

THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

January 29, 2002

SITTING IN FOR THE MOOJ THIS WEEK IS TRENT HANDJOY!

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

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

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

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



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

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

Minion Mail

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

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

Re: Minion # 1714,

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

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

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

Dennis Hollinsworth
San Bruno, CA

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

Mooj,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcie Martin-Silver
Norwalk, CA

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dearest Ven. Mooj,

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

With Metta,
Y-roshi



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

Mooj,

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

Peetie “Astroglase” Weis (the Sultan of Sykesville)

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

Dear Mooj,

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

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

Benjamin Yoder
Harleysville, PA

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

Great Omni-Impotent One,

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

Rupert T. Holmes
Otter Township, PA

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

Och!

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

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

Johnny O'Keats
The Gaelic Versifier's brother

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

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

MIT
Gunpowder, MD

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

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

Paris Heinz Kerry
Yarmouth Glen, MA

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

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

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

-Unsigned

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

Christmas, 2001

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

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

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

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

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

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

Swami of Swamis!

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

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

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

That Ms. Lassiter sure loves to play ping pong!

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

New Minions

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

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

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

Minion 1722, Latoya Peña (age 22, Aries)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Minion 1725, Leonide Massapeepqua (age 67, Pieces)

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

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

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

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

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

Minion 1727, Ben Dover (age 22, Aries)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Minion 1730, Reginald Weaver (age 81, Pieces)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Minion 1732, Randy Brackett (age 35, Libra)

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

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

Minion 1733, Hjem (age 25, Scorpio)

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

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

Minion 1734, Martin Crowe (age 33, Pisces)

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

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

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

Minion 1735, Holly Mermaid (age 19, Leo)

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

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

Minion 1736, Sigmund Doyle (age 20, Taurus)

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

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

Random Thoughts

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

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



Trent Handberg

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THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

March 1, 2002

SITTING IN FOR THE MOOJ THIS WEEK IS LANCE WORTHY!

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

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

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

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

Your Pal,

Lance Worthy
☺

Lance Worthy



Man of Action
and
Good Deed!

READER MAIL

Dear Mooj,

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

Peter Pipe
The Dalles, OR

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

Most wise Mooj,

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

Danny Bonnet
Grapevine, TX

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

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

El Mujo,

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

Jose D.
El Paso, TX

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

Mooj,

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

Action Andy
Shasta, CA

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours Truly
Garry Bradford (minion 965)

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

Dear Mooj,

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

Fritz Holland Day
Battle Mountain, Georgia

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

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

Gabe Kelly
Russell, TX

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

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

-Unsigned

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

Most Ven. Mooj,

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

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

Ernest Hemingway's Typist
by Richard Brautigan

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

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

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

-Y-

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

Hey Mooj,

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

Tammy, Age 13

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

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

Russell Duquesne
Dowagiac, MI

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



Minions All!

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

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

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

Big EII (Minion #1092)
Salisbury, MD

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

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

KATRINA DEEROSE, AGE 13

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

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

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

Holistic and Harmonious Mooj,

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

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

Rosanna Kegger
Hopewell Furnace, PA

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

Dearest Mooj,

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

Stephen Cantor
Parkwood, NC

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

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

NEW MINIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A POEM

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

DUKE TOTALLY SUCKS!!!!

By The Lonely Donkey Kong

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

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

My Two Cents Worth



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

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

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

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

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

A STORY

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

All's Fair in Love and War

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



**\$15 EACH
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Our Pennsylvania Heritage

Question #1:

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

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

Question #2:

Which of the following was NOT a Benjamin Franklin invention?

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

Question #3:

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

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

FINAL THOUGHT

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

Minions on the March



THE ENLIGHTENMENT

the Official publication of the Mooj minion community

March 19, 2002

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Trent Handjoy

Minion Mail

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

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

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

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

Patrick Donovan
Sarasota, FLA

Dear Sir:

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

Hartley Keaf
Lehigh, PA

Dear Mooj,

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

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

Jeff Hodges,
Sampson, NY

Mooj,

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

Nguyen Minh,
Upper Macungie Township, PA

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

Dear Mooj,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brendan Cole
Hermosa Beach, CA.

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

Swamaji,

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

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

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

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

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

"The Haunted Man"
Mesa, AZ.

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

Swami Sri Mooj-Ji,

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

Loud and Proud,
Vijay Kanduhar



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

Dear Mooj,

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

Dr. Seth Stingray
President of PETH

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

Sir(s):

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

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

To Our Fellow Mooj Minions, etal.

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

Thank You,
The Mooj Merchandise Team



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

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

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

New Minions

Meet this Week's Newest Minions:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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