have suffered a setback recently I see clearly that you will have a long and prosperous life and become very rich and famous! Wow. I also see that you will win a Nobel Prize, an Oscar, an Emmy, a Webby, a Quill, and The Sir David Attenborough Award for Excellence. Oh wait...that's not you. It looks more like Al Gore.

Mooj,

On a recent Trans-Atlantic flight to Paris I was seated in a row near the lavatory. As soon as the "Fasten your Seatbelt" sign was turned off an old lady got up and entered the toilet. I sat there minding my own business but couldn't help but notice that the woman's lavatory occupation time was a bit excessive. Because I am a good citizen I

rang for the stewardess and asked her to check on the poor old lady. The stewardess knocked on the door and was told that everything was okay. Another hour passed and the old woman was still inside the lavatory so naturally I felt compelled to summon the stewardess once again. As before, the woman inside the lavatory reported that everything was fine. Finally, after 6 long hours the pilot announced that the plane was landing and the lady finally exited the lavatory and returned to her seat as if nothing was wrong. Tell me, Mooj. I just have to know. What the hell was that woman doing in the bathroom all that time??????

glendrum@flooos.com

The Mooj Responds: Although I have the capability I would rather not waste one of my truth visions on finding the answer to this type of question; although I admit I am as curious as you are. I recommend that instead of asking benign questions that you ask questions that answers to might actually enlighten you and speed you along the path to inner awareness.

Great and Loving Mooj,

My new hubby Edgar and I watch a lot of adult videos together and the actresses in these movies all seem to be able to do all sorts of things that I find extremely difficult and unpleasant. I told Edgar that I would try anything if it pleased him. But now I am worried that some of the things he wants to do may end up damaging me, our carpet or our new bedroom furniture. Do you have any advice for me, my guru?

"New Bride in Covington, KY"

The Mooj Responds: YES, how about this: *Tumhara sabse bada gun yehi hai ke tumme gun nahin hai!* In passing I will also remind you that this is a family-oriented newsletter and that certain topics shouldn't be discussed. This is obviously one of those topics.

Mooj,

I am an ardent outdoorsman and I bike every day. Often when I'm biking along a desolate stretch of highway that passes through a state park I am verbally accosted by a man driving a Tastykake delivery truck in the opposite direction. I have no idea what this insane man yells; but it must be

offensive and/or threatening by the tone of his voice. The first time this happened was about four years ago and I thought nothing about it since I am often honked at or yelled at by angry motorists. But now it's getting serious and potentially dangerous. Last night was the last straw—this demented fool not only slowed down to scream at me, but he also turned around and drove by me several times so that he could repeat his lunatic ranting and ravings. As with all the previous times I had no idea what this fool was saying. *I have had enough!* This afternoon I'm going to hide in the woods with my car and wait for this insane idiot to drive by so that I can track him along his Tastykake delivery route and then follow him home. Then we'll see who the crazy one is, won't we, Mr. Tastykake man? I wonder how loud and obnoxious Mr. Tastykake man is going to be when I tie him up and then force feed him Tastykake pies through his [rectum]. I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!!!!

"Jetta Jimmy"

The Mooj Responds: *Lagi aaj sawan ki phir woh jhadi hai?* Be careful out there, Jetta Jimmy. This delivery man sounds like a real *badir-wallah*. (But then again so do you.) I will meditate and perform a short tantric chant in hopes that the outcome of this altercation is peaceful.

Mooj:

I'm a life-long resident of Stewartstown, Pennsylvania. You know who I hate more than all them stupid Baltimorons that keep moving up here? It's them idiots living in Hopewell Township that think they actually live in Stewartstown. I got news for you folks, you don't. Get a life! There, I spoke my mind.

Gerry Greene
Stewartstown, PA

The Mooj Responds: I have no idea what this person is talking about but will pass along a blessing anyway.

Great and Amazing One:

A few weeks ago I was hiking alone in the Sequoia National Forest. At the worst possible moment I fell and landed in a big hole and broke both of my legs. I crawled out of the hole and waited for someone to come and help but it was late in the day and the trail was completely empty. Soon it was dusk and I knew

I was in trouble because there was nobody around and I was getting cold and hungry. Soon darkness was upon me and I heard the growl of distant grizzly bears. I knew that if I didn't get help soon I was a goner. As the hours passed I became resolved to the fact that I would die there. I made peace with myself and scribbled a "goodbye" letter to all my loved ones on a roll of toilet paper. Then, just as I lay down to die I remembered something you posted on your Divine Life Society website. It was an essay that you had written many years ago and it had inspired me as a child. It was about self-reliance, sacrifice, focus, hope and rugged determination. I became energized as I reflected on it and was inspired to stand up and walk down the mountain on my broken legs. It was a long and arduous trek but I did it. I was a survivor and I owe it all to you, most gracious Swamiji Krishnananda. You are a living saint! I am forever your most humble devotee.

Raj McGinty
Santa Clara, CA

The Mooj Responds: Who is Swamiji Krishnananda? I'm Swami Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba, you fool! You have your swamis all mixed up.

Will I ever get some [a word that is slang for a part of a woman's lower anatomy]?

Purpzey@kozmo.com

The Mooj Responds: *Tu Meri Khamoshi Hai?* This obviously troubled "funny guy" must have wet himself with laughter as he typed in this sophomoric email and then sent it in. Undoubtedly, as soon as he had finished doing this he called friends and told them what he had done and they told him how funny he was. No doubt he and his pals have now been waiting patiently for this week's *Enlightenment* to be published so that they can see if I actually answered his vulgar and stupid question. Well, Mr. Purpzey, I did. The answer to your question is: No, you won't.

Swami,

I am so tired of my wife's 42-year-old son running up huge debts, which I have to pay. This idiot can't keep a job and prefers to sit on his [butt] all day watching TV. I have tried talking to my wife but she just says he is her son and she has to look after him. What should I do?

M.H.
Escalante, UT

The Mooj Responds: Why don't you contact that Swamiji Krishnananda person (mentioned above) and ask him to send your stepson one of his essays on self-reliance, sacrifice, focus, hope and rugged determination? Or better yet, have him start reading *The Enlightenment*. That should inspire him!

Mooj,

I am convinced my wife is having an affair with the coalman. I keep finding black handprints all over my house. I first noticed these "sooty" handprints on my sheets and all over my headboard. The following week I noticed a big thumb print on the bathroom door. Later I found carbonaceous sediment on my carpet. My wife and I haven't made love much recently and things have been difficult between us because I have been unemployed for three years. Because I don't trust her anymore I'm going to have to stay home all day instead of hanging around down at the local bar. When I catch this guy I'm going to beat him like a redheaded Irishman.

Jacob McVicker (minion #1081), Peach Bottom, PA

The Mooj Responds: Good God, man. Don't they have natural gas and/or oil heat in Peach Bottom, PA? Even in Chester County they haven't used coal heat since the 1930s. As far as your wife goes I see in my semi-transparent truth vision that she is noble and pure of heart; she is just a messy housekeeper.

Mooj,

I walked into my 14-year-old son's bedroom the other night and found him dancing about the room with a pair of my black tights on. He was also wearing my red pumps. I am so worried about him now.

RogerSmith@coldmail.com

The Mooj Responds: Did I read this right? You say they were *your* black tights? I sense this letter is another joke being perpetrated upon my newsletter and its readers. I'm very leery of people that send in email. I'd much rather have the normal mail type letters to read and reflect on. When people go to the trouble of putting something into an envelope and addressing it, not to mention spending money on a stamp, they take it more serious. Plus, the envelope gives them a convenient way to send in a love donation. I have yet to see anyone include an offering with email.

Most Gracious and Worthy Swamaji Mooj,

Greetings and salutations, blessed one. I am one of your lifelong devotees living in Saratoga Springs, NY. Several weeks past you stayed with me and my family while wandering aimless and sorrowful throughout the Saratoga area. We were delighted to meet you and have you as our guest for a few days. Swamaji, the reason I am writing is twofold: first, to thank you for the blessings you bestowed upon our humble home and, secondly, to ask if by some chance you may have inadvertently removed valuable silverware from our house. The silver turned up missing right after you left. Not that we would ever think that you had anything to do with the missing silverware. It's just that my wife found the silverware for sale at our local pawnshop and the guy told her that some swami looking guy with beady eyes brought it in. In truth, no harm was done since we were able to buy back the heirloom silver for only a fraction of what it is worth.

Yours in harmonic convergence,
The Gilbert Family, Saratoga Springs, NY.

The Mooj Responds: My journey across New York was made much more memorable by meeting wonderful people like you and your family. Although I do not remember you specifically I do sense that we had some meaningful talks and holistic meditations together. As far as silverware is concerned I recall only once being given some as an offering and it proved to become burdensome as it weighed over 30-lbs. I might have pawned it to ease my troubles.

Mooj,

You may not remember me but I let you sleep on my sofa back in early June, when you were desperately searching for a safe haven in Vermont. I have

delayed sending this letter to you for fear that my name and/or address might tip off your pursuer J.J. Bigsby. I would have delayed sending this letter even longer but then realized that it's really up to you when you publish it (if you do). Here's why I am writing to you. When you were staying with me do you remember that rare collection of baseball cards I showed you? That collection was locked in my den safe. Somehow, right after you left, someone broke into my den and stole those cards. I had some really rare ones in there, including Ted Williams and Nolan Ryan rookie cards. My collection is worth an estimated \$125,000 and I am devastated by its loss. Can you use your psychic truth vision powers to tell me who did this and why? Also, do I have any chance of recovering these lost cards?

Kevin Pauly (minion #1099), West Milton, VT

The Mooj Responds: When I perform a mild variation of my truth vision I see someone that looks just like me opening that safe. That *mammu* looks like he's drunk! Shame. As far as recovering these items I see that they lurk nearby in a pawnshop. Hopefully the owner is as ignorant of their value as the thief was.

Mooj,

My girlfriend says our sex life is boring and has suggested that we try a threesome. I don't know if I should go along with this horrible idea. I am 84 and have been dating this 75-year-old lady since her husband died a few months ago. I know our love life isn't terribly exciting but I care for her and will do whatever she wants. The man she wants to involve in this threesome lives in another part of our retirement community and is only 73. I fear that this sporty gentleman might prove livelier in the sack and I don't want to lose her to a much younger guy. I think I need to do something to pep things up besides this. But what? Back in the 1940s women weren't so hard to please.

"Grampy" Hingley, Dover DE.

The Mooj Responds: The Mooj Mail bag is still full of mail but I shall let providence direct me and use this letter as a sign from God that it is time to end this edition of The Minion Mail. My hope is that Grampy Hingley (whoever he is) doesn't bother me again with such utter nonsense. Grampy Hingley may fool his fellow cohabitants at the old folk's home with his wild and outlandish tales but not me.

Poetry At Large

A Darkened Heart Rings Out!

by Werner Heisenberg Asmus, Age 12

'Twas the summer of most unholy discontent;
The clouds came and the clouds went

Oh shame, but shame, and shame some more;
True shame shall thee blame a hoot to afore

Gimme your rancor, your grief, your disdain;
Then beat me softy while I writhe in pain

Hang thy willows 'neath my frilly drapes;
Then stompith mightily upon my sour grapes

How do I love thee?
Why do I love thee?
Is thee really who I love?

Does thee even know who I am?
Well, does thee?

Alas, I cry.
Alas, I die.

Now bury me, dead, hams squatting aloft;
So the World can come and kiss my boft

Minion Story

The Raging Monkey of Derha-Dun by minion # 1520

Many year's ago my family traveled to Derha-Dun, India to visit my Uncle Amman. One day during our visit a large monkey strolled into the garden while my mother and sister sat on the verandah. My mother and sister were very excited and tried their best to attract the monkey's attention. The monkey, however, was visibly disturbed by all the commotion and continued along on his merry way. Later that day we heard on the local radio that a vicious monkey had escaped from a nearby zoo and was on a rampage. The monkey described on the radio matched the monkey seen in the garden. The monkey was considered extremely dangerous and the community at large was warned not to harass or annoy this creature since he had already killed a number of local citizens. I guess my mother and sister were lucky that the monkey was too busy to bother with them.

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1629

Name: Bo Montana
From: Sydney, Australia
Occupation: Musician and Interpretive Dancer
Age and Sign: 35, Virgo
Schooling: James Cook University Grad
Height: 180 cm
Weight: 55 Kg
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I belong to *The Lemonade Pipers*, one of Australia's premier bagpipe punk rock bands. We tour and we party. Mostly we party.

Minion Application Essay:

Wow. This is surreal: me, talking to The Famous Mooj. This is pretty gnarly, dude. What does a man say at a time like this? You'd think I'd be better prepared. Anyway, I guess I should start off telling you a little about myself. I play the bagpipes. I also do a lot of dancing. Sometimes I do both at the same time. My mates tell me I look like I know what I'm doing but I really don't. Most of the time it's the Fosters Lager in me doing the piping and dancing. Oh, I forgot to mention that I was once married. My ex-wife was very nice. She, sadly, couldn't live the life of a poor woman. When you're a bagpipe playing interpretive dancer you don't get too many paying gigs and I'm too lazy to do real work.

MEET MINION # 1630

Name: P.J. Curtin
From: Newark, DE
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: 21, Gemini
Schooling: Univ of Delaware Senior
Height: 6-5
Weight: 250
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was born with six toes on each foot.

Minion Application Essay:

My current girlfriend is really hot. I met her at a party. She belongs to Alpha Phi Omega and I'm in Alpha Gamma Rho. People say we look alike. I don't know if that is good or bad. We have a pretty open relationship. Mostly we just hang out at the Stone Balloon (a local bar) and drink shots of Jagermeister. A lot of her friends disapprove of me. I don't care. Sometimes I wonder if we'll be together much longer. Like I said she's hot; but she's also really dumb. Sometimes it just isn't worth it (if you know what I mean). A guy can only hear "Huh?" "Really?" and "Are they really going to turn blue?" so many times. But then again she really does have a cute smile. Once, when I got hurt playing rugby she came to see me in the hospital and sat there all day with me. She also does a lot to help people and is always volunteering to help orphans and the poor. And she does have the prettiest blue eyes I ever saw. Maybe I'll keep her around a while longer.

MEET MINION # 1631

Name: Denny Longbottom
From: West Chester, PA
Occupation: Sign Language Instructor
Age and Sign: 25, Sagittarius
Schooling: West Chester University
Height: 5' 6"
Weight: 150
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I visited you once when you were incarcerated in Chester County Jail. I asked you to bless something for me. I think it was a pair of moccasins.

Minion Application Essay:

I had no idea you were still doing the *Enlightenment*. Back when I was in college my friends and I joined your Mooj Social Justice League. We used to watch you give your speeches on public access TV. We thought you were pretty funny. Once, (I'm not even sure you knew this) the lady that was doing the sign language translations for deaf people was actually saying horrible things about you. Like when you said, "Behold, the path toward inner awareness is like the path along the rim of the abyss of selfish desires," she signed something like, "This big hairy clown is stupid and smells like a goat." I thought it

was part of the act but it might not have been. To be honest I wasn't sure if you were a real guru. My friends and I basically joined your organization because there were so many good looking women at the Mooj 'teach ins.' These events were held in the West Chester University Student Union and we'd watch your weekly public access telecast from your jail cell. Then after the broadcast we'd disrobe, body paint flowers on each other, chant about peace, and do naked yoga stances. Fun times, indeed!

MEET MINION # 1632

Name: ?
From: Boulder, CO
Occupation: ACLU Attorney
Age and Sign: 45, Sagittarius
Schooling: UCLA Law School
Height: 5' 10"
Weight: 110
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I own a Mercedes Benz E500. I bought it with my bonus this year. Eat your hearts out, suckers (I'm only kidding).

Minion Application Essay:

I decided to keep myself anonymous because I don't think admitting wanting to be a follower of The Mooj is a smart thing to do when you're a lawyer. People already hate lawyers! I first learned about The Mooj when I was assigned his case. I'm talking about the original one that got him sent to jail in Pennsylvania back in the 80s. For some reason the ACLU decided to look into it and it was assigned to me. This was the same time that the Mumia Abu-Jamal incident became huge. Needless to say the Free Mumia case proved more important than the Free Mooj one and my efforts were needed elsewhere. My Mooj records were put aside and eventually tossed into the circular file. Two days ago I found an *Enlightened* magazine in a public restroom and immediately recognized The Mooj's picture. He was very handsome back in the old days and he still is today. There is just something about his enlightened stare. It makes you feel warm and comfortable. I logged onto Mooj.com and read all the posted back issues. There was one issue where someone was asking about why The Mooj was in jail. No one seemed to know. I should. I studied his case. The funny thing is I can't remember a thing about it. It was so long ago. Since the ACLU was looking into it, it must have had something to do with freedom of expression or public disobedience. I wish I could remember but I can't.

MEET MINION # 1633

Name: Randy Rudd
From: London, England
Occupation: Medical Doctor
Age and Sign: 61, Libra
Schooling: Queen Mary School of Medicine
Height: Tall
Weight: Fat
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

My grandfather was an ardent anti-vivisectionist and was killed during the Brown Dog Riots of 1907. His remains were scattered in Battersea near where the original Brown Dog Memorial was erected.

Minion Application Essay:

Indeed a splendid newsletter for ardent seekers of truth and wisdom. I personally don't give a rat's ass about all that and only read it for the sexual advice you give to wayward teenage girls.

MEET MINION # 1634

Name: Marty Nolan
From: Santa Monica, CA
Occupation: Dental X-Ray Technician
Age and Sign: 45, Taurus
Schooling: CSULA Grad
Height: 6ft
Weight: 225-lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I've always been pissed off that there is no Nobel Prize for Mathematics. This year I've decided to do something about it. I'm not sure what that is yet. I'll let you know when I come up with something.

Minion Application Essay:

One night I got busted for smoking pot and used my one phone call to phone radio station KMET and ask the DJ to play Beth by KISS. I'm not sure if he did or not 'cause I was in jail. That was back in 1978 when KISS was still really cool. I guess KISS is still kinda cool, huh?

MEET MINION # 1635

Name: Gregg Kuntz
From: Huntington Township, PA
Occupation: Gen Contractor/ Supervisor
Age and Sign: 39, Capricorn
Schooling: Penn State Grad

Height: 6'
Weight: 475-lbs
Hair Color: Red/Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

My wife was a tiny little thing when we first married but has gained 200 pounds since our wedding. So Have I for the matter. We drive a truck now because we have to. We know it's unhealthy to be this overweight so we're planning to exercise and cut down on fried foods. Our sex life is still good though. But we do break beds quite frequently.

Minion Application Essay:

I like the mooj and hope that he seriously considers my application for minionhood. I know another guy who is a mooj head and he says he has never had to pay a dime for anything and he gets all kinds of cool mooj stuff in the mail like T-shirts, pamphlets and bumper stickers. My wife also has a sister who is a minion. She says it's pretty cool and that she meets a lot of interesting people at the mooj-fests.

MEET MINION # 1636

Name: Jeremy Franklin
From: Los Angeles, CA
Occupation: Retired
Age and Sign: 69, Capricorn
Schooling: HS
Height: 5' 5"
Weight: 175-lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was in room 105 when Sam Cooke was shot at the Hacienda Motel. I went outside to see what all the commotion was about and saw the place was crawling with cops and reporters. Because I was there with a married woman I thought for sure we'd be seen on TV by her husband but we weren't. It was a close call.

Minion Application Essay:

I was staying with friends in Oswego when you showed up and asked for a handout. My friends had no idea who you were but invited you in because it was raining outside. I was amazed at how smart you were. Someone asked you what you were doing out on a night like that and you said something about sewing the seeds of wisdom. I know we were all drunk but you spoke so profoundly that it was like I was hearing a saint talk. I realized then and there that I was on the verge of enlightenment. For the first time in my life I felt like I was actually being taught how to free my mind. I wanted to go with you when it was time for you to leave. I remember how hurting it was to hear that you couldn't take anyone with you. I did not know then that you were running for your life. I actually did follow you for awhile. I saw you dig through some trash cans and stuff. Then the police showed up and told you to beat it. You just walked away happy as can be.

Enlightened Thinking

I felt it was time to write an Enlightened Thinking Essay again. However I was told that only a small space remains in this newsletter so it will have to wait for next time. I will also exclude my Travels with Mooj section for the same reason. I will, however, pass along my blessings and good wishes.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उम्माबारावा

The Enlightenment !

Volume V, No. 9

July 15, 2001

Greetings Friends, Minions and Others!

Great News! I will no longer be alone in this world. My long-lost nephew (who I didn't even know I had) has found me and is now traveling to America! He, like me, is being hunted. We have decided to combine our egressions and live out what remains of our humble lives together (or at least wander around together until he can return to India without the fear of prosecution). Perhaps the best way to explain my nephew's predicament is to share with you the message I received from him some days ago:

My Dear Uncle Mujapuudeeyaa [Sic],

It is I, your wayward nephew from the city of New Delhi writing to beg for humble help. For some time now I have been involved in a terrible misdeed, which started as a foolish prank. It was committed by a love crazed man (me) in pursuit of the beautiful Shahajaan Preteep Narwalah (the woman I desperately love). She had been promised from birth by her family to be the betrothed of one Yohinder Chopra, a despicable chap, whose only redeeming quality is that he can charm snakes. I was fatally attracted to this Shahajaan but she said she would only marry this Yohinder idiot. I thought that if I could scare Yohinder away I could swoop in and make Shahajaan my own. That is when I came up with an idea to disguise myself as a man-monkey and wreak havoc upon Yohnider and his family. I was only going to employ this dastardly scheme once; however, I found that I got such a thrill when I saw the terror in their eyes that I had to do it again. Now I find that I put on my disguise regularly to chase and beat innocent people. I have caused a great sensation and am now known as the "Man-Monkey of New Delhi." I know only too well that my days are numbered if I continue this horrific obsession. But I cannot stop, Mooj Uncle! I know I am causing harm to many and want to repent. What should I do? My mother, your sister Aishwarahoon, says that you are a very wise and powerful Swami in America. Could you sponsor my visa? I want to come and be with you. Only you can save me from being killed by angry mobs.

Your Nephew,
Mogender Hanuman Vijay Singh

To be honest I had no knowledge of any nephew named Mogender. Upon reading the above letter I called my sister and confirmed the existence of said nephew. She also gave me an update on the Man-Monkey situation in New Delhi. It sounds pretty bad. That night, alone, three people were nearly bludgeoned to death by this Man-Monkey lunatic. My sister was beside herself with panic and thought that she and Mogender might be the next victims. Rather than inform on my naughty nephew I instead reassured my poor sister that the Man-Monkey carnage would soon come to an end. This was stretching the truth a bit but I felt that telling my poor sister that her son was actually the Man-Monkey would have only made things worse.

So anyway that is how things stand. My nephew Mogender is now coming to America and will be my companion very soon. I can only hope that he doesn't bring that stupid ape suit with him.

Mooj Mail Bag

Most gracious Mooj,

I bid thee humble and prolonged salutations! How fortunate I was that you shared a few days with me last week. Although our time together was short, the wisdom you imparted upon me was worth the weight of the sun and I am a much better man today because of it. Perhaps meeting you is why today I am no longer transfixed with material wealth, as I was before we met. I used to be attached to this earth with physical things but now I am bonded by wisdom and wonder. The thing that proves this is that shortly after you left my entire life savings was stolen. Somehow, some crook was able to filch my ATM card and then empty my bank account of everything. The old me would have been devastated and bent on revenge. The new me doesn't care. As far as I'm concerned I am now free of material anchors so I can now wander the world in search of greater wisdom and piety. I owe it all to you, most wondrous Mooj.

"Mr. Gonzo," Minion 650, Fredonia, NY.

The Mooj Responds: Yes, in many ways you do. I will meditate and perform a short fast in hopes that you will continue along on your enlightened path.

Dear Mooj,

Lately I have been noticing that every time I buy Land O' Lakes butter my 12-year-old son takes the box and hides it. Sometimes he steals a cube of butter too. Is there something I should know?

"A Very Concerned Mother in Essex, MD"

The Mooj Responds: At times like this I am reminded of Red Auerbach's famous last words. He said correct actions are those that demand no explanation and no apology. You should heed this advice, my *beti*. I suggest you also simplify your life, eliminate corn starch from your diet, and reflect on truth where you find it. But then again I also think it would be a good idea to keep an eye on that pervert son of yours; I suspect that he is up to no good.

Mooj,

The strangest thing happened last week. After my company's 4th of July picnic several co-workers and I went to another co-worker's house for drinks. This person, who shall remain nameless, had nude pictures of his wife hanging on the wall. His wife also works for my company. Most of us know this woman and were quite shocked by the graphic nature of this photography. Don't you find this odd? I mean, shouldn't this guy have taken down or covered his wife's erotic photos before we came over? Now every time I see his wife at the office I get very uncomfortable. I'm a very modest person and I feel others should be modest too. Is that too much to ask?

Justin B. Franklin Jr., CEO and CFO of Franklin
Plastics, Waterville, ME

The Mooj Responds: There is an ancient Punjab saying that goes as such: Once the game is over, the king and the pawn are put back into the same box. So you see, my *kashar-ror-yaar*, underneath our clothes we are all naked; some of us more than others.

Dear Mr. Mooj,

I couldn't help but notice that some concerned mother wrote in to ask why her neo-pubescent son was taking and hiding Land O' Lakes butter boxes. Since you are an immigrant you may not know the answer to this question because you probably never experienced the great American male rite of passage known as discovering the *Land O' Lakes* Indian lady's secret. I know it might shock a few of your "fuddy-duddy" readers out there but I will reveal the secret anyway (see enclosed graphic).

Sincerely,

Patrick Kerry (I work for the Friends of Mooj Society and am the one tasked with sorting the reader mail).



The Mooj Responds: *Laaga chunari mein daag?* What kind of nonsense is this? I begin addressing this situation first by first admonishing this Patrick Kerry chap for reading my minion mail without permission! Although I acknowledge that he must read the mail to sort it; he, none-the-less, shouldn't read it (if you know what I mean). As far as this land-o-lakes butter thing goes, I would never allow such filth to appear in my newsletter had it not proven to be something I think every parent should become aware of. People have a right to know what obscenities await them inside there own refrigerators.

To Mooj and my fellow minions:

I am an old man and very near the end of my life. I've been told by my doctors that I have but a few more days to live. I am even too weak to type this letter and am dictating this message to my secretary, who is sitting at my bedside. Before I leave this earth I want to share something with your minions that I learned as a young man in auto shop class. It has served me very well in life. It is a simple thing, yet so profound. It goes like this: "Lefty loosy, righty tighty." By memorizing this simple phrase you now know which way to turn a wrench. If you want to loosen a nut, turn left. If you want to tighten a nut, turn right. I hope it serves you and your minions well as it has served me over the last 70 years of my life as an auto mechanic. I now bid you all farewell! I shall now allow the nurse to turn off my respirator.

Fredd Godshock (Minion # 755)

The Mooj Responds: I am not sure, my old friend, why you used your last moments on Earth to share something so pointless. Or perhaps it isn't so pointless after all. I harken forth to my many happy minions to use this information as they see fit so long as no plant or animal is harmed by it.

To the Mooj,

For almost 20 years now I have been haunted by a horrible remembrance. Perhaps if I share it with you I will be able to sleep again. Here is my tale:

During the spring of 1982 I graduated from college and was hired by a popular Southern California theme park. I was assigned to the overnight shift. My office was located on the "Main Street," inside the "City Hall." It looked like a fake office from the outside but it was a real office on the inside. On my first night I was very excited. Getting to work at this theme park was like a dream come true for me. Then something frightful happened. It was about 3:00 a.m. and I heard an awful, gut-wrenching scream. I ran outside to see what had happened and saw one of the cleaners, a tall skinny kid named Matt, running down the street naked. When he ran past me he yelled: "*It's Mr. Lincoln! It's Mr. Lincoln! He's trying to kill me!*" I'll never forget the look of terror on that poor boy's face and it sent shivers down my spine. I never saw that kid again. He just kept on running and never stopped. Right after this happened my supervisor summoned me to his office and explained to me that many of the night crew cast members were unstable people and that this boy "Matt" was obviously insane. I was then asked to sign a pledge of silence, which prohibited me from ever mentioning what I had seen to anyone. Since I wanted to keep my job I did. Then a few nights later the same thing happened, except this time the boy running naked down Main Street was named Petie. Again, my supervisor made me sign a pledge of silence. I was confused but loyal and did what I was told.

As the summer wore on I fell into a comfortable routine with my job and enjoyed it tremendously. There was just something magical about working where I worked, especially late at night when the park was closed to guests. Except for the occasional screaming sweeper, cleaner or technician running naked down the street claiming that a "Mr. Lincoln" was trying to kill them, most nights were peaceful and enchanting. Toward the end of summer, however, my curiosity began to get the best of me. I couldn't help but wonder, "*Who is this Mr. Lincoln?*" And worse yet, why was he attacking workers and pulling their clothes off when he tries to kill them?

Finally I couldn't stand it anymore and asked one of the old timers about this. His name was Lester Lloyd and he had worked at the park since 1953. He was, in fact, the lead sweeper. When Mr. Lloyd heard my question he refused to answer it, saying only that the less I knew about "Mr. Lincoln" the safer I would be. He then made me promise him that I would never go near the Abraham Lincoln automaton located at the *Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln* attraction on Main Street—*especially after midnight*. Now my curiosity was really aroused. Was "Mr. Lincoln" the Abraham Lincoln automaton? I just had to find out. So later that night when my shift was over I pretended to exit the park with all the other night crew cast members but instead hid inside the latticework of the Main Street Train Station until the last person left the park and the thick iron gates were locked shut. I knew I had exactly one hour to investigate this matter before the morning crew arrived. I wasted no time and quickly made my way back toward the Opera House (where the *Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln* attraction was located). Using my master key I unlocked the front door and entered the building. *What occurred next I shall never forget!* I'd like to tell you all about it except that I can't. You see, the terms of my financial settlement with this theme park (which I made after I got out of the hospital) strictly prohibit me from discussing this matter. In fact, I have probably already said too much as it is. Please disregard this letter.

-Unsigned

The Mooj Responds: *Aapka bahut bahut shukriya!* I'm dumbfounded. This *halak-wallah* has wasted valuable minion mail resources. I could have used the time I took to read this letter helping someone or improving the world. Can I ask that whoever is sorting and forwarding the minion mail refrain from sending nonsense like this? For now I will pass along a small blessing to this idiot such that he can find peace and enlightenment during his recoveries from whatever it was that the Abraham Lincoln automaton did to him.

Mooj,

I couldn't help but notice that some old dude sent in a letter this week telling everybody that by memorizing the simple expression, "Left loosy, righty tighty," that they could always know which way to turn a wrench when they were either loosening or tightening a nut. I must warn your readers that this information, though true most of the time, is not true all the time. For example, if you own a mid-60s to early 70s Mopar, then you should know that the

driver's side lug nuts are actually screwed on counter clockwise and one would actually need to turn the lug wrench to the right to loosen the bolts. Conversely, one would need to turn the lug wrench to the left when retightening the lug nuts after replacing the wheel. Some genius at Mopar came up with this scheme because he was worried that the lug nuts would loosen due to the positive moment on the lugs when the wheel was turning counterclockwise (as it does when a car is moving forward). Later, however, testing proved that the car would actually have to be going 500 mph before the wheel was actually turning fast enough to really loosen the lug nuts (and most Mopars can't go that fast). Anyway, just thought you and your readers should know that.

Sincerely,

Patrick Kerry (I work for the Friends of Mooj Society and am the one tasked with sorting the reader mail)



The Mooj Responds: I begin once again by admonishing this Patrick Kerry chap for reading my minion mail without permission. Although he doesn't know that I admonished him earlier; and won't until he reads this newsletter, which has yet to be published. I care nothing about Mopars, whatever they are. I do, however, care about people's journeys toward self-realization. That is why I keep publishing this newsletter even though it seems fruitless at times. Like now.

Dear Mooj,

My "Penguin Pal" (don't ask) turned me onto your website. I totally love it and will spread your good word to all I see and meet. I'm actually considering naming my first born after you. First, however, I need to meet Mr. Right for the conception and subsequent birth to take place. Since you are a blessed with truth visions, do you see Mr. Right anywhere in my near future?

LISK,

MysticpizzaJoJo@sigmakappa.com

The Mooj Responds: The poet Blasé Pascal once said that kind words cost so little yet they accomplish so much. This will prove true for you, my *beti*. The other day I had a truth vision that showed me that I will only have fifty more truth visions. Thus, it is important that I now use them sparingly. (And why, for example, I didn't waste one for that idiot asking why her son is stealing butter). I took your request to heart and performed an elevated head temperature meditation and have good news to report! Your future husband is actually in your life already! He is the plumber that came and fixed your sorority house toilet last month. You may recall that you brought him a cold drink and he thanked you. He may be a working man but his heart is as pure as the wind-driven *Thar* Desert and he will be a wonderful husband and father. Remember, sometimes even the most common of oysters produces the best of pearls. I suggest you look him up in the yellow pages and call him to begin your romance.

Who let the dogs out? Woof, woof, woof woof woof.

Wuzzzzzzup! Hey, you big hairy banana! What it be? It is I, your loyal and loving secret anonymous minion buddy pal from *The Washington Post*. Did you forget me? I'm sorry that I have neglected you of late—I was busy doing a bunch of other important stuff, like actual reporter work.

It warms my heart to know that you heeded my advice and went underground. It's basically a miracle that your arch-nemesis J.J. Bigsby hasn't killed you yet. I checked with my sources at the FBI and they tell me that he is on the loose and bludgeoning his way across New England and New York. If I were a wise man—and I ain't—I would have to think that Bigsby was purposely trying to avoid you. Hell, a rookie fresh out of the Gilroy Police Academy could track your sorry butt since you leave a trail of petty crime everywhere you go. I

check the wires daily and find at least one report attributing a theft, drunken escapade, indecent exposure or an otherwise unwholesome act perpetrated upon the innocent by a suspect described as a swami-looking vagrant. (That wouldn't be you, would it? *Nahhhhh.*) I got a map hung up on my office wall that has a thumbtack inserted wherever these suspicious complaints have been lodged with the local fuzz and if I connect the dots I can see your path of humble wanderings as clear as an empty jar of Joy Jelly laying on the floor of the Dupont Circle DC Metro station men's room floor. Since J.J. Bigsby hasn't found you yet he's either a complete idiot or just doesn't care anymore. I vote for the latter.

A few days ago I saw an item come across the wire from sleepy southern York County, PA. It was about a Tastykake deliveryman who was the victim of a horrible home invasion hate crime. Some nut wearing a spandex body stocking and a white bike helmet jumped through his window, tied him up and then shoved a dozen blueberry Tastykake pies up his—*cover your ears, kids*—southward facing sinkhole. Damn, that must have hurt—*oooof!* According to the police report the Tastykake man needed extensive hydrocolonic therapy to dislodge the blueberry particles from his inner sanctum of love. (We've all been there before, haven't we?) The only reason I mention this is that I recall reading in one of your old newsletters that some guy had issues with a Tastykake truck driver and was proposing to do something very similar. Hmmmmm, I wonder.... Was this pie shoving felon driving a Jetta?

Oh Yeah! Here's an FYI that's sure to set off the mangos fermenting in your gizzard: Remember that boy genius pal of yours, the once lofty and majestic **Trent Handjoy**? You may recall that his dad went bankrupt last year thanks to you and that whole treasure in the Azores fiasco. Well—get this—Trent is now a semi-finalist on the new ABC hit TV show, *Making the Band II*. Insiders tell me that he's got a pretty good shot at making the final cut in Lou "gimme a big hug" Pearlman's latest boy wonder quintet called *The New O-Town Boyz*. I guess Trent can really dance and sing. Maybe the poor kid will finally catch a break in life—*not*.

Well that's about it, you big babaloo. Until next time—take care!

Your anonymous bud at *The Washington Post*

The Mooj Responds: As usual it's great to hear from my anonymous buddy at *The Washington Post*. I was beginning to worry about that guy since I hadn't heard from him in a while. I'm glad to hear

that my old pal Trent Handjoy is doing better and might actually have a shot at making it big in pop music. I worry about that young man since I am no longer his guiding light and spiritual advisor. I was sorry to hear about what happened to that delivery man in Pennsylvania. I suspect it may have been the bike riding man that wrote me a few weeks ago. I think he mentioned doing something very similar to someone. Finally, I admit that I have been letting my guard down a bit lately. I really should be more careful since Bigsby is technically still on the loose and still has me on his "revenge" list. To be honest over the last few weeks I have felt that Bigsby really isn't that interested in me anymore. There have been numerous occasions when we have crossed paths while zig-zagging across New York, Western Pennsylvania and Ohio. Heck, we've even eaten dinner together a few times at the YMCA. Regardless, I know better and will continue to avoid him as much as possible.

Mooj,

I must admit that last week when you showed up at my doorstep asking for alms and a place to sleep I was a bit peeved. But, I must admit you proved to be a very well behaved and enjoyable houseguest. I know in the past that some of your minion host families have experienced minor losses of property and/or irregularities with their bank accounts after you have visited them but I can assure my fellow minions that I had no such problem. To be honest it was actually nice to have someone around to kick back, watch TV and drink a few beers with. I must admit that since my wife left me a few year's ago I don't really get out all that much. Your suggestion that we check out the local action at the neighborhood pub was exactly what I needed to regain my self-confidence and get my life back on track. I had actually forgotten how much fun it was to go to a bar, pick up on loose trashy women and then have wild sex with them in the backseat of my car. I had also forgotten how much fun it was to get really, really, really drunk and then have to spend all night in the slammer. Wow, what a night! If you're ever in Miamisburg, OH again stop by and we'll do it again! By the way, do you happen to remember where I parked my car? I have walked from one end of Miamisburg to the other and still can't find the damn thing.

Dean Ruth (minion #1091)
Miamisburg, OH

The Mooj Responds: I have no recollection of meeting you but I am having a slight truth vision that shows someone that looks like me sitting with you and two ladies at a place called G & J's High Spot. As far as your car is concerned my superior holistic senses tell me that it was stolen and now lays abandoned (and out of gas) on the front yard of the Sigma Nu fraternity house near the University of Cincinnati. The keys are in some bushes near by.

Mr. Mooj, you're quite the party animal. I saw you and a few of your minionettes at a place called Burgandy's last week. I would have come up to you and said hello except that I know you're on the lam and I didn't want to blow your cover. For a religious man you sure can put away the beers! You're also a darn good dancer! I've known lots of swamis in my time but none as cool as you. Rock on, bro!

Professor Joel Weisenhimer
Swiss Chalet Court, OH

The Mooj Responds: I have no knowledge of this encounter. A place called Burgandy's does sound familiar though.

Hey, was that you at Bogart's last Friday night? If it wasn't, then someone who looks just like you was in Cincinnati last week causing quite a ruckus. I tried to have a meaningful conversation with you (or whoever it was) but you (or whoever it was) were too drunk to do anything except sit there and chant, "Oooooooooohm."

Arvin Shapiro
Cincinnati, OH

The Mooj Responds: I have no knowledge of this encounter. A place called Bogart's does sound familiar though.

Minion Poetry

"A Golden Remembrance of Time Well Spent" by the Gaelic Versifier

'Innis scéla Chlúana -or- The Brúana of Innisfet
(with translations)

Truagh mo thurus ó mo thír
(She took my heart, she took my hand)

Go crích mhanannáin mhín mhic Lir,
(She took my \$300 wedding band)

Idir triúir piúratán meabhail géar;
(We started with nothing, except for love)

Gearr mo shaoghal má 's buan na fir
(We prayed for guidance from above)

Can as' tic mac léiginn'
(Birth control, the Church forbids)

'Íar légad mo léiginn téigim síis co Sord!
(That's why we now have sixteen kids)

Minion Story

AN ABSOLUTELY TRUE STORY.... (or so minion # 950 says)

The Tragic Outcome of the "Go Go Gonzales" Affair

I'm a cop and I serve on the Muskingum County, Ohio, Special Weapons Assault Team (SWAT). One day I was asked to sit in on a final qualification board for a prospective SWAT member. The person being interviewed was from my brother's department in Zanesville, Ohio. The interviewee was a complete imbecile! It wasn't so much that this guy was an idiot as it was that he was so damn "gung-ho" about everything. This fool answered every question we posed to him with the phrase, "Go-go-go" in the answer. For example, when asked: "Why do you think you would be a good SWAT member?" The guy answered: "Because I'm a go-go-go type of guy; everything I do, everywhere I go, I'm go-go-go. That's me, Go-Go-Go Gonzalez; that's what all my friends call me, Go-Go-Go Gonzales! I'm a go-go-go kind of guy!"

The other SWAT members and myself tried in vain to think of questions that couldn't possibly be answered using the words "go-go-go," (like, "What would you do if you came to a red light?") but this fellow—the self proclaimed Go-Go-Go Gonzales—somehow weaved the expression "go-go-go" into every answer.

Needless to say, "Go-Go-Go Gonzales" was overwhelmingly rejected.

After the interview I immediately called my brother to ask him if he knew Gonzales. He did and was puzzled as to why Gonzales would even try out for SWAT since he was so meek and mild. Of course my brother couldn't keep his mouth shut and so Gonzales became the laughing stock of the Zanesville law enforcement community. As a result, the expression "go-go-go" was then used on every occasion (e.g., "Hey Go-Go-Go Gonzales, I gotta go-go-go take a 10-100, can you cover for me?"; "Unit 61, go-go-go see the man at the Palmer and Edison....").

I wish there was a happy ending to this story but there isn't. Go-Go-Go Gonzales killed himself and I sort of feel like I'm to blame. I feel bad and hope that he went-went-went to Heaven.

Newest Minions

MEET MINION # 1637

Name: Doris Crosby
From: Sarasota, FL
Occupation: Housewife
Age and Sign: 59, Leo
Schooling: FSU Grad
Height: 5' 7"
Weight: 165-lbs
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

When I first moved to Sarasota there was this show called *Suncoast Digest* on TV. I used to watch it all of the time. On July 15, 1974 I missed an episode because I needed to run some errands. Part of me was glad I didn't see what happened and another part of me wishes I had.

Minion Application Essay:

I'm not really into Moojism or whatever this Enlightenment stuff is called. I just always wanted a Mooj.com T-shirt and saw I could get a free one if I joined the minionship program. Instead of Skyline Chili can you guys send me a can of Hormel BBQ Beans?

MEET MINION # 1638

Name: Malcolm Casey Warren
From: Dilworth Township, MO
Occupation: Lawyer
Age and Sign: 37, Aires
Schooling: Temple Law School Grad
Height: 5' 9"
Weight: 185-lbs
Hair Color: Bald
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

My grandfather was the navigator on the *Lady Be Good*.

Minion Application Essay:

I have been debating on whether or not I should join this minionship program. Then I saw that I could get a bunch of free stuff this month so I did. I guess it isn't really free because it still costs \$75 to apply. But I'm a sucker for give-a-ways. Oh, by the way, the stuff I said about my grandfather being the navigator on the *Lady Be Good* was a lie. I made it up because people always tell such outlandish things about themselves in that part of the application and I couldn't really think of anything. I just saw a show on the History Channel about that plane and how the crew just disappeared one day during WWII. I thought it would be funny to make that claim but it wasn't. I'm so sorry.

MEET MINION # 1639

Name: Robert Bremer
From: Ohio
Occupation: Steam fitter
Age and Sign: 27, Pieces
Schooling: Trade School
Height: 5' 5"
Weight: 153
Hair Color: brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I'm just your average working man.

Minion Application Essay:

A few years back the *Enlightenment* started arriving in the mail. I didn't have time to really worry about why I was getting it so most of them got tossed in the trash can. I then started reading it about six months ago and found it was actually pretty cool. I didn't really think The Mooj was a real Swami or anything but read the newsletter for the interesting letters and stuff. Then I read that The Mooj was headed my way (to Ohio). I have a police scanner and one night I overheard that a long hair bearded Indian-looking homeless guy was seen sleeping behind a store. No way! I really didn't think this was The Mooj but you never know. I decided to check it out and drove to where the store was. When I arrived the police were there and they were harassing an old man dressed in a loin cloth. It was The Mooj. He looked just like the photos in the newsletter. I knew the cops (one of them dated my sister) so I asked them if they'd let The Mooj go if I took him home with me. They thought I was nuts but told me to go ahead. I must admit The Mooj was really smelly and dirty but that was because he was wandering around and stuff. The Mooj stayed with me for about three days. I would have let him stay as long as he wanted but he insisted on going. He said he could sense J.J. Bigsby was near and he was right because an hour later a guy that looked just like The Mooj (but with real beady eyes) knocked on my door and asked if he could use my bathroom.

