

FROM THE DESK OF...

MIKE THE MOVER

CANDIDATE FOR US SENATE/DEMOCRAT
16925 9TH AVE SE, MILL CREEK, WA 98012

WRITTEN MAY 16TH, 2010 'A SUNDAY'

THE CONFESSIONS OF BOBO BRAZILLE

* CHRISTMAS AT THE NATIONAL MALL *

Meet Bobo Brazille, grand sultan of Sudan.

His harem consists of eight wives, which have produced forty-three children over the past twenty years. A fine count for his vicinity.

Bobo, which in his language, means...'big stink', usually allows his name to speak for himself.

These days however, Bobo no longer trades in camels, oil revenues, precious metals, diamonds, nor does he dabble in tribal politics. He is a man on a mission.

Several years ago, Bobo became a disc jockey, well known through-out the northern reaches of the African continent radio stations.

Previously to this, during prayers one day, many years ago (1991), he thought he heard, in his mind, of a 'grunge' band named Sound Garden, which he believed to be in America.

For years, Bobo sought out copies of the music written by Chris Cornell, but by the time he had received his copies, the band had dissolved. Still he thought the music was, in his terms, "cool sandals".

As his musical interest grew, he listened to Pearl Jam, Nirvana, and other start-ups, that he imagined one day would convert the world to universal tolerance.

One day, while watching a pack of hyenas' stock his herd of wild boars, Bobo had an idea.

At first he had his children play the 'grunge' music with local instruments.

Next, Bobo, brought out his 'Boom Box' ...same music.

Suddenly, the hyenas laid down with the boars. What do you expect? It was like Woodstock, all over again.

In Bobo's eyes, it was a matter of 'Biblical proportions'!

Later, Bobo used the same tactic against 'rival' tribes, the local militia, and against the government armed forces.

Each and every place the music was played, it became a 'free concert', and there was peace.

TO: BRACK OBAMA / PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM: BOBO BRAZILLE / THE GRAND SULTAN OF SUDAN

Dear Mr. President:

I like grunge music.

I also have received communications from a Mike the Mover, concerning an Amtrack Tour, across America, in the summer of 2011, when he becomes a US Senator.

Also, I would like to meet Conan O'Brien and Willie Nelson. As we say here, 'Cool Sandals'.

Meanwhile, I need to meet Chris Cornell. It would be nirvana.

So then, back to business. I offer you three of my finest camels, at my expense.

In exchange? I will ride my camels to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a week before Christmas, 2011, with Willie and Conan, and myself representing the three wise men of Biblical reference.

A day later, we head back to the National Mall arriving on Christmas Day, 2011.

Shortly thereafter, I will donate these creatures to the National Zoo.

Of course, I will bring my family. Plan ahead. I expect you to accommodate at least, for eighty or so of my immediate family members. Like Bush and Bin Laden family.

Along for the ride, Conan and Willie! A Christmas like no other.

If things change, let me know. OK?

For now, "Cool sandals, my friend".

Remember, "God is Great"! So is grunge...

BOBO