

**Bigfoot Wins Kissing Contest**

# The National Inquisitor



MARCH 29, 1997

\$12.50

# HOLY MEN SEEK GOD ON THE GOLF COURSE!

*Brain-Boggling Beings Crossing Everyone's Wires*

**Stupidity Epidemic Linked To Phone Company Space Aliens!**

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**Furry Freak In Forest Frenzy**

**Two-Headed Squirrel Attacks Two Campers At Once!**



**ALIEN AMUSEMENT PARK FOUND ON MARS!**

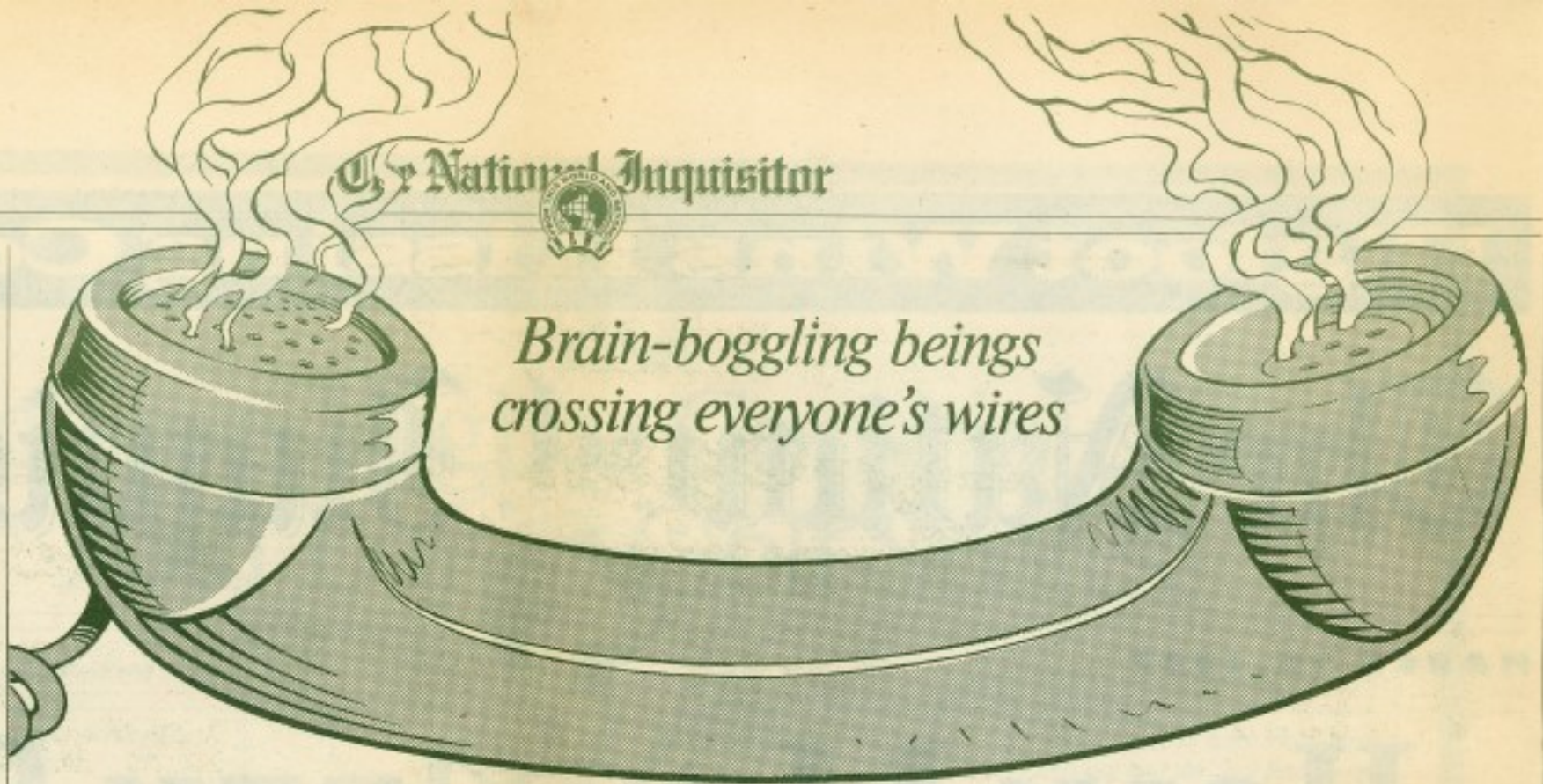


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**SCRAMBLED SON TRIES TO KILL PARENTS WITH EGGS!**

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Brain-boggling beings  
crossing everyone's wires