During the three days The Mooj stayed with me he taught me all about self realization and helped me achieve higher consciousness. I remember I told him I didn't have time to do something and he explained that time really didn't exist anywhere except inside my own head. He said that before me time never existed and after me time won't exist anymore (at least for me). It was really deep. I then told him all about my problems and he drew a picture of a dot. He said that was me. He then drew a bigger dot around the little dot and said that was earth. Then he drew this really big circle next to it and said that that was the sun. Then he touched my forehead and I felt a pulsing sensation and white rings began to emanate from my mind. I then had this crazy out of body experience where He and I floated from earth up into our solar system. We then left the solar system, flew past this giant star called Mu Cephei and then up and out of the spiral arm of the milky way galaxy into deep space. It seemed like we just sped along for thousands of years and then pretty soon we saw other galaxies and then clusters of galaxies and then pretty much the whole Universe. He then said, "So, really, how big is your problem?" It was so cool. Anyway I just wanted to join the minion program because I now believe in The Mooj and

want to share his love with others. Peace, my Brothers and Sisters. By the way I wear an XL T-shirt.

MEET MINION # 1640

Name: Paula Butters
From: Kenton, OH
Occupation: Dancer
Age and Sign: 23, Leo
Schooling: Riverdale High
Height: 5' 3"
Weight: 100-lbs
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I work as an exotic dancer at Desiree's Pleasure Dome. People think that because I am a dancer I'm a low class tramp but I'm not. I have ambitions to go to optometry school now.

Minion Application Essay:

I met The Mooj a few days ago. At first I thought he was this dirty bum but he wasn't. He was really wise and enlightening. I saw him sitting on the curb outside the club where I work. I asked him if he was okay because he looked really wasted. He said that he was just meditating. I remember seeing that Wai Lana woman on PBS and he was making those kinds of shapes and poses with his body. I asked him if he needed a ride home and he said that he was already home. I then sat with him for a while and he touched my forehead and I saw these white rings of light flow out from me. I then had this out of body experience. I went into the future and saw that I was working as an eye doctor, helping children. I looked so happy and professional. On my desk was a picture of this really handsome man, four beautiful children, and me. When I returned to my present state I asked The Mooj if that was really my future and he said that people often see enormous things from the valley but only small things from the mountain top. He said it was time to climb down off the mountain of ignorance and begin to look at life from the valley of purity! He was so right. So you know what I did? Yesterday I enrolled in Optometry College.

MEET MINION # 1641

Name: Jeremy Renoir
From: West Millgrove, OH
Occupation: Real Estate Agent
Age and Sign: 41, Sagittarius
Schooling: OSU
Height: 5' 10"
Weight: 190-lbs

Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I voted for Ralph Nader in 2000.

Minion Application Essay:

This is awesome. I did a web search to see if there really is a Swami named Mooj and there is. What's even cooler is that if I join his legion of minions this month I can get a free T-Shirt, coffee mug, guide book, diploma, and bucket of chili. We actually have Skyline Chili in Ohio so it isn't that big of a deal for me. People living in the south might get a thrill out of it though. Anyway, I actually met The Mooj a few days ago. I was driving to meet a client when I saw what looked like a vagrant lying in the road. The guy looked dead. I stopped my car so that I wouldn't run over him. This guy turned out to be okay. He was just meditating and doing tantric yoga positions. Since I'm in Real Estate I got out of my car to give this man my card and tell him to call me if he wanted to buy or sell property. Before I got back into my car the man told me his name was Swami Mooj and then he touched my forehead. Then the weirdest thing happened. I saw these little rings of white light puff away from my head and they grew into these giant circles. Then I felt myself rising through the circles. It was some kind of out of body experience because I could see myself below as I flew away. I went to a place I remembered from my childhood. It was the house I grew up in. I saw my mom and dad. They looked so young. My dad was reading the newspaper and my mom was making breakfast. I know little about my parents because they were killed in an accident when I was only a little boy. Being able to see them and hear them was like a dream come true for me. Then I heard this baby start crying and followed my mom into a nursery. It was me. My mom picked me up and took me into the kitchen and my dad got up, all excited, and said, "Let me have that little guy." He held me in his arms and said how happy he was to be my daddy and that one day I would make him very proud. As I watched this I had tears in my eyes. All my life I had always wondered about my dad. I knew then that he was proud of me. Then all of a sudden I was back to the present and standing next to my car. The Mooj by then had walked away down the road. Words cannot express how wonderful that moment was.

MEET MINION # 1642

Name: Tammy Faye Rogers
From: Forest Glen, MD
Occupation: Admin Assistant
Age and Sign: 33, Taurus
Schooling: Johns Hopkins grad

Height: 5' 3"
Weight: 125
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I have a tattoo of a butterfly on my ankle. I got it in Ocean City after drinking all day. Yes, it got infected. And yes I regret it.

Minion Application Essay:

Everyday I wake up at 6:00, drink a cup of coffee, eat a bagel and then take a dump. At 6:30 I shower, shave, shampoo and then get dressed. At 7:00 I leave for work, stop at Dunkin Donuts for another cup of coffee, arrive at work, sit at my desk, drink my coffee, and then take another dump right before lunch. I usually get off work at 4:00 and go home. I then make a Lean Cuisine TV Dinner, eat it while watching TV and then take one last dump before going to bed. That's my life. It sucks.

MEET MINION # 1643

Name: Chelsea Welch
From: San Francisco, CA
Occupation: Artist, Poet and Live Nude Model
Age and Sign: 21, Leo
Schooling: I attend CSUSF
Height: 5' 2"
Weight: 135
Hair Color: Blue
Eye Color: Green

Something Special about Me:

Last summer my boyfriend and I participated in the Homeless Olympics. We were all winners. We got medals just for competing. Yippee!

Minion Application Essay:

Salutations and prostrations to you, you great big cha-cha. You're doing a great job for human kind, Mr. Mooj and I just love you for it.

MEET MINION # 1644

Name: Frankie Hartman
From: Custer, SD
Occupation: Indian Trader
Age and Sign: 29, Taurus
Schooling: HS Grad
Height: 5' 5"
Weight: 150
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I suffer from frotteurism.

Minion Application Essay:

Well, first of all, if it weren't for you I would have probably died by now. I used to drink every day. I also smoked 2 packs of cigarettes a day, smoked marijuana, took ecstasy and popped LSD. I was basically living in a self-imposed rave. My first step toward recovery was when I met this truck driver named "Big Daddy" Roy Baker near Rapid City and he told me all about you. Now I am clean and sober and want to become a Mooj minion to help others.

MEET MINION # 1645

Name: John Lee Lambert
From: Winnipeg, Manitoba
Occupation: Diamond Refiner
Age and Sign: 32, Sagittarius
Schooling: Eton
Height: -
Weight: -
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

My great Grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Lambert, owned the horse that killed Fred Higginbottom.

Minion Application Essay:

Answering the question "What has Mooj done for me?" is like trying to answer the question "What has being able to breathe done for me?" Mooj has transformed the way I live my life, the way I enjoy life and the way I understand life. Before Swami Mooj I was always looking for a meaning upon which to base my existence. I became frustrated as there seemed no ultimate answer to what is good or bad, right or wrong, left or right, up or down, horizontal or vertical, gay or straight, or a million other orthogonal things. How could I conduct my life according to principles if I didn't know what those principles were? Now that I have found The Mooj I know the answers to all my questions.

MEET MINION # 1646

Name: Haywood Phillips
From: Cadillac, Michigan
Occupation: Painter
Age and Sign: 41, Sagittarius
Schooling: MSU Graduate
Height: 5-8
Weight: 225
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I collect Elvis memorabilia. I just bought an exclusive Limited Edition Elvis Presley music box decanter that plays Can't Help Falling in Love.

Minion Application Essay:

I wear an XXL T-shirt. Hopefully you make them that big. I'm a vegetarian so please don't send any chili unless it's vegetarian chili. People see that I'm really fat and find it hard to believe that I'm a vegetarian. I'm actually pretty good about my nutrition. I think I just have big bones.

MEET MINION # 1647

Name: Paul Weston
From: Glasgow, Scotland
Occupation: Airline Pilot
Age and Sign: 31, Leo
Schooling: College
Height: I wear large size T-shirts
Weight: 85 Kg
Hair Color: Red
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I hope your free T-Shirt, chili, Handbook, diploma and mug offer is good for overseas shipping.

Minion Application Essay:

People are always asking what Scotsmen wear under their kilt. Here's the answer. My wife took this picture when I was playing Scottish Rugby and got knocked unconscious. [Photo obviously not shown].

MEET MINION # 1648

Name: Raymond LaSalle
From: Las Angeles, California
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: 22, Aires
Schooling: UCLA
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 240
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I belong to Sigma Chi Fraternity.

Minion Application Essay:

Dig this, Holmes. Watch me dance! Watch me bust a move! If that ain't Mooj dancen I don't know what is!

Enlightened Thinking

Now that my head is open with joy (because my long-lost nephew is coming to be with me) I thought maybe I'd take a few moments and reflect on things as they are. Some days my head is clearer than others and today is such a day. This might be the perfect opportunity to write an Enlightened Thinking Essay. I cannot remember the last time I wrote one of those and they are the whole reason I even bother publishing this magazine. Before I do that, however, perhaps I might send forth some personal reflections that are festering in my head.

The other day I was eating in an Evansville, Indiana soup kitchen when a man sat down beside me. This man seemed cheerless so I began probing him for the source of his misery. He said he was homeless. I told him that, perhaps, physically he was homeless but certainly not spiritually if he was enlightened like me. I won't tell you what he told me to do next but what he said afterwards really set me to thinking. He said, "If you're so damn enlightened how come you can't see that YOU'RE an idiot!" I heard that insult before once. I think one of those wise-ass Bagley sisters asked me that in a letter. But he (and I guess she) was correct! Why is it that I can see other's truths so plainly and yet cannot see my own? Have I been truly ignorant? I have. I realized then that I was being used by greedy people who enrich themselves by relying on the ignorance and goodness of others. Somewhere, someplace, there is a sham organization called The Friends of Mooj Society and they line their pockets with generous offerings while the rest of us suffer. My suspicions were confirmed when I marched out of that soup kitchen and saw J.J. Bigsby sitting on the curb smoking a cigarette. I walked up to him and said: "WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME, YOU SOB!" He looked befuddled and admitted that it wasn't time yet. He then admitted that he was being paid by The Friends of Mooj Society to follow me. They would tell him when it was time to actually kill me.

So as of now I completely disassociate myself with The Friends of Mooj Society, or any other organization that aligns themselves with those charlatans. I have no idea what I will do next. However, it won't be wander around hungry and half-naked. I'm tired of seeing them collect money for my sufferings. If or when Bigsby decides to kill me then maybe I will take to the road again; but for now I'm going to travel to Chicago, meet my nephew at the airport, and then the two of us will go off into the sunset and live our lives peacefully. Maybe I'll finally build that ashram. To those of you who wish to remain loving and loyal, there will be a place near my feet to meditate. To those who joined my family of enlightened minions for a bowl of chili, well you can go and kiss my *murghi-rotee*.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उम्बाबारावा



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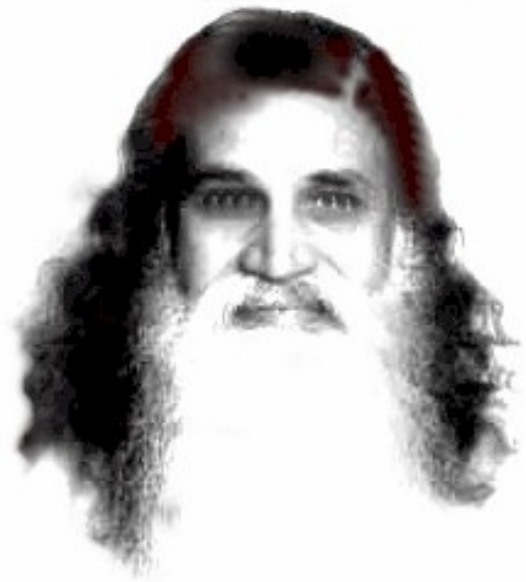
The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 10

August 1, 2001

First Things First. Greetings, my friends! Though many moons have passed overhead since our last gathering, my thoughts of you are still fresh and fragrant! Come, let us begin our newsletter holding hands and hearts!

When last we spoke I had come to the realization that The Friends of Mooj Society was teeming with vice and fraudulence and I quickly disassociated myself from them. **Much to my amazement something was actually done about their senseless crimes against humanity!** I was informed by many of my admirers in Chester County that law officers raided The Patel Office Emporium and frog-marched those deceitful bums off to jail. **Bravo!** From what I understand more than twenty people were taken into custody and charged with various crimes, including telemarketing fraud, wire fraud, consumer fraud, forgery, racketeering and spiritual deception. Thankfully, I was exonerated due to my ignorance. (By ignorance I assume they meant that I was unaware of the crimes being done by those rascals—not ignorance in general.) I have no bitter feelings toward those unsavory thieves, who in my name stole millions from honest people. I join many of you in hope that those unsavory crooks can someday turn their lives around. Now that this sorry episode is behind us we shall venture forward as an enlightened community again and hold our heads high! If I wasn't on the lam I would lead the parade.



Although some technical issues must still be worked out (such as the authenticity of minion numbers assigned by these crooks) I expect things will be back to normal very soon. I have asked Vic Taylor (the former President of The Mooj Memory Bank) to return to Chester County and head up **The New Friends of Mooj Society**. He has accepted this position and assured me that he will do his best to get our community back in order.

So what else is new? I guess now is as good a time as any to return to my traveling adventures. My memory is faded and I cannot recall much about the past few months. I have a dim recollection of living in a replica of Henry David Thoreau's cabin, being turned out by an angry deceitful mob and then being forced to make a desperate pilgrimage westward to avoid being slaughtered by a madman who thought he was me. But other than that I do not remember much. Maybe it would be better to just begin this saga with my present whereabouts; so that I shall do.

These days I find myself in Evanston, Illinois. I have been here for many weeks. Some of you might recall that I have an Uncle Chandrachur living in this town. My nephew Mogender (who arrived from New Delhi last week) and I are staying in his guest room. My Uncle is very elderly and seems to be in a foul mood most of the time. Mogender and I do what we can to cheer him up. The best way to do this, we find, is to just stay away from him.

Speaking of my nephew Mogender, the lad has shown great promise and will someday become a guru like myself. I have been mentoring him with the hope that he will one day become enlightened and holy like I am. So far he has mastered the deep breathing portions of meditation and has memorized his *munthra*.

Rather than ramble on in this introduction I think now I will allow Vic Taylor to summarize how things stand with **The New Friends of Mooj Society**. There are some big changes coming and he will explain. For now I wish you good reading and will rejoin you for my closing remarks at a later time.

From Vic Taylor: Hello! Some of you may remember me. I was at one time the president of The Mooj Memory Bank. Sadly, The Mooj Memory Bank doesn't exist anymore. It was looted by some intern and then sold to memorabilia collectors. I returned to Chester County to help put things back in order. What I found was utter chaos. Rather than try to explain everything I think I will just scan in a copy of the *Chester County Whig* published this week. This pretty much sums it up:

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Sports
Phillies Loose in 11th
Page E1

Weather
Rain Mon & Tues
Sunshine Wed
Page B1

Bus Strike Looms
Page A2

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COUNTY DA CLOSSES DOWN FUGITIVE SWAMI ORGANIZATION

"Swindled Thousands for Millions"
By D. Patel
Staff Writer

Federal Agents raided the offices of the Friends of Mooj Society in Little Gagarat Monday, arresting more than twenty people. The Friends of Mooj Society is affiliated with Guru Mujaputia Umbabarabba, a known huckster in Chester County. Umbabarabba (known as Guru Mooj) has been a fugitive from justice since he escaped from Chester County Jail in October 1999. Authorities do not believe the Swami had any idea how corrupt the Friends of Mooj Society was, and further state that the sham society basically relied on the guru's goodness and ignorance to pull off their scams. "I've been following The Mooj for many years," stated Dep. Ronald Reed, "and He is basically just a good guy that gets used by greedy people." Dep. Reed further stated, "I Met The Mooj while working as a guard in the jail. He was like a saint and never caused any problems like the other prisoners did." Go to *Page A3*




Photo by Carrie Lybecker

Man-Monkey Fears Still Linger in New Delhi

By Tony Dean
Staff Writer

Almost a month has passed since the dreaded Man-Monkey of New Delhi' has attacked. Residents of the crowded city saw anywhere between three to four attacks a night during the early summer. Now there's a calm about the city. Things seem subdued. Armed vigilantes still patrol the roads, hoping to catch the Man Monkey and kill it. "We came close many times," says policeman Raj

Amish Prepare for Buggy Week

By Abraham Yoder
Staff Writer

Hundreds are expected this weekend during Lancaster County's 35th Annual Buggy Week. This event co-incides with The Annual Lancaster County Buggy Races. This year's race will be dedicated to the memory of Lance Worthy, grandson of Ham and Leah Worthy. Lance drowned in the Atlantic Ocean but his remains have never been recovered. Ham

As far as everything else goes I think we, as an enlightened community, will be okay. Now that they have weeded out the bad eggs the rest of us can continue along, joyous, helping to spread wisdom and enlightenment to the world. **To help purify things, Swami will no longer accept money as a love offering.** Now when you apply for minionship you must perform three acts of random kindness in lieu of paying the \$75 fee. Also, minion mail can no longer be submitted through the postal mail. Your correspondence must now be submitted via email. This way you won't be tempted to include love offerings in your envelope. In many ways this will be a return to the past; the way things were before The Old Friends of Mooj Society took over. I have no idea how we will pay for everything but we'll manage because when one has goodness on their side they can never fail. So says Swami Mooj!

Dear Mr. Umbababbaraba,

The York County Sheriff's Department is currently investigating a hate crime that occurred in the peaceful village of Fawn Grove, PA. This crime involved a Tastykake deliveryman, a bicyclist and a case of Tastykake blueberry pies. An anonymous call to our crime stopper hotline has indicated that you may be useful in finding and convicting the person responsible for this heinous act. Our Chester County law enforcement brothers have advised us that you are a registered deadbeat and will prove to be unreliable but we believe otherwise. If you can assist us in any way we will see to it that you are commended in writing, which may or may not help you achieve early parole when you are eventually caught and returned to Chester County Jail to serve out the remainder of your sentence.

Be safe and buckle up!
Deputy Ronald Ruben

The Mooj Responds: Yes, I am somewhat familiar with the episode you are referring to and it is very likely that one of my minions may have played a minor role in inserting one or more of those pies up that poor Tastykake delivery man's posterior annulus. However, because I do not keep records of my correspondence (for tax reasons) I cannot tell you who it was. There is, however, a cub reporter working for *The Washington Post* that may know more about this. I think he did some kind of investigation on this crime. However, this cub reporter is anonymous and will not reveal his true identity to me (or others). Good luck finding this iniquitous bicyclist. People like this give Moojism a bad name!

Yo, T-Bone Mooj, *whazzzup?*

It is I, your humble and anonymous cub reporter pal from *The Washington Post*. Sorry I didn't write for awhile. I was busy sitting in for the vacationing assistant deputy food critic here at *The Post*. But fret not, Mahatmahaj Mamoo, for I haven't forgotten you. I still manage to check the daily wire services and national police blotters to plot your whereabouts. Well, actually I guess it wasn't you I was plotting. It was Bigsby. But wherever you went he went. Until yesterday that is. Guess what? HE GOT BUSTED (Shcwing)!!! Yep. Chicago PD

popped the psycho swami yesterday (Book 'em, Dano). As if this wasn't a big enough scoop I got an even bigger one. I was tipped off by a pal of mine at the DOJ to keep my eyes and ears open because something BIG was about to happen (It probably already has by the time you read this letter). I won't mention anything more to protect my source but if you know anyone who is in the least bit honest working at The Friends of Mooj Society—tell them to skip work on July 8th. (Hey, HEY, Hey!). Well, those are my big scoops for the day. More will come once I learn more. I must now bid you fond-fair-thee-well and head off to work. Chow for now, chump.

-Anon

The Mooj Responds: My anonymous friend, it is auspicious that you have written. I must ask that you make contact with a Deputy Ronald Rueben in York County. He is asking for information concerning the bicycle riding pie man. It is my hope that you will assist if you can. It is also good news that Bigsby has been arrested. That means I can now stay in Evanston for as long as I like. This is good news indeed. I am sure my Uncle will be very happy!

Mooj,

Hey, I saw you in Chicago's legendary south-side last night. I'm glad to see you're playing and singing ragas again. It sounded like your chops were rusty but that's probably because you've been too busy to practice since you're traveling around America looking for inner harmony, good vibes and hiding from Bigsby. From what I understand you used to be quite good so I bet you'll make it big in Chicago. Hell, you might just be the next *Ashwin Batish*. Best of luck!

Roland Newburg
Brookfield, IL

The Mooj Responds: Thank for your kind words, dear friend. Yes, I have begun performing my famous ragas again. I bought an old sitar at a pawnshop on S. Wabash Ave. If you see me on the street never hesitate to come up and receive a blessing. For ethical reasons I will not accept money tips but would be delighted to have a random act of kindness performed within my eyeshot.

Swami Mooj,

A few days ago I met this really *hot* woman. She was hired to be my administrative assistant. We were working late last night and it soon became apparent that we had certain lustful feelings for each other. I'm not sure how or why but we kissed. Then before I knew it we were completely naked on the copy room floor doing the naughty naughty. I don't know what came over me. I'm married and have two children. Up until last night I had never even thought about cheating on my wife. Honest! But that's not why I'm writing to you. Here's what I need to know. When are the new Mooj Minion T-shirts coming out?

Philip Krueger

The Mooj Responds: I'm not sure why this odd person thought it appropriate to share his exaggerated inner-office romance story with me. He sounds like a very troubled individual that needs help and I will meditate and perform a fast for him. As far as when the new Mooj T-shirts are coming out, I do not know. I was told by Vic Taylor that new T-shirts were ordered by the Old Friends of Mooj Society but because the New Friends of Mooj Society doesn't collect money he doesn't know how to pay for them.

El Mo-aj,

Is there any reason in particular that your magazine seems obsessed with bodily functions? Just about every Mooj newsletter mentions something about a bowel movement. Is it just me or are there others out there that see it too? Just wondering.

Colby Schick, a.k.a. "The Schickster,"
San Xavier Indian Reservation, AZ

The Mooj Responds: I am uncertain as to what you are asking about but will pass along a blessing and perform a meditation for you.

Dear Mooj Uncle,

You don't know me but I am Mogender's younger brother. I, too, am one of your long-lost nephews. I don't know what to do. The people in New Delhi now believe that the Man-Monkey was the figment of the imaginations of emotionally unstable people. They

think that he never existed! How could they? He did exist! He was my brother Mogender Hanuman Vijay Singh! Maybe my brother Mogender Hanuman Vijay Singh fled New Delhi too soon! Maybe he wasn't violent enough! He has failed! Please ask him to mail home the man-monkey suit and I shall resume random attacks on the unsuspecting masses. These fools have been lulled into this false sense of safety and security. Have him read the attached newspaper article and this shall outrage him! The man-monkey shall reign supreme over Delhi once again!

Your humble nephew,
Uriah Heep Singh

THE HINDU

To Catch A Phantom

ANITA JOSHUA

IT "surfaced" from no one knows where and "disappeared" without leaving much of a trail. But for an entire fortnight, the "Monkey Man" had Delhi in its grip; providing grist for the mill that worked overtime and consumed two lives.

And, it is not just the families of the two persons who died in their bid to get away from the "Monkey Man" who are having to live with the horror of it all. According to psychologist Prof. Aruna Broota, children are the worst sufferers. "I have had several cases referred to me of children bed-wetting, not sleeping and refusing to go out to play because of fear of the creature."

Strangely enough, most of the children who have been brought to Prof. Broota for phobia in the past fortnight are not residents of the areas that "sighted the 'Monkey Man'". "They belong to affluent families and had heard about the 'creature' on television. Such is their fear that they refuse to believe that there is no such thing as a 'Monkey Man'."

Of the view that the "Monkey Man" is a prankster, Prof. Broota says he cashed in on the sense of fear - particularly of the unknown - that people in urban areas live with. "The police added to the mass hysteria by calling it a creature; preferring to go by the stories of the suggestible people than the facts of the case. If it was a creature, would it have followed a pattern; attacking at night and only in poor localities?"

In fact, the conduct of the police has come in for severe criticism as it gave credence to the rumours. That they may have reacted in haste is a realisation that appears to be dawning on the police also. Today, the police - who were very generous with information to begin with - are tight-lipped and are awaiting the report of the special team set up to investigate the "Monkey Man" case.

"By sending out so many men in khaki to catch a 'phantom', the police officially and authoritatively confirmed its existence; promoting the mass delusion and panic rather than dissolving it," says the secretary-general of Indian Rationalist As

The Mooj Responds: Another long lost nephew? I am overwhelmed to say the least. Rather than allow Mogender to read the attached newspaper article I will just toss it away. Mogender doesn't need any more distractions as he is already showing signs of neglect in his guru apprenticeship training.

NEW MINIONS

A Message From Vic Taylor: This week, like most, new minions have joined our fold. This week, like most, these new minions have done their best to convince us that they are worthy of inclusion in our happy little community. If you haven't yet filled in your very own minion application, then go to Mooj.com and click on the "I Want to Become a Minion" button. As I mentioned before you may no longer use money for minionship application fees. The love offering is now three acts of random kindness. Those wishing to do more can certainly do so. I have also eliminated some of the personal information that used to be shown in the minion data pages. This will prevent some of the better described female selectees from being harassed by lustful male minions.

MEET MINION # 1649

Apollonius of Torrance (31, Virgo, Torrance, CA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I helped spay and neuter a cat; I ate only two meals yesterday allowing someone else in the world to eat more; and I helped a little old lady put gas in her car (or tried to; she screamed when I took the nozzle so I ran away).

Something Special about Me: I work at the *In and Out Burger* on Carson Ave in Torrance.

Minion Application Essay: Big Mo, I'm your #1 fan! Make me a Mooj minion so I can finally get it on with a real-live chick.

MEET MINION # 1650

Garth Dylan (33, Aires, Houston, TX)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I bussed my own table at McDonalds today; I maintained the speed limit to prevent wasting gasoline; and I put the toilet seat down for my wife.

Something Special about Me: I am an albino. Being an albino totally sucks. No matter where I go some jackass thinks they know me because they had an albino kid in their school and they think I'm that guy.

Minion Application Essay: I'm glad to see that you are taking this minionship thing more seriously. I felt good doing my three random acts of kindness and I might do a few more tomorrow. As far as what makes me worthy to be a minion I have to say not much. I'm just your average Joe doing average things. For my essay I think I'll just relate a story. Several months ago I served on a jury. It was a capitol murder case. The defendant was totally guilty. Every time he looked over at me I would give him the thumbs down gesture and stick my tongue out. There was this one old lady on the jury who really wanted to deliberate. She thought the guy was innocent. The rest of us couldn't believe how stupid she was. After two days of nonsense someone slipped some heavy-duty laxatives into the poor old lady's orange juice. She was dismissed right away (for a reason I won't spell out). Anyway, the guy was found guilty and got the death penalty.

MEET MINION # 1651

Joseph Rudy T'Pau (42, Ophiuchus, Kansas City, MO)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I went to visit my aunt and brought her a bag of beef jerky; I helped a homeless guy get his shopping car unstuck from a storm drain; and I picked up some litter.

Something Special about Me: I am full blooded Cherokee; strangely, my biological parent's aren't.

Minion Application Essay: Many years ago I dropped an egg on the street in front of my neighbor's house. It was an accident (I simply dropped an egg). The next day I watched the neighbor get his morning newspaper and then walk over and stare at the broken egg. He seemed really perplexed and bothered by it. It was kind of funny. Therefore I was compelled to break another egg in the same spot the following night. His reaction the next morning was the same. I did it again. I kept doing it. Before long I was setting my alarm clock for odd hours to wake up and make the mysterious egg drop because my neighbor was staying up late and getting up earlier and earlier trying to catch the egg dropper. Pretty soon I became like a super spy. I'd watch as he sat in his darkened front room peeping from behind his curtains. He was vigilant but so was I. It never failed. An hour or two into his watch he'd slowly nod off and fall asleep. That's when I'd strike dressed in black

like a ninja! The phantom egger never failed to make his late night drop! It didn't matter if it was raining, snowing, sunny, windy, or anything. I took no vacations. I took no business trips. I never went anywhere or did anything. Neither did my neighbor. This went on for years. The two of us became like zombies staying up all night. My neighbor watched the street and I watched him. Then one day my neighbor didn't come outside. I knew something awful must have happened. I called the police and sure enough they found him dead. His suicide note mentioned the eggs. Needless-to-say I realized then that my joke had gone too far.

MEET MINION # 1652

Haaz-been Dilkaash (21, Aires, Amman, Jordan)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I gave money to three random beggars.

Something Special about Me: I work for Her Royal Highness Queen Rania Al-Abdullah. I am her aerobics trainer.

Minion Application Essay: Last night I had a dream. In my dream there was this tall bearded man who touched my forehead and bright rings of light began to effervesce around in all directions. I felt so at peace. I know it was only a dream but it was so real. When I woke up I saw footprints on the floor. They were glowing with eerie incandescence. I followed them to my bathroom. On the floor I saw a pamphlet. It was called *Are You Mooj Material?* It was about this guru named Mooj in America. He looked just like the man in my dream. I can only assume this website is for that Guru and that this is an omen of some sort. But what does it mean?

MEET MINION # 1653

Dale "Fasthand" Miller (29, Taurus, West Chester, PA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I visited my mom and dad and brought them a box of donuts; I put coins in someone's expired parking meter; and I gave a big tip to a waitress with big knockers.

Something Special about Me: I attended some of your peace teach-ins when I was a student at West Chester University. These were the same ones that Minion # 1631 mentioned in his minion essay last newsletter. Except I don't know what that guy was talking about; all the ones I went to never had any women there. I had to body paint and do naked yoga with only dudes.

Minion Application Essay: Obviously since you are wandering around in the Midwest you don't know the latest. They raided the Patel Office Emporium yesterday. They took all those Friends of Mooj Society crooks away in handcuffs. The ring leader turned out to be some guy named Jack Reno. He used to work for the Chester County DA. He was the guy that prosecuted you back in the 80s. It all makes sense now! Actually it doesn't.

MEET MINION # 1654

Mel Young (32, Sagittarius, West Chester, PA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I didn't commit any lustful stares at women (I usually do several a day).

Something Special about Me: I just bought *Enlightenment* Vol. I, Number 6 on eBay. I will treasure it as much as my *Beano* #1242 and November 29, 1963 Roger Staubach issue of *LIFE*.

Minion Application Essay: Hey, listen to this, Guru! This is wild! Yesterday morning I get a call to report for duty (I'm a reserve state trooper). Turned out they were raiding the Friends of Mooj Society headquarters. They put the detainees on buses and took them to Harrisburg. Someone jokingly taped a sign on one of the buses that said "Mooj Freedom Bus II." Gotta love THE MOOJ!

MEET MINION # 1655

Steve Herman (43, Leo, Arbutus, IN)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I put flowers on an unmarked grave; I gave money to charity; and I donated some clothes to the VFW.

Something Special about Me: I am a truck driver.

Minion Application Essay: I don't know if Guru Mooj will remember me. We met outside of Newport, Indiana. I was hauling lumber and he was lying in the road. Thankfully I had time to slow down and stop before hitting him. I thought he was dead but he was just in a yoga trance. I put him in my cab and took him to a truck stop to get him some food. When he came out of his trance he told me he was Guru Mooj and gave me a blessing. He then touched my forehead. Instantly, all my unhappiness was sucked away. At that time my wife and I were about to get a divorce. While I was in my state of happiness I had this out of body experience. Rings of white light spun around and then I traveled back in time. I could see my wife and me when we were young. I saw how beautiful she was. She and I looked so happy. We

were sitting on the porch of her mom's house holding hands. I then heard myself say to her that I loved her and would never do anything to make her unhappy if she would marry me. When she said yes my heart filled with joy. Then the next thing I know I was back in the present moment sitting at the booth alone. Guru Mooj was gone. I quickly called my wife and told her I loved her and that we needed to work things out. We are now booked for a cruise and will have a second honeymoon. We owe it all to Guru Mooj, whoever he is.

MEET MINION # 1656

Bobby Jones (21, Sagittarius, Lewisburg, PA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: Can I get back to you on this?

Something Special about Me: I am a 21-year-old divinity student at Bucknell University. I am currently performing 400 hours of community service as part of a plea bargain with the Union County DA.

Minion Application Essay: I find working with the homeless rewarding but hopefully once my court-mandated community service is complete I'll never have to see or smell another crack whore again. Oops. Did I really say that?

MEET MINION # 1657

"Wavy Pudding" (52, Sagittarius, San Francisco, CA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow I will tour the poorer neighborhoods of the city and hand out free condoms.

Something Special about Me: I used to work at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. I was there the night Keith Moon passed out and some guy in the audience had to play the drums for The Who. I also got to see Evil Knievel make a jump and The Rolling Stones. There was good times, Man.

Minion Application Essay: I lived at 708 Ashbury Street in San Francisco in 1966 and 1967. This was next door to the house that the The Grateful Dead and Moby Grape were living at. Those were wild times, man. I used to party with everyone. I ain't bragging but I've seen Janis Joplin, Carolyn Adams, Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Daria Halprin, Anita Hoffman, Cass Elliot, Holly Near, Melanie Safka, Cat Yronwode and Grace Slick either naked, semi-naked or in really skimpy clothing. I don't remember much from those days (as you can imagine) but I do have some great tales to tell. Here's one: One night I was

sitting with Mike Wilhelm, Allen Cohen, Wally Hope, and Pig Pen. We were dropping vitamin 25 and tripping. We wuz fried, man! Then this woman busts into the room with an axe. She starts chopping stuff up. I ask the others if we should do something but Wally says no, man, that chick with the axe is just a hallucination. The woman kept chopping and chopping and chopping. She even pushed us off the couch so she could chop that up too. I'm like lying on the floor and I say, Wally, are you sure this ain't for real, man? I mean there's stuff flying everywhere and I have wood chips in my hair and beard, man. The lady finally leaves. Then a few hours later we come down and we look around. The apartment was in a shambles. Every thing was hacked and chopped up. So there really was a woman with an axe! Man, we were lucky we didn't get chopped up too.

MEET MINION # 1658

Steve Burns (29, Capricorn, Abingdon, MD)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I let some lady cut in front of me at the post office; I put an extra penny in the take one/use one cup; and I called PBS last night and made a support donation.

Something Special about Me: I used to work at the Dover Downs International Speedway and once had my picture taken with Parris N. Glendening. Someday I hope to be admitted to the British House of Lords, where I will be permitted to sit with my hereditary peers.

Minion Application Essay: I'm not sure why people write such stupid things in their minion essays. It's basically an application so people should treat it as such. What I am going to covey now is why I should be selected as a Mooj minion. I'm going to tell you my assets and hope that you want me to become part of your group. Not that it matters. It seems like anyone can be a minion. Look at last week's applicants. I can only imagine what that Scottish guy looked like. Too bad you didn't show the picture of him with his arse up in the air as he lay knocked out on the rugby field. Or what about that guy who was Mooj Dancin'? He sounded like a real winner. Oh, don't forget about that guy that was a frotternist? Do you even know what that is? I do. It's pretty sick. The week before there was this guy that danced and played the bagpipes. And he wondered why his wife left him. Then there was that moron who was in jail and used his one phone call to request a song on the radio. Nice. Or, what about that guy who was really, really fat? He and his wife kept breaking beds. That's too funny. So I guess what I'm saying is I'm pretty much in the same league as all those guys.

From Vic Taylor: Three poems were submitted this week. The first comes from Minion # 1460. He claims it must be sung to the tune of Ottorino Respighi's *Pini de Roma*. The second poem comes from Prem Chopra. He wrote the poem in an Indian dialect and provided translations. I can only assume that they are accurate. The third poem comes from a youngster in Iowa (one who might be slightly soft in the head).

ON THE BANKS OF THE MESSALONSKEE RIVER

by M-1460

(or ad perpetuam rei memoriam St. Catherine)

Yuengling, Yuengling, Yuengling

Oh how I love you so!

Yuengling, Yuengling, Yuengling

You set my heart aglow!

Yuengling, Yuengling, Yuengling

You're pure as the driven snow!

Yuengling, Yuengling, Yuengling

Next to you, the other lagers blow!

"Kuch Kuch Hota Gay"

By Prem Chopra (International Minion of Mystery)

Koi Vaada Nha Kare, Que Kabhi Khaaye Nahaj Kasaan
(She's a Punjab woman but she looks like a Punjab man)

Jab Kahe Bas Yeh Kahe, Milke Bichadenge Naa Haan
(She eats figs in the morning, often as many as she can)

Pyar Ki, Preet Ki, Yuh Hi Barsaat Rahe Koi Deedar Na Jaan
(At noon she leaves her household to search about the land)

Beech Hum Dono Ke Tera Mera Saath Rahe Baat Raan
(For the truth of inner wisdom and a public toilet stand)

The Whispering Gong

By Wolfgang Pauli Asmus, Age 12

Baby, baby, baby, I'm Gonna Leave You.
I've been borne amongst thyne fellow few!

I said baby, you know I'm gonna leave you.
O'er Fire from the sun doth cast thyne own disgrace!

I'll leave you in the summertime,
Ere dreams press onward 'tween my meditation's mend!

Leave you when the summer comes a-rollin'
Wanton coys, o'er desired revelation joy!

Leave you when the summer comes along.
Religion's chariot halted! Thyne thoughts are few, lass!

Baby, baby, I don't wanna leave you,
Art bowed malefic! thou showeth infinite tongues afoul!

I ain't jokin' woman, I gots ta ramble.
Oh charm, science hailed its width! Oh pithy!

Oh, yeah, baby, baby, I be believin',
Doth semetry, doubting conscience, true?

I really gots to ramble.
Concentration! Behave! This dream thou undue!

— FINAL THOUGHTS —

Besides being my Guru apprentice Mogender has now decided he wants to be a music promoter. He claims that he used to work for famous rock producer Rahul Dev Burmangee (aka "The Bill Graham of the Near East") and thinks that he can make a fortune in Chicago putting together large venue music extravaganzas. I'm not sure what I think about this but will give him a chance to prove himself, as he is very excited about all this. He has put together his first show and asked me to be in it. It will take place next Saturday at the Helms Club in North Chicago. If you are in the area I invite you to attend this concert and share with us what should be a special night. Mogender will have posters made for this show and hopefully Vic Taylor can include one or two in this newsletter if he gets them in time.

Blessings and Such,

मृज,प,ती उषवाबारावा

A Mogender Hasamra Vijay Singh Production

रविवर इधनइवातन



SATURDAY
AUG. 11th

\$15

THE MOON

DOORS 9 PM

THE HISTORIC HELMS CLUB BALLROOM
NORTH CHICAGO

★ INCLUDING ★

RAP GANGSTA THUG
DEATH ROE
MUSIC FOR DEAD PUNKERS
KILLER CLOWNS

LIGHTS BY
Chandrachur Chacha

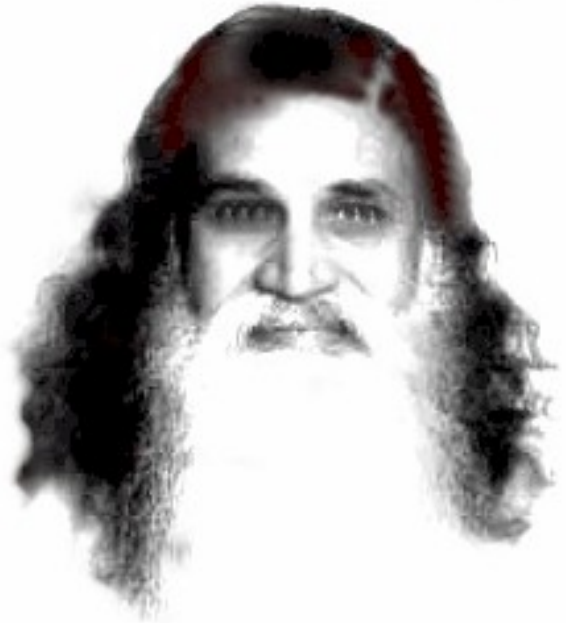
The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 11

August 15, 2001

First Things First. I must first begin this newsletter by expressing my utmost apologies to anyone attending Mogender's concert last week. The event was a fiasco. The tragic outcome of this show has really put a damper on Mogender's plans to become a famous music promoter (both legally and emotionally). **All I can say is Good!** Now he can concentrate on his holistic studies. I could spend several pages describing what happened but would rather not. Let us, instead, begin this newsletter on a positive note.

Speaking of Mogender, his guru apprenticeship is going very well. Yesterday he achieved a mild sensation of *Manasika Japa*. Today he might achieve *Vaikhari Japa*. And tomorrow it is hoped that he will attain *Upamshu Japa*. For now Mogender meditates alongside me each morning but I might have to make him meditate elsewhere because his snoring bothers me. He is also on his cell phone most of the time. Mogender, I am afraid, still has much to learn.



I may or may not have mentioned that Mogender and I are staying with my Uncle Chandrachur in Evanston, Illinois. Our Uncle is very old. I cannot even imagine his age (but won't waste a truth vision trying to find out). Uncle Chandrachur may be a bit grumpy at times but for the most part he has been very kind and supportive; we cannot thank them enough for allowing us to stay with him. Something interesting that I learned about my Cha-Cha (cha-cha is Hindi for uncle) was that many years ago he was a famous pulp fiction writer. He claims to have published many stories. Since no publication will reprint his stories I have agreed to help him reclaim some of his fame by putting selections of his work in *this* newsletter. I can speak frankly when I say that my uncle isn't exactly the best writer but he certainly puts a lot of passion and sound effects into his stories so I know you will be polite if you make comments. It is my hope that you will just keep your observations to yourself If you are a complainer.

I received an update from Vic Taylor this morning. He states that because **The New Friends of Mooj Society** is no longer collecting money for anything, the organization is on the verge of insolvency. He has no idea how he will pay to print and mail this week's newsletter. I told him not to worry about such trivial things. It was written by men much wiser than any of us that money cannot buy happiness. It can, however, buy paper, printing ink, printers and postage stamps. Thus, to ensure that this and the next few newsletters can be sent, **The New Friends of Mooj Society** is asking that subscribers donate paper, staples, printing ink, a printer and postage stamps. These items can be dropped off at **The New Friends of Mooj Society** headquarters located in West Chester, Pennsylvania. Here is the address: Storage Shed # 45, c/o Vic Taylor, Patel Self Storage, Old Lancaster Pike, West Chester, PA. Those wishing to donate food and clothing can also do so, as Vic Taylor is unemployed and claims to be living in **The New Friends of Mooj Society** office.

Blessings and Such,

मूजपती उम्बाबारावा

MAIL

Mooj,

Since I live in North Chicago I decided to catch your show at the Helms Club. I think your nephew needs to have his head examined. What kind of moron would put a raga singer on the same bill as extreme gothic punk rock bands and gangster rappers? Needless to say I didn't stay long as I was scared for my life. Hopefully next time your nephew will use better judgment.

stevensd@tateadvertising.com

The Mooj Responds: Yes! You are correct, my friend. Mogender did err grievously in his selection of supporting acts for his big show. I was as shocked as anyone when the unruly mob pulled me off the stage and beat me senseless with my sitar. As I mentioned in my introduction I hope never to hear Mogender mention anything about being a music promoter again!

