



I got the message. . . *from Stu the Guru Crumpler*

...he's a comin' down from the Ballarat mountain, he's dipped his sewin' machine in the Fountain of Love, he's a comin' down, he's a comin' down . . .

He's a makin' the Crumpler bags strong & sturdy followers of his religion, he's a singin' a chant sittin' high on an elephant, this is the man that when he talk you better lissen. Get your ears open.

His religion started in Melbourne, Stu the Guru was just a little one. . . he was a check out dude, packin' plastic bags full of shoppin', hangin' out & bein' rude, when a voice from the supermarket speakers said . . .

... Listen up here, Stu, slip on your sneakers, get ya ass outta here, you're gunna make some super strong funky bags, don't get me wrong, this checkout queue it's not for you, I'm gunna make you into a guru. . .

So it came to pass that Stu got off his arse & made bags for gummy headed couriers ridin' their bikes, the crash test dummies for his first designs, they said, Hey there Stu, those bags are fine, but do ya reckon you put the stiches in a nice straight line . . . Stu's first range of baggin' was doin' a little saggin' . . .

But that's when Stu knew he was the chosen One, said, No one talks back to Guru Stu! From this day on those bags are strong. . . So mothers started prayin' for their beloved, fathers pulled down shotguns from the cupboard—their sons & daughters in the cuit with Stu headin' for the mountains, all styles of Crumpler bags hangin' around em, and the whole glad mad mob of 'em chantin'.

Now on the mountain where the fountain of life is flowin', Stu's makin' bags while his followers are lyin', flat on the ground and keepin' quiet, soon he's gunna make a sound, tell 'em 'bout the new range of bags he's gunna bring to town . . . Yeah, I got the message from Stu the Guru, he's a comin' down, he's a comin' down . . .

 COMPUTER

 PHOTO

 BAGS

 MESSENGER

STEP 1: KNOW THIS, YOU'RE THE GURU FROM THE FRONT COVER

That birthmark on your back—the brown one with the hairs stickin' out—that's your mark from the gods your ticket to lead souls through slippery Valleys of Death into bright shining Chainsaw Light so take your Super Snipe and go there is no other you're the brightest soul in heaven, sister, brother.