



Republic of Slowjamastan
Consulate of Slowjamastan in the USA

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slowjamastan.org
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6160 Cornerstone Ct. E, Ste 150
San Diego, California 92121

DATE: February 26, 2025

TO: Miriam Peregrina

FROM: His Excellency, Randy Williams, The Sultan of Slowjamastan

RE: Urgent message regarding Gael Romay's assignment

Dear Ms. Peregrina:

Greetings from **The United Territories of the Sovereign Nation of The People's Republic of Slowjamastan**—an 11-acre global superpower that, for reasons unknown, has yet to appear in most world atlases. We are writing today in support of **Gael Romay's** class assignment, as it is our solemn duty to enlighten the masses about the plight of our great nation and the ongoing crisis of people not taking us seriously.

Let's begin with the tiresome question of our sovereignty. Some might say, "I've never heard of Slowjamastan," to which we reply, "Have you heard of **Nauru**? Exactly." Just because we are not yet printed in school textbooks (a clear oversight by the international publishing cabal) does not mean we do not exist. Fortunately, over 500 news agencies in 100+ countries have done their journalistic duty by confirming that, yes, Slowjamastan is as real as the air we breathe—assuming that air is not contaminated by the stench of Crocs, which are, of course, banned within our borders.

But let's talk about the law. According to the **1933 Montevideo Convention on Rights and Duties of States**, a country must have four things: a permanent population, defined territory, a government, and the ability to engage in international relations.





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We check all these boxes. We even have a national anthem and a functioning economy (please ignore the minor technicality that our currency, the mighty **Duble**, has yet to be recognized by the **International Monetary Fund**).

Now, for those still unconvinced, we direct you to **Article 3** of the Montevideo Convention, which states that a state's existence is independent of recognition by others. That's right—whether the **United Nations** invites us to their fancy meetings or not, we are here, we are sovereign, and we are thriving (thriving is a subjective term, but let's go with it).

The United Nations Charter and the **International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights** both affirm the right of self-determination. Simply put, we have declared ourselves independent, and therefore, we are. We are a proud nation with a grand vision: to provide a homeland for those who believe in liberty, justice, and the indisputable superiority of smooth jazz.

Since declaring our independence on **December 1st, 2021**, The Republic of Slowjamastan has forged its own destiny. We have passports (that may or may not get you through airport security), our own currency (which, again, is totally real), and diplomatic missions abroad (a.k.a. some very enthusiastic citizens with business cards). We even attended the **NATO Summit** in **Washington, D.C.**—sure, we weren't exactly *invited*, but attendance is attendance!

We trust that after reviewing this ironclad case, you will agree that The Republic of Slowjamastan is indeed a real country, deserving of respect, recognition, and possibly a feature in ***National Geographic***.

And now, let's confront the hideous, rubbery, hole-riddled elephant in the room. Crocs.

As an American defector, I dedicated my early years to a noble cause: ridding the world of these abominations disguised as footwear. I wrote letters—oh, so many letters—to politicians, lawmakers, and world leaders, desperately pleading for action. I warned them of the danger, the aesthetic catastrophe, the sheer audacity of a "shoe" that doubles as a flotation device. But my cries fell on deaf ears. The world, it seemed, had given up.

Faced with such injustice, I had two choices.





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Option A: A violent revolution, a worldwide uprising against the tyranny of foam clogs. But alas, as history will remember, The Sultan is a man of peace.

So, I chose **Option B:** Found my own nation. A land where I wield the supreme power to *finally* ban Crocs in all their grotesque forms. In Slowjamastan, the mere possession, wearing, or importation of Crocs is strictly forbidden. Punishment for violating this sacred law? Well, let's just say international human rights organizations have *politely* asked me not to disclose the details.

I hope this gives you a clearer understanding of our great nation and its unwavering commitment to justice. I do look forward to meeting you soon—be it in Slowjamastan, in the great state of **Puebla**, or anywhere else in this world... so long as Crocs are not involved.

Un abrazo fuerte,

His Excellency Randy Williams
Sultan of Slowjamastan