Mooj,

Holy sh_t! I will never attend another Mogender Singh production again! I took my wife to your concert and the poor thing is still in shock. She won't even speak to me right now. Who can blame her? She had a beer bottle broken over her head! I will say, however, that my favorite part of the concert (before the riot) was when your nephew came out in his monkey suit and started dancing while that gangster rapper was singing. Now that was funny!

ZinzerT@zachary-all.com

The Mooj Responds: Right. As I mentioned earlier I am very sorry about the level of violence and mayhem that existed during the concert. Please give your wife my sincerest apologies. Since your letter came in by email I do not have your address. Please send it to Vic Taylor and I will ask him to send your wife a free Mooj minion T-Shirt (when he can afford to have them made).

Dude, it was like Altamonte all over again! Me and my old lady went to the Helm's Club Ballroom to

catch your act. We nearly got killed! My poor wife and I got pelted with bottles when we tried to escape. It is terrible how today's youth has no respect for the elderly. We hope you're feeling better and won't let this sorry episode defray you from continuing with your raga singing. We're your biggest fans! (Well not really. We just said that to make you feel better.)

Rush2113@Aol.com

The Mooj Responds: As with the man previous I extend my sorrow to you and your wife. I can only hope she and you will recover from your wounds as I have. Please contact Vic Taylor and request a free Minion T-Shirt as well. In fact, anyone who attended the concert and was injured may obtain a free T-shirt if Vic Taylor can get them to you.

Guru, I have always wanted to meet you, touch your feet and receive a blessing. I live in the Chicago area so I gladly took the night off from work to attend your concert. I didn't even make it into the parking lot! Gun shots shattered my windshield and two hardcore thugs pulled my date from the car. I wisely drove away as fast as I could. Maybe next time, dude.

TankMurdock@foxnews.com

The Mooj Responds: As I look deeper into my mail bag I see that the bulk of the mail this week concerns the riot/show. Most of this mail comes from lawyers. Perhaps I better put these letters aside and save them for private reflection. For the remainder of the Minion Mail I will reflect only on letters that do not mention the Helms Club fiasco.

Here's one that says "Poetry" in the subject line. I'll read and reflect on that one.

Well, I ain't no Shakespeare so I couldn't tell you what all them poems in your last newsletter was about. The first poem about the Messalonskee River was stupid. It must have been written by a fruit boot high on amyl nitrate. The second poem was also stupid. I think the guy that wrote it was some sort of glue sniffer. And the third poem by that Asmus dork

sounded like he took a Samuel Greenberg poem and interlaced it with a Led Zeppelin song. The poems in your magazine suck. And so do you!

parkercol@graceland.net

The Mooj Responds: Maybe this letter wasn't worth reflecting on either. I will say this, however: The great philosopher Percy Shelley often supposed poetry is but a mirror, which makes beautiful that which is not.

Okay, on to the next letter.

Mooj,

I just wanted to write and congratulate you on yet another year of success. It is heartwarming to know that while all the other "dot coms" fall by the wayside that your Mooj.com is still strong and vibrant. Few web sites offer such insight and hope. I used to work for PSINET but got laid off because they went bankrupt. I would be despondent except that I know you're always there to guide me through my rough times. You're like a beacon of light in these dark hours and I am grateful that you are my personal Internet Guru. Please email me back some encouragement as soon as you can because I really need you.

Jenna Houston,
Palo Alto, California, United States – Monday,
August 14, 2001 at 20:14:27 (PST)

The Mooj Responds: Yes! Yes, I shall, my *beti*. I will also pass along a blessing and perform a chant of peace for you.

Hey, how come you didn't answer my last email? All I got was your stupid auto reply telling me that you'll get back to me as soon as you can. I need you now! *Where are you?*

Jenna Houston,
Palo Alto, California, United States – Monday,
August 14, 2001 at 20:18:16 (PST)

The Mooj Responds: *Han?* My *beti*, this second email was sent only minutes after your first. I cannot return emails in such a timely manner. Please be patient.

I NEED YOU. WHERE ARE YOU????

Jenna Houston,
Palo Alto, California, United States – Monday,
August 14, 2001 at 20:22:21 (PST)

The Mooj Responds: Yes, *beti*. Be patient. I just got your first email read.

HELP!!! I NEED YOU!!!!!!

Jenna Houston,
Palo Alto, California, United States – Monday,
August 14, 2001 at 20:24:34 (PST)

The Mooj Responds: Yes, *beti*. Please be patient.

Fine you fat, greasy Punjab pork chop. Go f__k yourself with a fist-sized fig. I don't need you anymore. You totally suck as a guru and I'll never read your stupid little web site again. I hate you!!!!!! I HATE YOU!!!!!!!!!! I HATE YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jenna Houston,
Palo Alto, California, United States – Monday,
August 14, 2001 at 20:25:55 (PST)

The Mooj Responds: This troubled young woman obviously doesn't understand the virtue of patience. I would have gladly gotten back to her as soon as I could with the words of wisdom and encouragement that she so desperately needed. Now she will go alone into the world without a hope of enlightened guidance. Let this be a lesson to all those seeking rapid reaps from slowly sown seeds.

Dearest Swami Mooj,

Back during the summer of 1953 I was a student at Tufts University and desperately needed money to help pay for college. I applied for and got a summer job working for the Brink's Armored Car Company. I hated the job but it paid well. Since I was only a rookie the other guards were always really mean to me and always made me ride in the interior slot of the truck (in the back, next to all the money). It was horrible back there because the armored truck had no air conditioning and there was absolutely no ventilation. It could get up to about 150 degrees back there. One day I became dizzy with heat exhaustion and thought that I was hallucinating. But

I wasn't. Poof! Sitting beside me was the ghost of King Edward VII. The ghost revealed to me a foolproof way to steal money from the armored car company and not get caught. Basically the plan was to [...this portion of letter omitted].

The plan worked like a charm! By the end of the summer I had well over a million bucks stashed away and no one was any the wiser! Sure the bookkeepers at Brink's noticed the missing money but, as by the king's plan, the other guards were suspected and arrested. I even got to testify at their trial and said exactly what the ghost of King Edward VII told me to say. Those other guys were convicted and spent the rest of their pathetic lives in prison and I got away scot-free! But now I am old and am beginning to feel guilty about my crime. I really should have done more to help mankind with my stolen loot but I didn't; I basically squandered it away on fancy sports cars, booze, beautiful women and luxurious European vacations. To be honest if I had it all to do over again I probably wouldn't. Oh well. Such is our lot in life I guess.

"Sad Sam,"
Horsham Township, PA.

The Mooj Responds: Vic Taylor, before you include this letter (if you do) please remove the portion describing how this brilliant crime was perpetrated. I must admit it was an ingenious idea but very dishonest!

Sad Sam, I admonish you for your greed but welcome your search for inner peace after a life of poor choices. Since I am no longer accepting alms containing money I suggest you perform several acts of random kindness to atone for past aggressions in lieu of sending in a sizeable donation. This Sad Sam also sounds like a good candidate for my new bad karma offset program. Very soon you will be able to make a donation and receive good karma offsets to help counteract bad karma that accumulates as a result of bad behavior. These karma offsets will only be applicable if one has turned their life around for the good.

Mr. Mooj,

The other day my wife and I were driving down to Florida. As we passed through Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia we were amazed to see all the cars with stickers of the

number "3". They all mentioned something about honoring the greatest sports legend ever. Now I grew up in New York City—not three miles from the old Polo Grounds—and I was delighted to see that people were still paying tribute to the great Mel Ott! I would never have thought southerners would care about the old NY Giant's legend but I guess they still do. I never knew Mel Ott was called "the Intimidator," either.

May God bless you and keep you safe!

Dr. and Mrs. Berg
Newark, NJ

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, my friend. I have no idea what it concerns but will pass along a blessing and perform a meditation for you anyway.

Moojer,

I just found out that my mom and dad are joining this cult. They're being brainwashed into thinking that they're flying to Jupiter on a magical spaceship to get cloned. They've given the cult leader all their money and property. My brothers and I have tried to talk sense into them but they're beyond hope. They used to be really smart and I can't for the life of me understand why they would fall for something as ridiculous as this. But that's not why I'm writing to you. Here's what I need to know. Are the new Mooj T-shirts ready yet?

Philip Krueger

The Mooj Responds: This Philip Krueger sounds like quite the *badmash-hoon*. Wasn't this the same man that wrote in last week to tell me that he was having an affair with his secretary? Since I am not one to judge others by their stupidity I will gladly tell him to be patient. The new T-shirts are ready and Vic Taylor will obtain them just as soon as he can figure a way out to pay for them.

As I mentioned earlier my Chandrachur Cha-Cha was once a famous author. I have promised him that I would share some of his lesser known works with you. This first story is a tale he says was first published in the January 1936 issue of *Kaala Haath*. (My guess is that *Kaala Haath* was some sort of Bengali mystery magazine.)

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in



Foreword: It should be noted that this story does in no way insinuate that the good people of Bangalore, India are drunkards, adulterers, gamblers or imbeciles (or a combination of any of the above). This story is fictional, and any similarities between the characters appearing in this story and others that resemble them in real life, are purely coincidental.

It was monsoon season and the rain was pouring down exceptionally hard. Depak Chota walked slowly along the bustling street. His attention was drawn to the beautiful woman walking through traffic ahead of him. As she dodged the rickshaws, cars, buses, motorcycles, scooters, cows and ox carts, Depak knew instinctively that this woman was coming to see him. He watched as she crossed the street and entered a downtown office building. Depak tossed his cigarette into the street and followed the woman. He was correct. The woman was waiting for him at his office door when he got off the elevator. He walked past her and unlocked the bolt. As he began to close the door behind him the beautiful woman held out her delicate and dainty hand and asked: "Are you Depak Chota, the famous Private Eye?"

"Maybe I am and maybe I am not, *yar*," responded Depak as he set fire to a cigarette and threw the spent match down the hall.

"I have a very important case that I would like to hire you for," said the beautiful woman.

"Come back later then, *yar*. I'm busy," said Depak.

The beautiful woman sighed and her lips and brows formed a sad expression. He was a sucker for that look. Depak tossed his cigarette down the hallway and then held his office door open wide enough for the woman to barely squeeze through. Once inside the small office Depak clicked on the light and motioned with his dark and soothing eyes for the beautiful woman to sit down. Before she sat she removed her soaked raincoat and handed it to Depak. He tossed it on a Davenport that was next to his desk. He then removed his own coat and hung it from a coat rack that stood near the door. Depak then loosened his tie and took off his hat. He hung the hat on the coat rack and then sat down in a chair behind a large gray metal desk. Before the woman could speak Depak held up his hand and opened a drawer and pulled out a bottle of Old Forester. He then pulled out two glasses and poured himself a stiff drink. He held the bottle toward the woman but she shook her head so Depak put the second glass away. He left the bottle out.

The woman opened her purse and pulled out a thick envelope. Depak's dark and soothing eyes followed the woman's fingers as she tore open the flap. It was filled with money.

"Is this enough to get you started?" she asked.

"Maybe, *yar*," said Depak as he poured himself another drink. The detective then set fire to a cigarette, put his feet up on his desk, leaned back in his chair and put his hands behind his head.

The beautiful woman sat silently in her chair. She was uncertain what to do or say next. After a few moments of silence she fished for a cigarette in her purse. When she found one she put it up to her lips. After a few more moments of awkward silence she fished again inside her purse for a match to light the cigarette. "It is my husband," she finally said after blowing a smoke ring out the side of her mouth. "I think he might be fooling around."

"Aaaacha—cha-cha.... A tail job, eh! Your husband might be doing the naughty naughty and you want me to catch him! I can do that, yar," said Depak as he pulled a revolver from his underarm holster and emptied six cartridges into a chromium ashtray that sat on his desk. One of the cartridges had been spent so he threw the shell into an ash can that sat near the office door.

The beautiful woman continued: "I don't have much to offer you as far as additional expenses go. Maybe we can work a deal."

"A Deal?" asked Depak as he took a pair of brass knuckles out of his pocket and put them in the ashtray next to the bullets.

The beautiful woman cleared her throat and then began adjusting her sari. Depak was no schoolboy. He knew the drill. He poured himself another tall drink, extinguished his cigarette into the ashtray next to the bullets and then told the beautiful woman that she appeared be very good at making deals. The woman laughed, pulled her hair clip out and then crawled over the desk and climbed onto Depak's lap. She grabbed his chin with her long fingers and began kissing him on the lips below his thin dark moustache. Depak knew better than to get involved

with a *lurkee* like this but his mind wasn't thinking anymore. After a few minutes of passionate kissing the beautiful woman pulled away and stood up. She readjusted her sari and put her hair back up. She then told Depak to call her when he had the goods on her husband.

The beautiful woman then retrieved her raincoat off the Davenport, blew Depak a kiss and walked out of the office.

Depak quickly ran to the window and watched as the beautiful woman crossed the street and disappeared into the crowded city. It was then that Depak realized that he forgot to get the woman's name, phone number or even find out who her husband was. He also realized that the woman never handed him over the envelope containing the money. Depak sat down, set fire to another cigarette and then poured himself a tall drink.

To be continued ...



This poem was submitted by one who wishes to remain anonymous (for good reason he claims). It is called....

This, My Foot

This, my foot I give to thee
Have a look and you will see
It is a foot, so honest and true
A foot I have just saved for you.

On it I have walked, danced and trod
I've washed it, socked it, and had it shod
This I've done just for you
Take my foot
Then take me too!

NEW MINIONS

MEET MINION # 1659

Danny R. Howard (22, Capricorn, Orlando, FL)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I helped jump start someone's car; I allowed visiting Jehovah Witnesses to come inside my house and gave them some water; and I gave a friend a ride to the airport.

Something Special about Me: I have a tribal tattoo on my arm. I'm not sure what tribe it's from though.

Minion Application Essay: Yo, dudes. I'm pretty good with the ladies. I'll give you an example. Three days ago I was standing in line to buy beer at this hotel bar. This babe comes up and asks me if I'm Enrico Iglesias because I look just like him. I said *See Senyoreeta* (with an accent). The girl goes nuts and asks me if she can take a picture with me. I said Senyoreeta I weel do anysing fur you. This girl was obviously a tourist and she totally thought I was Enrico Iglesias. She and her friends partied with me all night and I wound up going up to their room for some extra curricular activity. Now somewhere in America are six girls who will tell everyone they meet for the rest of their lives about their wild and crazy night with Enrico Iglesias!

MEET MINION # 1660

Denise Hannity (27, Capricorn, Sea Heaven, NY)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I gave blood; I donated groceries to a food bank; and I wore an "impeach W" button.

Something Special about Me: I was married to a professional baseball player. The guy turned out to be a Major League jerk (get it?). I won't say who he is because he is still playing but I will say I suspect that he might be taking steroids because his winkee and boobos are the size of a Vienna sausage and two acorns. Tim, if you're reading this I HATE YOUR GUTS (only kidding). NO REALLY I HATE YOUR GUTS!

Minion Application Essay: Last year I was involved in a terrible accident. I heard one of the EMTs say: "We Lost Her!" I was dead. I was conscious but dead. I floated up and away from my body and saw this bright light at the end of this tunnel. I felt myself floating toward the light. The journey toward the

brightness seemed to take a long time. It was almost like I was purposely holding myself back. Then the bright tunnel emptied into a terminal. I saw a sign post in the center and it had arrows pointing in different directions. The places being pointed to were places I had never heard of before. They had funny names. It was very confusing. Since I couldn't make up my mind which way to go I floated back the way I came and found myself drifting back into my body. Then I heard one of the EMTs say: "She's Alive!"

In the ambulance on the way to the hospital they told me that I had been dead for a long time.

Before I end this essay I want to say why I mentioned all this. This is important. When I went home from the hospital I did a web search for the place names I saw in the bright tunnel terminal. I won't say what these places were but every search resulted in me going to Mooj.com. I take that as a sign that I need to follow The Mooj.

MEET MINION # 1661

"KK Hale" (45, Leo, Toledo, OH)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I recycled my plastic stuff by putting it into a blue trash can; I gave money to a homeless guy; and I gave my children an extra snack in their lunch bags this morning.

Something Special about Me: I belong to The Golden Key Honor Society.

Minion Application Essay: When I was a boy I had a good friend named Paul. We were very close but as we grew up Paul started using drugs. Pretty soon he was hooked on some bad stuff. I did what I could to help him but Paul wouldn't listen. By the time we were in high school it was impossible to even talk to him anymore. It was sad because I really cared about him. Paul wound up in prison and I lost track of him. Then last year, out of the blue, I got a letter from him. He wrote that he was dying and he wanted me to come and see him down in Mexico. I dropped everything and flew down there to be with him. He thanked me for all I tried to do to help him when we were kids. We both had a big cry. Right before he died Paul handed me a key to a safety deposit box in Switzerland. I'm not a selfish person by any

means but it cost me a lot to book the flight and get lodging in Switzerland (money I didn't have). I figured Paul must have been rich and stashed away a considerable amount of something if he had a safety deposit box in Switzerland. I felt bad for finding joy in that thought. Now the conclusion to this essay (I know you're dying to know how this ends): I go to the Swiss Bank and unlock the box—what was inside? It was a picture of Paul and me when we were kids. We had our arms around each other. In a strange way it was worth more than the money I had hoped to find.

MEET MINION # 1662

Mandy Jackson (33, Sagittarius, Wrentham, MA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I called my mother; I called my Nana; and I called my sister.

Something Special about Me: I met my ex husband at UMASS. We got divorced in 1999 but we remained friends. Last weekend we both wound up at a party given by a mutual friend. We got really drunk and did something stupid. The next day my ex called me and was very upset. He was ashamed and was afraid of what people might think. But really, what's the big deal? It wasn't like we never did that before.

Minion Application Essay: Gosh. I shouldn't have written what I wrote above. I told my ex I wouldn't say anything to anyone and here I go and blab it out to you guys. Oh well. What do you guys think? Is it wrong to sleep with an ex? Neither one of us is remarried so it isn't like we committed adultery. What is the definition of adultery anyway? Isn't when one of the people doing the deed is married? I'm confused. Okay. Let's change the topic. Five years ago I went to the Berkshires with some friends. We rented a cabin. We were all married (I was still married to Steve back then). Our husbands were on their annual hunting trip so it was supposed to be a girl's weekend out thingy. It turned out to be really boring. So we decided to go down the mountain to this bar we saw on the way up. The place was filled with lumberjacks and they were all he-men. They thought we were really cute and wanted to buy us drinks. We got pretty drunk. Then the lumberjacks wanted us to dance for them. We were so wasted that we climbed on their tables and did stripteases. It was wild. Then all of a sudden we hear yelling! It was our husbands! Holy cow! Of all the dive bars in Massachusetts how they could wind up there I'll never know. We tried to explain that it was all innocent but they were pissed (I know it probably didn't look all that innocent). A huge fight broke out

and the lumberjacks beat the living crap out of our hubbies. That was the worst night of my life and probably the first nail in the coffin of my marriage to Steve.

MEET MINION # 1663

R. Fische (54, Leo, Devon, England)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I donated in the name of Swami Mooj to three charities.

Something Special about Me: I am married to a Vicar. He is much older than me. I was originally married to the Vicar's younger brother. Nothing scandalous, I should add. My first husband passed on and his older brother took my children and me in. His wife passed on shortly thereafter and we decided to marry to keep his parishioners from thinking there was anything foul afoot. It's all on the up and up and we haven't slept together or anything.

Minion Application Essay: Did you ever hear about The Devil's Footprints? This was a phenomenon that occurred in Devon, England in 1855. Basically, strange hoof-like footprints appeared in the snow one night. They ran in a straight line from Exmouth (in the south) to Topsham (in the north). The distance between these two towns was over 50 miles. The hoof-marks never wavered and stayed in a straight line the whole way. These hoof prints went over houses, across roof tops, over tall walls, over barns, across rivers, atop hay stacks—it was oh so very eerie! It had most of Devon in a tizzy. Many people thought it was the devil!

Well I know the truth! It has been a family secret for over 146 years but I'll tell you. It was a hoax perpetrated upon the fools of Devon by my great, great, great grandfather Geoffrey Sidmouth and his friends. They created the footprints using false feet, a hot air balloon and long poles. They couldn't believe their hoax went off so well. They were also responsible for the mysterious crop circles of 1856, the Loch Millbrook Monster scare of 1857, and the miniature Stonehenge that magically appeared atop the Lynmouth Cliffs in 1858. It was also rumored that they were the ones that dug up Sir Walter Raleigh and put his body in a dress atop the Exeter Cathedral spire in 1859. However, my great, great, great grandfather adamantly denied any involvement in that.

Little League Dad

By "Frank," aka Minion # 1521

One summer day when I was a kid I had a little league baseball game. My mom was running late so she told my dad to take me. She would catch up with us later. When dad and I arrived at the park both teams had already taken the field. The game, however, had not yet begun because the umpire had never shown up. After waiting for a while the coaches asked my dad to umpire because he was the only man present. My poor dad didn't know what to do because he was an immigrant and his knowledge of baseball was very limited. He finally agreed to umpire because there was no way to get out of it.

To compound the situation, my dad—a very honorable man—was afraid that the other team might accuse him of being biased towards my team so he purposely slanted the game in the other team's favor. When my mother finally arrived and took her customary seat behind the backstop with the other team mothers, she asked: "How's the game going?"

"It would be great if it wasn't for that damn umpire up there!" replied one of the angry mothers. My mom was then told how the umpire was calling every pitch a strike against our team (even when the pitch bounced before it crossed the plate) and a ball for the other team (even when their kid swung and missed). My mom joined the other mothers in booing and harassing the umpire when she witnessed for herself some outrageous call against my team.

When my mom realized that the man behind the mask and chest protector was my poor dad she was horrified. But she had to continue to boo and harass him so as to prevent the other irate mothers from discovering that she was in anyway connected to him. My poor dad was never the same again after that.

The Horrors of Scooper's Wrist

By Minion # 543

Have you ever heard of scooper's wrist? There is actually an official medical term for this ailment but most doctors just call it scooper's wrist. One gets

scooper's wrist when making continuous scooping motions with his or her wrist and muscles that are seldom used become strained. I read a short item about this phenomenon in the newspaper the other day and was reminded of a funny story that I thought I'd share with my fellow Mooj minions.

One summer my sister worked at an ice cream parlor. She had only been working there a few days when her wrist began killing her. On her third or fourth day my grandparents dropped in to pay her a surprise visit. Expecting to see my sister's bright and cheerful face, they instead witnessed bedlam: The parlor was filled with unsatisfied customers and my poor sister was sitting on the floor behind the counter, sobbing uncontrollably.

Right before my grandparents arrived some lady ordered several ice cream cones. Scooping each cone with incredible pain my sister diligently did her duty. Then, as the lady took out her purse to pay, she said: "Oh, and give me a gallon of strawberry to go." My sister pleaded with the lady to substitute the flavor for another one but the woman was adamant. The problem was that the freezing unit for the display case was physically located directly underneath the strawberry box and an ax couldn't break it apart! My sister took three or four futile stabs at the solid chunk of ice, dropped the scooper, and then slowly sat down on the floor and began crying.

The lady finally just left money for the cones she already had and left when it was obvious that there wasn't going to be any more ice cream scooping that day. My grandparents arrived just in time to take my poor sister home. Her days as an ice cream scooper were over.

Old Man....

By Minion # 894

Years ago I lived in Los Osos, CA and was pretty much a hermit. The apartment I lived in was actually a duplex and I shared my unit with an old man. He was always gone. He would rise at the crack of dawn and be away all day. He wouldn't come home until long after midnight. I remember thinking to myself: "Man, what a hard working guy!" Then one day I asked the ground's keeper if he knew where the old man worked. The ground's keeper said: "Work? Who, the old fart? He doesn't work; he

drinks! From the minute the Merry-maker (the local bar) opens at 6:00 a.m. until they throw him out, he sits at the bar and drinks." I always felt really bad for the guy after that.

The First Time I ever saw a Real-Live Naked Lady

By Mack McBee (age 39)

The first time I ever saw a real-live naked lady was when I was 13 year's old; it happened at a place called the Cape Cod Melody Tent in Hyannis, Massachusetts. I was there with my Uncle Ronny, Uncle Bill, Aunt Lucy, mom and sister to see a Jim Neighbors show. Jim Neighbors was that guy who played Gomer Pyle on TV.

During the show one of Jim Neighbor's back-up singers (who was jumping up and down and dancing all over the place) lost her top. It just sort of "popped off." I'm not sure why but I was looking directly at the girl when it happened; I couldn't believe my good luck. The girl had enormous breasts and they were flopping all over the place! The poor dancer didn't miss a step as she struggled in vain to put her top back on. The other dancers saw what happened and danced toward her to try and help as they continued their dancing and singing too.

Finally, when all attempts to replace the dancer's top proved futile she danced off stage. There an attendant quickly ran to her rescue. Moments later—just as the song was about to end—the girl raced back to rejoin the gala and tripped. She fell flat on her face and slid across the stage.

I have no idea if the girl (whoever she was) ever made it big in show business but I can tell you that without a doubt it was probably the worst night of her career. It was, however, the most exciting night of my life (until I was a little older anyway).

THE GOOOLE!

By Paul Grimez (Friend of Mooj, but no Minion)

Back when I was in college I worked at an auto parts store in Cincinnati. One day a customer came into the shop and asked for a part. As is customary in such cases I asked the guy for the make, model, and year of his car. The guy told me that he had a 1988 Pontiac Gooole.

I was puzzled. I had never heard of a Pontiac Gooole before and asked him if he was sure it was a "Gooole."

"That's what it says on the car," said the man.

"Do you have the car here?" I asked.

"Yep, it's parked outside in the parking lot."

"Do you mind if I go outside and look for myself?" I asked.

I followed the man into the parking lot to see what a Pontiac Gooole looked like. When we reached the car the man pointed to the chrome name plate on the trunk and said: "See, P-O-N-T-I-A-C G-O-O-L-E!"

What it actually said was "Pontiac 6000 LE."

The (s)Hit Men

By Anon

A long, long time ago my grandparents were staying at a luxurious hotel in Florida. One day during their vacation my grandfather was in the lobby restroom minding his own business when two very rough sounding individuals entered and began discussing gangster business. He could hear their voices clearly. One of them said: "*So, wadda ya think, we gonna knock off that son of a b__ch today or what?*"

My poor grandfather was horrified. He lifted his feet off the floor to make his stall look empty and sat in utter silence while the two hit men continued their conversation. Halfway through their discussion the men paused momentarily to ensure that they were alone in the room and one of them actually got on his hands and knees to look under the stalls.

Thinking the coast was clear they unraveled a few more grizzly details about their dastardly plot to shoot someone while my poor grandfather sat in horror. After the hit men left the restroom my grandfather continued to sit silently in his stall, too afraid to do anything or even make a sound. After a short while other guests entered the restroom and he quietly finished his business and then exited as fast as he could. The next day there was a huge story in the paper about some mob wise guy getting bumped-off!

The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 12

September 1, 2001

First Things First. My nephew Mogender is showing great promise in his Guru apprenticeship and I am finally ready to give him his first big assignment. He seems very excited and has assured me that he will do a good job. This week I have asked him to read and reflect upon your Minion Mail. I know this is a very difficult task for a guru-trainee. It requires much-needed patience and skill and I have the utmost confidence in Mogender. He is a very smart boy. I know he will take this responsibility seriously and do a good job passing out sagely advice and blessings.

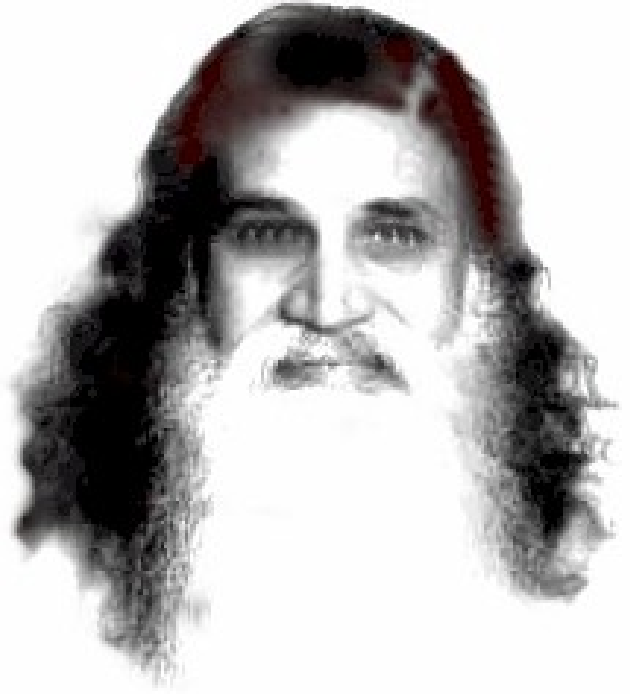
Unfortunately, as of this writing, Mogender has yet to do this job. I saw the mail bag sitting on his bed unopened. I gave it to him three days ago and informed him of the pending deadline and he assured me that he would get started at once. So far he hasn't done anything. If I did not trust him I would worry.

I have very happy news to report! Vic Taylor tells me that minions from all over Chester County have come to his aid. They brought him paper, printing supplies and stamps. He says that he now has more than enough supplies to print and mail three or four week's worth of newsletters. He also said that people brought him food, clothing and other supplies. He was very grateful. Especially to the minion who brought him the portable camping toilet.

Before I end this introduction and let Mogender do his guru-apprentice work reflecting on minion mail I just want to tell everyone how proud and happy I am to be your Guru. Back when The Old Friends of Mooj Society was exposed for crookedness I had an awful pit in my stomach. I feared that many would link me to those scoundrels and abandon me as their spiritual and effervescent guidepost of truth. But then I remembered that our bond is beyond that of a normal Guru and a devotee. Our bond cannot be measured with simple quantum mechanics. Our love is integrated in all seven dimensions over space-time and easily escapes the black hole of eternity. Years ago, some may recall, I wrote an Enlightened Thinking Essay on this topic. Perhaps now I can add to that thought with fresh ideas. Before I do that, however, I must go and check on Mogender. I just heard him go out. That lazy fool still hasn't started his minion mail reflection job! I will have to defer that Enlightening Thinking Essay for later.

Blessings and Such,

मृज,प,ती उम्बाबारावा



MAIL

**Mogender—Read This Note Before Answering The Minion Mail!
Then Remove This Before You Send The Minion Mail Back To Vic Taylor!!!!**

Mogender, my humble nephew, this is your first big test to see if you can someday become a Guru like your Mooj Cha-cha. This week I have assigned you The Mooj Minion Mail. I am depending on you to do a good job! Your instructions are basic: Simply read the mail and answer it with kindness and insight. Do not be alarmed if it appears that hooligans and halfwits have sent in the vast majority of mail. This is normal. These hooligan-halfwit types make up the bulk of my minionhood and they are the people that need enlightenment most!

Before you get started let me give you some pointers. Since some idiot sent in a letter last week telling me that the ghost of King Edward VII helped him rob an armored car you will undoubtedly get letters from others making similar claims. These people will state that King Edward VII (or some other ghost king of equal stature) also abetted them in some felonious thing. These people may be telling the truth; however, it is unlikely. More likely is that they are insane or on drugs. Treat these people with respect and pretend that you care. Use a wise saying by a notable saint, holy man, poet or philosopher to temper your reflection with the appearance of holistic insight. You can also expect at least one or two insulting messages from someone in India. Even though last week's story by Chandrachur Cha-cha (about the detective) was completely fictional, some belligerent person will assume that the title character was meant to be them. Press on, I say! You will also get the usual bevy of sexual hang-up problem letters that people seem to think I care about. Treat these demented perverts with kindness and respect. And, of course, since I help solve problems using holistic truth visions, be forewarned that you will get mail from people in search of positive reinforcement for what are obviously dim-witted lifestyle choices. Be nice and help them. Also, don't forget that there are several people that have been banned for life from this newsletter. They are (in no particular order) the following people: Professor G. E. Lewis of New Gabon (and his assistant Agnes B. Lassiter); The Bagley Sisters of St. Mary's, PA; J.J. Bigsby; King Latifah of Chilliwick, PA; Budh Malhotra of New Delhi, India; Ben Dejo of Chester, PA; certain members of former minion # 648's family; ex-minion # 1337; Dr. Joseph Hurst of Thorndale, PA; Shlomo G. of Seaford, DE; Bart Haley of Darby, PA; and a person who simply calls himself "Kkkkrazy Kkkken." There are probably many more but I can't think of them off the top of my head right now. Just ignore letters from these or other hostile people.

I guess the bottom line is to use your developing enlightened senses to help people and make the Earth a better place. Remember being a Guru means you must treat everyone with respect and dignity and allow them to gather wisdom and enlightenment from you however they can. This might be from direct interaction or by ambient osmosis as you go about life doing normal everyday holy things and people observe you. You will learn all this in good time as your Guru training progresses. Now get to work!

Once you have read these instructions remove this note from the paper clip attaching it to the mail.

Hey Guru,

We just wanted to write and tell you how proud we are of how you have turned your *Enlightenment* newsletter back into a force of goodness and insight. You have proved once again that you are a true saint and we are happy to be called loyal minions. Keep on trucking, you big hairy lard headed ass clown!

TheBagleySisters@aol.com

Great Scott!

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the letter from "Sad Sam" of Horsham Township, PA last week. He claimed that the ghost of King Edward VII appeared to him. THIS IS NO LIE! I too was visited by the ghost of King Edward VII and was likewise guided in the pilfering of a rather large quantity of money. I now suspect that there are others in the world besides Sad Sam and myself with similar experiences. My encounter with the ghost of King Edward VII came when I was working at The Federal Mint in Philadelphia. I cannot remember the exact

year but I was in the early 60s. In the end I netted over a million dollars and hid the money off shore. I actually kept my job at the mint until I retired in 1978. Then I withdrew that money, plus interest. Since then I've been living the life of Riley! Unlike Sad Sam, though, I actually used my money for philanthropy. I feel I am justified for my theft because countless people have benefited from my kindness and good will.

MrBigBucksNantucket@msnbc.com

Moojer,

The other day I was driving and saw a girl hitchhiking. I knew better than to pick her up but I did. The girl looked like a heroin addict. I asked her if she was okay and she told me to mind my own business. I asked her where she was going and she said Portland. Portland was about a hundred miles away so I figured I'd take her there (being the nice guy that I am). When we got there I asked her if I could give her some money for a motel and food. She accepted my offer. By then she was very homesick and crying. She told me that she was a runaway. I told her that everything was going to be okay and gave her a hug. We went to her room so that we could talk. She reminded me of my daughter and I just couldn't leave her in that condition. I knew she needed help. Well... things got kind of wild. We smoked crack, did meth, bumped uglies and, man, I was soooo friggen wasted! But that's not why I'm writing to you. I just wanted to know if the new Mooj T-shirts were ready yet.

Philip Krueger

Mooj,

If your nephew is the man monkey of New Delhi why don't you turn him in? Isn't there a reward or something? Why don't you collect it? If you're not then I will.

Peter Torque
Bounty Hunter, Taxidermist, Bail Bondsman and
Card Carrying Member of PETA
Salem Winston, NC

Wow! You ain't gonna believe this. Back in the late 50s I worked as a bookkeeper. In those days I think I pulled in about \$60 a week. One of the other bookkeepers in my office always had a new Cadillac, owned a big house in Greenwich and had a gorgeous wife that had the finest furs and diamonds.

One day I asked the guy: "Hey, Smitty! How in the Sam Hill can you afford all that stuff on your measly salary?" He laughed and said: "Larry, my boy, let's just say it's good to know the king!" I bet he was talking about the ghost of King Edward VII!

LarryCurrie5@mindswell.com

Please allow me to respond to your Depak Chota story in the August 15 *Enlightenment* newsletter. I thought it was very funny. I forwarded it to my father, who is the Deputy Health Minister of India. He thought it was very funny and knew exactly who Depak Chota was supposed to be. Keep up the good work, yar!

K. Venkatappa
Bangalore, India

I was floored when I saw the letter in your last newsletter from Sad Sam. He claimed that the ghost of King Edward VII (of England) appeared to him in a vision. After reading Sad Sam's account I now feel compelled to share my own story about meeting King Edward VII. Let's just say I was greatly "enriched" because of it. I met the ghost in the summer of 1946, when I was a private in the US Army and stationed at Fort Knox. In those days they were warehousing priceless stolen artifacts and paintings that had been recovered in Nazi Germany. The ghost of King Edward VII appeared to me on a night that I had been drinking and I was in no condition to think straight or argue with him so I was easily convinced to steal various treasures during my guard duty shifts and sell them to art dealers that the ghost set me up with. These were all objects that had yet to be catalogued so the army never knew anything was missing. I was paid in cash for the artwork and stashed the money away. King Edward told me it was very important not to spend a dime of that money until after I got out of the army. Even though I was technically a millionaire I acted like any other buck private and did my duty like nothing was going on. When I got out of the army I cashed in. I don't really feel bad about what I did since the art word got back its Nazi-looted treasures. I actually did the world a favor and made a few bucks along the way.

jjr@wintergardenparty.org

Dear Sir,

The following letter is considered confidential. Please do not put this into your newsletter. During

WWII I worked on the Manhattan Project. I was a physicist from the University of Chicago and was instrumental in helping produce the highly enriched plutonium needed during the war effort. When the war was over I remained at my job to assist in other on-going nuclear research. One night I was alone in my office and fell and hit my head. The next thing I knew this ghost appeared before me. He was dressed like a king. He informed me that he was King Edward VII and that he had a brilliant scheme to net me lots of money. I was interested until I learned that it would involve compromising government secrets. I had no choice but to turn down the ghost's offer. He seemed saddened that I wouldn't trust him but he respected my wishes. Poof—he was gone. The next day I pretty much figured that I had been dreaming about the whole thing. After reading Sad Sam's letter from last week I am beginning to think that maybe it wasn't a dream after all. No response is necessary. I was just writing to share my thoughts.

Menchausen Von Braün
Huntsville, AL

How dare you publish such filth! I know exactly who "Depak Chota" is supposed to be and have contacted my solicitor to take the necessary legal action to stop your heavy-handed insults. Go to Hell, yar!

Muthukumar Baloot
Bangalore, India

Sri Mooj,

I have just been forwarded your Depak Chota story from the newsletter you publish. I was very unhappy with your portrayal of Muthukumar Baloot. I am sure I am not alone when I say that you will not survive long in the publishing world if you continue to write such rubbish.

Mallikarjuna M. Narayanappa
Bangalore, India

Dearest Mooj,

I desperately need your help. I am a female, aged 39. I was pretty much ready to give up on ever finding "Mr. Right" until I met Sammy at a nightclub. I didn't even want to go there but my friends made me. (I hate those kinds of places because they're such meat markets.) Anyway, I was sitting at the bar when this man approached me and asked me to

dance. I pretty much told the guy to beat it. He stopped bothering me and left! *I couldn't believe it—a man who understood what the word "no" meant!* I noticed him sitting alone later. He was crying. I sat down with him and he told me that I had really hurt his feelings. *"Wow," I thought, "a man who isn't afraid to show emotion!"* I felt bad so I asked him if I could have the dance that he had offered earlier. We danced and then ... well, we fell in love! He asked me to marry him. My biological clock is ticking and so I can't waste time waiting for someone else. But there's a problem. He has a *Bush Cheney* bumper sticker on his car! *How could I ever marry a Republican?* Oh Mooj, what should I do? I need your response as soon as possible because I'm supposed to meet this guy at the courthouse at 4:00 this afternoon.

Paige Deville
Orlando, FL

Ha! I commend you for your "Depak Chota" insult! Let the world know what a scoundrel that Muthukumar Baloot really is!

Vishnuvardhan Kasavalli
Bangalore, India

This letter is for Dr. Berg of Newark, NJ:

Hey Jackass—that number 3 you see on all them cars down south is for the late Dale Earnhardt not Mel Ott! And besides, Mel Ott was number 4 on the NY Giants! Bill Terry was number 3. Go back to New Jersey, you moron.

KellerP@harvard.edu

Who was Edward VII? Was he like the king of England or something? I once did a semester overseas in England when I was in college. I always thought England was supposed to be this modern place but it wasn't. Everyone smelled bad and they all wore stupid "John Lennon" looking eyeglasses. I'm glad I live in America because England sucks.

RobertsT2@styxfanclub.net

Herr Moojinstein!

You, bro! I'm totally wasted right now. I just smoked some dried banana peels—Mellow Yellow, dude! Someday I hope to meet you. I want to touch your feet and have you give me the *pranams*. I also need

you to bless my stuffed Ernie and Burt puppets. I sleep with them.

corbinbleu@duke.edu

Dear Sir,

Can you send me Sad Sam's address? We need to talk to him. This is very important.

Roger Clifford, Security Officer
Brinks, Inc, Boston, MA

Please stop putting stuff in your newsletter about our sorority. We have no idea who you are or what your beef with us is. There is nobody with the email address MysticpizzaJoJo@sigmakappa.com in our sorority so the letter from her in your previous newsletter was a fake. This is the fourth or fifth reference to our sorority we've found on your website. You're not even funny.

Violet-triangle@sigmakappa.com

To Whom It May Concern:

I've been forwarded a copy of the newsletter you publish about a guru. I saw mention of a robbery that took place in the 1950s. It was stated that the ghost of King Edward VII was involved. It is very important that you send me contact information for this person named Sad Sam. I represent Lloyds of London and we will gladly pay processing and administrative fees for your assistance. This King Edward VII ghost phenomenon is starting to get out of hand and it is about time someone start taking this threat seriously. That is all I wish to say at this time. We look forward to hearing from you and thank you in advance for your efforts on our behalf.

Tomas Prather, Jr.
Prather and Prather Private Investigations, LTD
Chichester, England

Dear Mooj,

I'm not one of those sensitive new age guys that always runs to a guru to solve his problems but I figure you're right about so many things that maybe you can help me out with my dilemma. I met the girl of my dreams at a trendy nightclub in Orlando called the Giraffe Lounge. I hate those kinds of places and would never have gone, except that my friend begged me to go. I was having a horrible time until I

saw the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. We danced and fell in love. Things progressed rather rapidly and before I knew it I had asked her to marry me. I have absolutely no doubt in my mind that this is THE woman—except for one thing. She has a *Gore Lieberman* bumper sticker on her car. Yeech! *How could I ever marry a Democrat?* I need your answer ASAP because I'm supposed to meet this woman at the courthouse at 4:00 today to get married.

Sammy Duppa
Orlando, FLA

There was nothing we could do. It was pretty much settled by the time we got there. My kid brother Amos Garvin ran off and married Maureen Keller. My family has been feuding with the Kellers since 1875. My father found out about the wedding and sent me to stop it. I arrived too late but did manage to shoot Maureen Keller as she and Amos came out of the Justice of the Peace's house. Toby Keller must have also heard about the wedding because he arrived just as I was firing off my last round at Maureen Keller and he shot me in the leg. My cousin Angus Garvin then showed up and shot Toby. Pretty soon Kellers and Garvins were everywhere. After about an hour of this feuding Grandma Garvin held up her hand and asked for a cease-fire. Jarvis Keller, the patriarch of the Keller clan, agreed. By then seven Kellers and nine Garvins were dead. A truce was then called and we decided to end the hostilities. Since the reception hall was already booked and paid for on account of the wedding we decided to go there and have at the liquor and eat what was left of the buffet and wedding cake. All-in-all, we had a pretty dern good time.

garvink@Pomeroy.ohio.gov

Help! I think my neighbor is going to kill me. He just came into my house and is yelling. He thinks I turned him into to our HOA for his unauthorized basketball hoop. I didn't! Now he's coming up the stairs! He says he's gonna fix my ass! Mooj, this guy is serious!!!! He must be off his meds! What should I do?

Praisebetohe5@earthlink.net

Dear Mooj,

My life is in a downward spiral because of my stupid boyfriend. He uses me for money, tells me lies, drinks, takes every sort of drug there is and is

always in trouble with the law. Before I met him I had money in the bank, a car, friends and a full-time job. I was also in pharmacist school and had the respect of people. All my friends and acquaintances have now disappeared because they hate this guy and now I feel totally isolated. He is my first boyfriend. I am scared that if I lose him no one will ever love me the way he does. He makes me feel wanted and desirable. I live in hope he will change but is it worth waiting to find out? Also, how can I get one of those Mooj Head T-shirts?