# WORLDWIDE STUPIDITY EPIDEMIC LINKED TO SPACE ALIENS IN PHONE COMPANY.



**PHONE COMPANY PHONY?** Some scientists think that phone workers like this are really space aliens!

outer space," said Dr. Raoul Equinox, a noted Peruvian alienologist. "Picking the phone company for their takeover was definitely 'the right choice' for them!"

According to Dr. Equinox, this extracurricular extraterrestrial activity began back in 1947, around the time of the first UFO sighting. Once they completed their takeover, they began sending a 60-cycle humming sound over the phone lines.

"This synapse-sizzling signal has the power to turn the population into driveling dolts. Anyone who is near a phone or phone line is sure to be affected by it."

Dr. Equinox points to the events of the last 50 years to back him up. "Hasn't the world become a stupider place to live in? Look at what's taken place since 1947. There was McCarthyism in the '50's, the cancellation of *Star Trek*, and the

**GRAPHIC STUPIDITY**

Intelligence Quotient



Dr. Equinox's graph proves that the world population has become increasingly stupider since 1947.

popularity of bell-bottoms in the '60's, Watergate, pet rocks, and washable leisure suits in the '70's, rainforest destruction, 'Baby On Board' stickers, and the popularity of tabloids in the '80's, time-share condos in Antarctica, android dating services, and the nose-glasses boom in the '90's... the list goes on.

"We've got to hang up on these long-distance operators—before they completely disconnect us!"

**THE PHONE COMPANY IS** reaching out and touching people everywhere—and leaving them with the I.Q. of a turnip!

A mysterious force emanating from phone lines apparently has the power to turn even rocket scientists

into mush-for-brains morons!

Representatives from the phone company refused to discuss this large-scale lobotomy, but irrefutable rumor has it that they are actually space aliens who have taken control of this irreplaceable institution.

"I'm positive that they're from

# Scrambled Son Tries To Kill Parents With Eggs!

**A** 14-year-old boy tried to murder his parents—by laying three dozen eggs in their microwave oven!

Police said that Kenny Klingster hatched the plot after an argument with his mom and dad about why he couldn't have Twinkies for breakfast. The teenage terminator waited until they were in the kitchen before putting the nearly-fatal feast in the

microwave and turning it on.

"It was no accident—Kenny knew that eggs explode in microwave ovens," said Sergeant Max Moniker. "If his scheme had worked, his parents would have been shells of their former selves."

Luckily, the Klingsters left the kitchen to answer the doorbell—only seconds before the deadly breakfast exploded. The erupting eggs made



**EGG-SPLOSION?** That's what happened when 36 eggs were placed in a microwave by the Klingster's conniving child! Police say if they hadn't left their kitchen, the yolk would have been on them!

more noise than a PLO birthday party.

"We thought terrorists had invaded our kitchen," said a shaken Mrs. Klingster.

As it turned out, there were no terrorists—just a 14-year-old rotten egg, hiding in his bedroom, where police arrested him.



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to the best, now cry  
to the rest...

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(But She Told Me To Take A Hike)*

*Big Rig Mama (Stop  
Double-Clutching My Heart)*

*She's Cruisin' And I'm Boozin'*

*Don't Do To Me  
What You Did To Me*

*Feel Like A Meadow Muffin*

*Why Did You Part On Me  
When It Was Only First Down?*

*She Left With The Milkman  
And Curdled My Heart*

*Hello Again, Mr. Daniels,  
Mr. Beam, Mr. Dickel*

*My Heart Loves You,  
But My Liver Don't*

*I'm Baiting My Hook—  
And Throwing You Back*

*First She Made Love,  
Then She Made Tracks*

*I'm As Blue As A Hairless  
Polar Bear*

*My Ducks Runneth Over*

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# Dollars And Cents... It's all in the Cards!

