

Ein Bayer schreibt an die Nasa

Greet God,

I write you, because you must help me. I have seen your space shuttle on television. In color. And so came me the idea to make holidays in the world room. Alone. Without my crazy wife.

I am the Kraxlhuber. The king of Bavaria was my clock-clock grandfather. I stand on a very bad foot with my wife. Always she shouts with me. She has a shrill voice like a circle saw. She says I am a schlapp-tail. She wants that I become Buergermaster. But I want not be Buergermaster. I have nothing at the hat with the political shit. I play dearer sheephead with my friends. And I want my ruah. And so I want make holidays on the moon. Without my bad half.

But I take my dog with me. He is a boxer. His name is Wurstl. So I want book a flight in your next space shuttle. But please give me not a window place. I would kotz you the rocket full, because I am not swindelfree. And no standing place please. And please do not tell my wife that I want go alone. She has a big Schrot-gun. She would make a sieve from my ass.

I need not much comfort. A nice double room with bath and klo and heating. And windows with look to the Earth. So I can look through my farglass and see my wife working on the potato field. And I and my dog laugh us a branch (ha ha). We will kringel ourselves before laughing (hohoho).

Is what loos on the moon? I need warm weather and I hope the sun shines every day. She is very good for my frost-boils.

With friendly Servus

Xarre