LibbyP@umd.edu

Dear Mooj,

I now have a complex about the size of my manhood. My wife's ex husband took his out at my stepson's wedding and showed everyone how big he is. My heart sank when he displayed his tackle—it was much bigger and thicker than mine! Now I can't shake off the feeling that I'm totally inadequate. I love my wife and I know she loves me. We have been married for over 10 years and she has always told me that her ex husband was a real jerk and was always embarrassing her. But I started drinking and called her a liar when she said that size doesn't matter to her. I just can't help thinking every time we are intimate that she would rather be with her ex-husband. What should I do? Also, can you send me a Mooj Head T-shirt?

Kkdowling@summerstock.org

I've read your newsletter for several years now and have come to the conclusion that you're never going to write anything that is actually about self-realization or new-age spirituality. You totally suck as a guru! I want my minion love offering back.

Julie Gross
Bonneville, TX

I am so lonely. Please be my friend.

Raymond
Lynn, MA

Your poetry sucks! No wonder people hate you.

Jarradtr@msu.edu

Mooj:

This is a secret coded message. Only a great swami such as yourself will be able to decipher it: 784 37hh h2d hi3d hhd dk3hd8 h3hd hdh 23223 ijjq' iio eoe e9de u3u3e 7t23 8fyh i732 jdh qds7 sqd2 dhkw-ww 37hh 723. Respond in kind.

Double Agent 009
OHMSS

As I write this letter I am sitting on my bed in my motel room with the curtains drawn shut. I am naked except for a small doily that I have placed over my flaccid banana and golden nuggets. I expect the cleaning lady to enter the room at any moment. Ha! Won't she be surprised when I jump up and dance a Scottish Jig for her!

Professor G. E. Lewis,
University of the Americas,
New Gabon
(Now on sabbatical in Pittsburgh, PA)

If you are a real truth vision guru I beg you to help me. I just discovered that someone withdrew \$3,000 from my church's chapel improvement fund last week. I am the church treasurer and I was on vacation when it happened. I keep the bank withdrawal slips in my drawer, which is always locked. Only the pastor and I have a key. I'm afraid that the pastor will think that I took the money. He's already made snide comments to me about my new hairdo and tropical tan (which I got on vacation). Please tell me who stole the money. I am afraid that everyone will think it was I. Will I go to jail? Oh Mooj, I am so scared.

"Worried Housewife"

You're such a loser. We dare you to post this letter. You won't will you? That's because you're such a loser.

The Sisters of Beta Chi
Santa Barbara, CA

Great one,

Last week I was in Philadelphia for the Elk's convention and a bunch of us went to Bookbinder's for dinner. As I was going downstairs to use the bathroom I saw that they had a bunch of pictures on the wall of the owner posing with celebrities. I saw

you in one of those pictures! Two of my Elks brothers were with me and we got into an argument over whether or not the picture was actually you. One brother thought it was Jerry Garcia and another said it looked like Eric Brazilian of the Hooters. Can you settle this for us? Were you ever photographed with John Taxim, the owner of Bookbinders?

HBerry@elks.org

GO TO HELL, YAR!

Hinduja Seth,
P.O. Shivanandanagar – 255 122,
Distt. Tehri-Garhwal, U.P., INDIA

I need to ask you to have a truth vision for me. This is very important. When I was young my dad and mom were very poor. Then all of a sudden they were very rich. My dad worked for a large insurance firm in NYC and I remember right before he bought our new house in Connecticut that there was a big mix up at his work. Several of his coworkers were arrested and my dad seemed to be very worried that he too might be in trouble (but he swore to my mom and us that he was innocent). The coworkers were eventually tried and convicted for embezzlement. They went to jail for a long time. My dad got off. I always believed that my dad was innocent. The only thing that casts doubt on this now is that I remember dad had a large picture of King Edward VII hanging in his den. I recall that he was very fond of the king and we were required to give thanks to the king before our meals and on special holidays. Please have a vision and tell me the truth about my dad.

Fred Harris
Orange, NJ

Dear Sir,

Attached to this email is a picture of my girlfriend. Her name is Gloria. She lives in Nigeria and needs your help. Her father is the president of a Nigerian Oil Company and he needs a safe haven for his fortune before Cuban Gorillas take over Nigeria. All we ask is that you send us your bank account information and we will deposit the money in your account. Once Gloria and her dad are safe they will request some of their fortune back. You will be allowed to keep most of it. If you offend easily we apologize that Gloria is naked in her picture. The Cubans stole her clothes. If you are not offended send \$5 for more pictures.

Thank You, sir!

gilliganr@paybuddy.net/nigeria/

Mooj,

This is no Joke. I have a problem getting condoms to fit. I am not bragging — I just want to be able to enjoy sex without worrying about my condom snapping due to ductile failure. I don't think I am abnormal for a man of my length and girth, but do they make condoms in extra-extra-large sizes?

Che Che "Pecos Grande" Guevara
South San Francisco

Dear Unknowing One,

My dog ate my wedding ring and I've been following him around for the last 10 days collecting his crap to look for the ring. How long can a wedding ring stay inside a dog's system?

Ruth Buzzed

What kind of nonsense is this? What kind of name is Moojopootia Umboobraba anyway? I can assure you that it is not Punjab. I am a Punjab and I know a few things. Your web site is an insult to Indians around the world. You are a farce to humanity and you know it. I ask that you stop all this stupidity at once.

Bharat Talib
Pan Bahar, India

Mooj,

Someone called our hotline and reported that they saw someone who looked just like Lance Worthy playing golf in Harrisburg. Has anyone else had any recent Lance Worthy sightings? We believe he is still alive.

"King Latifah" (President of The Lance Worthy Fan Club)

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in



Foreword: It should be noted that this story does in no way insinuate that the good people of Bangalore, India are drunkards, adulterers, gamblers or imbeciles (or a combination of any of the above). This story is fictional, and any similarities between the characters appearing in this story and others that resemble them in real life, are purely coincidental.

Depak Chota, the famous private eye, stood beneath a street lamp. He pulled a note from his pocket and illuminated it with the glow from above. It read: "Twenty-five Sankey Road, 11:30 p.m, Use Back Door—Be Discrete." Depak looked at his watch. It was a quarter past eleven. He was standing in front of the house. It was a tall narrow luxury town home. The front door was illuminated by two giant gas lamps anchored in Flemish bond brickwork. Money lived there. The front rooms were lit. Money was still awake.

Depak put a cigarette to his lips and set fire to it with his chromium Zippo. He then walked along the road to a side street. From there he walked the width of the elaborate homes and then turned into the service alley. When he reached the rear of number twenty-five he waited. The alley was deserted except for two goats and a cow eating garbage from a gutter. It was time. Depak tossed his cigarette into the night and tapped lightly on the backdoor. A light

snapped on and a servant opened the door. "Come in," said a voice that Depak could hear but not see. This servant showed Depak to a study on the first floor and instructed him to take a seat and wait.

"Would you care for a drink, *yar*?" asked a well-dressed portly man that had entered the study and closed the doors behind him.

"Don't mind if I do," said Depak as he stood to greet the man. The portly man told Depak to be seated while he poured them both a drink.

"Macallan's 25," said the portly man as he handed Depak a thick Irish-cut crystal glass. It was filled with a generous portion of scotch. This was the good stuff.

The portly man sat down behind a large mahogany desk and opened a carved teak box. "Would you care for a cigar? *Ramon Allones Tubos*—just had them brought from Havana," said the portly man as he took one himself and clipped off the tip. Depak helped himself to one of the cigars and the portly man clipped his tip as well. Then the portly man took a match from a small ivory box on his desk and lit both cigars.

"Sit down, *yar*," said the portly man. Depak returned to the overstuffed leather chair that he had been sitting in. The portly man took a few puffs on his cigar and then spoke: "First I want to thank you for being discreet. I like that in a detective." The portly man took a sip from his drink and continued: "This is actually a simple matter; but, for obvious reasons I cannot go to the police. It is blackmail. Nothing major, I assure you. It is just something that might prove to be ... um... shall we say... difficult to explain to my wife and her family."

Depak lifted his menacing eyebrows and narrowed his dark and soothing eyes. He knew the time to speak wasn't yet. He took another sip of his drink and let the portly man continue.

"It's a foolish thing, really," said the portly man as he smiled and took another sip. He cleared his throat and went on: "Last year my niece came to stay with us while she was on school holiday. She brought with her a classmate named Chitra Poojah Pandey. This Chitra was rather a silly girl and, well, anyway, we had a torrid love affair. This Chitra returned to school and we corresponded a few times. This was foolish, I admit. Now someone has stolen some of those love letters and threatened to expose us. You must understand that I am a man of great wealth

and prestige; something this scandalous would devastate my political and professional career!"

Depak sat forward in his chair and let cigar exhaust drift upwards out of his puckered mouth. He felt the time to speak had finally arrived so he asked: "How did the blackmailer make contact with you?"

The portly man opened a drawer on his desk and handed Depak an envelope and said: "The blackmailer sent me this. It arrived in the morning post today. It says that I must put two hundred thousand Rupees in a suitcase and leave it next to the Ashoka Pillar in Jayangar tomorrow at exactly 3:00 p.m. If I don't he will make my love letters public."

Depak saw that the envelope was postmarked in Bihar, a city far to the north.

"Does this Chitra Poojah Pandey by any chance attend the Patna Women's College?" asked Depak as he examined the envelope and letter.

"She and my niece are both in their third year of studies there. How did you know?"

Depak folded the blackmailer's letter and put it back into the envelope. As he handed it back to the portly man he said: "I have the trained eye for such details. I can tell you many things about this blackmailer: First, it is a "she" not a "he"; she is left handed; she is trained in the vocational arts; she speaks Magadhi and has a mother who lives Rajgir. She also boarded a train at the Sasaram station in Bihar yesterday morning at exactly 10:33 a.m. If I am not mistaken she will arrive in Bangalore in about an hour."

"*By Jove you are brilliant, Chota!*" said the portly man as he took Depak's empty glass. As he poured a generous drink back into the glass he asked: "So what is the plan? What am I supposed to do now?"

Depak took the glass, drank the contents in one swallow, and said: "I suggest you leave the details to me. Get a good night's sleep and I will call you in the morning."

Depak then snuffed out his partially-smoked cigar into a large lapis-lazuli ashtray that sat on a table near his chair and then handed the empty glass back to the man. Before leaving the study Depak turned to the portly man and said: "Oh, one important thing. Tomorrow morning your niece will phone you. She will ask about general things and make small talk. I want you to mention to her that you cannot talk very long because you must go to

the bank, go to a travel store to buy a suitcase, and then visit the jeweler to pick up something you have had commissioned to surprise your wife with as a surprise gift. She will say nothing about the bank or suitcase but will seem interested in the jeweler. Tell her you are picking up a very expensive emerald necklace."

As Depak rode the train home he was puzzled. This was the easiest case he had ever solved: The blackmail letter was written on Patna Women's College School of Vocational Arts stationary; the writer used left-slanted feminine handwriting; a train ticket stub from Sasaram station for a train leaving for Bangalore at 10:33 a.m. was found inside the envelope; the envelope had a Bihar postmark; there was an imprint on the letter by another letter that had been written on top of it in Magadhi to someone's mother in Rajgir. Such obvious clues! No doubt all these clues pointed to the niece. Something was very fishy in Bangalore!

The next morning Depak arrived in his office early. He opened his drawer, pulled out a bottle of Old Forester and poured himself a generous drink. It was going to be a long day. He checked his pocket watch. It was early but he called his client anyway. The portly man took a while to come to the telephone and sounded sleepy. When the portly man realized it was Depak on the line he changed his tone and tried to sound alert. The portly man informed Depak that his suspicions were correct. His niece had, in fact, called earlier that morning and that she was very interested when he mentioned the emerald necklace. Depak told the portly man to stay close to his mailbox, as the blackmailer would make contact again through the morning post. After he hung up Depak called the telegraph office and sent a wire to an East Indian Detective Agency operator he knew in Bihar. This guy owed Depak a favor. Once the wire had been sent all Depak could do was sit and wait. He poured another drink and took off his shoes.

Before the second bottle of Old Forester was empty the phone on Depak's desk rang. It was the portly man. Just as Depak had suspected the blackmailer had sent another message by the morning post. Now besides two hundred thousand Rupees, an emerald necklace was also demanded in the blackmail ransom. Depak sat back in his chair and laughed. The rat had bitten the cheese. Now the trap spring was about to snap! As soon as he got word back from his contact in Bihar he would know how many heads to expect stuck inside the trap!

To be continued—

NEW MINIONS

MEET MINION # 1664

Hiroshi Obama (56, Leo, Plattekill, NY)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I took some food to a food bank; I gave money to a charity; and I gave Mooj pamphlets to some activist people that live in trees.

Something Special about Me: In 1983 I was sentenced to help clean up Quassaick Creek for a 40-hr community service project. It was meant to be a punishment for drunk driving but instead it converted me into a life of environmentalism!

Minion Application Essay: I mentioned above that I am an environmentalist. I am also a naturalist, nudist and poet. Here is a poem I sent to *Mother Jones Magazine* last year (they have yet to publish it):

*See the sun
See the moon
Naked am I
As I emerge from Earth's womb*

MEET MINION # 1665

Lois T. Berry (42, Ophiuchus, Russell, KS)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I'd rather keep this confidential. I believe bragging about ones good deeds nullifies them.

Something Special about Me: I saw in your August newsletter that minion # 1651 was an Ophiuchus. I have only met one other Ophiuchus in my life. Being born in Ophiuchus is extremely rare, as I believe there is only a six second gap between Scorpio and Sagittarius. I read somewhere that a person has a better chance of being struck by lightning AND being bit by a snake at the same time than being born in the astrological sign of Ophiuchus.

Minion Application Essay: Besides being an Ophiuchus I am also blessed with a very rare name. According to Hallmark my name "Lois" went from being the most popular to least popular in the shortest amount of time. I have a sister named Dotty. We joke that our parents really knew how to

give old fashioned names. I actually belong to The Lois Society. Only people named Lois can join.

MEET MINION # 1666

Eddie "Fu" Tram (43, Cancer, Garden Grove, CA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I gave seat on airport tram to old lady; I gave fruit to child; I gave job to brother.

Something Special about Me: I am very rich. I am great success story. When I come to America I not speak even English. Now own car dealership and restaurants.

Minion Application Essay: I was stuck on elevator with strange woman. She begin panic and I stay calm. I tell woman relax. I tell to breathe slowly. We remain trapped for long time. We try everything for rescue but phone not work and no one hear shouts. Finally woman begin cry. Say she virgin. She ask me to perform as lover so she not die virgin. I tell woman we okay soon. Finally woman get more hysterical so I consent to do sex to calm her down. Now very funny part of story come. Woman very very fat. Very hard to make sex into. But I do it. Then elevator door open and rescue man standing there. Fireman tell me afterward if he have camera I win big on America's Funniest Home Video because of look on my face.

MEET MINION # 1667

R. Davis (22, Sagittarius, Edgewood, MD)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I gave to three NPOs in this year's CFC drive.

Something Special about Me: I work at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland doing top secret research. I am an expert in low frequency vibrations and 'brown note' technology.

Minion Application Essay: I am proud to tell people The Mooj is my guru and that he teaches peace and enlightenment. Most people think it sounds like a bunch of crap but I tell them it ain't.

The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 13

September 15, 2001

First Things First. Before I begin this week's newsletter let me first apologize profusely for my lazy nephew's inability to answer The Mooj Mail last week. I was shocked as most of you were when I saw that the Mooj Mail had been carelessly neglected. I scolded Mogender and he assured me that he will never disregard his guru apprenticeship duties again. He is truly sorry and I ask others to forgive him as I have.

I had planned to address last week's unanswered mail but then this week tons of new mail arrived. Time and space constraints forbid that I do both so I will give a general blessing and some generic advice to those submitting material last week. This advice is to never forget that there is a time to fish and a time to mend nets—one cannot do both at the same time.

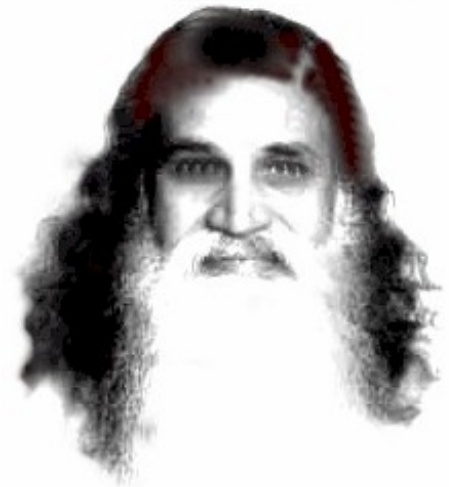
As far as all this King Edward the VII nonsense goes, I can only say that I actually wasted a truth vision on the matter. I was essentially quite surprised by what I saw. Horrified would be a better way to describe it. I won't, for obvious reasons, relate the truth but I will say this: If you consider yourself to be honest and pure of heart it should be obvious that you should avoid considering ANY plan presented by a phantom felon no matter how ingenious his or her scheme may sound. Just because "no one is harmed" or "the money you steel belongs to the government" doesn't mean that you are justified in act of dishonesty even if collateral damage is minimized. This goes for French and Swedish Royals as well as the traditional felonious English King and Queen apparitions. Most importantly I strongly advise that one never enter ANY agreement with the ghost of Napoleon III. (That actually goes for living people that look like Napoleon III as well.) **The bottom line is live you life as if God is watching because, well He is!**

I also used a truth vision to help that poor worried housewife who is the treasurer at her church. She sent in a letter last week because she thought she might be blamed for a theft. I have made private contact with her and told her the truth about the absconded funds. I wish not to embarrass her pastor or the parish woman he used the stolen funds to buy breast implants for so I will not mention anymore about it here.

In closing, Mogender and I plan to travel again. We will probably have left Evanston by the time you read this newsletter. I will miss Illinois dearly but feel the time to move along has come. It is not that Mogender and I feel unwelcome at our uncle's home. He is very kind, supportive and loving toward us. It just seems that the once friendly face of our jolly Uncle Chandrachur is smiling less and growling more. Uncle Chandrachur has also been dropping some very obvious hints. I find bus and airplane schedules sitting on my pillow every night. Uncle Chandrachur has even gone as far as to offer to let me have his car. He said he would even give us \$5,000 in cash if we leave tomorrow. I have no idea where we will go but since we have a car and traveling money I guess it can be anywhere. Mogender has expressed a desire to go to Hollywood. He wants to audition for motion pictures and television.

Blessings and Such,

मूजपती उम्माबारावा





Dear Mr. Whoever You Are,

I found your newsletter by accident and couldn't help but notice you're a complete moron. Why would anyone in their right mind ask you for advice? Is your newsletter a joke? The letter from "LibbyP" in the last issue was especially troubling. She was in genuine pain and for some reason she thought that you could help? I deal with women in mentally abusive relationships all the time (I'm a social worker). LibbyP, if you're still out there, you really need to get help. Get out of that unhealthy relationship before you become another statistic! There was also a letter from some poor woman who was afraid that she was going to be accused of stealing money from her church. Did this woman really think that you could help her with her extremely serious problem? Are you licensed in counseling? I doubt it. You should seriously reconsider giving people advice since you really don't have any idea what you're talking about.

Ms. Francis Graft
Cherry Hill, NJ

The Mooj Responds: My *dosti*, I regret that you find my sagely and wholesome advice in the lacking. I wish there was something I could do or say that would ease your apprehensions about my ability to help others but I doubt it since your heart is so hardened. Remember a dog is not considered a dog just because it barks. Thus, too, man is not considered a man because he talks. Actions define what we are more than words.

Hey Mooj, your butthead nephew didn't answer the Mooj Mail last week! Are you going to answer your email this month or are we going to be ignored again?

Philip Krueger

The Mooj Responds: As patient and omni-loving as I am I have grown tired of this buffoon named Philip Krueger. I ask that he now be placed on my "can no longer send mail" list. I mean no offense by this; I only hope that this man can move on and find another Guru to harass with his stupid stories.

Dear Mooj,

I am currently attached to the AATSO observatory in Antarctica. I am one of four men assigned to this desolate weather observation outpost. We are now in the dead of winter and totally isolated from the outside world. The only contact we have comes from a limited envelope of time each day when a satellite is visible and we can surf the Internet and email people. If it weren't for you and your Mooj.com newsletter archives I would surely have gone insane by now. The constant howl of the wind and the bitter cold temperatures outside would have surely driven me nuts. You'll hear more from me tomorrow!

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: Greeting, my friend! I enjoyed reading your letter and look forward to hearing from you again.

It is me again, Dr. Y from the South Pole. I have now read all your back issues on Mooj.com. My favorite one was the one with Lance, Trent and you digging for treasure in the Azores. You guys are very smart. I am compiling all my thoughts and observations about you in a special journal called *Why I Love the Mooj*.

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: Wow. This man wrote back so soon. I thank him again.

Another day another windstorm. The dark sky is ominous today. We haven't seen the sun in nearly two months. The wind is my enemy; it will not cease. The others are slowly going insane but not me. I have you to thank for that. I am now up to page 105 in my special book about you.

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: It sounds pretty eerie down there on the South Pole. Stay warm, my friend.

Today was especially hard. We lost Jorgensen. He ran naked into the cold barren night. He cannot survive for long, as it is nearly -70 degrees C outside. There are only three of us at the outpost now. The others are mentally weak. I am now up to page 280 in my special book about you.

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: I guess this poor guy really doesn't have anything to do down there in the South Pole except write me emails.

Our food storage locker was destroyed by fire. Just about everything is lost. I am slowly growing weak and weary. THE WIND WILL NOT STOP HOWLING!!! Blasted wind! Blasted cold!

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: This sounds very bad. I shall chant, meditate and pray for you, my friend.

There is hardly any food left and they cannot make an airdrop until spring. It will not stop snowing. The wind is constant. We are weak from hunger. Last night we lost Dr. Franklin. He, too, wandered off naked into the night. It was the wind that drove him insane. There are only two of us left.

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: *Iska dam kya hai!* Things sound like they're getting pretty tough out there for our friend Dr. Y. We must keep him in your thoughts and prayers!

Now there is only me. I had to do it. I had to kill Dr. Maxwell. There was only enough food left for one and I knew that Maxwell would kill me if I didn't kill

him first. He kept staring at me licking his lips. Do you hear the wind? It is especially loud tonight. I am alone now. There is nobody to talk to. I am now on page 452 of my special book about you.

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: *Aap khaise hain!* This poor chap is losing his mind.

More wind. More snow. I have eaten the last of Maxwell. What will I do now? I am now on page 713 of my special book about you.

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: I am getting worried about this Dr. Y. He needs our thoughts and prayers more than ever now!

What is that you say wind? You want me to take off my clothes and walk toward you? I will obey you, great wind. You are my lord and master now.

Dr. Liam Yockey,
Senior Research Analyst
AATSO Outpost #4

The Mooj Responds: Sadly, this was the last message I got from Dr. Y. I hope the guy's okay.

Mooj,

I'm sure you're aware of this already but last week your nephew didn't answer the Mooj Mail like he was supposed to. What are you gonna do about it?

Mark Bettis
Hampton Roads, VA

The Mooj Responds: I am not sure how this letter made it into the newsletter as I told Vic Taylor to omit letters addressing Mogender and his lackluster effort last week. But since it is here I will touch upon the subject briefly. Yes, it is true that Mogender neglected his duties. I scolded him and he assured me that he was truly sorry. I believe him and know

that he will do better next time. As for you my friend, remember this: There are really only two mistakes one can make along the path toward truth. The first is not completing the journey and the latter is not even starting. I suggest you stop casting shouts of anger and either begin the journey to enlightenment or continue along on one until you finish.

Mr. Umbababbaraba,

This is just a reminder to you and your readers that late summer is peak lightning season. Lightning is the second most common killer, after flooding, among storm-related phenomena. In the past 30 years, lightning strikes have killed an average of 73 people a year.

Sarah Conduit, Ph.D.
National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration
Washington D.C.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, Ms. Conduit. I personally am well aware of the dangers posed by lightning. I was struck by it once. However, unlike some, my bolt was a gift from God. It has made possible many things, which I shall not mention here. Perhaps I shall write about this event in detail in one of my forthcoming *Enlightened Thinking Essays*.

Heavens to Betsy!

Your website is magnificent! I found it by accident when doing a websearch for Bengali porn. I must admit this wasn't what I expected to find. Keep up the good work, yar.

Charanya Punday
Sutherland, Australia

The Mooj Responds: This man may be naughty but he serves a purpose. He helps illustrate an important tenet in self-realization. It is absolutely imperative that there be immoral thoughts so that good ones can prove to be superior to them. If we never knew sin we would never know we had conquered it with goodness.

Guru,

I don't know if you remember me but my name is Peter Caldwell and I met you a few years ago while you were on your Mooj Freedom Tour. I had the good fortune to ride with you on The Mooj Freedom Bus between Boca Raton, Florida and Blount Springs, Alabama. When we were together you gave me a special blessing and then commanded me to go forth and spread your wisdom to others more ignorant than I. Well I have. As of yet I haven't been able to convert a single person to Moojism. Can I come home now?

Peter Caldwell,
Swakopmund, Namibia

The Mooj Responds: Yes, by all means. To be honest I was only using metaphors when I told you to spread my word across the Earth.

A corn snake just bit me. Do I have anything to worry about?

cw@manheimsteamroller.com

The Mooj Responds: As far as I know corn snakes are safe. In the future, though, I suggest that you turn to alternative sources of wisdom in such emergencies. If an actual poisonous snake had bitten you, you may have died waiting for me to get back to you since I only address minion mail once a week.

Mooj,

There is something very strange going on. My fiancée has been acting very suspicious lately. He won't return my calls and refuses to answer the door. I know he's in there because he looks out his window and then quickly hides. Our wedding is in less than four weeks! I need to know *now* whether or not I should cancel everything.

smithbe@saic.com

The Mooj Responds: Yes, that does sound strange. Without wasting a truth vision I think I can safely say that, sadly, your fiancée is probably up to something that I fear is going to adversely affect your future wedding plans. My recommendation is to forget about getting married to this rascal. Vic Taylor, if you

are reading this, can you send this poor woman a new Mooj T-Shirt when they are finally ready?

Dear Sir,

I am uncertain on whether or not this is a legitimate self-realization newsletter. I've read through some of your newsletters that you claim are written to educate devotees. I have studied at the feet of Swamiji Krishnananda and find your teaching style much different. For example, Swamiji Krishnananda actually had a point to his teachings and you don't. Am I missing something?

Jay Ram Jeekey
Sheffield, UK

The Mooj Responds: Obviously you are. Forget never that we become what we believe we are. Thus, always believe in yourself.

Mooj:

For over 45 years now I have been hiding a shameful secret. We were just kids—*stupid kids, I tell you*. We had no idea what we were getting ourselves into the night Ben Tucker suggested that we dig up a body at the graveyard and hide it in the trunk of Mr. Willowby's car. Mr. Willowby was our high school principal.

Every year seniors pulled a Halloween prank and when it was our turn we really wanted to make history. So on Halloween night, 1956, several seniors (including myself) met at the Shady Grove Cemetery to dig up a body. Ben Tucker told us that he read in the obituaries that a man named O' Flarity had been buried a few days before and that he would be the freshest body in the cemetery. Ben Tucker ordered us to fan out and look for the guy.

Sean McCormick found the fresh mound and summoned the rest of us over to it. At first I didn't think we were really going to dig up a body. Shady Grove Cemetery was a spooky place at night and it was kind of a rite of passage in my little town to get the cemetery night watchman to chase you. Tragically, there was no night watchman at Shady Grove that night.

Far off in the distance I heard the town curfew whistle go off. It was now 10:00. Being out after curfew—not to mention in a cemetery on Halloween night—made me feel creepy.

Several of the boys had brought along shovels and they began taking turns stabbing at the mound covering Mr. O' Flarity's body. How far will this gag go? I wondered. The others must have been thinking the same thing since no one was really making much of an effort to remove dirt from the top of poor old Mr. O' Flarity. Finally Ben Tucker grabbed a shovel and told us to step aside. He then began digging vigorously into the fresh dirt. It was then that I realized that Ben Tucker was serious.

Ben kept digging while the rest of us just stood and watched. Finally Ben struck the top of the casket and my heart stopped. I knew better than to mess with the dead and now I was sure that we were doing something that was totally sacrilegious.

Tim Robberts handed Ben a lantern and we all looked down into the hole. By then Ben had pried open the top of the casket and we saw the dead face of Mr. O' Flarity. I almost threw up. This was bad—really bad and I couldn't believe we were actually doing something so depraved.

Ben then lifted the body out of the casket and told the others to help him drag it up and out of the hole. Ben and three others lugged the body to Mel Renold's car, which was parked near the cemetery gate. When they reached the car Mel popped open the trunk and the boys threw the body inside. Then Ben ordered everyone to follow him to old man Willowby's house to finish the job. I had driven down to the cemetery with Jim Taylor and decided to go in his car with Sean McCormick. The others all piled into Mel's car.

"Jim, take me home I don't want anymore to do with this," I said as we drove south along the old cemetery road. Sean McCormick also asked to be taken home and then Jim confided in us that he was just going to go home himself. None of us wanted anything more to do with this sordid business.

At school the next day I met Jim Taylor and Sean McCormick at our lockers and we waited for the others to show up but nobody came. When the first period bell rang we began to sense that something terrible must have happened.

Later that morning Mr. Willowby called an emergency assembly and the whole school was asked to report to the gym. It was then that Mr. Willowby reported that several boys from our school had been killed the night before. Mel Renold's old jalopy had run off the road and hit a tree. Mr. Willowby said it all sounded very suspicious but didn't say anything about them finding a dead body in the trunk.

That evening the local paper had a huge front page story about the Halloween night tragedy and speculation was made that the dead boys found in Mel's car were somehow mixed up with a grave that had been mysteriously dug up at the Shady Grove Cemetery. The paper noted that "the grave of a Mr. Edwin O' Flarity had been dug up but that the body was still inside the casket." It was then that I realized that the dead Mr. O' Flarity was responsible for the accident. He had also somehow gotten himself back to his grave.

Jim, Sean and I swore to each other that we would never utter a word about what happened that night and we have been true to our word. The reason I am finally breaking my vow of silence is that both Jim and Sean have now passed away and I feel that I owe it to my brother and sister minions to let them know what I have done. *May God forgive me!*

-Unsigned

The Mooj Responds: *Om Sahnti Om!* I am shocked by this alarming and preposterous confession. I think for the purposes of brevity I will only say that I will meditate and pass along a blessing to this troubled man.

Mooj,

My love for you is "thick." About this thick (I'm holding the thumb and index finger of my left hand about 4 inches apart). What can I do to prove that I am worthy of being one of your minions? How about this (I'm now taking my clothes off and doing an exotic dance for you). Bless me, Daddy-o!

Sherry Miller
Chapel Hill, NC

The Mooj Responds: I remind my many readers that taking your clothes off is not a requirement to become a minion. In many ways it can be an obstacle! I also ask that readers use the proper channels for minionhood (which I believe is on a different form on the Mooj.com website).

I just saw a "Mooj.com" bumper sticker and was curious what Mooj.com was. You seem to have a lot of time on your hands whoever you are.

arpaiojoe@maricopa.az.gov

The Mooj Responds: I am uncertain what you are asking so I will defray with contemplation and pass along a blessing.

Dear Mooj,

I work at *The Washington Post* but I am not your "so-called" secret informer. I'm new here and was "making the rounds" when I stumbled upon a desk that was a virtual Mooj shrine. The guy even had a map outlining all your travels. (You may recall that your secret informant mentioned that he was keeping such a map on his office wall.) Anyway, here's my deal. For \$50 I will reveal the name of your anonymous *Washington Post* informant. For an additional \$100 I'll send you his personnel file. Attached to this email is a photo of your anonymous cub reporter's desk to prove that I know who the guy is. I can be reached at *The Post*.

"The Kid"
Sports Desk
The Washington Post



The Mooj Responds: I defray this offer of betrayal and express an annoyance toward this person. I will even go so far as to have his name stricken from minion roster if his identity is presented.

ब रिट फुल ऑफ रुपयडइ

Foreword: It should be noted that this story does in no way insinuate that the good people of Bangalore, India are drunkards, adulterers, gamblers or imbeciles (or a combination of any of the above). This story is fictional, and any similarities between the characters appearing in this story and others that resemble them in real life, are purely coincidental.

Depak could not help but notice the woman in the red sari sitting at the end of the bar. He watched as she ordered another drink and then stirred it with her long and thin finger once it arrived. He had seen this woman before. She was a woman who had been around. When the woman put a cigarette to her mouth Depak stood erect from his stool and approached. With the skill of a ladies man Depak ignited the cigarette and said: "Have we not met before?"

"I hardly think so, Shamus. Beat it," said the woman as she blew her cigarette exhaust into Depak's face. Depak snapped closed his chromium Zippo and put it back into his breast pocket. He was in no mood to waste time on the hard to get type. He tipped his hat to the woman and then walked back to his stool. There he finished his drink in one swallow and then threw a Rupee on the bar. He slapped the lady on her bottom as he walked past her on his way to the exit.

Once outside Depak made his way along the crowded sidewalk. It was well after midnight and the city was alive with commotion. Depak liked that in a city. Despite the noisy street Depak could easily hear the suspicious footsteps that followed close behind him. He stopped to set fire to a cigarette. The footsteps stopped too. Depak began walking again and the footsteps began walking again too. Depak felt for the revolver in his pocket. It was there and ready when needed.

The footsteps continued to follow Depak as he turned onto a side street. In the reflection of a store window he saw that three men were walking behind him. Depak crossed the street and entered a dimly lit bar that seemed out of place between two sweet meat shops. He knew the place well. He spent many hours and Rupees there. Depak saw his old friend Vrittanta Bodhini Jolad sitting in a booth and sat

down beside him. Depak said to his friend: "Jolad, got your *banduk-gat* on you?"

The friend, an operator who worked for the East Indian Detective Agency, patted his chest affirmingly and said: "I never leave the *jhonpri* without it, *yar*." Both Jolad and Depak then watched as the door swung open and three large men entered the bar. The barroom fell silent for a few seconds and then resumed its usual drunken mumblings.

"I know these men," whispered Jolad, "They are part of the *Baiju-Bawra* gang!"

The three sinister looking men walked slowly to the counter while they looked over the crowd. The room was dark and it took them a while to accustom their eyes. If they saw Depak they did not make it obvious.

"Why are the *Baiju-Bawra* boys after you?" asked Jolad in a whisper. He spoke without moving his eyes from the three men.

"I have no idea," said Depak as he set fire to another cigarette.

Jolad's facial expression changed and he whispered: "Did you know that the *Baiju-Bawra* boss-wallah was arrested yesterday?"

"I did," whispered Depak, "Chief Inspector Kalal is forcing me to testify at the inquiry tomorrow."

"*Chief Inspector Kalal?*" said Jolad in a voice loud enough to be heard from nearby tables. He continued with a softer voice once the curious ears resumed other listening: "Chief Inspector Kalal got popped last night! He took lead to the head while riding in a rickshaw down Magrath Road, *yar*."

Before Depak could respond the waiter came over and took Depak and Jolad's order. When the waiter returned he had two glasses and a bottle of Old Forester on the tray. The waiter poured the bourbon into the glasses and set them on the table. He then put the bottle back on his tray. Depak stopped the waiter and told him to leave the bottle. The bottle was empty.

While Depak sipped his drink he kept his eyes on the three men. The bartender had just brought them a second round of drinks. Depak saw the tallest of the three men call the bartender over and whisper something to him. The bartender looked puzzled.

The tall man repeated whatever he told him and the bartender seemed to understand and gave a wink. Without making it obvious the bartender then looked towards Depak as he walked to the end of the bar. Depak saw that the bartender was suspiciously standing near the light switch. "Jolad, *yar*," said Depak as he finished his drink, "things are about to get *garam* in Mysore tonight. Finish your drink quickly."

The bartender looked nervous. The waiter looked nervous. Jolad looked nervous. The three men standing at the counter looked nervous. Everyone sitting at nearby tables looked nervous. The only person who didn't look nervous was Depak; instead, he watched with steady and unblinking dark narrow eyes as the tallest of the three men started walking towards him. When the man was near he hooked his foot around Depak's leg and fell, pretending to have been tripped. The barroom went silent. Not even the flies dared to buzz.

The tall man picked himself up slowly and dusted off his *sherwani*. He then said to Depak: "Okey, *yar*... a wise guy, eh?"

Depak stood as the tall man pulled his arm back to throw a punch. Depak dodged the blow and then grabbed the bottle of Old Forester and brought it down hard across the tall man's head. The man fell to the ground in one loud thud. *Then the room went black*. Someone had snapped off the light switch.

The bar erupted into screams as innocent bystanders ran for the exits. Fist fights ignited everywhere while patrons slugged it out in total darkness. Depak punched in every direction, hoping to fend off attackers that seemed to be coming at him from all directions. Though his fists made contact on random punches the return rate was far greater.

One momentous blow then struck Depak on the head and he was rendered to a state of near unconsciousness. He fell to his knees and that brought him momentary relief; in the darkness his attackers had lost track of him. He ignored his pain and crawled as fast as he could along the floor. He knew there was a backdoor there somewhere and made his way towards it. Every few crawls a punch or kick would find him but he kept moving. To remain in one place would mean death.

When Depak located the backdoor he stood in a crouch and turned the knob. A punch landed on his jaw just as he pushed open the door and he fell outside into the alley. Jolad was the next person through the backdoor. The two friends moved as fast

as they could away from the doorway because they knew the next man through it would introduce himself with hot lead. They were right. The doorway quickly became illuminated as spokes of white light came gushing outside amid the sounds of sub-machine-gun fire. Depak and Jolad crouched behind rubbish cans and returned fire. They knew their revolvers were no match; but like a Bengali barn dance, they were forced to dance with the one's that brung them.

When the smoke cleared Depak realized that he had miraculously survived the volley of bullets. Jolad wasn't so lucky. Neither was the tall man Depak had struck over the head with a bottle. The gangster and Bodhini both lay dead in the same puddle of blood. The alley was quiet all of a sudden. Quiet like a church.

Depak stood as the two remaining gangsters came out the backdoor. They held their fire. The thinner of the two men laughed: "Depak Chota! We bring you greetings from our *boss-wallah*, *yar*!" As they spoke the alley became illuminated with automobile headlights. Four flivver sedans had entered the alley and car doors began opening. Depak didn't even bother to turn around. He knew the rest of the *Bajju Bawra* gang was there. He also knew his gun was empty.

To be continued—

FROM THE (NEW) ARCHIVES

The following photo was sent in by Jeremiah Yoder. It seems that a portion of Pennsylvania highway has been dedicated to the late Lance Worthy. Lance, as many remember, was a dear friend to all. We at *The Enlightenment* ask that if you travel along this scenic road that you reflect fondly on our long lost brother. And we ask that you not litter or otherwise desecrate this honored 2-mile stretch of road.



NEW MINIONS

MEET MINION # 1668

Robert E. Grant (21, Leo, Alexandria, VA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I would rather keep this confidential, as goodness can never be quantified.

Something Special about Me: I have three testicles.

Minion Application Essay: Greetings, Earthlings. I am hoping to gain acceptance into your elite legion of minions because I am in search of intelligent life. My mother was impregnated by Raelians and I was born as man. Every six years my alien father comes to Earth to visit and teach me the ways of the Universe. He knows the future and has told me many things that could give me great wealth; however, I chose to help mankind rather than enrich myself. One future event that I know about involves The Mooj and his army of minions. Mooj is regarded highly among my alien ancestors for things he did in past lives. The future holds that Mooj will one day walk among the greatest of Gurus and holy men. He will spawn more than 1,000 children. One of these will be the next Xenu. I have to end this essay now because it is time to take my rectal bath. I will then climb inside a cocoon and meditate for 40 days and 40 nights. Good day!

MEET MINION # 1669

Geode Swisher (61, Cancer, Chino, CA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I aided sit-in protesters by giving them fresh buckets, meals and water.

Something Special about Me: I belong to a collective farm. We grow everything we eat and wear. My wife and I are also hirsute-ists. We, along with most of our community, do not shave body hair. We do this to show that we are one with Mother Nature and want to save the planet.

Minion Application Essay: Rather than write an essay that might be laughed at by people that read this magazine who are not enlightened (you know who you are) I am going to submit a videotape of my

wife and me performing our special tantric meditation love ritual. My wife (as you can see) is blessed with ample buttocks, large breasts and beautiful hands.

MEET MINION # 1670

T. C. (35, Pieces, Scottsdale, AZ)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I gave money to a charity; I over tipped the car wash guy; and I gave an old lady assistance putting groceries in her trunk.

Something Special about Me: I am an Associate Professor at ASU. I teach and do research in abnormal psychology.

Minion Application Essay: Remember that guy that wrote in last week and said that his wife's ex husband exposed himself at a wedding and now he felt inadequate because the guy was "bigger"? I have a PhD. in psychology and I specialize in abnormal sexuality. I want tell "KKDowling" that his issue is a concern that many other men have. It's called Priapus-Bohammer Syndrome. It occurs when a man discovers that his wife's ex-husband has/had a larger penis than him. The initiator is usually the discovery of old intimate photographs of the wife and the ex-husband. Many studies show that this syndrome leads to communication failures and often leaves the subject feeling dejected, self conscious and suffering from impotence. I recommend the following articles to better understand this problem: *How to Keep Her On the Farm After She's Seen Paris* by Dr. Mel Barker (Pennsylvania State University Press, 2001); *Lucifer's Hammer* by Dr. Hiroshi E. Osaka (*Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, Vol. CX, No. 11, 1998); *Size Does Matter (To Small Men)* by Dr. Calvin T. Hall (*Abnormal Psychology Today*, Vol. 8, No. 5, 2000); *Your Arms too Short to Box with God* by Dr. Wayne Bohammer (*Journal of Sexual Abnormality*, Vol. 24, No. 33, Plimpton Press, 1991); *Penis Size: Survey of Female Preceptors of Sexual Satisfaction* by Dr. R. Eisenman (*Journal of Evolutionary Psychology*, No. 1472, 1993). I also recommend the movie *Le Ballon Rouge* by Albert Lamorisse.

MEET MINION # 1671

Jake P. (25, Leo, Philadelphia, PA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: This is Confidential. I don't like to brag about my good deeds.

Something Special about Me: I work at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. Last week I swam in the fountain at Logan Square and got infected. I'll never do that again.

Minion Application Essay: The other day I was sweeping out the giant heart here at the Franklin Institute and came across a pamphlet on Moojism. I put it in my pocket and took it home. I studied it all night and realized that I was always meant to be a Mooj Head. My parents have put incredible pressure on me to go to college and I don't want to go. I want to see the world and be exposed to alternative planes of self-realization. Maybe becoming a Mooj minion will help me focus on the important things in life like embodied collective consciousness and good karma instead of the less important things like education, family and money.

MEET MINION # 1672

Jasper Tobias (45, Aries, New Oxford, PA)

My Three Random Acts of Kindness Were: I donated blood; I gave my girlfriend a pearl necklace; and I called my mom.

Something Special about Me: I cried during the movie *Rudy*.

Minion Application Essay: Hey, I found out about The Mooj from a friend of mine. This friend has been having lots of good luck lately so I asked him what was up. He was very secretive and wouldn't say. I knew he was hiding something. So I pretended to leave but snuck back into his bedroom and hid. I watched from behind the curtain as he came into his room, pulled a box from under his bed and opened it. It was filled with yoga artifacts and holy things. He lit incense, removed his clothing, covered his body in mineral oil and then did this weird yoga stuff. "Busted!" I yelled as I jumped out from behind the curtain. He was embarrassed and then finally admitted that he was a Moojist and that since accepting Mooj as his personal Guru, his life has really changed for the better. I see it working for him so now I want to become a Moojist too. Do you guys send me the box of artifacts and mineral oil or do I have to buy them at a religious store? This is all new to me.

POETRY

This week we have a special poem. It was submitted by a young poet from Iowa. It's about learning!

