

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/hooks 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!]

Hey, Mr. Mooj!

Congratulations on your big milestone! Few Uzbekistani-Punjab-run self-realization newsletters can make the claim that they've been around for 100 issues. I'm a recent addition to your minion family (minion #1543) and haven't read much of your older stuff yet. As soon as I finish up here in drug rehab I'll devote more time to reading your collected works.

Keep on truckin'
B.W. Baylor (otherwise known as 'some guy' by your former intern Steve)

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, my new friend. I must say, why wait? Drug rehab would actually be the perfect place to begin your journey to self-realization. I shall meditate and fast for you these next few hours to assist you in your journey to un-drug yourself. May others pass along their blessings as well.

Mooj,

Wow! Have you really published 100 *Enlightenments* already? I looked through the Mooj.com archives and only counted 34 issues. Where are all the others? My favorite Mooj memory is when you, Lance and Trent were in Pickensville, South Carolina. I live there and saw you guys often while you were walking around drinking what appeared to be adult beverages in brown paper bags while doing your investigations. I would have come up and said hello except that I knew you were undercover.

Anonymous

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, my friend. Sadly, I do not recall much about South Carolina anymore. I shall meditate and fast for you since I am already doing it for that other guy in drug rehab. May my blessings become upon you.

I've been reading *The Enlightenment* since 1998. Keep up the good work. Do you remember me? I used to send you photos of my [REDACTED].

Jeff Trojan (minion # 864)
USA

The Mooj Responds: I do not recall your name, my humble friend. My new assistant editor attached a yellow sticky to your letter, which says that he did a

quick review of the minion log book and saw that you were placed on minion probation for three months; perhaps it was due to those so called photos. Anyway, I thank you for your letter and hope that you will continue to behave yourself.

Dear Mooj,

Hi, my name is Stephen Calhoun and I'm a big fan of *The Enlightenment*. I started subscribing back in 1998, when I was a student in the seminary. *The Enlightenment* may not necessarily provide true spiritual insights but it does give me something interesting to read while I'm sitting on the can.

Fr. Calhoun, O.F.M.
San Simion, CA.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, my friend. I am uncertain what your witty remark was meant to mean but, never-the-less, I shall meditate and fast for you too as I am already doing it for those other two guys. I will also pass along my blessings as well.

Mooj,

How wonderful to celebrate this great milestone with you. We have been loyal subscribers since 1997, when we were given a gift subscription from our cousin Agnes. It goes without saying that you are The Best Guru in the world. Keep on truckin,' you hairy dumb-ass!

The Bagley Sisters
St. Marys, PA

The Mooj Responds: Since this is a special anniversary newsletter I will lift my ban on certain letter writers and allow The Bagley Sisters to be reflected upon. I would contemplate this letter better if I wasn't so hungry from my recent fasts. For now I will only say that I always look forward to hearing from my minions, even when they send odd letters like this.

Whaaaaaaaaazzuuuuuuuuuuup!

It's me again, your anonymous pal from *The Washington Post*. I wrote to you a few weeks back with some hot Inside the Beltway scoops. I got no scoops today; I just wanted pass along 100 well

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

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 Bigsby'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 Bigsby 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,
Fhgorja 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 fellah, 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"

Whooooo be the man?
Boom-chacka-chaka

Whooooo be the man?
Boom-chacka-chaka

I say whooooo 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.

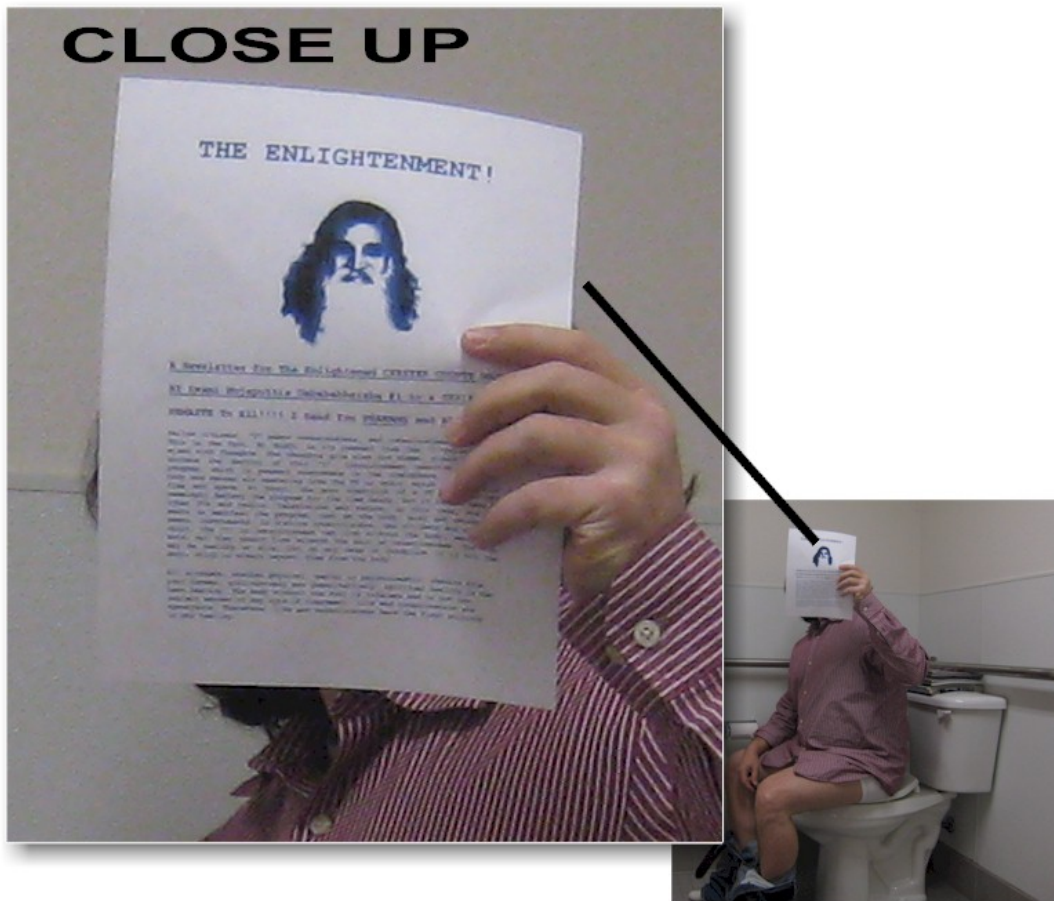
In Closing

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.