**E**xperts agree that it's only a matter of time before currency and coins will become extinct!

That's because the popularity of CashCards™ has forced dollars and cents to go the way of the blue whale, the ozone layer, and the \$5.00 candy bar.

Here are just a few examples of the bang of this brand-new buck:

- The U.S. Mint has completely stopped printing money. "Their main office is down to one employee," said a source. "And she's doing her nails a lot these days."

- Yukophobia, or fear of germs on money, has spread throughout the world. "Victims think that money is a gross national product," said Dr. Max Skylock, an expert on the subject.

- One-pocket clothing has suddenly become the fashion rage. "Since nobody's carrying money these days, you don't need four pockets," said fashion expert Mel N. Colia. "A CashCard™ is a lot smaller than a big wad of money and you can always find out what your up-to-date balance is by looking at it. Besides, 'currency bulge' is not only unsightly, it's unfashionable."

- Panhandlers are no longer asking for "spare change," but for "spare change"—on a CashCard.

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Change did him good.

## Man Uses Coin to Escape From Car Wreck.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION of how weeful Walt wet his whistle.

**A**FTER THREE DAYS trapped inside his overturned Toyota, Walt Wheelie managed to dismantle the car and free himself—by using a dime as a screwdriver!

"Guess my life is at least worth a dime," gushed the wheezing Wheelie, as he recalled the ordeal, which also saw him lick a rat's wet fur to survive!

The rambling wrecker's plight began when his Toyota skidded off a wet road near Winnemucca, Nevada, and landed upside-down in a ravine.

Pinned in the wreckage, unable to move anything but his left arm, Wheelie searched his pockets—and found the lucky dime.

"I went to work on the car right away," said the jolly junker. "Lucky for me I had a few loose screws to start with."

Wheelie used the dime to unscrew the dashboard, steering wheel, passenger seat and door panel. He quenched his thirst by licking the fur of a wet rat, who was making a nest out of the upholstery.

After three days, the monetary mechanic finally removed the passenger door, climbed out of the wreckage, then walked three miles to a truck stop.

Thinking that his lucky dime couldn't miss, Wheelie tried it in a 10¢ slot machine.

"Two lemons and a watermelon," sighed Wheelie. "Guess that dime only had so much luck in it."



# Alien Amusement Park Found On Mars!

**A RUSSIAN SPACE PROBE** has sent back actual re-touched photographs of an ancient intergalactic Coney Island—on the surface of the planet Mars!



**A FACE ON THE FACE OF MARS?** Martian moonlit smiles for the camera of Viking I space probe in 1977.



**OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD** amusement park looked like this, experts say.

The new photographs were taken in the same location where twenty years earlier, an American Viking I orbiter took photos of a giant human face.

But these new photos not only show the face in greater detail, they also show what appears to be a group of pyramids, with a railroad connect-

ing them to the face!

"This could only be an amusement park," said West German scientist Dr. Rudolf Retrograde. "The face is probably the entrance to some sort of 'Fun House.'

"This proves that even space aliens like to have good, clean fun. It was probably the second most popular

attraction in the solar system, right after the saunas on Venus."

The Red probe to the red planet also revealed gondolas in the Martian canals, a fact that could lead to the discovery of a quaint village for retired aliens. "Mars could prove to be the original 'Leisure World,'" noted Dr. Retrograde.

How did the aliens amuse themselves with pyramids? "They probably used them as launching platforms to go hang-gliding in those hundred mile-an-hour Martian winds," said Dr. Retrograde.

"Also, they could have used them for games of 'Leap Frog,' with Mars' light gravitational pull.

"Well, maybe not Leap Frog, but 'Leap Something,'" he added.

Unfortunately for science, the security-conscious Commies refused to release any of the photos.

"Without them, we won't be able to prove conclusively that the aliens sold cotton candy and balloons," said the anguished astronomer.

## "I Can Help You Win the Lottery!"

Hello, I am Count Lars Larzenger. You may not know me in this country, but I am known around the rest of the world as the man WHO HAS MADE PEOPLE RICH BEYOND THEIR WILDEST DREAMS.

Why don't you dream your wild dream right now. What would you do with MILLIONS OF DOLLARS? Buy a house? A car? A motor home? A baseball team? A lifetime supply of beer and potato chips? Go fishing for the rest of your life? Or just dump it all in a bathtub and roll around in it?