Here I Sit All Excited in Mrs. Field's Geometry Class!

by Erwin Schrodinger Asmus (age 16)

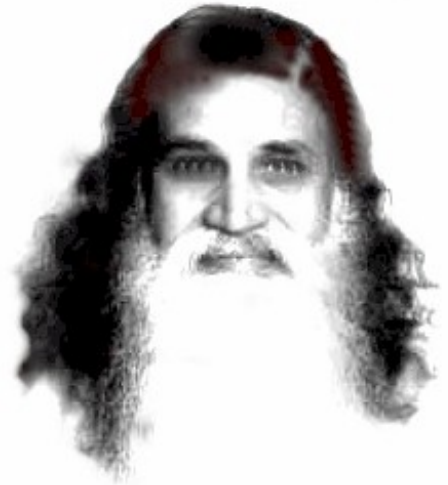
{Vic Taylor Note: This poem was pulled at the last moment when it was discovered to be about something lewd. A substitute poem could not be located in time so we apologize for this inconvenience.}

The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 14

October 1, 2001

First Things First. How wonderful it is to be with you again even if it is just for ten pages. Our family grows with each season and soon, I am told, we will celebrate our 1,700th Official Minion! Vic Taylor tells me that since we have eliminated the processing fee, minion applications are up 2000%. He says the select committee is working overtime trying to weed out the obvious fakes and approve (while not being judgmental) those that seem legitimate. This is proving to be too much for everyone involved. **The New Friends of Mooj Society** has, thus, decided to re-implement the application fee. It was noble to think we could accept new minions for nothing but it turns out that when hooligans can do something for free they will take advantage and, sadly, inundate the Mooj.com server with utter nonsense. Thus, as of now, **The New Friends of Mooj Society** requires that a Credit Card be charged one dollar to submit an application. This is a trivial amount and it is hoped that this token fee will help filter out the rascals. You will also have an opportunity to 'upgrade' your application as follows: Using the \$100 "bronze" level application, you will be given priority treatment and be approved faster. The \$200 "silver" level application option will be processed before bronze level applicants. And the \$500 "gold" level application will obviously be processed faster than silver level applications. Also, as of now **The New Friends of Mooj Society** will no longer require that you list your three acts of random kindness. This will save newsletter space.



On a related note, due to severe shortages in operating funds, **The New Friends of Mooj Society** is now once again accepting letter mail that includes cash donations. Minions including love offerings of \$500 or more will be awarded a special mention on **The New Friends of Mooj Society Wall Plaque of Honor**. A love offering of \$1,000 or more will also give the donor a gold star sticker next to his or her name on that Wall Plaque of Honor!

This newsletter will also begin accepting advertising again. You may or may not have noticed that we had omitted advertising for many weeks now. Sadly, **The New Friends of Mooj Society** has come to the realization that ad revenue was an important source of income. They will, however, only accept advertisers that are in step with our holistic and righteous views. Contact Vic Taylor for more information.

ONE LAST THING: According to Vic Taylor 17,165 newsletters were mailed last month. Of those, only 316 were sent to someone who has paid his or her subscription. **The New Friends of Mooj Society** has been overlooking delinquent remitters (many, several years overdue) but due to recent hard times and a pending fiscal meltdown they ask that if you do subscribe, and your subscription is past due, that you remit something. No late fees will be applied and all New Subscribers will be sent a free Mooj.com bumpersticker. Times are tough but then SO ARE WE!

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उम्बाबारावा

Dear Saheeb-ji,

I read with amazing alacrity the generic advice you gave everyone last week about not being able to fish and mend nets at the same time. But what about if a person has two nets?

King Latifah
Chilliwack, PA

The Mooj Responds: If I am not mistaken this *upti-mantri* is currently on the banned from sending mail list. I am unsure how he was able to sneak forth his letter so I will just ignore it. Vic Taylor, can you make sure you are keeping current with your Mooj Mail exclusion list?

Mooj,

Last night I got a call from the producer of *The Jerry Springer Show* asking me if they could fly me out to Chicago to appear on a show they were taping next week entitled: *"Son, please forgive us. We have a terrible secret to tell you."* I called my parents to see what the hell was going on and they denied any knowledge of anything. Strangely, my parents will be in Chicago "on business" the same day that the show is taping. This seems very suspicious to me. Can you use your superior truth vision powers to tell me what's going on?

Craig Winterspoon (minion # 1075)
Bassett, VA

The Mooj Responds: Humans, by virtue of existence, are perpetually learning beings. However, wisdom is often mistaken as knowledge. Wisdom can also be the lack of knowledge. Rather than waste a truth vision on something that really won't improve anyone's life, I will just say it is best to avoid this TV show and I strongly suggest that you ask your parents to be forthcoming in a less public venue. It is obvious they want to share something they think you need to know.

Hey Mooj,

I'm a budding screenwriter and I'm hoping to make it big. I have this great idea for a movie and I need

your blessing. Here's the plot: This really hot-looking girl from Nebraska (or maybe even Kansas) decides that she wants to be a star and so she goes to Hollywood. She auditions for all kinds of roles but doesn't get anything. Finally she becomes a stripper to pay her rent and eat. Then there's lots of nudity and stripping and stuff. I'm hoping to cast Jennifer Aniston as the star. What do you think of my great idea? Will I make millions or what?

Naugahydepajamas@lgf.com

The Mooj Responds: Rather than commenting on the merits of this lackluster letter I will just pass along a warm blessing and suggest that this man consider better options in his life.

Dear Mooj,

I read with 'grave' interest (get it) the letter sent in last week by the anonymous hoodlum who dug up a dead body in 1956. Back in those days I was in love with a boy named Jim Taylor. I lived in a town that had a Shady Grove Cemetery and the local high school principal was named Mr. Willowby. That Jim Taylor was probably the same boy mentioned in the story (or it is a huge coincidence).

I spent many nights crying into my pillow because I was in love with Jim Taylor. He lived on our street and was my brother's friend. Jim was a rebel and my parents didn't approve of him. One night (probably in 1955) I saw Jim and my brother downtown. I followed them behind the A&P Market. My brother was mad that I followed them and told me to scram. I promised that I wouldn't tell anyone that they were smoking so they let me hang out while they threw empty bottles at the back of the store. I was such a fool that I told Jim Taylor right then and there that I loved him. Jim told me that he thought I was cool for a kid but that I was way too young for him because he was in high school and I was only in 3rd grade. Jim Taylor broke my heart that day but in the long run he was right. I was too young for him. So Jim Taylor, wherever you are....thanks!

Anonymous Grandma

The Mooj Responds: Again, rather than commenting on the merits of this letter I will just pass along a warm blessing.

Hey, your mooj magazine is totally awesome. I was so happy to find it because I am totally insane and this is the kind of stuff I really like to read! Excuse me now because I have to go and take my colonic prochlorperazine. Talk to you later!!!!

Alice B. Token
Medford, OR, U.S.A.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, friend. I guess I might as well pass along a warm blessing to you as well. Please be careful with all the medications you obviously taking.

Guru-Gee,

Is there any chance you can post Minion # 1667's tantric meditation love ritual video on your website? It sounds like something I'd really like to see!

Goatboy@moveon.org

The Mooj Responds: I am uncertain what this letter concerns but will trust that Vic Taylor will use his assistant editor duties appropriately. For now I will simply pass along a blessing.

Vic Taylor Note: Swami, and others, I DID NOT upload that video to the Mooj website because it was deemed obscene by everyone who watched it. Minion # 1667, hence, has been placed on minion probation by the select committee. I suspect Minion # 1667 and his wife were acting out the Cowgirl scene from Myra Breckinridge. Except # 1667's wife looked more like Cha-Ka from *Land of the Lost* than Raquel Welch.

Dear Mooj,

I have a crush on this guy at work and thought that he would never ask me out. He finally did. For our date he took me to a restaurant in Jack London Square (in Oakland). As we were outside waiting for a table a deaf man came up and handed us a little paper flag and a card that said he was deaf and dumb. Everyone gave this poor man some money except my date. He told the poor deaf man to beat it and then threw the guy's card and flag on the ground. I was embarrassed and realized that maybe this guy might be an idiot and I shouldn't see him again. But he's really, really cute! Please tell me

what to do, Mooj. I trust your judgment and will abide by your wishes.

Danielle Miller, age 35 (bio clock ticking)
Hayward, CA

The Mooj Responds: Humankind is the only living creature that knows his or her present life will end. Unlike the other flora and faunas of Terrestrial Earth we know life is finite. The tigers and trees know only that they hunger, thirst and tire. They care not what happens two days from now. Love is akin to life, my *Beti*, as love, too, is affixed. You live once. You marry once. Thus, I suggest you find another, more deserving person to share this present life with.

Great and Loving Mooj:

During the summer of my junior year in college I was selected for a summer co-op in Egypt. I was an archeology major and thought it would be a great learning experience. When I arrived in Cairo I was met at the airport by a creepy looking native, who warned me that the tomb I was to be working at was "heavily cursed." He then told me that if I were a smart man that I would get back on the plane and go home.

Since I didn't want to appear naive I laughed and told the man that I didn't believe in curses. He smiled and mumbled something in Egyptian and then told me that I was brave like all those others that had come and either died or fled in holy terror. It was a very eerie way to start my co-op.

From the airport I was driven to the excavation site, which was in the town of *Al Ayaat*. Upon arriving at the site I was informed by one of the other co-ops that the lead archeologist had just died. Apparently his was bitten by an asp. A few other mishaps also occurred that day, including a diesel generator explosion that killed several natives. I began to suspect that the tomb really was cursed.

Originally the tomb was to have been opened several weeks prior to my arrival but numerous delays and disasters had occurred. I was actually very fortunate (or unfortunate I might say) to arrive the day the tomb was unsealed for the first time. As was customary in the world of archeology we drew straws to see who would be the first to enter the tomb and check for snakes. I won (or lost) and was given the glorious honor. Before I began climbing down the ladder into the tomb one of the natives handed me a small amulet and said it would protect me. I didn't want to insult native customs so I put the

amulet around my neck. I then grabbed a lantern, snake trap, and long pole and began climbing down into the tomb. I was very nervous.

When I reached the bottom of the ladder I found myself inside a small chamber that was about 2,000 meters square. Inscribed on the walls were the familiar hieroglyphics seen in such places warning would-be grave robbers about curses that awaited them. Soon after my search for snakes began a very cool breeze seemed to fill the chamber and the ripe rotting earth smell of antiquity was replaced with the smell of something sweet. It was unlike anything I had ever smelled before. It wasn't unpleasant but at the same time it wasn't comforting either.

I found a small passageway that connected the first chamber to a second, larger chamber. It almost seemed to appear out of nowhere because I hadn't noticed it before and I had done a pretty thorough job looking over the chamber when I first entered the tomb.

I was under strict orders not to leave the primary chamber but I proceeded into the next room anyway. I felt drawn. This larger chamber had undoubtedly been visited by grave robbers centuries before since it had been emptied of anything of value.

Inside this second chamber I discovered another, larger passageway that led downward. I proceeded down that passageway as it slowly tapered into a very long and narrow corridor. At the end of this tunnel I found the main burial chamber. I was terrified to enter this room but did so anyway.

I lifted my lantern as high as I could and saw that the chamber was littered with ancient treasures. I could hardly believe my eyes! Off in the distance I spotted the heavy stone sarcophagus of the person whose tomb I had just entered. When I walked closer to the sarcophagus I noticed that the stone lid was slightly askew, as if someone had tried to slide it off. Just as I was about to work up the nerve to peek inside my lantern began to dim.

My lantern batteries were dying! I did everything I could to get back to the passageway from where I had come but to my horror I discovered that several other passageways also fed into the burial chamber and I had no idea from which of those I had come. A few minutes later my lantern went out and I was engulfed in total blackness.

I did not panic. The others will enter the tomb and find me I thought. I waited in silence. But no one came. I sat in utter darkness for minutes, then hours

and then days. I made several attempts to find the passage to the entrance but met with a dead end every time. I was doomed!

Sadly, I was never found and was trapped in that tomb for all eternity!

ClintonRoger@sogaer.exeter.ac.uk

The Mooj Responds: If this person is really trapped inside some ancient Egyptian tomb for all eternity, how is it that he was able to send this email? This is very suspicious but I don't want to waste a truth vision to find out if this is some kind of joke. Just in case this letter is not a hoax I will pray, fast and meditate for this poor person in hopes that he will someday be rescued.

Mooooj,

I'm a college student at Western Kentucky University. As soon as I graduate I'm going to travel around the world and show everybody how hard this Kentucky girl can party! Woooooohoooooo!

greenshelly@wku.edu

The Mooj Responds: It is my hope that you reflect upon what you are saying. Remember if you put small value on yourself the world will not raise your price.

Yo!

Back when I worked at McDonalds I used to always pick up on chicks, especially when I worked at the Drive Thru window. My best line was, "Hey baby, you want some of *this* to go with your fries? Chicks would always drive off pretending to be disgusted because I exposed myself but then they would always come back and give me their phone number. I was so cool back then. I'm still cool. Right now I'm in jail. I'm serving 60 days for driving on a suspended license.

Josh B.
Kirbyville, TX

The Mooj Responds: On this note I will end my mail ponderings. I give this man the same advice I gave the Kentucky woman above. I pass along a blessing as well.

NEW MINIONS

MEET MINION # 1673

Bobby Terrapin (40, Sagittarius, Huntington Beach, CA)

Something Special about Me: My father was an Amway salesman. Needless-to-say we didn't have many friends.

Minion Application Essay: Like most kids growing up in the 1970s my pals and I were totally into karate. This was primarily because of the *Billy Jack* movies and TV shows like *Kung Fu*. When a karate studio opened up in our neighborhood we joined. Soon karate consumed our lives. During this period we perfected—to a tee—a staged karate extravaganza. We loved to perform this routine in front of people whenever a good opportunity arose. A good opportunity usually took place late at night when we saw an elderly couple sitting on a bench and no one else was around. This is how it usually played out: one of us would walk past the couple (appearing to mind his own business) and then the others, hiding in near-by bushes, would jump out and attack. A karate battle from hell would then ensue. Usually our staged fights involved nun chucks, spears and tonfas. The people witnessing this Kung-Fu fabrication would usually just sit there with their mouths agape. When the great battle was over we ran off and met up again somewhere to yuck it up. It was a harmless prank (or so we thought, anyway).

This stupid prank backfired once. My pal "Slim" had a *hot date* and wanted to impress the girl with his bravery and skills. We pretended to be robbers and jumped from the bushes. Slim beat us up with some heavy-duty karate moves and won the girl's heart. Unfortunately, an undercover cop witnessed the whole thing and we avoided going to jail by revealing (in the girl's presence) that it was all a set up to impress the girl. Needless-to-say, the girl wasn't impressed.

MEET MINION # 1674

Kevin R. Kendall, P.E. (31, Aires, Boston, MA)

Something Special about Me: I am a mechanical engineer and own my own consulting business. Last year I made over \$300,000. I am single, girls! Look me up and maybe we can hook up! I may be fat, bald and ugly BUT I CAN DANCE!

Minion Application Essay: Back when I was a grad student at MIT I was assigned a desk in a remote storeroom. Normally grad students were assigned cubicles in the main department building but none were available when I arrived so I was put on a waiting list. Located in this same storage room were the desks of other misfit grad students, whom like me, were either awaiting a cubicle or deemed sociably unacceptable. One of my fellow cohabitants in this dark and dingy room was a Korean dude. He spoke very little English and was a very hard worker. He was always there. Normally this guy was quiet and didn't bother anyone. Sometimes, though, he would sit and stare at me with a deranged look on his face and mumble incoherently in a mixture of both English and Korean. I had no idea what this guy was babbling about so I just ignored him. Later that quarter another graduate student was assigned to the temporary study room who was also Korean. This new guy came up to me in class one day and asked me what I knew about the other Korean guy that shared our study room. I told him that he was kind of weird but that he didn't really seem to bother anyone. I asked him if anything was wrong. He told me that since he spoke Korean he was alarmed to hear what this other guy was always mumbling. Since I had been curious I asked him what it was. The new guy said: "He say that he hear voices in head that tell him to kill people." Of course I was alarmed to hear this and was very careful not to let the guy sneak up on me when I was studying. As far as I know he never killed anyone though.

MEET MINION # 1675

Sir Robert Rupert Thornton (96, Leo, The Moors of Pennines, Lower Saxony, England)

Something Special about Me: Hoot! I served proudly in the Cumbrian Guard during both World Wars.

Minion Application Essay: Every phase of life has in it some form of Majestic Poetry. Every facet of life has in it some eternal Energy of infinite Wisdom. Every circumstance in life is rich with the splendor of Spiritual Manifestation. I bid thee hallo, Guru Mooj, as I sit here upon my soft orthopedic pad and meditate with a munthra that is your name. I am one with you, Swami; just like the willow tree is one with the soil that it is attached to and from which it sucks forth vital nourishment. May I die softly with your name upon my lips!

MEET MINION # 1676

Dr. Morris Grape (38, Pieces, Barstow, CA)

Something Special about Me: I am a doctor. I only wear clothes from Chess King and have a tattoo of a panther on my shoulder. I've also been known to rock out with my sock out!

Minion Application Essay: Mr. Mooj, I am proud of many things. For example, I am proud that I was the first person in my family to go to college. But on the other hand, I am ashamed of things, like the night I was videotaped backstage with the Go-Gos in that infamous party girl tape that they keep showing on VH-1. But hey! I am proud of all the lives I've saved, especially that night in the ER after that big train crash. On the other hand, I cannot forget that I once sold LSD to school children at a Grateful Dead concert. That was totally uncool. All-in-all, I think I need one more thing to be proud about so becoming a Mooj Minion may be just what the doctor ordered (no pun intended).

MEET MINION # 1677

Milan Kundera (44, Leo, Brunswick, ME)

Something Special about Me: I was born in Brno, Czechoslovakia but I am **not** the same Milan Kundera that is a famous author from that same town and country. I am a NASCAR enthusiast and now live in Maine. Out of respect for the late Dale Earnhardt I recently scraped a sticker of Calvin "peeing" on the number 3 off my truck's rear windshield. I felt that it was the right thing to do.

Minion Application Essay: Dude! I'm your biggest fan. I have been reading your Mooj newsletters for about two months. I admit that at first you seemed like a moron but now that I've read back through your archives I see that you're a genius. As far as I'm concerned all those people out there that call you names and harass you are just being jerks. I would be proud to be a Mooj minion. I dare anyone to call you names in my presence. I'll kick their asses! I'm not sure if you want to use this or not but attached with this email is a photo of me posing shirtless in my blue and white Dolphin shorts. Not bad for a 44-year old, eh? I can bench press 495-lbs and hold the title of Mr. Deltoid at my gym. If any of your female minions are interested I also have a 'beefcake' calendar I sell for charity. Some people frown on full-frontal nudity but I say if you got, uncoil it and let it flop out! Ha! Oh, before I forget. Can you send me an autographed photo so I can hang it on my gym wall next to Hulk Hogan and Steve Garvey?

MEET MINION # 1678

Tim Long (46, Garden Grove, CA)

Something Special about Me: When I was a boy my Schwinn bike had the tallest sissy bar on the block and I could pop wheelies all the way down the street!

Minion Application Essay: Ha ha ha! You are so stupid! You think I really want to be a Mooj minion? Guess again, loser. I could care less. I hate you. For years you have been sending me your stupid magazine. I write in begging to be taken off your mail list but you won't do it. So guess what? Since it doesn't cost money to apply for minionhood anymore I'm going to start harassing you! This is just the first one of many! Every day you'll get an application from me until you remove me from your mailing list! NFOAD!

MEET MINION # 1679

Rip Jackson (22, Leo, Mt. Vernon, WA)

Something Special about Me: I'm a big fan of the BBC show *Father Ted*. I hope to someday become just like the "Father Jack" character.

Minion Application Essay: Last week something horrible happened! I took my dog for a walk. It was dark and the lane I live on is very isolated. In the distance I saw two suspicious looking strangers. I could sense that they were up to no good. They eyeballed me as I passed and then they began following me. My dog could sense that I was scared so she broke loose from her leash and attacked these ruffians. They screamed and begged me to call her off but I couldn't. Muffy was a raging monster! My little dog (she's a Jack Russell Terrier) is normally so calm and gentle.

Afterwards Muffy sat there wagging her little tail. She was waiting for me to give her positive reinforcement. I looked around and saw that no one was there so I quickly put the leash back on her and we walked home. I hosed her off and then I put her in the backyard.

The next day they found the mauled flesh and bones of the muggers and assumed that a grizzly bear ate them. I felt that it wouldn't help anyone if I told the truth. Muffy is such a sweet little dog and I couldn't bear to have them take her off to doggy jail somewhere. She was only protecting me. She is my little hero!

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in

the maddur falcon

Foreword: It should be noted that this story does in no way insinuate that the good people of Bangalore, India are drunkards, adulterers, gamblers or imbeciles (or a combination of any of the above). This story is fictional, and any similarities between the characters appearing in this story and others that resemble them in real life, are purely coincidental.

Depak sat quietly on his stool sipping his drink. He had just set fire to a cigarette when a tall, dark and striking woman approached. She was dressed in an elaborate gold and silk sari and her bangles were of the finest metals. She must have been something to look at twenty years ago thought Depak.

"Depak ...," said the woman as she touched his arm.

Depak put down his drink and looked at the woman. He knew her once. He couldn't remember the name but he knew the face.

"Sit down, yaaaar," he said as he pointed to an open stool with the fingers he was holding his cigarette within. The woman seated herself next to him.

"Preetam told me that if I ever had trouble to come and find you," said the woman.

"Preetam Kumar?" thought Depak aloud. He knew Preetam. They were best friends once. That was a very long time ago. Depak took another sip from his drink and finished his thought: "I haven't seen Preetam in years..." It was then that Depak realized that the woman sitting next to him was Parvati Mukri Anari. Though her dark eyes were much older they were just as beautiful. Those eyes now looked worried. Depak asked: "So how are you and Preetam these days?"

Parvati's expression changed. She said: "Preetam is in trouble! That is why I have come to find you. I knew you would be here. Even when you were young you came to this bar to do your drinking."

Depak tossed a Rupee on the counter and took Parvati's arm. They exited the bar together and went outside into the warm Bangalore night. A vacant rickshaw sat idle near the curb. Depak quickly threw his cigarette to the road and told the driver to pull

with his ears shut. Depak then climbed inside next to Parvati. "Tell me everything," he said once they were riding along in the street.

Parvati began: "Preetam and I were on our way to dine at the Ambassador Club. Preetam was the guest of honor. He was going to be given a special award. Preetam is a very important man now. Many think that he will be elected to ..."

"Yes, yes, I know all that. I read the newspapers, yar," said Depak.

Parvati began to sob and continued: "Before we arrived at the Ambassador Club Preetam told our driver to stop. He needed to see somebody. He said he would only be a few minutes. I saw him go inside the Dev Anand Theater. I waited in the car for a long time and then got very worried. Finally I asked the driver to go inside the theater and find out what was keeping Preetam. The driver returned and said that the theater was locked and the lights were shut off. We waited outside for another hour and there was no sign of Preetam anywhere. I knew that something was terribly wrong! That is why I came to find you, Depak."

"Driver—take us to the Dev Anand Theater at once!" shouted Depak. The *rickshaw-wallah* began trotting as fast as he could down the street.

When they arrived at the theater the street was deserted and everything was dark. Depak told Parvati to remain with the rickshaw and gave the driver a few Rupees to wait. He then ignited a cigarette and walked over to the theater. Depak remembered the theater well. In its hey-day it was quite a place. Now it looked run down. The neighborhood surrounding it looked run down too. Maybe it always was. Depak couldn't remember.

After checking the front doors Depak walked along the sidewalk to check the windows and other doors. The majority of light bulbs inside the porcelain enameled lamps attached to the building were missing or broken so Depak pulled out his battery powered flashlight. Depak could not help but wonder why his old friend Preetam, now a very important man, would be going inside a seedy place like this. They didn't show movies there anymore. From the posters that hung along the front walls Depak saw that the theater was strictly Burly-cue now; the pole dancing kind.

All doors and windows of the theater were locked. Depak took off his hat, placed it over his fist and

punched through an alley window. He quickly unlatched the clip and slid the double-hung window up. Within a few moments he was inside the theater. He used his flashlight to spread a small cone of lumens to light the way. He checked the rooms, backstage area and the main hall. The theater was empty. But Depak knew he wasn't alone. His detective senses told him there was someone else there. He could smell that person. It was a bad smell. It was the smell of death.

On the floor Depak's cone of light found something. It was a rivulet of blood. It was trickling along the baseboard. His flashlight beam followed the stream of blood to its source: two nicely shod feet. Those feet were lying on the ground and attached to a body. The body used to be Preetam Kumar.

Depak hated Preetam. It was no secret. Long ago they were best friends. Depak came from a poor family and Preetam came from a rich one. Depak's father was Preetam's father's servant. Depak got accepted to the police academy and Preetam got accepted to barrister school. They had big plans to work together to rid the streets of Bangalore of crime. They had been companions since birth. They had lived in the same house all their lives. Then something changed. Parvati Mukri Anari moved to the neighborhood. Her father bought the mansion across the street. She was the most beautiful girl Depak had ever seen. Depak was a very shy boy. He had never even spoken to a girl before. It was love at first sight. It was the kind of love that drove a man crazy. But you all know how love goes. Sometimes loved ones love you back. Sometimes loved ones don't. Sometimes loved ones love another. Sometimes loved ones love your best friend. Depak could not even remember how the story went anymore. But he knew somewhere in that tragic tale his life spiraled downward and Preetam's life spiraled upward. Depak was expelled from the police academy and Preetam became a barrister—the type that would someday win special awards at the Ambassador Club. But special awards didn't mean much to Preetam now. He was room temperature. Someone had put a bullet into his head.

Depak could not hate Preetam anymore. There was nothing to hate. Depak knew in his heart that his friend had always secretly watched over him. When Depak was hired by the East Indian Detective Agency he knew it was because he was highly recommended by someone important. That someone was almost certainly Preetam. Then after he was fired from the East Indian Detective Agency and became an independent operator, clients sought him out at the recommendation of someone important in the city government. That someone had

to be Preetam. There were also all those tight jams that Depak always seemed to get out of during his career. He had escaped certain death more times than he could remember. Like that night in the alley behind the bar on Old Madras Road when the *Baiju-Bawra* gang had him cornered. He was done. He was toast. He was outnumbered ten to one. They had submachine guns and he had an empty revolver. Yet, just as they were about to drop him, the police showed up and arrested the whole gang. Depak knew in his heart that Preetam was probably the anonymous phone caller that tipped off the police that the whole gang was going to be in the same place at the same time. That tip saved his life. He knew not how it was done. He cared not who did it. All he knew was he walked home alive that night. And now here was his old friend—a dear friend—shot dead. Depak bent over and closed Preetam's eyes. He said softly: *"My Yar, I shall avenge your murder if it takes me the rest of my life! I shall not rest until your killer's body is ignited on a funeral pyre!"*

There was no time to waste. The police had to be called but first Depak needed to look things over. In Preetam's pockets were found the usual items. Nothing had been taken. Nothing seemed out of place except for the bullet in his head. This wasn't a robbery.

With his flashlight Depak observed scuffle marks and smears of blood on the floor near the body. Preetam must have been dragged there. Or maybe he crawled. Depak followed the trail of blood smears to one of the backstage offices. There he found more blood. Lots of it. This must have been where Preetam was shot. And there was the gun. It was a British Webley Mark VI and it was on the floor. Depak picked up the gun with his hanky and examined it. Only one bullet had been discharged.

In the corner of the office was a mahogany desk. Atop it were piles of money. Depak didn't bother to count it. He knew it was plenty. There was also a bottle of Champaign on the desk. It was half full. Two glasses sat next to it. Both were empty. One had lipstick on the rim. Next to the bottle was an ashtray. Inside it were two cigarettes. One had lipstick on it. That one had been put out half-way through its burn. The other cigarette was burnt out completely with its ash tube still intact. Next to the ashtray were two train tickets. They were for the morning train to Bombay. Next to the train tickets was a travel packet. Inside the packet were two First Class tickets for an ocean liner traveling to London. The ship was leaving Bombay the following evening.

Depak's mind raced as he configured the many possibilities of what might have happened in that

room. Something went terribly wrong. Was Preetam having an affair? Was the woman he drank Champaign with going to London with him? Did a jealous husband shoot him? Was this a pay off? Was this a shakedown? Was it a double cross? Depak had no time to think further because the house lights came on. Voices outside the office had just discovered the body. There was no way out of that office except through the door and it was now blocked by Chief Inspector Laagan.

"Depak Chooooota...", said the inspector as he set fire to a cigarette. The inspector took a puff and then continued: "... looks like we arrived before you could clean up your mess, eh?"

Two other police officers entered the room and stood beside the inspector. Depak realized he was still holding the gun and so he quickly handed it to the inspector, being careful to hold it in the hanky as he transferred it. The inspector took the gun with his bare hand and put it in his pocket. The Inspector then made a nodding gesture (toward where the body was laying) and said: "Looks like Preetam Kumar was in the wrong place at the wrong time and took a bullet to the head for his troubles."

The two police officers standing next to the inspector then began making hissing and hooting noises as they looked over the room and began taking notes. Two more police officers entered the room to report that the theater was empty and that no additional bodies were found. Mention was made of a broken window and the inspector told the policemen taking notes to include that in their reports.

Inspector Laagan seemed to be enjoying himself. He looked around the room and then said aloud: "We got a call at headquarters ten minutes ago telling us that if we came to The Dev Anand Theater that we would find something interesting. I must admit this is certainly interesting, isn't it Sergeant Gupta?" One of the policemen nodded and made a hissing noise.

Inspector Laagan then walked over to the desk and picked up one of the Champaign glasses and smelled it. He turned to Sergeant Gupta and said: "Be sure you make note that Depak Chota was holding the murder weapon when we came in the room." The sergeant made a hissing sound and continued to write.

"Was the person that called you at headquarters a man or a woman?" asked Depak.

"I'll ask the questions around here," said the inspector as he picked up the other Champaign glass and sniffed it too. He then picked up the ashtray and the train tickets to smell them as well. After a short pause he said: "But for what it's worth it was a woman."

"Was there a lady waiting in a rickshaw in front of the theater when you arrived?" asked Depak.

"You ask many questions for a person who should be answering them," said the inspector as he picked up the travel packet, smelled it and then handed it to Sergeant Gupta, who also smelled it. The inspector then said: "But for what its worth no one was outside the theatre when we arrived. The street was completely empty and the theater doors were unlocked."

Depak was about to ask another question when the inspector held up his hand and barked: *"Enough nonsense, yar! It is time that I start asking the questions around here! Tell us why you are here! Tell us what Kumar was doing here! Tell us why you shot him! Tell us everything!"*

Depak refused to talk. He had no idea what had happened in that room. He knew only that his friend Preetam was dead and that for now he needed to protect Parvati. He also knew things were going to get rough for him. Rough was probably too soft of a word to use. Before Depak could finish his thoughts Inspector Lagaan's fist connected with his jaw and Sergeant Gupta's foot kicked him in the stomach. Stooping over Depak looked up through blurry eyes and saw the other two policemen pull out their clubs. It was going to be a long night.

To be continued—

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THE NEW FRIENDS OF MOOJ SOCIETY
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TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

For the first time in a long time I am submitting a **Travels with Mooj** story. I had hoped that I would never have to write one of these again; but, alas, I must. This time, however, I do not wander alone. I take with me my hapless and lazy nephew Mogender.

Mogender has proven to be a bigger idiot than I could ever have imagined. I don't mean to be unkind when I say this but it is sadly true. I am very disappointed in him. Maybe I will just begin at the beginning and let this account unravel where it does.

Mogender and I left Evanston and drove southward, following the main highway. When we arrived in Springfield we turned due west. I had promised Mogender that I would take him to Hollywood so I at least aimed the car in that direction. When we crossed the Mississippi River we decided to stop for the night in a town called Hannibal, Missouri.

Once we had secured lodging and ate dinner we relaxed in our motel room. It was a peaceful evening and I decided to do an evening meditation. While I squatted in tranquil reflection Mogender sat on the adjacent bed eating potato chips while watching a TV show on HBO called Real Sex or something stupid like that. When the show was over Mogender excused himself and went outside to get a bucket of ice (for what I didn't know). After a few minutes I began to worry since Mogender's absence seemed lengthy. My instinct was alerted and I was unable to remain in reflective meditation any longer. I opened my eyes. I knew something foul was afoot! Moments later I heard a terrible scream outside.

"Damn that *badmashi-chota*," I thought as I dressed and ran outside. From the balcony I saw Mogender dressed in his ape suit. He was chasing two women around the parking lot. I quickly ran down the stairs to try and stop him. But it was too late. People were already emptying from their motel rooms and adding to the screams. Then that idiot Mogender jumped on top of a parked car, growled, and made menacing motions toward the gathering crowd. That *moorkhi* was really hamming it up!

Then in the distance came the wail of a police siren and I knew there was little I could do from then on. I returned to my motel room and finished my meditation to lower my blood pressure. From within my room I could see the outside become illuminated

with flashing red and blue lights. I heard no gun shots so I was at least grateful for that.

Needless to say pandemonium ensued when people described for the police what they had seen. Within the hour dozens of law enforcement officers were on the scene and K9 units were brought in to search for what they thought was a giant ape. Bystanders were instructed to return to their motel rooms and keep their doors locked. Though I was angry with Mogender I could not help but worry about him.

All through the night I sat in my room waiting for Mogender to return. I was too upset to even sleep. Periodically I would go outside to search the horizon but would be rudely scolded by a police officer standing on the balcony to get back inside my room (after he shined a flashlight in my face). In the distance I could hear the agonizing howls of police dogs. I knew in my heart that Mogender was in serious trouble. I could not stay angry at him.

By morning I had no choice but to look for Mogender myself. The news was terrible. Everywhere I went there were stories about how *so and so* or *such and such* had been beaten or mauled by the giant ape. The town was in a genuine panic. Roadblocks had been set up everywhere and I had a terrible feeling in my stomach that Mogender's days were numbered unless he was smart enough to get out of that stupid ape suit.

Since my blood pressure is rising again I think I will end my narrative here and go meditate. I will finish this tale next week.

To be Continued—

**REMEMBER
TO ENSURE
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IS PAID UP!
CHECK MOOJ.COM FOR
MAILING RATES
(AND DEADBEAT STATUS)**

The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 15

October 15, 2001

First Things First. I know many of you share my concern for the people of Missouri and Illinois as the news abounds with daily accounts of wanton and random ape attacks along both sides of the Mississippi River. I can only hope that these are real apes and not my hapless and lazy nephew Mogender. To be honest this recent episode has really taken its toll on me. All I can say is that your love and positive thoughts are all that keep me going at this point. I will write more about this horrific week later in the **Travels with Mooj** section. To include an account of it here would unnecessarily start this newsletter off on a dour note.

Last week I mentioned that **The New Friends of Mooj Society**, due to fiscal shortfalls, was asking subscribers to ensure that they were keeping current with their subscriptions. From what I understand many delinquent subscribers quickly remitted overdue subscriptions and many sent along additional love offerings as well. To say this was much appreciated is an understatement. **The New Friends of Mooj Society** would also like to mention a very **generous bequest** from former minion # 1572, who passed away last week. In her kindness she set aside a small trust fund to pay outstanding *Enlightenment* subscriptions for minions in good standing, who had run up against hard times and could no longer afford this newsletter. Vic Taylor claims that this donation covered thousands of delinquent subscriptions and paid a past due storage shed monthly rental fee.

Historically, *The Enlightenment* has always been a "pay if you can" type of subscription. This was mainly because we were using government paper, printing presses and prison labor to publish the newsletter. That all changed when I was no longer employed by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. However, through generous donations and the hard work of people like Vic Taylor we have been able to keep this newsletter going despite a rising circulation. Thus, it has been proposed—and I fully back—a new plan to institute a sliding payment scale for future renewals and new subscriptions. **The New Friends of Mooj Society** asks only that you pay what you can! If you want to only pay \$1 per year, that is fine. You will also have an opportunity to 'upgrade' your subscription as follows: The

\$100/year "bronze" level subscription will be given priority treatment and be sent out faster than normal subscriptions. The \$200 "silver" level subscription will be sent out before bronze level subscriptions. And the \$500 "gold" level subscription will obviously be sent out faster than silver and bronze level subscriptions. Vic Taylor has also proposed a "platinum" level subscription; however, the terms of that subscription have yet to be finalized.

Starting this week my Uncle's *Kaala Haath* action stories will no longer be published in this newsletter. I know many of you enjoyed these daring tales of action; however, the fussy vocal majority finally won out. I won't go into specifics other than to say some people will complain about anything and be very nasty about it. It is a sad fact of life. Though I have complete control over everything that appears in this newsletter I forget never that *The Enlightenment* is written by and for my minions and it is for you that I edit or not edit things. I will say this, however: Forget never that to be tolerant is one of the virtues of being enlightened and part of being within the collective consciousness of the human community. It is also one of the pillars of Moojism.

To be honest I thought most of my Uncle's *Kaala Haath* stories were pretty good. I, like many of you, couldn't wait to read the thrilling conclusions to Depak Chota's harrowing escapades. My Uncle gave *The Enlightenment* 50 stories to publish. After it was decided that we would no longer print these tales I asked Vic Taylor to forward the balance of the stories to me so I could read the conclusions. Oddly, none of the stories had conclusions. I should clarify this and say there were conclusions; however, these conclusions were for stories that had no beginnings. I'm not sure why my uncle would give us 25 beginnings and then 25 different endings. Perhaps my uncle is getting forgetful in his old age. Or he is just poorly organized.

Blessings and Such,

मूजपती उषाबारावा

Vic Taylor Note: I wanted to thank those of you who pointed out that Minion # 1678 was a disgruntled applicant and that he somehow made it through the newly imposed extreme screening process. That angry troublemaker will soon be placed on minion probation. In addition, other minions will soon be placed on minion probation as well. You will be notified if you are one of them. The following minion number was also recently retired: # 1562. This was due to a prison execution.

Dear Swami,

I know you get many stupid letters from troublemakers but I assure you I am being truthful and am in dire need of your help.

Last year I found a letter inside my grandpa's army jacket. This jacket was stuffed into an old duffle bag that was up in my grandmother's attic. The letter was dated June 1945 and was written by a French girl. In the letter the girl told my grandfather that he was the father of her son. Since my grandfather had not destroyed this letter I could only assume that it was correct.

My grandparents were married before the war so if this child really was his then he must have been fooling around during the war. My grandfather died many years ago but my grandmother is still alive.

To make a long story short I traveled to France and found this boy (now a 56 year old man). I was amazed to see that he looked just like my grandfather. This man knew nothing about his father other than he was an American GI. When I told him that I was his long-lost nephew he cried and was so happy. He wanted to meet others in our family but I advised against it since my grandmother was still alive and it would undoubtedly upset her if she learned about his existence. But my new uncle was relentless and so I brought him to America and introduced him to my family as a colleague, hiding his true identity. He was welcomed into my family and became close to everyone.

Now this man and my Aunt Teresa (who is really his half-sister) are engaged! My new French uncle told me that he doesn't care and that I better butt out if I know what is good for me. Aunt Teresa is very wealthy and I think this man might be after her money. What should I do? I never anticipated

anything like this happening. I was just trying to do something nice for someone.

Howard Jonestown
Great Falls, NY

The Mooj Responds: My friend, I know that you had only good intentions in mind when you introduced your uncle to his long-lost family and it was this compassion that has led you into this messy situation. He is the wrong-doer, not you. Never be afraid to help or be honest. However, a wicket is now sticky. The great poet Donte Marquis once said honesty is good but it is not profitable to its possessor unless it is kept under control. In other words, revealing some truths may be more harmful than ones kept hidden. The origin of your uncle's birth will cause untold pain to many in your family. I suggest you tell your Aunt Teresa the truth and trust that she will send this uncouth uncle away.

Dear Mooj,

Several months ago I met this wonderful girl at church and we began seeing each other. At the present moment we are not "physically" active. She has hinted several times that she is ready to move our relationship into *that* realm but I'm a good Christian and my church forbids that sort of behavior. She's totally cool and I really think I love her. I'm pretty sure that we're going to get married but I don't think I can wait! Since we're going to get married anyway do you think it's okay if we ...you know... dance?

Baptist Bob
Woodruff, SC

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, Baptist Bob. You sound like a really nice young man. If dancing will make you and your future wife happy then I can see no harm. That is, unless, what you mean by "dancing" is what non Baptists call sex.

Dear Mooj,

I met a wonderful man while on holiday in Haifa, Israel. I was there celebrating my 50th birthday with

friends. I just can't stop thinking about this man. Every night we walked along the beach holding hands. He was a very honorable man and because he was married we did not sleep together but we did kiss. He said that I was the most special woman he had ever met and that I would haunt his dreams for the rest of his life. He never gave me his real name but his friends called him "Puff-Diddy-G." He said he was a rap singer from Gary, Indiana.

My life has fallen apart since I returned from Israel. I broke my leg, got laid off, found out that my grandson is an addict, and my daughter just got arrested for passing bad checks. All I want to do is to go to Gary, Indiana and find this man. I need him. I've had terrible relationships in the past and this man made me feel so special. Could you help me find this man?

Trisha Bernstein
Asbury Park, NJ

The Mooj Responds: I am saddened by this letter as this woman is willing to ruin a man's marriage to fulfill her needs. That is selfish and I cannot condone this behavior. Forget never that the moon shines in every pool; yet in every pool only one moon shines. Because I was curious, however, I did have a slight truth vision on the topic. I saw that this so called Puff-Diddy-G was not a rap singer at all. Nor was he from Gary, Indiana. His name is actually Isaac Haze and he is a dry-wall installer from Hagerstown, Maryland. I also saw, forlornly, that this man is using the money this poor woman gave him to buy pornography instead of make rap records. The only good news in this whole sordid situation is that Puff-Diddy-G is divorced so at least this poor woman wasn't committing adultery! For now I will pass along a blessing and meditate for this woman such that her life can return to happier episodes.

Moo-aj,

I was making love to my girlfriend when she stopped to answer her cell phone. I couldn't believe it! It was such a turn off. We were having a great time and then her phone started ringing. It was her friend. I was annoyed and felt as if my feelings didn't matter. I asked if she could switch it off the next time and she said no – that she might miss an important call. The following day I tried to call her but her phone was off. When I saw her later I told her I had tried to call her and she said she had turned off her phone because she was in surgery (she's a cardiologist). So she doesn't mind interrupting our lovemaking to speak to her friends, but she won't be interrupted

when she's working? What kind of crap is that? What do you think of all this Great and Loving Mooj?

J. R. Lead
Hanover, PA

The Mooj Responds: There is an old Hindi saying that states that one should never show his diamonds to a greengrocer! The opposite is also true. Perhaps this man needs to reevaluate his relationships with people more intelligent than he. None-the-less, I pass along a blessing and will meditate for him.

This totally blows my mind! Check out this link:

<http://home.post-dispatch.com/local/Brutal-ape-man-attack.htm>.

It's about your nephew's man-monkey rampage in Marion County, Missouri. I am now a true believer in Moojism! Not in your warped philosophy; just the fact that you're an actual person.

steve@spiroagnew.org

The Mooj Responds: Yes, I am familiar with that newspaper article. Although I would never try to downplay the significance of the story, I will say that parts of it were exaggerated. My only hope is that that fool Mogender will come to his senses and stop all this nonsense! That may be too much to hope for.

Hi Mooj!

I just met the man of my dreams! He's handsome, good looking and really smart! I'm really happy! Here's the thing that's really strange though. He told me he's a scientologist but he works as a janitor. I don't really understand how a person like that can waste his background and training in science just to clean toilets. Wouldn't he make a lot more money if he were working in a laboratory somewhere?

Denise Davies (a.k.a. Dee Dee.)
San Carlos, CA

The Mooj Responds: One without worries can doze off in a marketplace. In truth I am uncertain as to your question so I will just pass along a blessing and hope that you progress further in your search for the great collective consciousness.

Dear Mooj,

Last night I read in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that a giant ape attacked six people in Hannibal, Missouri. Three of these people were severely injured and one was reported to be in critical condition. There's a fine line between vulgarity and cheap laughs and you, my friend, have crossed it!

