

Brief aus Bayern an die NASA

Greet God!

I write you, because you must help me. I have seen your Space Shuttle in the television. In color. And so come me the idea to make holidays in the world-room. Alone. Without my crazy wife.

I am the Kraxelhuber. The King of Bavaria was my clock-clock-grand-father. 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 Bürgermeister. But I want not be Bürgermeister. 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.

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 to go alone. She has a big Schrot-gun. She would make a sieve from my arse.

I need not much comfort. A nice double-room with bath and kloos an heating.

And windows with look on 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 (hähähä). We will kringel ourself before laughing (höhöhöhö)!

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