Good dream, wasn't it? But once you know my SECRET TO WINNING THE LOTTERY, it won't be a dream anymore!

Let me tell you what my life was like before I was told THE SECRET. I was so poor, I had to live in a MILK CARTON. I was so poor, I had to eat DIRT FOR DINNER. I was so poor, the only job I could get paid me A PENNY A YEAR.

But then, THE SECRET came into my life. I then proceeded to win 89 LOTTERIES IN 89 COUNTRIES, and oh, how everything changed! Now, I am a man of such IMMENSURABLE WEALTH, it's hard to measure it! I am so rich that, instead of water, my waterbed is filled with 400 YEAR-OLD SCOTCH! I am so rich that I live in a house that I built—with bricks of PURE GOLD! I am so rich that I have my own baseball diamond that I built—out of REAL DIAMONDS!

The point I'm trying to make is that all this can be yours, too. RICHES... COLD CASH... DOUGH... MOOLAH... WEALTH... SIMOLEONS... BUCK-OLAS... they can all be your new friends once you know THE SECRET!

Why am I passing THE SECRET along to the world? Because the old MOLDAVIAN DWARF who gave it to me said I had to, that's why. I'd rather keep it to myself, and make EVEN MORE MONEY, but he made me promise not to do that.

So instead, I'm offering YOU this big chance to WIN THE LOTTERY! WIN BIG! WIN IT ALL! Why wait for tomorrow, when you can have everything you can get your greedy little paws on today! Just send me \$25.00, and the secret is yours! It's a small price to pay, a trifle, a pittance, but you've got to invest a little money to WIN BIG MONEY!

Why? Because the laws of THE SECRET say you should never get something for nothing. So I had to charge next-to-nothing. Okay? Got that? So get out that checkbook, break that piggy bank, look under that mattress, and send me \$25.00. Or better yet, send me your CashCard, and I promise I'll only debit it \$25.00. Then, when you too know THE SECRET, you can SIT BACK and wait for all the INCREDIBLE WEALTH to rush into your life like a tidal wave. Of course, you don't just have to sit back while you're waiting, you can also watch TV or read the paper if you like, but believe me, YOU WILL SOON BE WEALTHIER THAN YOU EVER DREAMED! And all this comes with my personal guarantee: IF YOU'RE NOT A RICHER PERSON IN 30 DAYS, I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY BACK!

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\*Minus \$24.95 postage and handling.

A stroke of luck!

# Lightning Bolt Fixes Man's Glasses!

**L**ucky Lenny Lardache was struck by a lightning bolt—and not only survived, but found that his broken glasses were good as new!

"I couldn't believe my eyes," laughed Lenny, of Melba-Upon-Toast, England. "I guess that's a sign for me not to 'bolt' my food!"

Before his electric encounter, the witty Brit was so poverty-stricken that he couldn't afford to have his cracked head ornament replaced.



**BOLT-BLASTED BRIT** shows where lightning repaired his glasses.

But a walk in a thunderstorm changed his outlook in a flash. A lightning bolt hit Lenny—right on his metal-rimmed magnifiers, knocking him out.

When he came to, he found that he was unharmed, and that the formerly-fractured lenses had fused!

"There wasn't so much as even the tiniest crack," said Lenny, who couldn't help but crack a smile.



## Bigfoot Wins Kissing Contest

**D**ozens of contestants had their hopes of fame and fortune dashed as Bigfoot outlasted them to set a new world record for non-stop kissing.

The necking neanderthal took the \$25,000 prize with an 18 hour, 22 minute liplock. His lucky partner, Ursula Muldoon, a wildlife service inspector, said Bigfoot got the idea from a newspaper discarded by a camper.

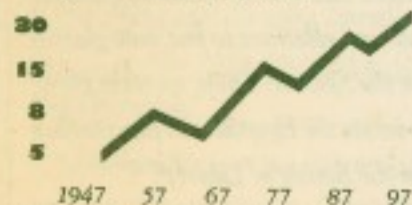
"He's gentle for such a big guy but he kisses real different," said Muldoon, who will spend her half of the prize on reconstructive dentistry "sort of like a warm, wet coconut."