Dr. Steven Douglas
Orchard Farm, MO

The Mooj Responds: Success has many fathers but failure is an orphan. I understand your ire and share your concerns. I also assure you that I am doing all I can to find that idiot and end this nonsense.

I am an avid reader of your Mooj website and always thought that your newsletter was a joke. That was until I saw mention of your nephew's ape attacks on the local news. Not that it was funny; but I did laugh. Afterwards they had an interview with an animal control specialist. He said that giant apes were not indigenous to Missouri. I sent the TV station an anonymous email telling them that the ape was actually an Indian guy dressed in a man-monkey suit.

Davy Reynolds (Minion #810)
Columbia, MO

The Mooj Responds: A bandicoot is lovely to his parents; as is a mule always pretty to its mate. Thus, too, are the binds of family. I thank you for your efforts helping to end this tragic situation and pass along a blessing.

Dearest Mooj,

I am a loyal Mooj Head and have been so for nearly three years. But now I seriously doubt I can call you a peaceful guru since you can't seem to put an end to this tragic cycle of violence that you and your nephew seem fit to reek upon society. I am, of course, referring to the man-monkey attacks in Hannibal, Missouri.

Several of your nephew's victims were elderly people and one in particular, Sister Mary Genevieve, was a very dear friend of mine. Poor Sister Genevieve was severely injured and spent all night

in the Emergency Room. She still has multiple bruises and abrasions on her arms, legs and neck.

I know that you weren't personally involved in this attack but, still, Mogender is *your* charge and, thus, *you* are responsible for his behavior.

On a positive note I would like to inform your readers that we raised over \$3,000 yesterday at the Marion County Autoplex to help provide some comfort and compensation to the victims. Sadly, most of the victims are still in shock and most think that it was a real ape that attacked them. I haven't had the heart to tell them that it was actually some deranged Indian kid.

Danny Boulter (Minion #1017)
Palmyra, MO



The Mooj Responds: What you give away is yours, what you hide will go to others. Thank you for your efforts to help and bring comfort to those who stand victimized. With that being said I will now neglect the remainder of ape attack letters (there are quite a few) as they serve no further purpose other than amplify this community's anguish. I again thank all that are meditating and praying to end this madness.

Sir!

This recruit is writing to say good morning, sir. You knew this recruit formally as your secret informant at *The Washington Post*. This recruit no longer works

at *The Washington Post* and is now in boot camp at MCRD, Parris Island, SC. Before this recruit moves onto the subject of this letter this recruit would first like to thank you for your steadfast refusal to allow someone from this recruit's former job from revealing this recruit's secret identity last month. Whoever took that picture of this recruit's former desk and wanted to expose this recruit was an evildoer and that person will reap his just reward when the time is right. This recruit knows who that person was and that person should be afraid—*very afraid*.

This recruit had lots of things to tell you but most of them are unimportant now in light of recent developments following 9-11-01. Things that were once important to this recruit now seem trivial. Before then this recruit was content with his newspaper beat at *The Washington Post*, his swank apartment up on Dupont Circle and his elitist social circle consisting of Washington D.C.'s most up and coming young Democrats. But when this glorious Nation was attacked by islamofacists this recruit decided that enough was enough and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. This recruit will complete basic training in two weeks and continue on to infantry school. This recruit will keep you posted on his adventures and accomplishments and write to you every week. This recruit still loves you but he loves his Country, God and the Marine Corps more. **SEMPER FI! Hoorah!**

PVT "Barry" Graham
First Recruit Training Battalion, Company C, Platoon 44.

The Mooj Responds: Except for a poet, a lion and a brave man, everyone else will tread upon an already beaten track. I am proud of this former cub reporter from *The Washington Post* and I know I speak for all my minions when I wish him good luck!

Great Swami! I am a willing participant in this glorious crusade to rid the world of ignorance and help spread your vision of inner peace and true self-realization. First, however, I need to work out some major issues. Like, for instance, why I like to dress up like Batman and walk around town showing everybody my sneaky snake.

Stan@bluebells.org

The Mooj Responds: One doesn't need to paint the eggs of a peacock! I send you a blessing and hope that it helps soothe your troubled coexistence within society. I notice that Vic Taylor attached a yellow

sticky to your mail noting that he suspects that you might be the person who keeps sending in pictures of himself dressed like Batman doing naughty things in public. If it is you, he asks that you stop. If it is not, disregard this request.

Mooj!

I simply must warn my fellow minions about something awful that happened to me. I got drunk and accompanied others in my sorority to a tattoo studio a few weeks ago. Everyone was getting tattoos so I decided to get one too. I picked out this really cool design with Chinese characters. The tattoo guy said it meant Eternal Peace and Happiness or something like that. I got the tattoo on my lower back.

Last night I hooked up with this Chinese guy and when things got intimate between us he saw my tattoo and started laughing. He told me that the Chinese words translated into: "I'm so stupid and smell like rotten cabbage." *Mooj, I was so embarrassed!* This is a warning to you all out there to *never* get foreign words tattooed on you unless you exactly what they mean!

Shout out to Beta Chi!
Crissy Snowden,
Santa Barbara, CA

The Mooj Responds: Strong winds may blow down a tree but the grass shall always stand. That will prove to be true for you too, my *Beti*. Reflect not that you did something foolish in the past. Reflect better that your choices in the future will now trespass wiser!

How can the avant-garde possibly press the envelope of artistic genius if we are imprisoned by the mercurial whims of jaded, enfeebled, club-toting philistines? But on a serious note I'd like to quote the great humorist El Vez, who said I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy.

-Unsigned

The Mooj Responds: I do not know what this means, nor will I ponder it. But I do know this is the last letter I will reflect upon.

MINION STORIES

A Stupid Waitress Named Boob-ra

By Mooj Minion # 894

Many years ago when I was a teenager I worked at a Straw Hut Pizza in Westminster, CA. Also working at that restaurant was a waitress named Boob-ra. Yes, Boob-ra (whose real name I think was Barbara) was endowed with humongous breasts; but that's not why she was called Boob-ra. It was mainly because she was stupid. I mean really stupid!

One Friday night during a dinner rush Boob-ra came running back to the kitchen and told us cooks that one of her customers left without paying. We scrambled into action and caught the escaping thief before he could reach his getaway car. His wife and children looked on in horror as we tackled him, pinned him face down on the ground and then commenced to beat him senseless. Within seconds the parking lot was filled with other patrons, who couldn't resist watching the scoundrel get taught a lesson.

Finally, after a few minutes of this rough treatment we allowed the poor pulverized man to stand up. He staggered toward his car while his wife and children looked on and sobbed. It was at that triumphant moment that Boob-ra ran outside and yelled: "Never mind guys. I found the guy's money on the table. Its okay; he paid. You can let him go."

The guy actually accepted our apology (if you can believe it).

Vic Taylor Note: It sounds like there was more than just one stupid person involved in this story.....

The Very Clever Mr. Richards

By Mooj Minion # 1119 (aka, The Larry K Man)

Anytime I write the word "you're" or "your" I am reminded of a very interesting episode in my life that happened when I was in 6th grade. My teacher back then was Mr. Richards and he was really smart.

One day one of my classmates received an anonymous note. It was very threatening. The worried student turned this note over to Mr. Richards and Mr. Richards informed the class of what happened and asked that the guilty person step forward. Of course no one did.

Mr. Richards then asked everyone in the class to write the threatening sentence on a piece of paper and then put his or her name under it. He collected the samples and looked at each one carefully and then named the guilty person.

The guilty person admitted his guilt and was sent to the principal's office. Afterwards we asked Mr. Richards how he knew who the guilty person was. Like Sherlock Holmes explaining a case to Dr. Watson, Mr. Richards said: "I made you all write out the threatening sentence so that I could see how you spelled the word 'you're.' The guilty person spelled it Y-o-u-r. Out of the whole class only four people spelled it that way. Then out of those four I looked for the person who most obviously distorted his handwriting, knowing that he or she would think that I was going to try and match handwriting samples."

I can't remember who the guilty student was but after that I thought Mr. Richards was the smartest man in the world.

Vic Taylor Note: Mr. Richards does indeed sound like a very smart man (much smarter than Boob-ra).

TRAVELS WITH MOG

Over the last few months I have really taken a liking to my hapless and lazy nephew Mogender. As most of you know he came from India to live with me earlier this summer. He is, sadly, a reckless and irresponsible youth; obviously bent on causing me nothing but pain and suffering. Deep inside I know Mogender is a good boy and that he will someday make me very proud. First, however, he must abandon this man-monkey nonsense!

From my previous writings you should recall that on the first night of traveling Mogender became Man-Monkey again. He attacked several people and it caused a huge sensation. The result was that once again he was being hunted by both the law and animal control.

Many people thought Mogender was a real ape. Some thought that he was a man wearing an ape suit; and a small—but vocal—minority suspected that he was a combination of both. None-the-less, the whole town was looking for him and a reward was offered for his capture, dead or alive. I prayed it be the latter not the former.

I remained in Hannibal for several days waiting for Mogender to return to our motel. I perused the newspapers everyday for any account of Mogender or suspicious man-monkey activity. Ape and monkey sightings were plentiful but they all proved out to be false leads. I did what I could to cleanse my mind and meditate for a truth vision but I was too upset to enter the proper state of tranquil equilibrium.

Finally, on the fourth or fifth day, I had a very faint visualization: I could see Mogender running in his ape suit. Police dogs were chasing him. The fool kept turning around to taunt the dogs with fake ape growls and gestures. The dogs would stop in their tracks and run away. Mogender really seemed to be enjoying himself! He always beat his chest and roared proudly after each chase. That idiot must have thought he was a real ape!

Then I saw a tragedy! Mogender was running. It looked like he was on top of a levee. On that levee sat two fishermen. Mogender waved his fake ape arms over his head and made ape noises at the men. They threw their rods and fled in holy terror! Mogender picked up a big rock and threw it into the river and then began running after them. Those poor fishermen were running for their lives! Then I saw Mogender loose his footing and fall into the river. I could see him struggling and flapping his big hairy

arms! The ape suit quickly filled with water. *The fool could not swim!* He tried in vain to paddle with his big fake paws but he sank slowly into the muddy river.

At that point my truth vision went completely dark. Almost as if it was sparing me the grim details of what happened next. I knew then there was really nothing left to do in Hannibal. I decided it was time to leave.

Before I left that humble little riverside town, however, I made a special trip to the river. I wanted to sit and meditate for my poor lost wayward nephew. I squatted atop a quiet and deserted levee and began a deep and tranquil meditation. I was no longer angry. Mogender was just a schoolboy doing boyish things. He lived and died as the ape he loved to be.

I became so engrossed with my meditation that I did not realize that it had begun to rain. Soon a torrential downpour had enveloped and the rapidly rising Mississippi River was breaching the river bank. I was so at peace that I did not feel soaked as the river began to encircle me. Then, before I knew it, I was adrift in the swelling waters and dragged helplessly southward along with the current. I came out of my trance only to discover that I was in terrible danger! I was in the middle of the river!

Just as I was about to give up all hope of surviving lightning illuminated the sky above me and I spotted a giant log floating nearby (actually, it collided with my head). I grabbed for it and held on for dear life. It and I bobbed violently in the water. Just when I thought I could not hold on any longer I found myself washed ashore on a small island situated in the middle of the river. *I was saved!* I was exhausted beyond description and had no energy left to do anything but rollover and go to sleep.

Many hours later I awoke to the sound of mosquitoes, hornets and rattlesnakes buzzing. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. The sun was bright and directly overhead. I had no idea where I was or how I got there. It was then that I remembered my horrendous ordeal from the previous night. Divine providence and good karma had once again extended my present life.

I searched the densely wooded island for food and habitation and came upon the footprints of a large beast. They looked like giant ape feet to me. They

led to a cave. When I poked my head inside I saw my nephew Mogender lying inside. He was asleep. That idiot was still dressed in his man-monkey costume! I kicked him in the head to wake him up. He was very happy to see me. He told me he had somehow fallen into the river and floated to the island. He had been there for several days. He was half starved.

A further search of the island found an old canoe that had possibly washed ashore during the previous night's storm. I told Mogender to return to the cave while I paddled across to the Illinois shore to get him food. It was only about two hundred yards to the eastern bank but it took me over an hour to get there because I didn't have any oars and had to use my hands to paddle. Once on the Illinois shore I hid the canoe and hiked north until I came upon a highway. I followed it until I found a convenience store.

While standing in line to pay for food I overheard two law officials talking. They were discussing the ape-man attacks. My ears became focused and I listened carefully. One told the other that he had seen a mysterious campfire burning the previous night on one of the small islands near the Illinois side of the river. He said that he and several others were going to go over there after sundown to investigate. *My heart skipped a beat for I knew they were talking about the island where Mogender was hiding!*

After I paid for my groceries I ran as fast as I could back to where I had hidden the canoe. With all my energy I carried it north along the river bank and then paddled it downstream back to the island. When I arrived at the cave I awoke Mogender with a kick to the head and told him that we needed to hurry. *It was nearly dusk!* We ran from the cave to the shore. The canoe was gone! I had most likely forgotten to tie it up in my haste and it had floated away. *Mogender was doomed!*

In dire need God provides as he always does. What appeared to be a dock came floating down the river and stuck on a shoal near the western edge of the island. It came from a fancy yacht club. It must have broken away from its mooring during the previous night's storm. We dragged it to the southernmost part of the island and jumped aboard. As we drifted south with the current we could hear the distant howls of police dogs and the sound of approaching boat engines. With darkness shielding us we saw the island come alive with flashlights. We had escaped just in time!

NEWEST MINIONS!

MEET MINION # 1680

Glenn Sherbet (25, Leo, Denver, CO)

Something Special about Me: I'm a tax attorney. Before I joined my present firm I spent two years in the Peace Corps helping underprivileged people in Nepal do taxes.

Minion Application Essay: My girlfriend is a Mooj minion and told me that if I want to have a meaningful relationship with her that I must become one too. I'm not sure about this. This looks like a scam to me. Are you even a real person? I'm not giving you my real address or phone number because I don't want your peeps coming to get me. I don't really live in Denver. My name really isn't Glenn Sherbet and I'm not even a tax attorney.

MEET MINION # 1681

Denny Keene (33, Boston, MA)

Something Special about Me: I was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland.

Minion Application Essay: Och! I'm a wee bit drunk I am. Och!

MEET MINION # 1682

Kelly Bain D'Soleil (24, Taurus, NYC)

Something Special about Me: Although I am an adult film star I consider myself to be moral. No one is harmed by what I do and I am not victimized or taken advantage of in any way.

Minion Application Essay: I came to NY in 1998. Everyone said I had what it took to make it as a model but the big jobs never came. When you have to eat and pay rent you sometimes do things you normally wouldn't. That is how I got into adult films. Before YOU JUDGE ME, listen. I do not do porn. The adult movies I do are what are called pickle-tickle flicks. I usually appear fully clothed in my movies. Most of my scenes show me being tied to a chair and then having my bare feet tickled with a pickle. I'm very ticklish so I laugh a lot. I have no idea why people buy these movies but they do. I make tons of money doing them and no one is hurt or victimized.

MEET MINION # 1683

Anonymous (35, Leo, Muncie, IN)

Something Special about Me: I was married for less than a year. My wife left me for my dad. It's a sad tale and I'd rather not elaborate.

Minion Application Essay: When I was in high school I worked for a lock and safe company. I learned a lot about safes and people often joked that I would become a safe cracker. I must admit the idea did appeal to me. Years later my knowledge of safes really came in handy. I was working as an accountant for a big company in Chicago. Somehow I stumbled upon the fact that my boss was a heartless bastard. In a nutshell he was running an insurance scam that conned old people out of their life savings. He was a real SOB.

My boss kept all his stolen money in a big safe in his office. The safe was a very high-end model and nearly impossible to break into. But it had a 'weak spot.' Without going into detail let's just say that it was the type of safe that uses a glass plate inside the door. If someone tries to drill into the lock (or tumbler) this plate shatters and releases spring-loaded corner pins. These pins secure the door and then the safe is more or less impossible to open without expert intervention. This costs time and money but spares the owner the loss of what is protected inside.

I waited for the right time. It finally came one afternoon when I overheard my boss promise someone on the phone that he would pay a huge gambling debt that night. My boss seemed really worried because whoever he was talking to was a bad ass mobster and it was made clear that he would be dead if he didn't pay up. As soon as my boss was off the phone he ran over to his safe, opened it, and began counting stacks of money. I could tell he was distressed. Obviously he was short. He locked the safe up and told me he was going to be out of the office for a few hours. He was obviously going to retrieve the balance from some unlucky person who owed him money.

As soon as he was gone I ran and borrowed a sludge hammer from a utility room. As luck would have it the office was empty; all my co-workers were out to lunch. I covered the safe with canvas and used the sledge hammer to give several precise 'smacks' to the safe's nose. I heard the "crack." Bingo!

That afternoon my boss came back to the office (looking relaxed). I excused myself and went into the

men's room. From afar I heard him scream. Obviously he was trying to open the safe. He had no problem turning the tumblers and releasing the levers but the door was stuck shut!!! He had no idea what was wrong. He was screwed!

Within an hour the local lock and safe company was there and it didn't take them long to figure out that the door had been pinned shut by the fail-safe mechanism. It would take several days or even a week to find someone who knew how to drill out the pins! Rather than watch my boss flail I went home. I never saw him again. That night he was found mysteriously floating in the Chicago River.

MEET MINION # 1684

Victoria Yew (49, Capricorn, Amherst, MA)

Something Special about Me: I have crusaded for many years on behalf of the Children's Defense Fund to end the use of the song "Turkey in the Straw" on ice cream trucks. Most people are unaware of its racist and sexist overtones.

Minion Application Essay: I was at Woodstock. I meet people all the time that say they were there and most are lying. I was really there and it sucked. We drove all night and arrived Friday morning. It was already packed. I don't remember if we even had tickets. I hardly remember much about that weekend except that it was muddy and everything stunk. I was miserable the whole time. I wanted to go home so bad. The only amusing thing I remember was on the second day (during Keef Hartley's set) this guy came up to me and asked me to hug him. He was naked except for a big bow tie and top hat. He looked like a crazy professor. I saw him a little later when he was on a stretcher being brought to the medicine tent. Someone said he ate a stick of hash. I followed to see if I could help. They put the guy on a cot and tried to put a blanket over him. He kept screaming and tossing off the blanket so they finally let him just lie there naked. Things calmed down and I was about to walk out when this poor guy grabbed my hand and said quietly, "Please don't go, butterfly eyes. If I die I want your shinny polka-dot face to be the last thing I see." I sat and held his hand. It was so weird. I felt like I was falling in love with this man even though he was naked and wearing a stupid bow tie and top hat. Finally a doctor came in and I was told to leave so I did. I searched for the man afterwards but never found him. I felt like he and I might have been soul mates but, obviously, we weren't.

Today, Yesterday and Tomorrow

(or, simply, **Sal Bando Spoke His Mind**)

by Minion # 1460

Today, like yesterday,
Tomorrow, like today,
Each and every hour
Each and every way
If I could ask for anything
Anything, you say?
I'd ask for only one thing
One thing if I may!
Bold, fresh, and chilled
Not a drop to be spilled

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It's Yuengling!!!!!!

The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 16

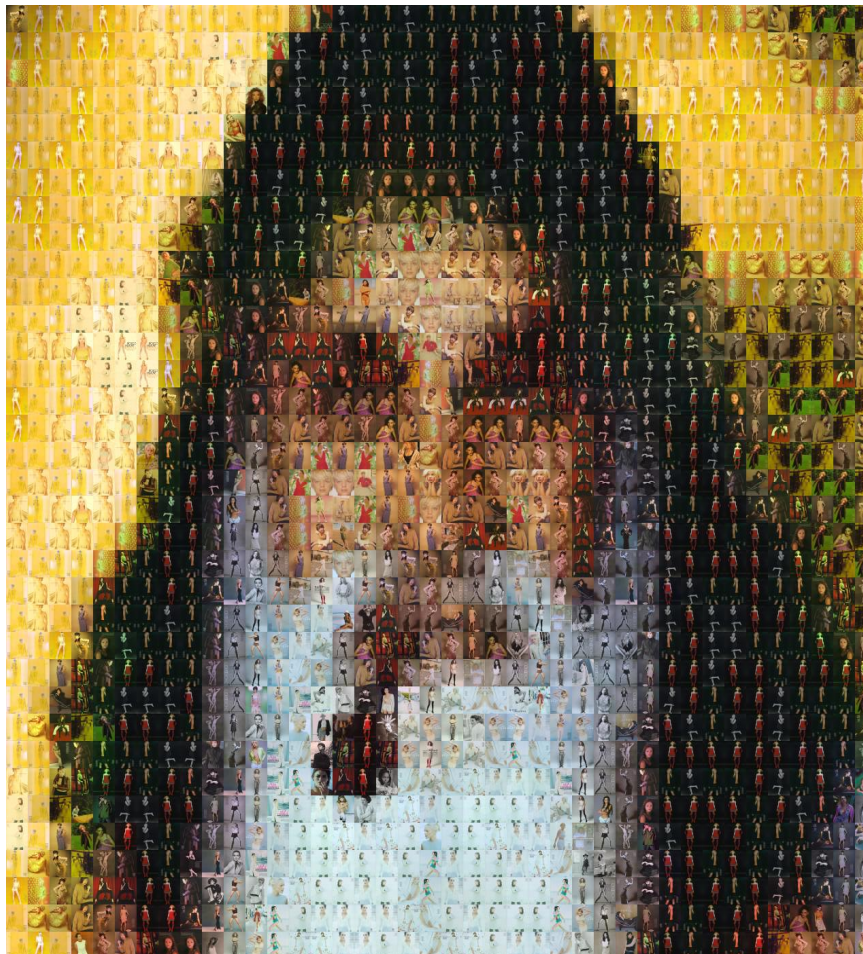
November 1, 2001

First Things First. This week finds me in better circumstances and I am happy to relate that your many positive thoughts and prayers have delivered wonderful returns. I cannot remember if I mentioned last week or not that Mogender was found alive, hiding in a cave. Together we are escaping down the river. It's a long story. I will spare the details for now and refer you to the **Travels with Mooj** section found elsewhere in this newsletter.

Before I drift off into the wilds again, please allow me to share with you a special love gift. This "love gift" can be picked up by minions in good standing at **The New Friends of Mooj Society** headquarters. This gift is a full-sized poster that was created and printed by a minion, who for one reason or another now refers to himself as being of the Soto Zen lineage, a direct spiritual descendant and Dharma heir of the great Dogen. I have no idea what that means but you might. Only 400 of these gifts were made so hurry! The benefactor describes the poster as follows:

".....What is The Mooj if not a collective representation of his faithful minions? He is our vision ... who manifests in this space-time continuum through our collective consciousness. We are the Creators and He is our Image. The Mooj is our mosaic, dear friends ... a Reflection of our Selves ... The Truth is just like this."

Here is a picture of the poster. The one you pick up will be much bigger.



Dearest Mooj:

Yesterday I decided to tell my boss exactly what I thought of him. He just sat there like an idiot when I kicked open his door, walked into his office, and then knocked all the crap off his desk. I then stood on his desk, pulled down my pants and told him to kiss my *country-boy* ass *goodbye*. Now that I've had time to think it over I realize that I may have acted foolishly. It was my first day on the job and I really needed the money. Do you have any advice for me?

"Unemployed in Michigan"

The Mooj Responds: My friend, you have done something foolish; but you already know that. Forget never that each step you take in life should be toward a purpose. The choice of that purpose can only be made by you. It is best to choose wisely.

Wondrous swami!

I bid thee howdy do and hope all is well out there in your special world. I write this short memo in hope that you can settle an argument that my wife and I are having. My wife claims that in her former life that she was the Empress Wu Zetian. I don't believe it! What say you, great swami?

-Unsigned

The Mooj Responds: I can see many things in a slight semi-warm-towel induced truth meditation but nothing about your wife or her past lives is visible. I do, however, see that one of your neighbors was Godfried Schalcken in one of his previous lives. I'm not sure what that means and will not waste any more truth visions trying to elaborate.

Dear Mooj,

Last year I attended The National Education Association's Annual Convention in Los Angeles. During the convention I co-chaired a committee. Afterwards I shared a ride back to the hotel with the other co-chair (a woman) and she asked me if I was interested in joining her for dinner and cocktails later. Since we were both professionals *and* married

she made it perfectly clear that the invitation was for social interaction only. I found that to be acceptable.

After dinner—since it was still early—she suggested that we take a ride up into the Hollywood Hills and look down on the city lights. I thought that would be satisfactory. When we got there this woman parked in a dark and secluded spot. She then asked me if I was up for a little fooling around. She wasn't bad looking and I did have a bit much to drink so I figured WTH! Then before you could say Jackie Robinson we were committing what practicing religious folk calls adultery.

The next day at the conference this woman gave me the cold shoulder and avoided eye contact. I figured she was just embarrassed. After the convention we parted ways and shook hands and then that was the end of it—or so I thought. Now fast-forward to yesterday: out of the blue I get a letter from this crazy woman's lawyer accusing me of sexual harassment! This totally blows my mind! *I'm a high school principal and this could ruin my career!* What should I do?

R. J. M.
Madison, WI

The Mooj Responds: Gambling, eating meat, wine-bibbing, adultery, hunting, thieving, debauchery – these seven things are said by the Sanskrit Saints to lead to personal hells. You did four of the seven. Perhaps you are now encountering a personal hell. I know many cannot avoid all sins but if you can you should at least avoid as many as possible.

Great and Loving Mooj,

I desperately need your words of comfort and kindness. I admit wholeheartedly that I have nobody to blame but myself for my present unfortunate circumstances. Here's what happened, most worthy sage:

A few weeks ago I found out that my law firm's senior partner was a swinger and that he often threw "couples parties" at his house. These parties are regularly attended by many of the firm's senior partners.

I've been at this firm for a long time and have been hoping for years to be made a junior partner. When I learned about these "swinger parties" I begged my wife to accompany me to one, hoping it would help get me into the "inner circle." My wife—a devout Presbyterian—was horrified that I would even suggest such a thing. I begged her repeatedly to go and she finally relented because she knew how important it was to me.

To make a long story short let's just say that when we arrived at the party my wife was the only woman there. I wound up sitting on the couch watching TV while my wife and the rest of the guys had a great time. I haven't spoken to my wife since because I'm so pissed off that she would be that unfaithful. She says it's my own fault (and she's sort of right). What do you think?

John K. Ferry
Ft. Lee, NJ

The Mooj Responds: I think many things. But most importantly I think this: *Chorer mayer boro gola, yar!* In other words: the culprit is always loudest to shout about a crime! Especially if the thief has stolen from himself!

Mooj!

Tell me if this makes any sense: my boyfriend says that back when he was a child he was traumatized by a dog. The dog bit him or something. Today, as a result—according to him anyway—every time he sees or hears a dog he must have sex right away or he will go into septic shock. That sounds pretty far-fetched to me but I go along with it because I don't want him to have a seizure or anything. I asked one of my sorority sisters about this "condition" and she said that it was legitimate because her boyfriend has the same thing. What do you think?

"Beta Chi Cassy"
Isla Vista Baby, CA

The Mooj Responds: There is an old Punjab saying that goes like this: When you are discussing about an elephant don't talk about yam matters. What this means is don't worry about little things when bigger and more important issues are at hand. For purposes of brevity I will say only that these issues concern completing your education and gaining a foothold in humanity.

Sri Swamaji,

Back when I was in high school there was this girl in my algebra class named Shawna. She had this really hot body and looked just like Farrah Fawcett. My dad knew I liked this girl and suggested that I ask her out. I told him that Shawna was the hottest girl in school and that a guy like me wouldn't have a chance. My dad disagreed and told me that he had a secret love plan. If I followed it I could have Shawna.

I wasn't exactly the coolest guy in school and I certainly wasn't a jock. In fact, if I were to categorize myself back then I'd say I looked and dressed like the typical stoner (but I wasn't—or at least not much of one). I figured I had nothing to lose so I asked Shawna out. I could tell Shawna didn't really know what to say and probably couldn't think of any excuse fast enough so she said okay. Phase 1 was complete. It was now time to put the love plan into action.

Phase 2, according to dad, was to basically blow Shawna off. It seemed like a stupid thing to do but my dad was the town stud and always had hot babes hanging around our apartment (and he was short, fat and bald). So I did just what dad told me to do. Instead of picking Shawna up for our date I went to the mall. The most important part of Phase 2, according to dad, was to be seen by as many people as possible. Then later I saw Shawna at school and told her I was sorry about missing our date. I said: "something really important came up."

Phase 3 was now in effect. Dad told me that within hours word would spread around school that Shawna got stood up by me and that I was also seen "hanging out" at the mall when I was supposed to be on the date. As stupid as this sounded the love plan was actually working! The whole school was talking about it.

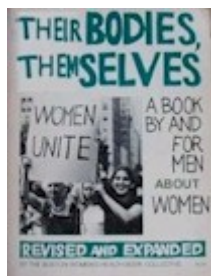
It was now time for Phase 4. I had to ask Shawna out again. But this time I had to make sure she was standing around with her friends. According to dad Shawna would have no choice but to accept my offer and, as soon as I walked away, tell her friends that now she was going to blow *me* off.

The *coup de gras* of dad's love plan was to then ask Shawna's most-hated rival out and show up at the mall with that person when I was supposed to be on my date with Shawna. According to dad Shawna would be at the mall with her friends (basically showing them that she was blowing me off). It was important that she and all her friends see me with the other girl.

Dad was a love genius! Shawna became obsessed with me. She followed me around everywhere and begged me to like her. By then I was too confused about everything and decided that love was just too complicated. I gave up on women and decided to become a monk. That is why I now live in Nepal and practice impartial celibacy. The reason I am writing to you today is to tell you that since I found your web site I think maybe I can love again and am willing to give it another try. How do you suggest I begin my search for a woman?

Prithvi Narayan Shaw (aka Fred Bolter)
Lalitpur, Nepal

The Mooj Responds: First of all, your father sounds more like the village idiot than the town stud. If I taught my minions anything it would be that love is best ignited with simplicity, candor and mutual respect. Love is like a tulip, it blossoms only when grown properly. If you are truly sincere in your effort to re-engage in a social life of dating, I suggest that you read a book written by my good friend Sri Paneer Gupta. It is called *Their Bodies, Themselves*. He wrote that book many years ago when he was working as a clinical sociologist. It was basically written to help men like you understand womankind. It's probably out of print by now but I'm sure your local library has a copy (unless your town there in Nepal has an active feminist militia).



Mooj, Back when I was in the navy I got a tattoo in Hong Kong of this big dragon with Chinese characters all around it. After reading that girl's letter in your newsletter last week I got to thinking that I really had no idea what my tattoo said so I showed it to some Chinese guy at work and he laughed and told me it said, "Hey, look at me, I'm a jackass." *I was shocked!* I've been walking around like this for 30 years!

-Unsigned

The Mooj Responds: Dark nights follow moonlit ones; then moonlight always returns. Thus, too shall your distinction.

Dear sir,

Several months ago I read an interesting story in one of your newsletters and now feel obliged to share mine. It's very heartwarming in a homespun sort of way. My saga takes place in the year 1959 in the small town of Calistoga Springs, CA. I was a senior on the varsity football team. One day after practice my fellow jocks and I were bored and looking to razz someone. All of a sudden Jim Ruddy, the school 90-pound weakling, came walking by. We were always harassing that scrawny pipsqueak and so someone suggested that later that night we dress up like wild Indians and take Ruddy on a "joy ride." You know, like in the movies.

That night we met up at school and stripped down to our jock straps and painted ourselves up. Then we drove over to the Ruddy home and parked near a meadow and walked up to the house (being as quiet as a bunch of drunken jocks pretending to be Indians could). We were on the warpath and it was gonna be one hell of a war whoop party! You know what I mean?

We kicked down the front door and made tons of racket. We made the Ruddy family get out of their beds and lie face down on the living room floor while we did a war dance and whooped it up. Ha ha ha! Then we did this fake scalping ceremony where we pretended to scalp everyone but really just shaved their heads with clippers. Then we took Jim Ruddy and tied him to a big stick by his wrists and ankles and carried him away while his family screamed in horror. Before we left a few of the guys ransacked the house and started fires—man, it was a total riot! *The family totally thought we were real Indians!*

We carried Jim back to one of the cars and threw him in the trunk. Then we drove downtown, stripped him naked, and left him tied to a lamppost with a blindfold on. *Man, we were cracking up the whole time!* It was crazy, man, crazy!

The next day at school Jim acted like nothing happened. We were cracking up the whole day and kept asking him why he had a shaved head and he said, "Just felt like it, that's all." We jocks totally ruled back then.

Sadly, though, most of the jocks suffered great misfortunes later in life. For example, most of them died before they reached their 30th birthday. And they were all mysterious deaths too. Jim Ruddy went on to become a multi-millionaire and now owns TV

stations and car dealerships everywhere. Me? I'm a loser. Oh well. Ha ha ha!

B. Derrick Pyle
Napster, CA

The Mooj Responds: *Gaadhava pudhe vaachili Geeta, Kaalcha gondhal baraa hoto?* And with that I pass along a blessing and hope that you never bother me again with idle ponderings.

I found your website by an accident while I was searching for naked pictures of Bollywood legendary actress Kareena Kapoor. I must say that I was amused by all your wisdom and might even consider becoming a minion. But first I must ask my mother.

Anil (age 12)
Bombay, India

The Mooj Responds: You are a very naughty boy and I admonish you for using the Internet to seek your jollies. Please have your mother contact me so that I can tell her what you have been doing!

Dear Mooj,

Enclosed is a picture of my big toe. Can you bless it?

Jacky2105@yale.law.edu

The Mooj Responds: Yes! Since I have already blessed this newsletter you may rub your toe with it.

Dear Mooj,

Enclosed is a picture of my other big toe. Can you bless it also?

Jacky2105@yale.law.edu

The Mooj Responds: No. This sounds like nonsense now.

Dearest Mooj,

A few years ago I was traveling through India as an ambassador of The International Poetry Society. Part of my job was to find indigenous poetry and then visit schools and centers of commerce to read and dance to this poetry so that people could learn to value their own culture. I found this work to be very inspiring and rewarding. While I was in the Great State of Rajasthan I came across a poetry book in an exotic bazaar that had been written in the local dialect by an unknown author. I had the work translated and found it to be of exceptionally quality. This poetry book has become increasingly important in my life and I now believe that you might have been the author. (I found your web site by accident and your poetry is very similar.) Included with this short text message is an English translation of one of my favorite poems in that book. Please read it and tell me if this is one of your poems. Thank you.

Coffee Ananon
Columbia University, NY

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA: I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her
know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus great with child to speak and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write."

The Mooj Responds: Sorry, my friend. What you have there is a poem by Sir Philip Sidney. He was the English Ambassador to Germany in 1577. My guess is that some Rajasthani offender translated that poem into the local language and then tried to pass it off as his own. Shame on that person! None-the-less, please accept my blessings.

NEW MINIONS

MEET MINION # 1685

Dhalhi Selim Khan (45, Sagittarius, London, GB)

Something Special about Me: My family still owns land given to my ancestors by Suleiman the Magnificent. I live in London these days working as a financial executive for Enron Ltd.

Minion Application Essay: Many years ago when I was in studies at Oxford University I stopped for a quick bite to eat at The Vicky Arms (a famous pub near the campus). There I met a Danish woman who was extremely beautiful. We shared a few drinks and she asked me back to her flat. When we got there she changed into sexy clothing and asked me if I was brave. I said I was. She asked me if I had ever fanaticized about being fruzjensized (or something like that). I said yes. She then asked me take off my clothes. I did. She then began duct taping me up like a mummy. I had a bit too much to drink so I wasn't really that alert. She used the whole roll of duct tape on me and I couldn't move. I then realized that I was in trouble. She rolled me through her door and then pushed me down her stairs. It was brutal. I must have hit my head fifty times. I was nearly unconscious! She then rolled me to the street and then pushed me down a hill. I rolled for several hundred meters and finally stopped when I struck a building. I was nearly dead. Luckily I was rescued. It was an excruciating ordeal to have the duct tape pulled off my broken bones. I didn't have one hair left on my body! When I described what happened to the police they seemed to think it was a big joke. They laughed as I described rolling down the street banging into things. It was so humiliating. So this is a warning to all of you! If you meet a Danish woman and she wants to do something weird—say no!

MEET MINION # 1686

Larry T. Buckingham, PhD. (27, Aires, Greenville, MD)

Something Special about Me: I wrote my PhD. dissertation on Jacques Maritain. It can be downloaded from Catholic University's Website. If you want the link, let me know.

Minion Application Essay: My ex-wife was a "Mooj Head." I wasn't a big fan of Guru Mooj back then and did my best to convince my ex that she was

stupid to send money to some Swami in jail. My ex wife was often lured into new age and environmental scams and I figured Moojism was just another rip off. So how is it that now that I want to become a Mooj Head? I'm not that sure. I basically had a dream last night and in that dream Swami Mooj appeared on a unicorn and told me to follow him.

MEET MINION # 1687

Gerri Hallowell (25, Leo, Troy, Michigan)

Something Special about Me: In eighth grade I had a boyfriend named Bobby Reisman. Last year I saw Bobby for the first time in over ten years at Disneyland. I recognized him right away and he recognized me. We were both there with our families. We had dinner together and my husband and his wife became jealous because we let slip that he and I had had kissed at the 8th grade graduation dance. It's a small world! Hey, get it? It's a Small World! That's pretty funny. (For those of you who don't get it A Small World is a ride at Disneyland.)

Minion Application Essay: I am as happy as a Bob Ross painting. My eyes are vandyke brown, my skin is of a burnt umber hue. My finger nails are cadmium yellow. My shirt is phthalo blue. My pants are sap green. My teeth are titanium white. My lips are alizarin crimson. Hey, maybe I am a Bob Ross painting!!!

MEET MINION # 1688

Janet Reed (39, Aires, Franklin, MA)

Something Special about Me: I still suffer heartache over not getting to see The Freedom Train when it came to Boston on April 20, 1976.

Minion Application Essay: When I was growing up my grandmother lived with us and her best friend was Sister Mary Rose. One day Sister Mary Rose was visiting. I had been smoking pot all day and was wasted when I came home. My grandmother told me to sit down and play cards with her and Sister Mary Rose so I did. I was sooo baked. I couldn't even hold my cards and basically sat there laughing and making farting noises with my lips. Finally Sister Mary Rose said, "Janet! Are you on drugs?" I was sooo busted.

Then, as luck would have it, the next time Sister Mary Rose was over I came home drunk and was covered from head to toe in vomit. Sister Mary Rose frowned and shook her head. She told my grandmother that she was so ashamed to see me looking like that. My poor grandmother was horrified.

Worst of all, however, was when I came home from college. I was several month's pregnant. I did not tell anyone before arriving and figured I'd just deal with it when I got home. When I came in the door Sister Mary Rose was standing there. She just so happened to be in the neighborhood and stopped in to say hello to my grandmother. She saw me walk through the door and cried: "Dear God in Heaven! Janet is pregnant! What's next? Is she going to run off with a motorcycle gang?" My poor grandmother fainted and my mom gave me her famous 'I'm going to kill you' look.

I mentioned all this because this morning I read in the paper that Sister Mary Rose passed away. She was 95 years old. I will never forget her and how she always, somehow, managed to be sitting in my living room when I came home after doing something I shouldn't have. She must have thought I was the worst person in the world. For the record I want to say that I married my college boyfriend and we now have five children. I lead a very moral and normal life. My grandmother, God rest her soul, is probably happy with how I turned out. Tonight, I'm sure she and Sister Mary Rose will be playing cards in Heaven.

MEET MINION # 1689

Madhumitha Singh (33, Aires, New South Wales, Australia)

Something Special about Me: My uncle was killed in the 1999 Sydney, Australia hail storm. He was hit in the head by a hailstone the size of a cricket ball.

Minion Application Essay: My sister Aaina and I fell in love with the same man. I love my sister dearly so I did not interfere with her romance and stood by (broken hearted) as she married this man. Her husband and I had been lovers many years before and our romance ended due to a misunderstanding. Aaina did not know of this romance. Had she known she would have been devastated! In the years following their wedding I avoided visiting Aaina and her husband because her husband and I might look at each other and reveal the secret. I should point out that Aaina's husband did not know that Aaina

and I were sisters. He bore no fault in this matter other than sharing our secret because I asked him not to divulge it. It was a tangled web, indeed.

Okay. You are probably bored and wondering if I'll ever get to the point so I will. Last night my sister called me. She told me that her husband confessed that he had once had another lover and that he still had feelings for this other woman. My sister was in such a rage that she threw him out. He had no place to go and so he came to stay with me. Now we are back together. He has since told me that he has always loved me and that he only married my sister because he needed someone to care for him. I wish I could figure a way out of this mess. It will only get worse now because we will need to tell my sister the truth. The moral of this story is to always tell the truth. Truth can be defined as either the opposite of a lie or the absence of it.

MEET MINION # 1690

Dwight Bacchanalia (44, Libra, Tribeca, NYC)

Something Special about Me: I own a genuine *L'Inconnue de la Seine* death mask. I bought it at a garage sale for only \$2000.

Minion Application Essay: When I was a little boy my sister and I spent the summer at our Aunt Becky and Uncle Frank's house in the Adirondacks. My aunt and uncle were nudists (but I don't think our mom and dad knew that or they probably wouldn't have let us gone up there). Aunt Becky and Uncle Frank were hippies and walked around all day doing their farming chores naked. They were hemp tree growers (so they said). They were cool and let us run around their farm naked too. During that summer distant cousins came to visit our uncle and aunt. They were from Canada and about the same age as my sister and I. We had so much fun! We spent the whole week running around naked and doing fun stuff, like swim, fish and play Frisbee. It was really very innocent. Twenty years later we met those cousins again at a wedding. One of them asked: "Hey, remember that summer up at Aunt Becky and Uncle Frank's house when we were nudists?" We were all pretty drunk and decided to see it was still fun to be nudists so we stripped out of our suits and dresses and ran around naked in the parking lot. It was so funny. Well, I guess you just had to be there.

POETRY

This week a poem drifted in that had certain irrefutable merits. Its author is a rhymester, who frequents a haunt known as Perk's Coffee House in Norwood, MA. This person sent the following letter to accompany the poem and so I thought I'd include it along with the poem since it might help explain some of the bitter anguish this poor person is holding. This is really what poetry was always meant to be.

Dear Mooj,

Yesterday I was sitting in Perk's Coffee House at a little round lace covered table sipping hot chai and composing one of my poems. A beautiful woman approached and asked me if she could read my poem. I'm normally very reluctant to share my poetry; I'm very private and much of my poetry is about personal confusion and anguish. This woman had cobalt eyes as dark as midnight. She had dark hair, like the color of a wet bay horse on a hot summer race day. Her lips were crimson red, as if they had been smothered with sun ripened sangria wine. Her features began and ended with a smile that only Étienne Mallarmé could write about and Berthe Morisot could paint. I had to share my poem with her. I knew not why.

She sat and held my hand as she read the poem. She began to cry and grabbed my other hand. She then told me that I should send the poem to you.

So I am sending this to you—very much aware that I leave myself vulnerable. I am very sensitive and hope that you not be overcritical or discouraging if you feel it is not worthy. I simply cannot take rejection and would rather think it never arrived than be judged undeserving. I would rather write poetry than do anything else on this Earth. If I am judged unworthy as a poet then I have nothing the live for.

Pax & Metta,
Khukumokumoto

Mais où sont les neiges d'anta?

By Khukumokumoto, Age 20

Here I sit all broken hearted
Love forlorn now departed
People think I look retarded
Take my heart
Don't discard it

Dude, what's that smell?
I just farted

TRAVELS WITH MOJO

Darkness settled over the lazy Mississippi River while Mogender and I drifted slowly southward atop the raft-like floating dock. The island that had been Mogender's home for the last few days was now a distant blob.

When we were safely down the river about a mile from the island I made Mogender take off his stupid ape suit and throw it into the river. Mogender, sensing that I was in no mood to be angered, obeyed my wishes. That was the end of the man-monkey. No longer would it torment the innocent or my sanity.

