

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. Without my bad half.

But I take my dog with me. He is a boxer. His Name is Wurstl.

So I want look 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 (höhöhö)!

Is what loose on the moon? I need worm weather an I hope the sun shines every day. This is very good for my frost-boils.

With friendly Servus

Xaver