After his hair-raising victory dance, the puckering primate found the strength to kiss all the judges and most of the journalists. For a finale, the smooching Sasquatch jumped straight up to the ceiling and hung by his lips for a full five minutes.



### NOSE-GLASSES ON MORE HONKERS THAN EVER!

Nose-glass Wearers In Millions



The popularity of nose glasses has been steadily increasing since 1947, experts say.

# TIC-TAC-TOE TURNS TO TERRIFYING TREASURE TRY!

**T**WO ARCHAEOLOGISTS in Egypt accidentally opened a secret passageway—by playing tic-tac-toe on a wall!

But just as the delighted digsters were making their way to a tomb full of treasure, a horrifying creature hurled them out!

A Chinese news agency reported that the two Egyptologists had been digging at a remote site near Humbibi, Egypt.

"We'd had a hard day at the digs," said the leader, Dr. Leopold Wiskbrum. "We were taking a break and playing tic-tac-toe on a wall with a piece of chalk. Suddenly, the wall opened, revealing this giant tunnel."

"The Egyptians worshiped the cat, and our 'cat's game' triggered some sort of mechanism! Good thing it didn't call for Kitty Litter!"

The surprised shovelers grabbed



**CREEPY CRYPT CREATURE** tossed two archaeologists out of the tomb like they were a couple of wet noodle!

a torch and made their way through the ominous opening. But just as they reached what appeared to be a treasure-filled room, they heard a blood-curdling scream.

"It sounded like some sort of creature in the room was either cursing us, or cursing at us," said Wiskbrum.

Suddenly, without warning, the creature grabbed the would-be wealth wallowers and threw them out of the chamber!

The astonished archaeologists landed unharmed a few yards outside the opening. But when they went back to the perilous passageway, they found that the opening had closed.

"We tried playing more games of tic-tac-toe, but it was no use," said the woeful Wiskbrum. "The creature inside had apparently changed the triggering mechanism. So now, we're trying a different approach."

"We're playing Hangman instead!"

*Draining disease takes many strange new forms*

## Jet Lag is Even More of a Drag!

**S**CIENTISTS MAY HAVE cured the common cold, but no cure is in sight for an even more common ailment: good ol' jet lag.

In fact, as stress researchers study this mileage malady, even more brain-and-body-boggling symptoms have appeared!

Here's a partial rundown of the new symptoms that jumbo jet-jumpers should be aware of:

- Everyone on planes will tend to look alike. "To jet-lagged jellyheads,

it appears that the same people are flying with them everywhere, but that is really not the case," says stress researcher Dr. Hans Kornnutt. "This symptom may be related to the fact that all airlines have merged into Air Airlines. As a result, all the airplanes and airports look alike, and hence, the passengers start looking alike, too."

- Victims will tend to leave items behind on planes. "Cleanup crews are having a field day," said an anonymous airline employee. "They're

finding so many wallets, purses, sunglasses, lighters, and tickets, it's like the shopping spree on *Wheel Of Fortune*."

- Stewardesses will appear to be foul-tempered. "They suffer from jet lag just as much as the passengers," says ex-stewardess Delta Eastern.

"Some passengers seem to think it's funny to make a big mess for the poor stewardess to clean up. No wonder so many coffee refills 'accidentally' end up in the passengers' laps!"

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Many years ago, ancient astronauts left a handful of special Power Crystals on the Planet Earth, before journeying back to their home in the Pleiades. These crystals were only to be used by the special, fortunate, deserving Chosen Ones, to:

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Mechanic to the "stars" confesses...

# "I TURNED A MICROBUS INTO A SPACE SHUTTLE!"

**A VOLKSWAGEN MECHANIC** claims that he built an interplanetary space ship—with the help of two Yale co-eds!

"These two gals putt-putted into my shop with this VW van," said Otto Lugrench, who was lubing a car at the time. "I asked them if they wanted their valves adjusted, but they said no, they wanted me to convert

their van into a space ship.

"I laughed so hard, I squirted myself in the face with my grease gun!"

The giggling greasemonkey's laughter quickly faded when one of the cosmic co-eds pulled out a set of instructions. "She said that the plans were given to them by aliens in a dream.

"Now, I've seen some foreign car

manuals before, but this was the foreignest thing I've ever seen!"