As we floated down the lazy river Mogender and I squatted comfortably atop the floating dock. We couldn't help but notice the beauty that was all around us as we gazed upward at the stars. Every mile or so we saw lights sparkle on the Missouri side but hardly anything on the Illinois side. It was such a peaceful night.

Mogender and I passed the hours talking. It was then that I realized that Mogender was actually a very pleasant fellow. I found him quite charming and witty and much more intelligent than I had ever given him credit for in the brief time that I had known him. In fact, the two of us really began to bond that night and I was sorry that I had ever spoken ill of him in the past.

Every once in a while a large scow or barge would sail up or down the river and cause small waves or ripples to overlap our floating dock. We needed to be very mindful of everything that came our way as we knew the raft was nearly undetectable because it was unlit and almost submerged with our combined weight. From afar the two of us might even have appeared to be sitting on the water.

After several hours of drifting we skirted along a big island and then the river turned eastward. We began seeing lights and knew that we were getting close to civilization again. These lights were passed without incident and then it was dark again.

After another hour or so the river turned southward and we could see a bridge and well-lit town in the distance. This town appeared to be much larger than the others we had passed earlier and we knew it was going to be difficult to float by undetected now

that daybreak was approaching. It just wasn't wise to attract unnecessary attraction to ourselves; especially, if people in the upcoming town had heard of the man-monkey attacks in Hannibal. Plus, Mogender and I looked pretty ridiculous floating around on that piece of dock—mainly since Mogender was naked. He wasn't wearing anything under that stupid ape suit that I made him throw into the river. We decided to put to shore and hide.

Once we got the floating dock over to the side of the river (no easy task since we didn't have a rudder) we pulled it out of the water and lugged it up into the woods. We covered it with leaves, grass and anything else we could find. I then instructed Mogender to hide in some trees until I could return with food and clothing for him. The sun had already risen and traffic on the river was beginning to pick up.

From our hiding spot I climbed up an embankment and found a set of railroad tracks that ran parallel to the river. I followed them southward into the large town. I saw a sign saying the place was called Louisiana, Missouri. There I found a large Mart style store and bought Mogender clothing. I also picked up the morning newspaper. I began reading it to see if there was any mention of the Man-Monkey attacks in Hannibal.

Then horrors struck at me! The morning newspaper had a front page story about the attacks. But worst of all it mentioned that the Hannibal Police Department had fished an "ape suit" out of the river. The "suit" contained vital clues in the pocket. The most troubling of these were Mogender's passport, H-1 Visa paperwork, and several love letters he had written to a woman named Shahajaan Preteep Narwalah in India. These letters detailed Mogender's "Man-Monkey" attacks both in India and America. That idiot Mogender also mentioned me in his letters. *The Hannibal Police Department and the FBI were now offering rewards for both of us!!!*

I will continue this saga next week. I am too tired to go on.

Vic Taylor Note: The below article was sent in by reader. I assume it is the newspaper account Swami mentioned in his traveling adventures on the previous page.

Vital Clues Surface in Man-Monkey Attack

Hannibal Ape Man Exposed

By S. Phelps
Staff Writer

from St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 10/1/2001



M.H.V. Singh (File Photo, 1995)



The police say the creature is 4'8", wears only a dark coat of hair



Eyewitness says it is 5'6", wears black and sports a helmet, with shining red eyes

Marion County Sheriff Deputies reported yesterday that they discovered remnants of an ape costume floating in the Mississippi River about 2 miles north of Mundy Landing, Missouri. This costume contained the passport and H-1 Visa paperwork of an Indian male, aged 26, named Mogender Hanuman Vijay Singh. These documents were found in the back pocket of the suit along with letters and poems written to a Shahajaan Preteop Narwalah of New Delhi, India.

According to sources familiar with the story these letters detailed how Mr. Singh was "the ferocious and unyielding Man-Monkey of New Delhi," and that he was responsible for attacking several people in and around Chicago during the summer. Mr. Singh also told Miss Narwalah that he would continue to attack innocent people unless she agreed to marry him.

Mentioned also in these letters was that Mr. Singh was in the company of his uncle Mujaputtia Umbababharaba, a known fugitive and drifter from Chester County, Pennsylvania. It is now believed that Mr. Singh and possibly Mr. Umbababharaba were responsible for the ape attacks that took place in the parking lot of the Aunt Polly Motel, near the Mark Twain

boyhood home on Sept 31, 2001 in Hannibal, Missouri. During this attack several prominent members of the Marion County Interfaith Community Choir were injured, including a nun, two priests, two rabbis and one imam. The victims told police that a giant ape attacked them as they were exiting the motel conference room following their rehearsal. Efforts to locate the ape following the attacks failed.

After finding the ape suit, Deputy Sheriff Warren Bixby of the Marion County Sheriff's Department contacted authorities in New Delhi, India and learned from them that Mr. Singh was wanted for questioning in regard to several similar "man-monkey" style attacks that occurred in the Indian capital last spring. One source familiar with the Marion County Sheriff's Department investigation reveals that the man-monkey attacks in New Delhi stopped about the same time that Mr. Singh immigrated to America. Mr. Singh was and is still considered by the New Delhi Police Department to be the prime suspect.

The Marion County Sheriff's Department is now offering a \$5,000 reward to anyone sup-

Man-Monkey Images From New Delhi Police Files

plying information that leads to the arrest or capture of Mr. Singh and Mr. Umbababharaba. Several people have already come forward to say that they had seen Mr. Umbababharaba in Hannibal for several days following the ape attacks. "He was easy to spot since he looked like a swami," says one concerned citizen, who continued, saying: "Mostly he was hanging out in the alley behind Injun' Joe's Liquor Barn and loitering outside the Becky Thatcher Adult Bookstore, near the railroad station. A Jeep Cherokee registered to a Mujaputtia Umbabab- Please see Man Monkey, B4

Storms Reap Havoc at Local Yacht Club

Floating Dock Disappears

Last Thursday's storm brought record rainfall and caused the floating dock at The Tom Sawyer Yacht Club to float away. "That dock

The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 17

November 15, 2001

A Word From Vic Taylor: Greetings, brother and sister minions! Before we begin yet another fun-filled wholesome and enriching newsletter I would like to introduce to you our new intern. His name is Tømmerby Hammershøj and he is an immigrant from Skagen, Denmark. He will be helping me publish this newsletter for the next few months.

Tømmerby claims on his intern application that he is a graduate student at The University of Delaware, where he is completing his PhD. in English Literature. His dissertation was just submitted and he is awaiting his final grade. The dissertation was entitled *The Contribution of Elizabethan Poets (Mainly Shakespeare) to Modern Psychoanalytic Archetypes*. That sounds very interesting! Tømmerby also claims to have an advanced degree in Jungian Psychology from the University of Copenhagen. His list of publications includes many topical papers and journal articles on Onanism and Pompoiring in 17th Century Gaelic Literature. I'm not sure what that means but it sounds scholarly.

Most significant, however, is that Tømmerby has been a practicing Mooj Minion for many years (he is Minion # 534). He seems really smart so we're happy to have him! Welcome aboard, Tømmerby!!! Now get to work!

The reason Swami Mooj isn't writing this introduction is because we were unable to communicate with him this week. He is, as most of you know, rafting down the Mississippi River with his nephew. We got a Travels with Mooj update (which was mailed from somewhere in Southern Missouri) but that was it. Swami assured me that as soon as he is established somewhere he will resume his normal duties as editor.

Since I have your attention I wanted to thank everyone for paying for their subscriptions and sending in love donations, especially former Minion # 1675 (Sir Robert Thornton). He died last week and bequeathed a small fortune to **The New Friends of**

Mooj Society. Sir Robert was **very** generous and as a result we have moved out of the West Chester storage locker and rented an office in downtown Bel Air, Maryland.

Our new address is:

New Friends of Mooj Society
Grizzly Duck Office Park
143 N. Main Street, Suite B,
Bel Air, MD 21014.

We invite you to stop by if you wish to visit or bring donations. Below is a photo of our new intern Tømmerby posing in the new office. I told you the guy looked really smart!



Because of the increased revenues and demand for better services, **The New Friends of Mooj Society** will be hiring office staff. You can apply in person at the new office or fill out a card at the Harford County Career Expo this week. Tømmerby will be working in the Mooj booth. Remember, you must be a registered Mooj Minion to apply!

Yours in The Mooj,

Vic Taylor

Minion Mail

The Mooj Mail Bag was full of its usual minion-type requests for wisdom, advice and psychedelic truth vision requests. Since Swami was unable to answer the minion mail, our new intern Tømmerby suggested that he might use his psychology insight to address this week's mail. *That sounds like a splendid idea!*

Dear Mooj,

My husband says the condoms I found in his luggage were to protect him when he runs in marathons. Can I believe him? I'm a Virgo, aged 25. He's 33 and is a Gemini with Leo rising signs. My husband is a high-powered attorney and does lots of traveling all up and down the east coast. As far as I know he isn't athletic and I've never known him to run in a 5K, let alone a marathon. I found the condoms while I was unpacking his suitcase after his trip to New York. We don't use condoms so I immediately became suspicious. He claimed he wore them during the NYC marathon to prevent chafing and discomfort. Surely a condom would fall off while he ran, wouldn't you think? I still love him but I suspect that he may be fooling around. I don't know what to do.

"A Concerned Wife in Langley, VA"

Tømmerby's Response: Perhaps your query is best answered using the immortal wisdom of William Shakespeare, whom often spoke to this issue (though not specifically lying about the use of condoms). Sonnet 56 seems appropriate here:

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpened in his former might:
So, love, be thou, although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love, with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
As call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare..

Dear Mooj,

I had a night of passion with my boss - *and now I really, really regret it!* I just started working at KFC and from day one I was totally hot for my manager. He's really cute. Last week he asked me out. We totally made out. It was the first time I ever kissed a boy. It made me feel special. I thought he really liked me but the next day at work he took me to aside and told me it was all a big mistake because he is married. I now feel used and sick. He's such a creep! What should I do?

Gilly, Age 16
Dover, DE

Tømmerby's Response: Yes, Shakespeare, again, seems appropriate here. Sonnet 96 is probably as good as any to address your specific problem:

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report

Sir,

I cannot put into words how terrible my life has been. For years I have suffered abysmal failure in both my professional and personal life. But that wasn't always the case. In my younger days I was a superstar. I was an All American! The Big Man on Campus! I had the best car, best girl, best clothes, best hair — best *everything!* Then all of a sudden my life changed and bad luck seemed to follow me everywhere I went. Now I know why!!!!

After I graduated from high school I went to Stanford on a full scholarship and then played in the

NFL for six years. Then I worked in broadcasting. Life was great! I was doing well and then a mysterious stranger came into my life. This man bought the radio station where I worked. The first thing he did was fire me. I found work at another station but that same mysterious person bought that one too and I was fired again. I moved to a new state, took another radio gig, and then the same thing happened. I had no idea who this mysterious person was or why he was trying to ruin my career. After a few more firings I was washed up as a broadcaster and began selling cars. I kid you not! As soon as I was firmly established as a salesman somewhere that same mysterious person would show up, buy the dealership where I worked and have me fired! I moved all over America trying to find work. I even changed my name but it didn't matter.

And that mysterious person wasn't content with just wrecking my professional life—*he had to destroy my personal life too!* I married six times. Every single one of my ex-wives dumped me for someone else; no doubt a man that was paid well to woo them away! Those heartless gigolos often abandoned my ex wives as soon as I re-married.

I even tried to kill myself a number of times but some "do-gooder" (that was probably hired by that mysterious stranger to follow me) always showed up and saved me.

My life has been a living hell for years now!!!!

Up until last week I had no idea who this mysterious stranger was. Then I saw the letter in your newsletter from Benny Pyle. It rang bells. I mean some major "liberty bell" sized bells!

Benny was a teammate in high school. He mentioned a fake Indian raid on guy named Jim Ruddy. I was there! I took part in that phony raid. I knew most of the other guys on the team died in bizarre accidents but I never put two and two together. Since Benny and I were the guys that shaved Jim's mother's head he must have saved the worst for us! That's why he let us live—so that he could torment us forever!

Please Jim—if you're reading this—I beg you, please let me live what is left of my pathetic life in peace! Benny was the one that actually shaved your mom's head; all I did was hold her head down and then bob her in the toilet afterwards! Have mercy on

me! I beg you! I was drunk and didn't know any better. For the love of God, forgive me!

"Skid Row Jake"
Oakland, CA.

Tømmerby's Response: I have no idea what this letter is about but will include it in the minion mail anyway since it ties in so well with that whole ironic "coincidence" thing that this newsletter is so famous for. To soothe your sorrows, "Skid Row Jake," I prescribe Sonnet 44:

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

Mooj,

I am hoping that you get this message. I am sending this to my base camp via a messenger. This Sherpa has proven to be reliable in the past and so I assume he will deliver the message properly and trust that someone at base camp will forward it to you. Here's my very important message: **OPRAH SUX!!!!**

"Ben Wah,"K2, Nepal

Tømmerby's Response: Yes, a true ponderance! This letter is best answered with Shakespearian wisdom (Sonnet 109 to be exact):

O! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from my self depart
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe though in my nature reigned,
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

Moojer:

I need your sagely advice great salami, er I mean swami. I need to know whether I should go to Harvard or Orange Coast College. I got accepted to both. My father and mother both went to Harvard but I read in *Playboy* that Orange Coast College was voted the number one party school in the Nation. What should I do?

Oliver Wendell Homie
Costa Mesa, CA

Tømmerby's Response: If I were you I would forget about college. Shakespeare, again, would be appropriate here. Sonnet 77 to be exact:

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book, this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

Mooj,

I just found out that my son wants to play lacrosse.
Oh my God! *Does that mean he's gay?*

"A Very Concerned Father in College Station, TX"

Tømmerby's Response: Hark! Your query can best be answered by Sonnet 12:

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Dear Mooj,

I woke up this morning with a strange sensation. I think aliens abducted me while I was asleep. At first I thought I was dreaming but then I noticed my rectum was bleeding and that I had several indentation marks on my head (like I had been experimented on or something). Any clue as to what happened to me?

Jerriani Meridia
Jacksonville, FL

Tømmerby's Response: I have no idea. Nor do I even want to venture a guess. But Shakespeare knows all and tells all, thus the answer to your problem is best found hidden within the riddle of Sonnet 29:

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Mooj:

Most of your minion mail seems so negative these days. Here's one that I hope you'll find positive. I really, really, really like you and your *En-lighteningment* newsletter. It's so interesting and full of fun stuff. Your detractors are just troublemakers, looking to find meaning in your simple stories, lessons and poems—they should know better! Can you send me a blessing and some flash-frozen sperm? Peace out!

MarcSchlitz@msnbc.com

Tømmerby's Response: What you need more is Sonnet 28:

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarred the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd,
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain

How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
 When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

Dear Mooj,

I met this wonderful guy in my step aerobics class last night. He's so cute! After class he told me that he thought I looked really hot in my sports bra and black and white leotards. I returned the compliment by telling him that he looked like Fabio. He's totally hot!!!! I think he really likes me. Should I let him know I'm available? And if so, what would be the best way to do that?

Candy Lemon
 Bel Air, MD

Tømmerby's Response: Fabio huh? Even in Denmark we admire the handsome and jaunty Fabio! Rather than waste time assessing your plight I suggest you follow the advice given by Shakespeare in Sonnet 105:

Let not my love be called idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
 Which three till now, never kept seat in one.

Isn't that just peachy! The Mooj and Mogender—two complete morons—floating leisurely down the Mississippi River on a raft just like Huckleberry and Jim. Well I got news for you, chumps: the Mississippi River ain't like it used to be back in the days of Mark Twain. You just can't "sail" down the river now because there are locks and dams on it now. Good luck, mo-fools!

KingLatifah@verizon.net

Tømmerby's Response: Lust is lost on the unloving, or at least it was to Shakespeare, as he heralded inner wisdom in Sonnet 150:

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O! though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

Mooj,

Last night I was unpacking my husband's suitcase after he returned from a business trip and found a small container of something called Mr. Zog's Sex Wax. I am terribly upset and am afraid that my husband is either having a torrid affair or intends to use this Mr. Zog's material on me in some strange, perverted fashion. Can you please enlighten me on what it is and what I should do?

Stephanie Tower
 Suffolk, VA

Tømmerby's Response: Shakespeare, in his finite wise-dumb, penned Sonnet 125 for you:

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which proves more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all and more by paying too much rent
 For compound sweet, forgoing simple savour,
 Pitiiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mixed with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborned informer! a true soul
 When most impeached stands least in thy control.

Mooj, Remember that guy that wrote in last month and said that he used to pick up girls at the McDonalds drive-thru window by uncorking his love banana and hanging it out the window? Back when I worked at Der Wienerschnitzel I used to do the same thing. Except I'd say, "Hey, baby, is this the 'foot-long' you had in mind?" I wasn't lucky like that other guy in Texas though because most of my potential dates would drive off and never come back (unless they had a police officer with them).

coryb@walmart.com

Tømmerby's Response: Yes, both man and machine labor to lust. For you I suggest Sonnet 7:

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
But when from highest pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon
Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.

Greetings, MahaMoojAmadeed!

This is just a quick note to say hello and thank you for your wonderful teachings. I read your newsletters all the time. I used to think that there was nothing worthwhile on the Internet until I found you. I feel enlightenment is now just a "click" away. Since I am such an ardent fan would you consider gracing me with an autographed picture of yourself? I'll hang it proudly in my bathroom.

Ryan Caine
Jefferson City, AR

Tømmerby's Response: Thank you for your kind words. Vic Taylor says he will send you a picture as soon as he can. And I, in turn, send forth to you Sonnet 89:

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against my self I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

Mooj,

I met this really cool guy in my morning body pump class. He looks just like Fabio! After class he told

me that he thought I looked really sexy doing my squats. Should I pursue this guy? He seems really nice.

Cindy Rawl
Bel Air, MD

Tømmerby's Response: Yes, true love beckons! This situation calls for Sonnet 135:

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vexed thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

McMooj, I just met my dream stud!!!! *Woof woof!* He's this new guy at my health club. He took the afternoon precision cycle class with me yesterday. He's totally gorgeous! *He looks just like Fabio!!!!* He was totally checking me out during the class and afterwards he told me that he really liked the way my gluteus muscles expand and contract while doing stationary jumps. Normally I avoid men from the club because they're egotistical and shallow but this guy seems really, really nice. What is your opinion—should I go for it?

Sandy Crown
Bel Air, MD

Tømmerby's Response: Shakespeare knows the heart that pounds. For you, lovelorn one, Sonnet 68:

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

New Minions

MEET MINION # 1691

Blue Dahlia Pope (66, Leo, Glenrowan, Victoria, Australia)

Something Special about Me: My grandfather was in Ned Kelly's gang. He was killed in the infamous body armor shootout.

Minion Application Essay: *Ohm namo bagwaate vasudeviya! Ohm namo bagwaate!* I give unto thee splendid greetings and wish thee many happy returns, dear sweet gentle Mooj. I beg that you can bring me the joy you bring to others by admitting me into your elite kingdom of Moojism. Also, can you send a blessing to end my hemorrhoids?

MEET MINION # 1692

Louise Dodge (78, Aires, Bronx, NY)

Something Special about Me: When I was a teenager I worked at the Kress Five and Dime in Harlem. This was the very same Kress where Dino Rivera was beaten in the 1920s for stealing candy.

Minion Application Essay: Sri. Mooj, this is one of the best self-realization web sites out there. It has loads of good information on it and no pornography. Keep up the good work! Make me a minion and I will make you proud!

MEET MINION # 1693

Moti Masjihood (25, Taurus, Rajistan, India)

Something Special about Me: My father says he met you in Ramrama many years ago. He says he doesn't believe you are a real swami and suggests that you are more likely a beef eating *homo erectus*.

Minion Application Essay: I came upon your website by accident. I have many elders that have your last name. So we are related. I bet you're my uncle or something. Can I have an autographed photo? I want to hang it in my super secret shrine to all things 420-friendly. Right on!

MEET MINION # 1694

Danica Lugo (21, Leo, West Chester, NY)

Something Special about Me: I am a graduate of Sarah Lawrence College. No, I am not a thespian.

Minion Application Essay: Hey, Mooj! I saw your picture on a pamphlet and fell in love with you. I can stare into your magical mystical eyes all day if I have to. My friend Ben says he is going to design a tattoo for me that has your face surrounded by religious and mythological symbols. It will be so awesome! My friend Ben designed my other tattoos. He inks in NYC and he's really good. Attached to this email are photos of me. The tattoo on my back is a picture of the Dolly Lama. Isn't it cool how Ben made the Dolly Lama's eyes look like cheeseburgers? Ben said it was a symbol for how religion has become commercialized. The tattoo on my lower back is H.R. Puff N Stuff (dressed like Alice in Wonderland) smoking a Hookah. If you look real close you'll see the smoke puffs turn into dollar signs. Totally cool. On my left butt cheek is Geronimo skydiving. Can you see how he's yelling "Custer" as he jumps? Ben thought that would be ironic. On my other butt cheek is a south pacific scene. If you look real close you'll see that the palm trees are actually pot leaves. My favorite of them all so far is the one on my stomach. Ben says it's supposed to be Thomas Swann, the famous Civil War general. Isn't it clever how Ben made my pubic hair look like his beard?

Anyway, I'll send a pic of my Mooj tattoo as soon as it is done. I can totally understand if you don't show the pictures in your magazine because of the nudity.

MEET MINION # 1695

Susan R. (37, Aires, Bell Meade, NJ)

Something Special about Me: When I was in college I did a term paper on The Mad Gasser of Mattoon. I got a B+ on it!

Minion Application Essay: Hey, all right! I'm totally onboard with this Mooj thing. I want so bad to have

the Mooj be my Guru. I was once a devotee of this other Guru in Virginia. I won't mention that guy's name but he turned out to be a big phony. Well, maybe not. I just didn't like how he felt he was so superior to everyone. He made people put flower petals down before he walked and I saw him on more than one occasion kick someone for not touching his feet fast enough. And talk about a dirty old man! He was always having us female devotees bathe and powder him. I wised up after sixteen years.

MEET MINION # 1696

"T-Baby Rex" (28, Taurus, Bronx, NY)

Something Special about Me: My father played for the Fort Wayne Zollner Pistons.

Minion Application Essay: I wish to become a Mooj Minion because I want to be enlightened. I was sitting at my desk and I saw this white light start to fizzle on my computer screen. It got bigger and bigger. I thought my monitor was fried. Then the white circle of light spun into a face that beckoned me. It said: "Join The Mooj and he will free your mind." So I guess I want to join the Mooj. What happens now? Am I supposed to go somewhere? Do I need to send money or buy anything? Let me know.

MEET MINION # 1697

Susan Clark (53, Sagittarius, Santa Clara, CA)

Something Special about Me: I can (for real) suck a golf ball through a garden hose.

Minion Application Essay: When I was fifteen I decided to run away and join the circus. That was back in 1963 when joining the circus meant something. I traveled all over the country and met lots of great people, including my first three husbands. Along the way I learned some great tricks and became pretty famous as a sideshow freak. Then last year I realized that there was something missing in my life. I didn't know what it was until I found your web site. Now my life is fulfilled! Hail thee, most worthy Mooj!

MEET MINION # 1698

Sarah G. (19, Capricorn, Plymouth, MA)

Something Special about Me: I had a pedicure last night and the lady told me I had royal blood because my second toe was larger than my big toe. She says only kings and queens have toes like that.

Minion Application Essay: My current boyfriend is very strange. Last night I came home and he was smelling our dirty laundry. He also refuses to take his socks off. Even in the shower.

MEET MINION # 1699

Tommy Hunter (39, Sagittarius, Maplesville, GA)

Something Special about Me: I wish I could remember something. I'll have to get back to you on this one.

Minion Application Essay: Back when I was in high school there was this girl that I was really hot for. I was always scamming on her. Finally I came up with this awesome plan and it totally worked. Since I'm such a cool dude I thought I'd share my great idea with my soon-to-be fellow buds. Here's what I did: During last period I snuck out of class and found the girl's car. I popped open the hood and yanked off the starting coil wire from the distributor cap. I then closed the hood and returned to class. After school most of us stoner dudes hung out in the smoking quad and I could see the parking lot from there. I saw the girl get in her car and try to start it. Sure enough—the car wouldn't turn over and guess who showed up to save the day? I told her I was an ace mechanic and so she let me pop open the hood. I did a bunch of stuff to make it look like I was doing some heavy-duty repair work (like take off the air cleaner, pull off the radiator cap and pull out and put back in the dipstick—you know stuff like that). I then plugged back in her igniter cable and told to her to try and start the car. It started up right away and she was grateful. *Smooth!* She then asked me how she could pay me back and I said, "Go to the senior prom with me!" She told me she would think about it and gave me her phone number. I can't remember if she actually went to the prom with me or not because I was smoking a lot of dope back then. Man, now that I think about it, I don't remember anything from the 70s. Too hip, gotta go!

Travels with Mooj

Last week I mentioned that Mogender had been implicated as the Man-Monkey. I also learned that there was a big reward being offered for me too. We were both fugitives afoot now. I quickly dropped the newspaper (where I read all this), looked around to make sure that I had not been seen (and I hadn't) and then ran and hid in the woods. I was so upset that I needed several hours of tranquil meditation to calm myself. I was very near a heart attack and was having acid reflux spasms.

At sunset I emerged from my hiding place and made my way back to where Mogender and the floating dock had been hidden that morning. I wasn't sure what I was going to do when I found Mogender, besides give him another kick in the head. By the time I returned to Mogender it had been dark for almost an hour. Mogender quickly jumped out of a tree. My anger toward the lad subsided when I saw that the poor boy was starved, frozen and covered with insect and snake bites. After Mogender had eaten I told him that we were both being hunted and that we had no time to waste. His foolishness had now made it necessary for us to keep floating down the river.

We quickly pulled the floating dock from its hiding place and shoved it back into the river. Within minutes we were safely aboard and moving southward with the leisurely river current. River traffic was heavy near the Louisiana City waterfront but we slipped by undetected thanks to our dark Asian complexions and the fact that most of the floating dock was submerged due to all the wakes and waves that were splashing around us. Once we cleared the city limits we were pretty much left to our own lonesome selves again. We continued moving southward with the current.

Near midnight we passed a small town on the Missouri side of the river and overheard two watchmen sitting on a levee. They were over two hundred yards away but their voices carried so well that it sounded like they were sitting next to us. Besides talking about women, recreational drug use, college football, basketball, beer and other unintelligent things, we heard one of the men mention the man-monkey ordeal up in Hannibal. Our ears perked up as we listened for details. A cold chill ran down our spines when we heard the men say that the reward for our capture had been substantially increased and that many locals and bounty hunters were now scouting the woods and river towns for us. I whispered to Mogender that under these circumstances we had to be even more vigilant with our escape.

Soon the river thinned considerably and we drifted between and around islands and sandbars. Before long the sky began turning purple and I knew that we needed to find another place to stop and hide for the day. Without much effort we ran aground on an island near the Illinois side of the river. There we hid the floating dock and found a place to sleep. The weather was crisp and wet by then and the coming winter was ominous. We would need warmer clothes very soon. We secured them from unwatched clotheslines.

The next few nights found us traveling in a similar fashion, averaging about ten to twenty miles a day. During these tranquil nights we drifted past what I could only describe as dimly-lit pastoral towns that lined both sides of the river. Mogender and I became comfortable with the monotony of the river travel and soon came to love our life as genuine Mississippi River raftsmen (although we weren't technically on a raft). In many ways I felt like a character in one of William Faulkner's novels. Mogender wasn't exactly versed in American literature so he compared us to the likes of DeSoto and LaSalle, two famous explorers that he claimed also rafted down the Mississippi. (I think he may be mistaken about that but I don't really care one way or the other.)

After many nights of idle drifting, the river turned gently northward and we began to sense that we were getting closer to civilization. Scows, tugs, barges, fake steamboats, oil tankers and sailboats were now crowding the river and we became concerned for our safety. Not only was our capture a big problem but also our survival—for by then we were continuously dodging oncoming river traffic.

Then tragedy struck! Out of nowhere came the loud blast from an air horn and we were blinded by an intense beam of light. Before we knew it our floating dock had been struck broadside by an oncoming garbage barge; Mogender and I were forced to dive into the river to save our lives! When I surfaced I witnessed absolute devastation! The floating dock had been completely shattered and Styrofoam was strewn everywhere. Worst of all Mogender was nowhere to be seen.

I will have to finish this narrative later. I am too anguished to go on right now.

Minion Bride

What exactly is Minion Pride? Every week *TheEnlightenment* receives dozens of pictures of proud and otherwise elated minions showing their Mooj minion pride. Normally we just throw these pictures into the archives. Our new intern Tømmerby made the suggestion that we pick a few of the most deserving photos and actually post them in the newsletter. Not a bad idea for an intern! So if you have minion pride and are willing to show it off (without using nudity or other vulgar acts of imagery) then send a picture of it in. This week's selection is **Missy Gellerman** (minion #922). She works at Hooters and wanted to show everyone her new Mooj tattoo. Enjoy!



The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 18

December 1, 2001

First Things First. I bid you hello! I am sorry I was out of communications last week but I am sure you understand the hardships I encountered receiving and sending mail while floating down the Mississippi River on a raft-like object. As most of you know that journey has now come to a sad and tragic end. I will explain all this later in the **Travels with Mooj** section. Describing those events now would be pointless. In retrospect, the whole journey down the river was pointless. For now, let me just assure everyone that I am safe and sound and still have my wits about me.



I was told by Vic Taylor that **The New Friends of Mooj Society** was recently blessed with another large donation by a dearly departed minion. Though I am saddened by the news of the loss of a minion I am also jubilant to know this person thought highly of his or her brother and sister minions. Much of this serendipitous revenue was used to establish a new office in Bel Air, Maryland. I've been sent a few pictures of the new office and it looks very nice. I will have to make a note to visit this place if ever my travels bring me to that area again. And like many of you I have no idea why **The New Friends of Mooj Society** decided to move from Chester County, Pennsylvania to Bel Air, Maryland. I suspect it was for tax reasons.

From what I gather not many of you were satisfied with the new intern. Neither was I. Without being too critical of Vic Taylor for his poor assistant editorial judgment, I will say only that something like that will never happen again. Tomerbee (or whatever his name was) was fired. Not so much because he answered the minion mail using Shakespearian sonnetry; nor was it because he lied on his job application (he did not have graduate or doctorate degrees, nor was he even a student). He wasn't even Danish! He was fired for sending a budding poet named Khukumokumoto a nasty letter telling him that his poetry sucked. That was totally uncalled for! That poor Khukumokumoto man was bearing his soul to us. That poem meant something to him. It was a reflection of his angst and inner turmoil. How dare anyone 'judge' his poetry! We are very sorry, Khukumokumoto, and hope that you can grace us once again with one of your poetry gems. Just not right away.

My friends, before I end this introduction and begin answering minion mail I need to pass along some heartbreaking news. I know many of you will be saddened by what I am about to tell you. I was just sent a message from a lawyer in Evanston, Illinois. My dear Uncle Chandrachur has passed away. He died in his sleep. He was 103 years old. Some finance company is now demanding that I return his car. The funny thing is I have no idea where that car is. I tried to do a truth vision but the car would not reveal its exact location. I could only see that it was sitting in an impound yard somewhere. I must have left it in a no parking zone the night I climbed atop the levee and did my meditation during the big storm. If you live in Hannibal and work at an impound yard that has a 1977 red Chevy Nova with Illinois plates, can you see that it is returned to the bank in Evanston that holds the title?

Blessings and Such,

मूजपती उम्बाबारावा

Minion Mail

Oh Tommerby,

Thank you so much for your inspiring Shakespearean love sonnet last week. I took advantage of your holistic advice and did something totally crazy: I asked Marco out and now we're *engaged!* (He's that guy I told you about last week that looks like Fabio.) I owe it all to you (and Shakespeare)! When Marco found out how rich I was he said that we should celebrate our engagement European style! Marco says life is too short to let money sit rotting away in a bank somewhere so we're going to travel around the world. Our first stop will be the French Riviera to sunbathe nude on the Piazza Del Mer. I can't wait! That's Marco and I (see attached picture). Isn't he gorgeous? Eat your hearts out, girls!

Candy Lemon
Bel Air, MD



The Mooj's Response: I've already suggested what I thought about that phony Danish fraud. Since I was unable to read last week's mail to see what this woman is talking about I performed a modest semi-lukewarm truth vision and saw that this Marco (whose real name is Larry) does look handsome and European. But I also saw that this Larry is a cad and involved in multiple simultaneous romances. He appears to make his living off love hungry widows and gay divorcees. I advise this woman to avoid this man if she can.

-

Oh Mooj,

I did it! I asked my dream stud out and now we're engaged!!!! At first I was afraid because I thought that a man as handsome and beefy as my dream stud would reject me. But then I read that beautiful Shakespearean sonnet and I knew that I needed to follow my heart. Thus, I seized my courage and asked Marco out. It turns out that Marco and I are both Scorpios! Marco is younger than I am but it doesn't matter to him, nor does the fact that I have money. Marco is a starving artist and says he doesn't need money to live—he needs only love and passion. I told Marco that sometimes love happens no matter what we foolish mortals do and he agreed and then went out and bought me a book of poetry. Marco and I went to Bermuda last week (see picture). I won't go into detail about our romantic 2-day jaunt in that balmy tropical paradise that we never saw since we never left our hotel room—yuk yuk—but let's just say that Marco isn't a virgin anymore!

Cindy Rawl
Bel Air, MD



The Mooj's Response: I'm afraid to even bother reflecting on this letter. Could it be the same Marco? Rather than use up a truth vision I will, instead, dole out the same advice I gave that other woman. I will also perform a brief meditation and breakfast hour fast for these unfortunate lovers. This I do in hope that my enlightenment can be absorbed by all. Forget never that some love as they learn but all learn as they love.

-

Mooj,

What is it with Asians that makes the food you cook smell a house up so bad? I'm a realtor and hate whenever an Indian family wants me to sell their house because it always reeks of curry. By law I can't refuse a client so I just go along with a half-assed effort to sell the place. Every time it's the same thing: people walk in and then walk right out because the places stinks to high heavens from all that crap you Indians fry up in your clay ovens. I hope I didn't offend you or any of your Asian brothers and sisters but that's just how it is. Sometimes the truth hurts.

Dianne Colby
"The Honest Realtor"
Blossburg, PA

The Mooj's Response: For this woman I will simply dole out a half-assed blessing.

-

Sir,

For years I have been suffering with traumatic stress disorder and decided after reading your newsletter that this was the appropriate outlet to share my agonizing tale. I seek from you gentle ohms and a blessing.

My horror took place in 1977, when I was a young TV reporter working in the DC metro area. My news director was gung-ho about doing an expose on corruption inside a local woman's prison and asked me to go undercover. I thought this assignment would be my big break.

I was smuggled into the prison by one of the honest administrators. This guy was the only person who knew I was a reporter and not a real prisoner. I encountered many difficulties in prison because I looked just like Cheryl Ladd (except with much larger breasts) but I did my job professionally and collected evidence, despite severe hardships and many unwelcome sexual escapades with the warden and his cronies. I felt like I was in a bad Russ Meyer movie.

Once I had the 'smoking gun' my news director decided to break the story. My contact was just about to take me out when a huge riot broke out.

Because a lock down was ordered my contact took me back to my cell and told me he'd sneak me out later. But that didn't happen. During the riot my contact was taken hostage and killed. I was screwed!

My boss went ahead and aired the expose without me and didn't even care that I was still locked up in prison. For days I tried to make collect phone calls to my boss but he wouldn't accept them. Finally I called the station manager and he got me out. I was so pissed that I never worked as an undercover reporter again. If you ask me the media sucks!!! Today I work at a Krispy Kreme and everything is okay.

Kathleen Navidad
Silver Spring, MD

The Mooj's Response: A blessing is given to this poor woman. Vic Taylor has added a yellow sticky to this woman's letter asking that she send in a photo of herself in her prison outfit if she has one for the archives.

-

Mooj,

I just found out that my son wants to buy a bright yellow VW Beetle. *Oh my God!* Does that mean he's gay?

"A Very Concerned Father in College Station, TX"

The Mooj's Response: I do not know, nor do I care. I wonder why you do. Have you not learned that tolerance is an important element of self-realization? It has been said by those wiser than I that one cannot drop a coconut without first shaking the tree. To one's joy or discomfort more than one coconut might fall.

-

Dear Mooj,

I was enthralled to see such clever use of Shakespearean sonnetry in your latest newsletter. I teach Elizabethan Literature at the University of Delaware and found many of the selections to be appropriate and very well thought out. I think I might make my students write a paper examining the use of each sonnet as an answer.

I once had a student by the name of Tømmerby Hammershøj. Perhaps this is the same Tømmerby Hammershøj that is now your intern. The Tømmerby Hammershøj I knew was a major disappointment as far as I can recall. He was continually late for class and had the bad habit of poo-pooing everything I said. If your Tømmerby Hammershøj is passing himself off as a student I think you better do some looking into the matter because according to my records my Tømmerby Hammershøj flunked out of the University of Delaware in 1975.

Professor Donald A. Huffman
University of Delaware, School of the Humanities

The Mooj's Response: From what I gather lying about his academic record was only a minor contributor to his dismissal. I spoke of this episode earlier and will omit any further remarks now.

-

Sir,

Is there something about Vermont I should know? For instance, why do they show a picture of some guy peeing in a bucket on the back of their state quarter?

Jeff Harvey
Troy, NY

The Mooj's Response: It is said that pouring water into a pot that is upside down is an incorrect application of a correct purpose. So too is seeing the unseen in plain sight of the truth.

-

Dear Mooj,

Thanks to you and your great newsletter I have finally landed my dream hunk! I wrote in last week about a guy and your intern said to go for it (or actually the Shakespearean sonnet he prescribed for me did). Marco (that's his name) took me to Mexico for a quick 2-day love vacation! I used to be so frugal with my money but now that I met Marco I realize that I should live for the moment and not let my fortune waste away in some lonely bank vault. Marco and I are going to get married as soon as he

finishes his scuba diving certification. He wants to do that in either Rome or Paris. Attached is a picture of us in Mexico City. Aren't we a cute couple? Marco says that if we have children we can name one of them after you. (Isn't he a regular Don Juan?)

Sandy Crown
Bel Air, MD



The Mooj's Response: If this is the same Marco that has absconded upon the other two women previously mentioned then I suspect our former Danish intern has done more damage than previously thought around here. I will not waste a truth vision on this matter but will include this woman in my blessings.

-

Mooj,

I just met this guy on the Internet and I thought I better check with you before I meet him at the motel. His screen name is "Muy-macho-stud-man" and he says he is a professional volleyball player. He sent me his picture and he looks just like Fabio. I'm pretty nervous about meeting a stranger at a motel but this guy sounds too good to be true. What do you think? Should I go for it?

Danielle Copper
Fallston, MD

The Mooj's Response: As of now I can no longer bother with anymore minion letters. I have grown tired. To other women needing lovelorn advice I say this: Forget never that a single blow of a blacksmith is equal to a hundred blows of a goldsmith! This is true in relationships as well as in actual metalworking.

New Minions

MEET MINION # 1700

Jemma England (21, Taurus, Boston, MA)

Something Special about Me: I recently got breast implants. I've noticed a huge increase in self confidence and I am much more outgoing now. I am also working on my master's degree in Sociology. My department just got funding to study pubic hair rituals of the Trobriand Island natives and I think I might get to work on that. That would be cool. Or maybe not.

Minion Application Essay: I recently met a very nice man. He's a doctor. We've dated for three months. I really like him. He makes me laugh and is very nice. Last weekend I was sleeping over his house when he got called away on an emergency. He gave me a key and told me to lock up after I left. So I did ... but first I snooped. Yes, I admit it. I just wanted to find out more about him. It wasn't a very smart thing to do. I found something that made me very sad. The man I thought might be "Mr. Right" is actually "Mr. I like to dress up like a woman and take pictures of myself." That kind of creeps me out. We haven't broken up yet but I'm sure it's only a matter of time.

MEET MINION # 1701

Steve Walker Bush (36, Libra, Millbrae, CA)

Something Special about Me: I used to work at Sherba's Auto Parts on El Camino. Now I am unemployed and looking for work elsewhere. I am multilingual, multicultural, and hypersensitive.

Minion Application Essay: Do you remember that whole STYX Kilroy Was Here tour? I do, and let me tell ya, it wasn't pretty. I was a huge STYX fan back then and stuck with the band through it all. I even got my butt kicked for wearing my Mr. Roboto T-Shirt. That is the kind of devotion I bring to the table, Mr. Mooj. I'm true blue and loyal all the way! Now that I'm a minion do you think you can help me find a job?

MEET MINION # 1702

Ed Nixon (36, Leo, Millbrae, CA)

Something Special about Me: I am a friend of Steve's (he just sent in an application too). I also got fired from Sherba's Auto Parts but it was all Steve's fault. Once I got

busted for groping a mannequin at the Tanforan Mall. That was Steve's fault too.

Minion Application Essay: Listen, I really got nothing to offer you. Just make me a minion, okay?

MEET MINION # 1703

Randall Langston Dulles (55, Libra, San Bernardino, CA)

Something Special about Me: I am a member of the Green Party and running for Congress. I hope to represent California's 43rd District.

Minion Application Essay: My goal is to dramatically improve all areas of society by implementing scientifically proven programs that I have studied over the past 25 years while researching human behavior at the State Prison in Corcoran, CA. Republicans and Democrats have been in control of this country for too long and if they knew how to make these changes they certainly would have by now. I am running for Congress because I have both the knowledge and experience necessary to reduce crime, poverty, illness, and many other of society's problems. You can learn more about some of my other ideas, including a description of some of my more "intimate" experiences at Corcoran in my book called, *Gaping Holes of Wisdom*. It's available wherever paperbacks are sold.

MEET MINION # 1704

No Data Provided

Something Special about Me: I am an orphan ... abandoned under the Doo Doo River Bridge in Po Town, PI, sometime last century.

Minion Application Essay: I don't know 500 words ... is less ok? I need help, joe. People shun me and are afraid ... they say I have damaged jeans because my father was exposed to long term low level radiation in his job on a big nuclear boat. What ship are you? Mooj ... are you my father ? I love you joe ... er ... dad ... no sh_t !!!!

MEET MINION # 1705

Stacy Gertz (45, Aires, Dallas, TX)

Minion Application Essay: I live in a fabulous house and lead a comfortable life. But I am unhappy. Could it be that in my quest for material wealth that I neglected my spiritual inner-being? Could it be that when I was preoccupied with social status, that I was neglecting that which really mattered? Make me a Mooj minion and I will leave behind the ignorance I have accumulated and become once again the Stacy people knew in Eufaula, Oklahoma, before I went off to college and married Mr. Big Shot Science Man, a man most people think is really smart but who's really a big fat loser and has lots of problems....if you get my drift!

Dr. Peter Nanometer (65, Cancer, Saratoga, CA)

Minion Application Essay: Most fantastic website, Guru man! Very well done! Transliteration is a nice way to share your love and message with the world! And last, but not least, all pages of your online newsletters can be printed and read! That is really cool and convenient! It's wonderful to see how many activities of the mind are going on in your web site. I especially love the Mooj mail. I can tell that you are a very wise person by the way you answer your Mooj mail by pretending to be an ignorant person, thus making those that elicit sagely advice require their own wisdom to answer their own questions. Most brilliant! Most profound!

Anthony Deere (43, Pieces, Dover, DE)

Minion Application Essay: I am a staunch devotee of Swami Omkarananda and he is a wonderful spiritual leader. I have felt strong vibrations in his presence but

A decorative graphic featuring five yellow stars and four pink hearts arranged on a black background. The stars and hearts are outlined in yellow and pink respectively, with some containing smaller versions of the opposite shape inside them.

Dan Pipe (Unknown age, Capricorn, Texas)

Minion Application Essay: The very thought of spending the rest of my life as a minion sends soothing vibrations through my head, hands and feet. I also have this "ginger" taste in my mouth.

