

## Brief eines Bayern an die NASA ...

Greet God, I write you, because you must help me. I have seen your Space Shuttle in the television. 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 lets no good hair at me. She says I am a Schlapp-tail. She wants that I become Bürgermaster. But I want not be Bürgermaster. I have nothing at the hat with the political shit. I want my Ruah. And so I want make holidays on the moon. Wizhout 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 swindle-free. And no standing-place please... And please do not tell my wife that I want go alone. She has a big Shrot-gun. She would make a sieve from my ass. I need not much comfort. A nice double-room with bath and kloo and heating. And windows with look to the earth. So I can look through my farglass and see my wife working on the potatoe field. And I and my dog laugh us a branch ( häha). We will kringel ourself before laughing ( höhöhöhö)! Is what loose on the moon? I need worm weather and I hope the sun shines every day. This is very good for my frost-boils. With friendly Servus  
Xaver