After studying the instructions, Otto found that he had everything he needed in his shop, and quickly went to work. "Lucky for me, the gum machine was full, 'cause the instructions called for large amounts of it."

The sore-jawed service stationer toiled 'round-the-clock on the van,

assisted by the comely collegiate cuties, who somehow found time to make two space suits. "It took us about a week of ratchet-thrashing labor to finish everything," said the ornery Otto.

"All in all, it was quite a wrenching experience."

Finally, they decided to take the van

for a test drive. "We started it up, thinking we were going around the block. Next thing I knew, we were going around the moon!"

The galactic gals landed the vibrating van back on Earth, thanked Otto, and took off. "Sometimes I wish I'd gone with them," he sighed.

"I'll bet their mileage is out-of-this-world!"



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WHAT'S THE SECRET WORD? Jail. Or maybe even death. That could be the punishment for the students who changed history with giant Groucho glasses. No word on whether they planned to disguise the three pyramids as Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo.

But did they 'bet their lives'?

## Egyptian Pranksters Turn Sphinx Into Groucho!

A couple of crazy college kids pulled the prank of the century by placing a huge pair of nose-glasses—right on the mug of the Sphinx!

Tourists and villagers alike were dumbfounded, as the original Geezer of Giza was transformed overnight into the spittin' image of the joke-cracking Marx Brother!

But now, the not-so merry pranksters face a lengthy jail term or even a death sentence, because the Egyptian government frowns on vandalism to national treasures like the Sphinx.

"We re-faced the Sphinx—we didn't de-face it," said one of the Sphinx-ers, Mahmud Mukimuk, who was caught as he fled the scene

of the crime.

"Both of us had summer jobs as telephone linemen. We got this bright idea that it would be good for cultural relations to put nose glasses on the Sphinx. Then, we were going to invite the Egyptians to put a turban on the Statue of Liberty!

"Guess it turned out to be a pretty dumb idea after all!"



Furry Freak In Forest Frenzy

## Two-Headed Squirrel Attacks Two Campers at Once!



**TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE?** Not quite, say frightened folks, who fought off this furry freak.

**A COUPLE CAMPING ON Mt. Rainier got a double dose of excitement when they were menaced by a vicious two-headed squirrel!**

The twin-noggined nutcracker

ripped Hector and Sheila Needlebaum's tent wide open, then cornered the terrified tentsters, while it tried to decide who to attack.

"It couldn't make up its minds," said Sheila. "One head would lunge for me, while at the same time the

other would lunge for Hector.

"I thought it was going to split itself in half."

The rowdy rodent finally decided to leap at both Hector and Sheila at the same time. When it landed between the unhappy campers, they dashed out the tent door and jumped into their car.

But just when they thought they were safe, the multi-headed mammal ripped through their convertible top. As Sheila looked on in horror, the bushy-tailed bully bit Hector's hairpiece with one head, and his ear lobe with the other!

Sheila grabbed the Siamese squirrel by the tail and threw it out the window. Then, she rushed poor Hector to the hospital.

"After all, I didn't want him to come down with a double dose of rabies," she said. \*

Golfing guru and slicing shaman

## HOLY MEN SEEK GOD ON THE GOLF COURSE!

**A NEPALESE GURU AND an African witch doctor claim to experience a higher form of consciousness—by playing 18 holes of golf!**

The devout duffers meet regularly at golf courses around the world, amazing onlookers with their mystical feats—and their incredibly low scores.

"They don't even need a golf cart—they just float around the course," grumbled teed-off caddy Lance Lugalot.

"But I gotta hand it to those holy rollers—they always shoot in the high teens and low twenties."

"I've even seen them get two holes in one—on the same ball!"

The pious putters claim that golfing is actually a high form of meditation, and that they use psychokinetic ability to direct the flight of the golf ball.

"The secret is in my book, *How To Raise Your Consciousness And Lower Your Golf Score*," commented club-toting chanter Swami Holanwanda.

The shaman, Nomo Slicinmon, says that their radical golf techniques are actually nothing new. "These methods, and many others, were taught to my tribe by the Ancient Ones over 50 millenia ago," said the wood-wielding witch doctor.

What's next for these cagey sages? "Like all beings, the two of us are seeking perfection," said the swinging swami.