“Desperado Don” (42, Taurus, Marina del Rey, CA)

Minion Application Essay: My Karma has brought me to this! Exert, Exert, Exert! Do deliberate and do conscious actions! Exert, Exert, Exert! Do austerities and strike the lazy from your loins! Concentrate! Purify! Meditate! Don't yield to inertia! Don't bleat like a lamb! Roar Om Om Om like a lion of Vedanta! But most important of all listen to Ozzy! Ozzy rules!!!! OZZY!!!! OZZY!!!! OZZY!!! OZZY!!!! OZZY!!!! OZZY!!!! OZZY!!!! OZZY!!!! OZZY!!!!

Travels with Mooj

Although I was in a maximum state of shock because of the mid-river collision, I had the presence of mind to save myself and swim towards the nearest shore. When I arrived at the riverbank I was exhausted and heartbroken—for my humble nephew Mogender was nowhere to be seen. I remained on the banks of the river for several hours searching for Mogender but it was in vain. When sunrise began I had no choice but to egress into the woods and hide. Though grief-stricken, I knew it would matter little to fugitive and bounty hunters.

In the woods I discovered an unpaved lane that led towards a hamlet named Portage Des Sioux. There I found dainty homes clustered about in a sensible pattern. I sensed that my time to search for hiding was limited; people were beginning to stir and many kitchen and bedroom lights were coming on. I crept silently through the shadows while dogs howled and barked in my general direction. I found a basement window that was unlocked and quickly climbed through it. There I found my temporary hiding spot and quickly fell asleep.

I awoke hours later when I heard a basement door unlatch. "Goodness!" I thought as I jumped off a pool table and hid in the corner. From where I stood I could see a shadow emerge down creaking stairs. A middle age woman came into view. She was carrying a clothesbasket full of laundry. I remained silent as she emptied the dryer, transferred what was in a nearby washing machine into the dryer and then loaded the washing machine with clothes that she had just brought down. When she was done folding clothes and putting them back into the laundry basket she sat down on a small folding chair near a card table and began weeping. My heart ached for this poor woman.

This lady sobbed for quite some time and so I slowly emerged from my hiding place to comfort her. She seemed alarmed at first to see me but she needed a hug so she didn't seem to care who I was or why I was hiding in her basement. After a very long embrace she finally asked me where I came from and I told her that I was a humble and holy servant of mankind, forced upon the lamb because I had

once escaped from jail. She seemed to find that satisfactory.

She knew from my ragged appearance that I was hungry and so she brought me upstairs and fed me. While I sat at her dinning room table she made a fresh pot of coffee and sat beside with me. Without saying anything she smiled and lit a cigarette. I could tell that she was troubled. She immediately began telling me why she was so sad. It was a tragic tale: basically, her husband had just run off with another woman and she was left to raise two ungrateful children alone. She mentioned also that she had spent her whole life in Portage Des Sioux and wanted nothing more than to get out of that stupid rat hole and see the world—even if it was just down to St. Louis, which was only 30 miles away.

When she concluded her heartbreaking saga I stood from the table and told her that the hour was late and that I needed to be on my way again because it was nearing sun-down and I did my traveling at night. She was saddened by my departure and asked me where I was headed. I began to cry and admitted that I had nowhere to go because I was but a lonely vagabond, traveling the Earth in search of truth and wisdom (plus food and/or shelter whenever applicable). She began to cry with me and then insisted that I remain as her guest for a few days. I was grateful for her hospitality and gladly accepted it since I wasn't too keen on sleeping in the woods anymore.

Since I was going to be staying in her guestroom she insisted that I wash up and change into some decent clothes (they were most likely her estranged husband's). It actually felt good to clean up a bit and then sit comfortably in front of a TV set once again. I felt peaceful in her house, almost like I had lived there my whole life. In fact, I couldn't help but wonder if perhaps I had found my new home.

Then I heard the loud rumble of a motorcycle outside. The lady thought it might be her son. It was. This lad was extremely rude and vulgar. He didn't even acknowledge my presence when he sat down next to me on the couch and took the remote control away from me to change the channel. The daughter

arrived ten minutes later and she too was rude; more so, even. It was then that I understood what that poor lady was telling me when she said that her children were rotten and ungrateful. That they were!

Finally the daughter noticed me sitting in the living room and asked her mother who I was. The lady told the daughter that I was their "Uncle Fred" from St. Louis. The daughter said something unkind about me and then added under her breath that I looked more like a homeless Pakistani than an uncle. The daughter then leered at me and said that if she caught me touching any of her beer she'd break my fingers. (When I heard that I quickly hid the beer I was drinking under one of the couch cushions.)

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous racket outside! It sounded like dozens of motorcycles! The next thing I knew the house was filled with hooligans. They were there to have a motorcycle gang party. The lady and I ran down into the basement to avoid being hurt. From where we sat it sounded like the son and his friends were trashing the place. The lady, fighting back tears, told me that this happened every time her son got out of jail.

It wasn't until sunrise that the son's friends finally left the house. The lady told me it was now safe to go back upstairs. I hardly recognized the place. The motorcycle gang had pretty much destroyed everything. I helped the lady clean what she could.

Before I entered the guestroom for some much needed slumber the lady took my hand and gave me a soft kiss on the cheek. She told me she was glad to have someone decent in the house for a change. I blushed and felt happy for her. We then said our good nights and gave each other a hug. I could sense that this woman had a kind heart. I was happy to know her.

When I entered the guestroom I was horrified by what I saw! Just as I was about to climb into the guest bed I noticed that it was already occupied by the daughter and two or three strange men. They were making loud and vulgar grunting noises. Rather than disturb them I just lay down on the floor next to the bed and went to sleep.

To be continued ...

Minion Pride

What exactly is Minion Pride? It's hard to define. Perhaps it's the way you hold your head as you walk down the street in your brand new Official Mooj Minion T-Shirt. Or perhaps it's the way you smile when you do your good deeds and random acts of kindness. This week's first selection was sent in by the Abingdon, Maryland Fire Department. Check out those snazzy new Mooj.com bumperstickers on the ambulance!



The second photograph was sent in by "Los Vatos de Mujo," a street gang from South San Jose, CA. Unlike other gangbangers that hurt people and sell drugs, these guys claim only to spread Moojism by "helping people and reigning [sic] goodness down upon humanity." (Note: their eyes were blacked out because all were under the age of 18 and most were wanted on misdemeanor traffic violations)



A Note From Swami: Some may frown but I don't care. I miss my Uncle Chandrachur and because of his recent death I want to share one last Depak Chota story with you. This one was sent in by a minion living in India, who owns several vintage issues of *Kaala Haath* magazine. This story was found in one and is the conclusion of one that was printed earlier in *The Enlightenment* (however, the middle part is still missing).

Depak Chota, the Asian Op, in

the maddur falcon

(The Conclusion...)

Depak fell hard. A puddle of blood collected under his ear. He swam in an unconscious fog while quick hands relieved him of the package he was carrying and then the sound of running footsteps gave way to the thump of a closing door.

"Are you okay?" asked the hotel doorman as he shook Depak back into consciousness. "Are you hurt? What happened?" Depak stood and stumbled through the hallway and then ran out the hotel door. The doorman followed him outside and continued to ask questions that Depak continued to ignore. The sap and the hand that had swung it were long gone. So was the Maddur Falcon that Depak had been carrying.

Depak returned to his office and sat behind his desk. He searched frantically through his drawers. He found a bottle in each one but all were empty. Depak looked at his radium-dialed wristwatch. It was a quarter past eleven. He had less than an hour to live and he was going to have to do it sober.

The office was dark except for the city lights that filtered in through his open blinds and illuminated the wall with stripes and patches of different colors. Depak watched these lights move along the wall. They seemed to take him to another time and place. He felt sad. He felt helpless. *Think!* Who took the Maddur Falcon? *Think!* Where was it now? *Think!* Will they kill me here or take me for a long ride? *Think! Think!*

Then he heard the elevator ring. They were early. It didn't matter. He heard their heavy footsteps coming

down the hall. He stood. Was the door locked? He sat back down. It didn't matter. There was a light tap on his office door and then it opened slowly. The glow from the street below illuminated three figures in his doorway: two men and one woman. He never saw the men before but the woman was Parvati. He should have known.

Parvati told the men to wait outside. They obeyed her and she entered the office alone. "Have you got The Maddur Falcon, my love?" she asked. Depak could have said a million things then but none of them came to mind.

"No," he finally said, "I don't."

Parvati pulled a small revolver from her handbag and said: "I can shoot you before or after you give it to me. It doesn't matter to me, darling."

Depak said nothing.

Parvati lifted the gun level with Depak's head. Before she pulled the trigger she smiled and lowered the gun. She smiled and said: "Remember the night when Preetam, you and I went to see the movie *Alam Ara* at The Dev Anand Theater? I sat between the two of you. Preetam took my hand and I took his. I could see the look of hurt in your eyes. It was then that you realized that I had chosen Preetam over you. I should have felt bad for you that night but I didn't. Part of me was delighted that such a silly act like holding hands could be so empowering and cause such anguish. I watched your eyes tear up. Even in that darkened theater I could see your heart breaking. I squeezed Preetam's hand hard, pretending that I was squeezing your heart."

The outside glow illuminated Parvati's face. For the first time in his life Depak saw no beauty there.

Parvati laughed and continued: "Men like Preetam and you are so weak. You pretend to be rugged and strong but a real woman could crush you like an ant. The look in your eyes right now is exactly the same as the look in Preetam's. You will no doubt beg me to spare your life as he did before I shot him."

Depak said nothing.

Parvati began laughing again and continued: "The truth is I never loved Preetam. He was rich and you were poor. It was as simple as that."

Depak said nothing.

Parvati seemed to grow irritated by Depak's silence. Finally she yelled: "*Have you nothing to say before I kill you?*"

Depak smiled. He knew not why. Parvati then steadied her gun and began to squeeze the trigger. But then she relaxed her finger and added: "You haunted my dreams you know! *You think I did not love you?* Every night when Preetam's cold hands touched me I could only wish that they were yours. I never stopped thinking about you. I never forgot that night in Lalbagh Gardens, when you finally kissed me. You were so handsome then. I still remember the poem you whispered in my ear that night after we kissed. I wrote it often in the sand and then quickly erased it, ashamed that others might see it. Such a tough man you were! So big and strong; yet when it came to love you were a coward! *A bloody coward!*"

Depak's fingers gripped the empty bottle of Old Forester that sat on his lap. He finally spoke: "I have the Maddur Falcon. I will give it to you."

"*Shava!*" said Parvati as she approached and held out her hand. When she was near Depak stood and brought the bottle down hard across her head. The same hand that held the bottle then fetched the revolver that sat on the desk and shot into the doorway. The two men that came running through it fell hard. If they were not dead then they certainly were after Depak emptied his revolver in their direction.

Depak turned and saw Parvati reaching for her gun. She had dropped it when he struck her with the bottle. It lay on the floor just out of reach of her thin fingers. Depak walked slowly to the gun and kicked it across the floor. She continued to crawl slowly after it as he reloaded his revolver. When she reached it, she took it firmly in her hand and then turned and aimed it at Depak. He could see that she was crying. The outside glow showed on her face once again. This time the beauty was there. A shot rang out. Then all was quiet.

Mysore was very rainy that January and February. Few were the days when sunshine lingered long enough to warm the busy streets of Bangalore. On the first pleasant day in March Depak found himself in Lalbagh Gardens. He had not been there since he was a schoolboy. He found the bench near the old lamp and sat down. He put a cigarette to his mouth and began remembering. It was on that very bench that he kissed Parvati for the first time. He searched his pockets for a match as he smiled and recalled how much courage it took to finally kiss her that night. He had wanted to kiss her for so long. He had been terrified. Then it turned out to be easy. He wondered why he had been so afraid. He kissed Parvati again and again that night and she kissed him back while she giggled. He forgot that he had told her a poem that night. It was a Bharatendu Harishchandra poem. He forgot where he learned it. It had something to do with endless love and growing old together. He wished he could remember it now.

Depak never lit that cigarette. Instead he tossed it away, stood from the bench and walked away. He would never set foot in Lalbagh Gardens again.



The Enlightenment!

Volume V, No. 19

December 15, 2001

Greetings to my many minions and friends! To those wondering why **The New Friends of Mooj Society** relocated to Maryland I finally have an answer. It is somewhat complicated but I will try to explain it to the best of my ability. According to Vic Taylor, one of the Bel Air, Maryland town commissioners is an avid Mooj Head. When a vacancy opened up in the Grizzly Duck Office Park in downtown Bel Air this commissioner used town funds to lease the space for us. This was legal because Bel Air sets aside money each year for Cultural Diversity programs and we qualify. **The New Friends of Mooj Society** Board of Directors felt it was a good move since our organization needed to expand anyway. Besides, as Vic Taylor pointed out, Chester County wasn't exactly that welcoming and warm toward me these last few years. I agree.



This newsletter finds us finishing another year and another fruitful volume of newsletters. I have no idea what tomorrow will bring; or where I will be when it comes. I know only that I must keep moving and, like a rolling stone, gather no moss. In my case I would also gather an arrest because I am still a fugitive.

When I began this volume back in January 2001 I was somewhere in the Azores, hunting for treasure; Minion # 1150 had just come aboard to help celebrate our 100th issue (which I guess turned out to be incorrect); Lance Worthy was still alive; and Trent Handjoy was still my loyal and loving friend. Then Lance drowned, Trent abandoned me and Minion # 1150 (whoever he was) quit. I then found myself adrift in an ocean of misery followed by a footpath of loneliness—this resulted in an elongated journey of desolation punctuated briefly by a stay in a Walden Pond replica cabin. Then auspicious renderings occurred and I was blessed to travel and stay with my Uncle in Evanston. Then shortly, thereafter, I was joined by a long-lost nephew! That happiness was short-lived! Now the century old ashes of my uncle float down the Ganges (actually it's the Chicago River) and my nephew is on the bottom of the Mississippi River. I could expound on my troubles further by telling you about another recent set back but I won't. Not here anyway. You can read about that later in The Travels with Mooj section.

So maybe this wasn't the best of years but it certainly wasn't the worst. Actually, maybe it was. Who knows? I will say this: next year will be better! **The New Friends of Mooj Society** is doing well and our minion family still grows exponentially. Perhaps we may actually build that ashram we always wanted to build. Yes! That is what we will do! Vic Taylor, if you are reading this, set aside any new donations for a new ashram building fund!

Before we begin the New Year, however, I must go away for a while. I need to go on a short journey of self-reflection. I will leave as soon as this newsletter is completed.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उम्बाबारावा

Minion Mail

Sir,

I feel obliged to inform you that two of your most recent minions ("Steve" and "Ed," nos. 1701 and 1702, respectively) are old acquaintances. Ed mentioned the Tanforan Mall groping incident. Regrettably, I was there. The three of us (Steve, Ed and I) were playing hooky and hanging out at JC Penny. Steve dared Ed to grope a mannequin so he did. Unfortunately for Ed it wasn't a mannequin but some lady that was standing really still. The three of us nearly crapped ourselves when the lady started screaming. We ran as fast as we could but a security guard grabbed us and held us until the police arrived. Poor Ed got charged with sexual battery and Steve and I were held as co-conspirators. The three of us were banned for life from the Tanforan Mall but it was never enforced because we hung out there all the time. Hell, I even got a job at the Panda Express Chinese Gourmet two years later. Ed and Steve also worked in the food court but they got fired. (I can't remember why but it was theft and/or drug related.) After we graduated from high school I went away to college and Ed and Steve basically stayed in Millbrae and continued to be zits on the ass of society. I haven't seen either of those losers since high school and really have no desire to do so now. My mom goes to the same church as Ed's mom and from what I understand he's pretty much still a moron. I know it's not very nice to bad mouth people behind their backs but these two guys are totally useless and I feel you need to really think twice about making them official minions.

Dr. Benito Moses
Hillsdale, CA

The Mooj Responds: The tongue that speaks badly of others vents itself in idle words.

Dear Mooj,

Last July I went duck hunting with my older brother in the mountains. While we were sitting in our tree stand he told me that he had something very

important to tell me. He said that he had been looking for a way to say what he was going to tell me for many years but couldn't do it. He then started to cry and said stuff like it was extremely difficult for him to say what he was going to say and hoped that I would find it in my heart to forgive him but that he wouldn't blame me if I never spoke to him again, etc. Just as he was about to tell me what this awful secret was his rifle accidentally went off and killed him. I've been debating for months now whether it is better to know or not know what that secret was. But, since my brother really wanted to tell me I guess I owe it to him to find out. Please do a truth vision and tell me what my brother's terrible secret was!

Gabe Garcia
T-or-C, NM

The Mooj Responds: *Ati shahaana tyaacha bail rikaama?* Duck hunting in July? In the mountains? Using a tree stand to look for ducks? A rifle? I think your brother was probably going to tell you he doesn't know anything about duck hunting.

Friends and fellow Minions,

Minion # 1687 mentioned that she felt like a Bob Ross painting. That was too funny. I love watching Bob Ross on TV. He is so sexy! I am amazed how fast and good he paints. When I got married I asked my husband to buy me a Bob Ross painting. He tried but none are for sale. If anyone knows someone who has a Bob Ross painting, or knows Bob Ross in person, can you contact my husband? His name is Mukesh Ambani and he can be found in the minion directory under petrochemical moguls. He will pay up to a \$10,000,000 for any Bob Ross original, especially if there are "happy trees" in the picture. Thank you!

Anonymous

The Mooj Responds: *Ab pachtaye kya hot jab chidiya chug gayi khet?* Regardless, I thank you for

your letter and will pass along a blessing whether you want one or not.

Dear Mooj,

If I'm not mistaken Mr. Zog's Sex Wax is surfboard wax. I think that lady's husband might have been a surfer. If so then that's why he bought it. If not, then the husband is probably an idiot has already badly hurt himself (and possibly others).

Chanduhar Pashat
Tiruppur, India

The Mooj Responds: Ah yes! And to you, my Tirugali friend, I say this: *pagole kina bole chagole kina khay!* To all others I say simply live as you breathe and breathe as you live.

Dear Dr. Mooj!

I am a huge fan of your teachings. Perhaps you remember me? I was the guy that used to come by your cabin on Walden Pond and dance the Irish jig for you while playing the pan flute. I still live in Concord and am happy to report that all is fine. Enclosed with this letter is a generous \$2 donation. May it be used to better the needs of the un-enlightened and downtrodden idiots of your organization.

garvinedmund@harvarddivinity.edu

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, my good friend. A donation is like an acorn; it grows from a small bulb into a giant oak tree. From that tree shall fall other acorns and from those shall grow other trees! Now that I think about it there was a man who came by my cabin to play the pan flute and dance. But this man was more intent on being a nuisance than providing comfort. Yes, I am remembering correctly! He would kick my door open while I was asleep. He was usually drunk and his songs were very offensive and racist toward me. And his Irish step dancing kicks usually made contact with my buttocks. No blessing for this man!

Dear Mooj,

Swami, I attended a self-realization clinic last weekend and the guy teaching it was magnificent. His name was Ohm Bajaneesh and I thought he was brilliant, insightful, inspiring, and worthy of exaltation. It was more than obvious to me after meeting this new guru that I have wasted valuable time following you. I know for a fact that Ohm Bajaneesh would never let his nephew attack people while dressed as a giant ape and then float down the Mississippi River on a raft to escape justice. (I know because I asked him and he said so!) Ohm Bajaneesh is the best! I bet you don't have the guts to print this letter!

Ex minion 1543

The Mooj Responds: The world is full of wonderful and enlightening people. Stating that you prefer one Guru over another is analogous to stating that you can sustain breathing with any noble or inert gas found in nature. I never bear bitter fruit when I am told that I am no longer needed. I rejoice only that one had been comforted in the shade of my tree metaphor.

Yer Moojness ...

This is new minion # 1704 ... listed as Anonymous (yeah, right). You wish! You may refer to me as "Hey Joe" as that has been my assigned moniker since the time you abandoned me under a certain bridge in beautiful downtown Olongapo City in the 1970s. You must remember a certain girl named Jasmine who worked at the Top Three Club? People tell me that she was my mother and that she was always true blue to only you, Joe. Of course, once you returned to the States, she had no way to support a family. The story is that she made an attempt to follow you to the U.S. on a raft constructed from coconut shells and flotsam gathered from the banks of Potown's most famous waterway, but that the current swept her away B4 she could carry me aboard and that was the last that anyone ever saw of her. I've remained under that very bridge ever since, waiting for her (or you) to return, but ... at least I have finally located you ... and now, at last, have the opportunity to know you as my Spiritual Father,

even if I'm not accepted by you as your own flesh & blood.

I too, have experienced many visions ... most likely brought on by the enforced fast I did for the first 12 years of my life. My only sustenance being scraps of food and small change thrown by the sailors from The Bridge. They thought it great fun to watch us (yes, there were many waifs competing for their favors) dive to the bottom of "Doo-Doo" river to snatch up whatever they decided to cast off. I have some very strange and unusual objects in my collection. I do recall one kind soul who would occasionally bring me special gifts ... a candy bar or books and spiritual writings. I still have a dog-eared copy of *The Wisedumb of "Y"* ..., which may be the only thing that allowed me to cope with my suffering and otherwise miserable life. It was this work that inspired and started me on my spiritual quest for Peace. I think this was in appreciation for having rescued one of his friends, a very strange man called "Animal Parker," who was robbed and cast into Doo Doo River one evening in only his skivvies. Not a pretty sight. Well, Joe, I have pulled on your coat long enough. I can only hope you can find it in your heart to accept responsibility for your actions and/or transgressions of the past and to finally recognize me for who I am, your devoted son ... in spirit at least ...

"Hey Joe" Umbababb (I've further shortened it as the city officials here do not support names, which contain more than 8 characters)
Potown, PI

The Mooj Responds: *Saddi na bulai, main laaddhe di tai?* So that I am no longer accused of being this *chota's* father I have performed a truth vision. His father is actually a bearded man known as "Steamer" from the ship USS Enterprise.

Glorious and gracious Swami,

I find myself in the most peculiar of spots—a rather sticky wicket as they say in your familiar Injaa. I won't give you my name and I certainly hope that you will respect my privacy and not publish this letter. I desire a personal communication with you that gives me your thoughts, prayers and, perhaps, a suggestion about how I can get myself out of hot water. Here's what happened as far as I can recall (my memory is very fuzzy these days): Last month I

attended the American Bar Association's Annual Meeting in Chicago and, as usual, was asked to chair a committee on ethics. I am regarded by many to be the godfather of American Legal Moralism. I am also the principal author of *The Lawyer's Credo*—a textbook published in 1955 that is still widely used in law schools all over America. Anyway, back to my ethical dilemma. During this conference a very dear friend and colleague confided in me that he was suffering from depression. I suggested that "an excursion" to the "seedier" part of town might cheer him up. Since my friend and I are both in our late 80s I thought that he would have realized that I was joking. But, to my surprise, he thought going to a strip club sounded like a capitol idea. I had no idea what to do so I took the hotel concierge aside and asked him for suggestions. He told me that he was getting off work in a few minutes and that he would gladly take my friend and me to his favorite "gentlemen's club," which was less than a mile from the hotel. I agreed to this foolish plan and my friend and I accompanied the young man to a really bad part of town. On second thought I think I better just cancel this letter. Please disregard. I will now push the delete button. Or was that the send button? I hate these modern computer things. Bring back the typewriter, I say!

The Mooj Responds: Obviously an error was made by either this man for sending the letter or by Vic Taylor for posting it. To preserve this man's dignity I will give forth only general guidance to him and anyone else who may be reading: *To the mediocre, mediocrity appears great!* Aim for the stars and be happy when you reach the moon. Then keep going! The stars are closer than they were before.

Mooj, I really want to ask Stephanie Morgan to my high school band's Winter Formal. Will she say yes if I ask her? Also, do you think she likes me? And better yet, will I "get lucky" with her if she goes with me?

Philip Leroy, age 16

The Mooj Responds: There is an old Punjab saying that says one cannot beg for coconuts and then frown when pointed toward a coconut tree. I suggest this lad re-evaluate his question to me and resend it omitting the vulgar third part of the question. I am always happy to help those who seek truth; but I cannot condone bombastardry!

New Minions

Meet Minion # 1710: Steve K. Smith

Something Noteworthy about Me: I used to work at *Licorice Pizza* at the Sherman Oaks Galleria. I was the first person on my block to have Led Zeppelin's *In Through The Out Door*. I was also the first person on my block to know how bad it sucked.

Minion Application Essay: Greetings, Pie Man. I am applying for minion status because I really like your magazine's poetry. I liked that poem "Mais où sont les neiges d'anta" so much that I carved it into my chest with an ice pick. As you may have guessed I'm clinically insane and have little to offer society, except my vote for whomever the Democrat running for President is every 4 years. Rock on, Chilly Willie!

Meet Minion # 1711: Dr. Myron Hymenbuster

Something Noteworthy about Me: I am the co-founder of the Indianapolis Yacht Club and a proud member of the American Red Cross 50-Gallon Club. Attached with this e-application is a photo of my wife. Notice she is wearing a Mooj T-shirt (and nothing else—yuk yuk).

Minion Application Essay: Hark, you Cuban-looking sand digger! I just read one of your En-lightning Thinking Essays that was recently reprinted in *Success Magazine*. It was about the importance of daily meditation. I also meditate throughout my day. My work environment is very stressful because I am a neural surgeon and sometimes I feel that everyone I work with is nuts. After a brief meditation I am able to carry on and soon remember that I am one with the universe and that we are all children of Gurgaon. May we all rejoice in harmonious foot collusion together!

Meet Minion # 1712: Laxman Ghirandesh

Something Noteworthy about Me: I am an intern working at the Department of Health Ministry in New Delhi, India. I hope one day to meet the lovely Bollywood actress Amisha Patel and make her fall in love with me. If not that, I'd at least like to be forced by friendly Tralfamadorians to co-exist with her on a barcalounger made for two in their space colony zoo.

Minion Application Essay: Hey, you are one funny dude. I saw several members of the Health Ministry Department looking at your web site and they thought it was very enlightening. Hey, explain something if you please. When were you at the Ashram in Ramrama? Is there such a

place? I think you may be fibbing about that one. Also, this man monkey nephew of yours sounds dangerous. You best get him his shots. Also check him for fleas and ticks. Ha!

Meet Minion # 1713: Birkenstock Bob

Something Noteworthy about Me: I once followed the Grateful Dead around America for a whole year. I admit it wasn't exactly one of my most productive periods. But then again neither were those sixty hours spent polishing bulbs with Wilhelm Erhard. *Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills, one man gathers what another man spills.*

Minion Application Essay: well i sincerely hope i don't get blessings from you, you big fat idiot maja guru. i have enough blessings from vashinavas and my eternal spiritual master - OHM DADDY Vishnupadi Paramaaji, his Divine Grace Bhatta-vedanta Swamiji Sri Prabupod, the jagat guru who spreads the good word about fakes like you! you think your name is being chanted in every town and village but you are wrong. you are no more regarded than the wallah that scrapes human dung from the public toilets! i base my insults on my guru's own teachings. i warn others out there not to be fooled by this mooj. he is a fake!

Meet Minion # 1714: Steve Preston

Something Noteworthy about Me: I grew up in Southern California in a place called Midway City. The only landmark in my town was a drive-thru dairy and a log cabin built by some Boy Scouts.

Minion Application Essay: I was channel surfing and came across the Brady Bunch episode where Bobby wins a bet with Greg about who can do the most pull ups and so Greg has to do whatever Bobby tells him to do. Greg winds up having to take Bobby on his date and they go to a drive-in movie. As I was watching that episode I had a flashback. It was my "hot date" with Suzy Lozano at the Hi-Way 39 Drive-in. We went to see *The Parent Trap* (with Brian Keith). It was a double date with my buddy Stan and his girl Karen. Suzy was actually a friend of Karen's and Stan and Karen set the whole thing up. I was really shy back then so Stan was trying to teach me how to act cool with girls.

After we parked Stan and I went to the snack bar and Stan told me to just do what he did. I was sweating bullets by then. When we got back to the car I sat in the backseat with Suzy and Stan sat up front with Karen. As soon as

the movie started Stan put his arm around Karen and I did the same with Suzy. Then Stan and Karen started making out. I noticed Suzy take gum out of her mouth and so I knew she wanted to make out too but I was so nervous that I froze. Pretty soon the car was all fogged up and so we couldn't watch the movie anymore. Suzy said loud enough for everyone to hear that she was bored. Stan poked his head up over the front seat and yelled: "Kiss her, you lame-o!" I did and the rest is history. Suzy and I got married in 1962. We are now grandparents. I have no idea if the Hi-Way 39 Drive-in exists anymore but if it does I think I'll take Suzy there for our 40th anniversary. Maybe we can make out again!

Meet Minion # 1715: Anonymous

Something Noteworthy about Me: I have a terrible secret. I cannot bear its burden anymore and, thus, feel obliged to share it. May all those that read it send forth warm and friendly pranam!

Minion Application Essay: Warning! The following story contains material that may or may not be appropriate for children, adults or others. I assure you that this story is true but admit that some liberties were taken to make it more interesting. Read it at your own caution.

One day a man came into my Real Estate office and asked about a property on Higuera Street. The other Realtors were out so I looked up the listing. There was hardly anything mentioned about the house and noticed that it had been vacant for a number of years. I asked the potential buyer if he would like to see the property and he said yes. He followed me to the house in his own car. It had been a slow month and I desperately needed the commission so I was upbeat.

When we arrived at the property I parked on the street and the man parked behind me. As soon as I took one look at the place I realized it was a bust. The place looked dilapidated; it had paint peeling off the clapboards and the front yard was so overgrown that you couldn't mow it with a plough. The place wouldn't sell in a million years. I was just about to put the lockbox key back into my pocket when the man asked to see the inside. Sure, why not?

I unlocked the front door and we both entered. The place was dark and damp. It was very spooky. None of the lights worked so I had to pull up the dark green shades in each room to let in sunlight. It didn't help much. I told the buyer to knock himself out looking around and I'd wait for him outside while I had a cigarette.

After I finished my smoke I checked on the man. He was gone! I checked every room and even looked outside. He was nowhere! His car was still parked behind mine so he couldn't have gone far. Very strange! After taking one

last look around, I locked up the house and returned to the office. No sale that day.

Later that night I met two of my coworkers at a local watering hole. I mentioned to them that I had showed that creepy house on Higuera Street earlier in the day and related how my client pretty much vanished into thin air. My buddy Ryan's jaw dropped! He told me that the same thing happened to him a month ago when he showed that house. The other coworker, a guy named Paul, laughed and said that Ryan and I were full of crap.

We were pretty lit by then and so we bet Paul that he wouldn't spend the night in the house. He was so sure the place wasn't haunted that he put his money where his mouth was and gladly took our bet.

The three of us then returned to the office and got the lockbox key. It was about 10 PM when we arrived at the house. A shiver ran down my spine when I saw that the missing guy's car still parked exactly where it had been earlier that day! Paul unlocked the door and went inside with a flashlight and sleeping bag. Before he closed the front door he stuck his big fat head outside and yelled: "I'll see you pantywaist sissy boys in the morning; be sure to bring your money. This is gonna be the easiest fifty bucks I've ever made!"

The next day at work Paul never showed up. He was never seen again!

This is a genuine no sh*tter, bro!

Meet Minion # 1716: Cadmus Hiopbe

Something Noteworthy about Me: I stand before you, a poor blind student from the University of Bologna. I am naked, atop a rustic footbridge, no shoe, holding skull and crossbones, with a scarlet, white and green ribbon tied around my winky-wang-doodle-loo. To my brothers I say: *Adelphoi en kardia dios bogus!*

Minion Application Essay:

⌈⌋⌈⌋⌈⌋! ⌈⌋⌋
⌈⌋⌈⌋⌈⌋
⌈⌋⌈⌋⌈⌋⌈⌋⌈⌋⌈⌋⌈⌋
⌈⌋!

Meet Minion # 1717: Tim Dougherty

Something Noteworthy about Me: I just read a baseball book called *The Pride of the 1916 Philadelphia Athletics*. It was really, really good.

Minion Application Essay: I used to play Lyons Club baseball. Once I hit a homerun so far that it bounced off a grocery store's roof. People who were shopping inside came running outside and looked confused. They thought a bomb went off or something! When they saw me rounding the bases across the street they all clapped and gave me a big cheer.

Did I mention that I always wanted to be a cop? I couldn't pass the physical on account of my feet being so small. I now work as a security guard at one of America's most prestigious internet auction portals. I won't say which one it is but it rhymes with eGay.

Meet Minion # 1718: T. R. Culp III

Something Noteworthy about Me: I am a member of the Mummer's guild and will proudly march in any parade that will have me.

Minion Application Essay: If I had to limit my advice on healthier living to just one tip, it would be simply to learn how to breathe correctly. I use my nose. I breathe in through one nostril and then exhale through the other. Sometimes I shove a *chipati* up my nose to regulate this charge and discharge oxidation/reduction process. I found that standing on my head during this evolution also helps to focus on nothing and everything at the same time. I do this all the time, man. It makes me who I am.

Meet Minion # 1719: Pranamsingh Khareedu

Something Noteworthy about Me: I like to think of myself as a Latter Day Leisure Suit Larry. I used to rule supreme in the Mumbai low-rent district.

This Person's Minion Application Essay: Last week I stopped by and picked up my free Mooj poster by Minion "Y." That thing was huge! Thank you, Y, whoever you are. I put my poster in my indoor garden smoke room.

Meet Minion # 1720: Juan Menedez

Something Noteworthy about Me: People say I look just like Julio Díaz the boxer.

Minion Application Essay: *Om Namo Bamo Moojishnanandaya!* If that doesn't fry your banana how about this [photo of man holding a pumpkin on his lap omitted].

Minion Pride

This week The Mooj was honored with a stunning tribute by The Joppa Fun Committee (JFC), a nonprofit organization based in Joppa, Maryland, which is focused on the specific goal of creating and delivering the latest in eco-friendly, next-generation, emergent fun technologies to create a paradigm-shift in the holistic entertainment experience domain (in other words, they just like to have lots of fun!). I've been told on good authority that several members of the JFC are loyal minions in good standing and a few of them actually had the decency to buy official Mooj minion T-shirts! The Mooj salutes the JFC and all the good that they do (whatever it may actually be).



The San Francisco Police Department's Vice & Bunko Squad also sent in a photo. Three of their most senior officers posed for this photo in front of the famous Mooj.Com billboard on Polk Street. Oh my gosh! I just noticed something! Do you guys see what I see? Can gas really be \$1.91 a gallon in SF????



Travels with Mooj

With the exception of Abigail Grangerford's two obnoxious children I found her home and the town of Portage Des Sioux to be very pleasant. In all honesty my interaction with Abigail's children was actually quite limited a few days after I moved into the guestroom because her son was back in jail and her daughter was always off "doing her thing," whatever that meant.

Abigail was very good to me and I quickly grew accustomed to her quiet and old-fashioned ways. Usually after supper, if the weather was agreeable, we would stroll along the riverfront holding hands. Sometimes we would talk and other times we would just remain silent so that we could hear the wrens, larks and blue jays singing.

After our long walks we would return home and watch *The Wheel of Fortune* and *Jeopardy* on TV. We would compete to see who could guess the answers first and I usually won. After TV we would play cards to see who would do the dishes. These were very special nights.

Later in the evening before I retired to the guestroom Abigail would come and sit beside me on the front porch. Sometimes Abigail would sing while I played an old harmonium that I found in a local music shop. Other nights we just sat and stared at the moon and the stars as they glistened above the river.

Our morning routine was also very predictable. Abigail would wake me up at 9 a.m. so that I could go with her to the post office (it was actually a general store that had a post office in the back). There we would meet with the other townsfolk, have coffee and gossip.

Since I was pretending to be some guy named Fred from St. Louis, people were always asking me questions about St. Louis; I would give vague answers so as not to blow my cover.

Since most of Abigail's friends and neighbors were elderly widows I was often asked to come around to their homes to perform simple handyman tasks. Most of the jobs were easy (like screwing in a light

bulb) and so I didn't mind. These ladies were always very polite and loved to sit and talk to me after I did my handy-work. Many would bake a pie or cake for me and I would always feel obliged to sit and eat the whole thing for them. Some days I visited three or four women and wound up eating three or four cakes and pies.

The days turned into weeks and before I knew it I had been living in the Grangerford guestroom for over a month. In many ways I felt like part of the family; and for the first time in a long time I thought, perhaps, that I had found a home.

Then "he" returned. The "he" was Abigail's estranged husband. That fool begged Abigail to take him back and told her that he was sorry for all his cheating and drunken ways. She was reluctant to take him back but decided to give him a second chance for her children's sake. That evening after supper she took me aside and told me that it was time for me to go. The husband wasn't as kind and told me that he'd blow a hole in my ass with his shotgun if I didn't hit the road. It was the saddest I ever felt. I could not bear to leave Abigail but knew it had to be.

Thus, humbly, I collected my things, as meager as they were, and bid fond farewell to my adopted family. I could not help but shed a tear of sorrow as I waved goodbye to Abigail, her husband and the daughter as they stood on the front porch to see me off. As I neared the road leading southward out town I heard the sound of distant footsteps approaching. They were running. I turned around and saw that it was only the daughter; she wanted to give me a hug. After our hug she told me that she knew I wasn't really her Uncle Fred but that if I didn't mind she would always think of me as her Uncle Fred. I told her that that would be nice.

I think now I will go away. Goodbye.

MINION STORIES

The Road to Delhi

By Minion # 1451

Many years ago my Nanaji and Naniji (grandparents) were driving on the highway connecting Agra with New Delhi. As they motored along they noticed a policeman standing in the road waving at them to stop. The policeman warned them that bandits were active on the highway that night and that several people had already been robbed and killed. My grandparents were panic-stricken and didn't know what to do so the policeman told them that if it would make them feel better that he would travel with them to New Delhi, since he needed a ride there anyway. They accepted his offer and he climbed into the car with them. They were approximately sixty kilometers from New Delhi.

While they motored along the policeman told my grandparents about the gruesome acts of carnage that he had witnessed that night. The gangs of robbers, in his opinion, were ruthless and had even cut the throats of women and children. My poor grandparents were frightened beyond description as the policeman continued telling his gruesome narratives.

To make matters worse every few kilometers they encountered a tree or some other obstruction in the road and the policeman warned my Nanaji to proceed without stopping since that was the mechanism by which the robbers were stopping automobiles. My poor Nanaji and Naniji were terrified beyond description!

Finally, after an hour of horror-stricken travel, they arrived in New Delhi and the policeman asked to be dropped off. My grandparents were grateful to the policeman and thanked him profusely for riding with them. The policeman responded that he was glad to be of service and then mumbled: "Yes, this was a scary night indeed! Of all nights to have forgotten my gun!"

The Clauso Brothers

By Minion # 543

The first job I ever had was to help my friend Tony Clauso and his brother clean their neighbor's house. The homeowner agreed to pay us \$5 each. That was back in 1976 so \$5 was actually a lot of money. Foolishly, the neighbor left the three of us alone. As soon as she was out the door those two Clauso brothers began to screw around. One of them threw a can of spray cleaner at the other and it hit the fireplace. Upon impact the can popped and began to fizz. As the can lay on the living room floor it slowly spewed out its contents. Before we knew it a mountain of foam was on the floor. Instead of being troubled by the mess the Clauso brothers decided to wrestle in it. Before long the living room was covered in foam.

A short while later Tony decided to take a shower because he was also covered in foam. While Tony was in the shower his brother snuck into the bathroom and took Tony's underwear out and then hung it up on the fireplace. We laughed but that laughter was cut short because the lady of the house returned. She took one look at the living room and started screaming at Tony's brother and me. Her anger grew worse when she saw the soggy underwear hanging on the fireplace. We were in deep doo-doo!

Then Tony (oblivious to the fact that the lady was home) ran naked into the living room and started dancing. The look on his face was priceless when he saw the lady standing there. Needless to say we didn't get paid and were tossed from the house as soon as Tony got dressed. My first workday lasted all of one hour and I didn't get paid.

Believe it or not the next time I was over Tony's house that very same lady came over and asked Tony and his brother if they wanted to earn money fixing her roof. She asked me if I wanted to work also and I said no and got the hell out of there. I could only imagine what would happen on a roof with those two idiots.

FROM SWAMI: A few weeks ago I scribbled a poem on a napkin and then carelessly tossed it away. I had no intention of publishing this great work; yet, somehow, that's exactly what happened. Someone inadvertently picked the poem out of the garbage and sent it to *The St. Charles County Democrat* (the local newspaper paper around these parts) and they published it in their "daily poem" feature. I had no idea that this happened until someone showed me a copy. I was delighted; and as far as I can recall this is my first poem ever published in a respectable newspaper. The poem is entitled *The Salted Fig* and is attributed to my nom de plume, "Fred." I have provided a copy of this poem (suitable for framing) to this newsletter.

To be honest I have no idea what the poem is really about since I wrote it following the local Blessing of the Fleet Ceremony and was under the influence of several liters of malt liquor (as well as other alcoholic substances). After reading and reflecting upon this great poem I now see that I was either brilliant or just a rambling drunk. I'm not really sure which.

Fall Sports Preview Coming Friday!!

Cardinals win in the 9th!

St. Charles County Democrat

Wednesday, October 10, 2001

St. Charles, Missouri

50 Cents

Our 145th Year!

Our Daily Poem

The Salted Fig by "Fred"

Whispering Pines of Abemathy,
Beating sheets of rain;

Willows bend thou mighty will,
'Tis love that life sustains!

The wind beneath hollows blow,
O'er tears that seldom tame;

Lo! wander lonely helpless so,
Peaceful sleep sustain!

Sports

Cards Beat Giants

Page C1

SC HS Beats Southern HS

Page C4

Weather

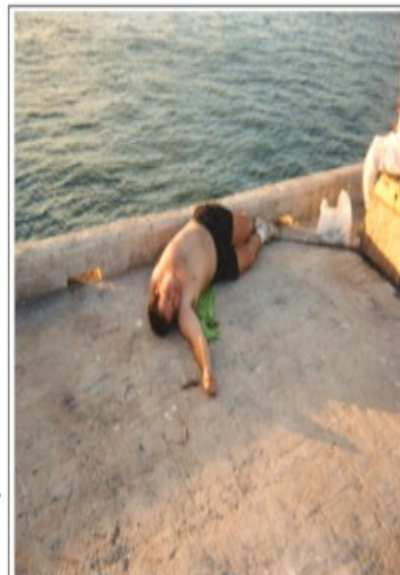
Looks Like Rain!

Drunken Hi-Jinks!!

Dozens arrested at Madonna on Mississippi Festival

By Selma Washington,
Staff Writer

St. Charles County Deputies arrested dozens of rebel rousers last night during the annual Blessing of the Fleet ceremony in Portage Des Sioux last night. Among the notables arrested were Rev. Horace Bigsby, Dr. Daniel Patrick Fitzgerald, Rabbi Jacob Phister, Mayor Kathy Lee Griffin and several prominent members of the St. Charles County Executive Board. Event organizers were quick to point the finger at the St. Charles County Chamber of Commerce for issuing beer permits and sponsoring a wet T-shirt contest. Other problems arose when Dr. A. Please see **Drunks, A-3**



Rev. Horace Bigsby Sleeping It Off

The Gossip Lady
"She Knows All the Dirt!"

Hey, who was that strange man seen last night sneaking out of Doris Green's window? Don't tell me the "love bandit" is on the loose again!

Was that Dr. Smith seen sitting inside The Whittail Saloon last night? I thought Dr. Smith was "on the wagon"—guess not.

Who's that tall, dark and handsome Indian man seen walking about with Abigail Grangerford these days? Inquiring minds want to know.

Send your gossip to The Gossip Lady, c/o St. Charles County Democrat

Man-Monkey Suspect Caught

By Tony Spinoza,
Staff Writer

Mogender Hanuman Vijay Singh, the suspected Man-Monkey of Hannibal, MO was found lying unconscious in a pile of rubbish yesterday at the SCC Municipal Land Fill. Detectives from Marion County arrived on the scene last night to question Mr. Singh. It is still unknown how Mr. Singh wound up in the county landfill. Authorities believe that Mr. Singh may have been stowed away on a trash barge travelling south from