A Few Words From The President

This is the 50th edition of The Mustang, and this landmark causes me to reflect on other landmarks this year. As the banner says below, Molossia celebrates its 40th anniversary this year and I myself turn 55 - or double nickels as I like to call it. It seems just a few months have passed since we started this newsletter, yet its been over four years. Likewise, has it truly been four decades since we founded Molossia? Time, it seems, has a way of slipping away from us. I think it’s important to remember how fleeting our moments on earth can truly be, and to make the most of every second. What we do with those seconds might not be monumental, but each one is precious and cannot be taken for granted. We try to make the most of each day here in Molossia and I challenge all of our readers to do the same, make each of your moments count!

Prisoner’s Pride Salt

We recently introduced to the world Merry Molossia Re-education and Rehabilitation Facility - otherwise known as the Molossia Salt Mine. The product of that mine is Prisoner's Pride Salt, happily excavated 20 hours a day by the few miscreants of Molossia, striving to better their lives through hard work on behalf of our nation. Toiling in the happy bowels of the earth, Molossia’s political prisoners are gently guided back from their erroneous ways while producing quality salt for tables across our nation. This fine product, renowned for its taste and excellent character, can be used for a variety of purposes, not the least of which is flavoring and preserving food. Our prisoners swear by it as an additive to their meager, occasionally ran-cid, yet wholesome rations - an added incentive to their already rewarding servitude deep underground.

Don’t make them toil for no reason, get your souvenir bag of Prisoner's Pride Salt today!

Prisoner’s Pride Salt, Truly the Salt of Our Earth!
Molossia’s Salt Mine

Molossia is generally a well-behaved nation, but there are times when certain citizens feel the need to misbehave. When such times arise our loving government works to rehabilitate and reeducate these misbegotten souls. In the kindest way possible off they go to the Merry Molossia Re-education and Rehabilitation Facility - otherwise known as the Molossia Salt Mine. There in the happy bowels of the earth, amid such lovely sights as boiling water suddenly bursting forth from the walls, occasional challenges such as bad air and cave-ins, and motivational moments such as 20 hour work days and minimal food, our detainees learn to better themselves. All this while altruistically producing tons of quality salt to be sold for profit with no benefit to themselves. It is hoped that with this gentle rehabilitation process our wayward citizens will see the error of their ways and seamlessly rejoin society. In the very rare instance that our corrective process fails, our government is more than happy than to send the recalcitrant individual on a mysterious all-expense paid vacation from which they are never seen again. But these are isolated circumstances indeed, as laboring in the mine has a strange way of bringing even the most difficult miscreant back into line and into society, ready to be a productive and pacified citizen again.

The Muffaletta Sandwich - A Molossian Favorite

The New Orleans Muffaletta is a sandwich that was created in 1906 at the Central Grocery in the French Quarter. It is a favorite sandwich here in the Republic of Molossia, especially during Mardi Gras and on St. Ex Day. The secret to the Muffaletta is twofold, good bread and olive salad. The rest of it is ham and cheese for the most part, with some salami and maybe a little pepperoni tossed in. The type of ham and cheese is fairly irrelevant and can be changed to fit your taste or mood...but you can't make a muffaletta without some good bread and olive salad.

Ingredients: (meat and cheese should be thinly sliced or shredded)
1 large loaf of Italian bread (or 4 small loaves) or 2 loaves of Focaccia
Ham (Cappicola, Prosciutto, Honey Ham, whatever...)
Salami (Hard, Genoa, whatever...)
Cheese (Provolone, Mortadella, Mozzarella, American, or any combination)
Optional: pepperoni

Slice the large or small loaves like a hamburger bun (Focaccia doesn't need to be sliced, because it's usually thin). Lightly toast. Add alternating layers of meat, cheese and olive salad. Pop in the oven to melt cheese and then put the whole thing together and enjoy!
Farfalla is a colony of the Republic of Molossia. It is located in central Modoc County, about 11 Imperial Nortons (11 km / 6.5 miles) north of the town of Alturas, California. Farfalla is about 7,965 Square Royal Nortons (2 hectares / 4.9 acres) in size and is covered in pines. A small seasonal creek runs through the center, and a year-round spring feeds into the creek. The colony is about .5 Imperial Nortons (.5 km) north of a small lake, and lies in a hilly area known as Mahogany Ridge. The landscape is replete with juniper and piñon trees, wild flowers and grasses. Butterflies abound, hence the name of the colony, for the Italian word for butterfly. This is beautiful country and the pride of Molossia.

Farfalla Colony was originally purchased in September 2003 XXVI. It was the pride of our nation for over two years; in 2005 XXVIII a flagpole was built and a bridge constructed across Deer Run Creek. However, due to economic reasons our government was forced to relinquish Farfalla back to the United States in late 2005 XXVIII. At the same time our nation gained Desert Homestead Province. In spite of the gain of Desert Homestead the loss of Farfalla was felt keenly in Molossia. In early 2015 XXXVIII our government began to explore the possibility of regaining Farfalla, and by happenstance the land was available and quickly became ours again. Thus Farfalla has been restored as a part of Molossia after almost 10 years - and the flag waves once again over our beautiful colony!
April is here and the weather is warming up. Thank goodness, because this has been a treacherous winter! I’m so glad to see the flowers and trees blooming all around Molossia. People, much like flowers, blossom at their own rate. Do you ever think about how far you've grown or progressed in certain areas of your life? Maybe you never liked speaking in public and now you do it all the time. It’s funny to think back to a time when you would never be able to do this or that when today it's no big deal. We are all learning new things or new ideas everyday. It's a good idea to keep an open mind to new possibilities because something you wouldn't be into now may be your normal way of life later on. I have a friend that hated exercise but pushed through and went on to become a triathlete. I have another friend that thought Uber and ride sharing was weird and unusual and once he tried it, he thought it was amazing and convenient. Every time we try something new we grow a little. Don't be afraid to step out of your comfort zone and see what you can blossom into. You'll probably become the most beautiful flower of them all.

Thank you and until next time...

Let the green grass grow all around.

~Adrianne