"The day we each shoot a score of one, we believe we will come face-to-face with The Divine Duffer himself!"

## Gondoliers Sing For Rescuing Dolphins!

**V**isitors to Venice swoon under the spell of singing gondoliers—unaware that their majestic melodies are actually meant for the ears of dolphins!

That's because many of the bari-tone boatmen who have fallen out of their boats have been rescued by these magnificent mammals.

"Tourists think we're singing for them because they've got money," said gondolier Alberto Albacoro. "But the truth is, we're really signaling the dolphins where our gondolas are, in case we lose our balance and



**RHAPSODY OF THE DEEP?** Gondoliers say they sing for these friendly Flippers—and not for tourists!

fall out."

Alberto himself was once rescued by the playful porpoises, who nudged the gurgling gondolier to safety after he bailed out of his leaky boat.

"The singing gondolier is a nice, romantic image," said the vocal

Venetian. "But we're only doing it because it's a lot better than becoming fish food."

"In fact, half the gondoliers these days can't even carry a tune, but they sing away anyway." \*

Parachutists! Are you...



Tired of the same old lines?

Tired of being 'on the ropes'?

Tired of feeling like a fish in a net?

Tired of "chuting yourself"?

If you answered 'YES' to any of these questions, then you need the incredible **JUMPTY DUMPTY Parachute System!** It's the parachute that actually disintegrates just before you touch good ol' Mother Earth! Say goodbye to untangling and packing your parachute and lines after a jump. Or getting stuck in trees, church steeples, and power lines. Or having a parachute drape on top of you (otherwise known as "chuting yourself" or the unsightly 'Nomad Look'). Instead, **JUMPTY DUMPTY'S** sonar device detects when you are about to land. Then, parachute, pack, and lines all dissolve instantly—no muss, no fuss, and no cuss. With **JUMPTY DUMPTY**, you can hit the road when your feet hit the ground!

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I am here to tell you that you have it within yourself to do both!

My name is Swami Holanwanda. And what my book can show you is the innate power within sentient beings like yourself to control your own destiny.

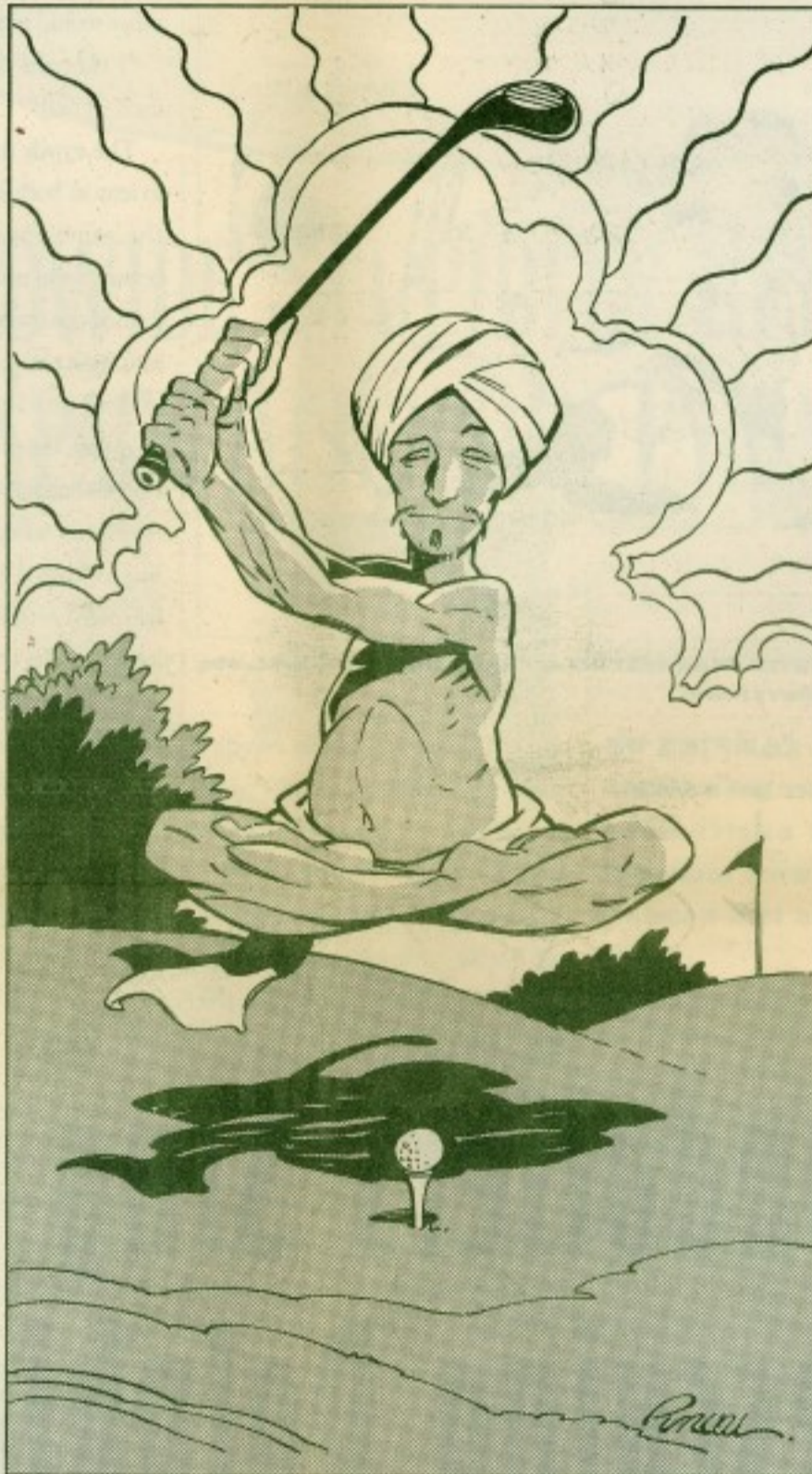


Within you resides a Higher Self that is all-knowing. A Higher Self that can help you bring out the fullest potential of your entire being. A Higher Self that can show you why your putting technique stinks.

It's all in my book *How To Raise Your Consciousness And Lower Your Golf Scores*. It will show you how to get in touch with that Higher Self within. And, if you're lucky, that Self will turn out to be an Arnold Palmer, a Jack Nicklaus, or a Tom Watson.

JUST LOOK AT SOME OF THE SECRETS MY BOOK REVEALS:  
*How To Choose A Path To Inner Peace*

- *How To Choose A Path To The 19th Hole*
- *How To Keep Your Mind From Wandering*
- *How To Keep Your Shot From Wandering*
- *How To Avoid Attachment To Material Things*
- *How To Avoid Sandtraps*



• *How To Find True Happiness*

• *How To Find The Sweet Spot*

• *How To Find The Answers To All Your Questions*

• *How To Find A Caddy With A Good Aura*

• *How To Know What Your True Destiny Is*

• *How To Know What Your Best Stance Is*

• *How To Get Rid Of Bad Karma*

• *How To Get Rid Of That Slice In Your Drive*

• *What To Do If Your Life Encounters An Obstacle*

• *What To Do If Your Golf Ball Encounters A Water Hazard*

• *A Simple Technique For Reaching A Relaxed State*

• *A Simple Technique For Reaching The Green*

HERE'S WHAT READERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Your book is amazing! After reading just the first four chapters, I was able to walk on the water hazards!" - G.L., Nicasio, California

"Now, when I play golf, I don't select the right golf club—the right golf club selects me!" - D.G., Boston, Massachusetts

"I especially enjoyed the chapter on 'How To Clean Your Karma And Your Golf Cleats.'" - G.K., Altoona, Pennsylvania

"After reading your book, I went out and shot a 24—using the other end of the golf clubs!" - K.R., Gualala, California

"I read Chapter One, then beat my boss by 40 strokes. He fired me. Then, I read Chapter Two, and realized that I didn't need the job anyway!" - D.M., Reno, Nevada

"More eagles—and less ego—that's what your book has given me!" - V.C., San Francisco, CA

DON'T DOUBLE-BOGEY THIS CHANCE!

Read my book, and keep your life—and your golf game—out of the rough! Send me only \$9.95, and I'll rush you a copy of my book direct from my ashram in Nepal. And if you order now, I'll send you a golf tee blessed by my Master, the late Swami Skorowwanda.

Peace be with you, and may the waters of divine bliss flood the sandtraps of your heart.



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