

Big Boy ...

... likes to extend his (slightly odd) views on Faith, Love, Hope; on dreams and his grand future.

What he does not like is talking about his puzzling past, which has never been discussed in the open public before.

This is the once in a lifetime chance to creep a little look into the secrets of this living phenomena.

BIG BOY was probably born around the year 1977 in Sweden but due to some unexplainable events in this twisted world he spent most of his childhood in Germany.

Since BIG BOY matured fast, it didn't take him long to get into some serious trouble.

As a result from breaking up with yet another 'She-Devil' and the following evening piss up, he somewhat thought that a bit of discipline couldn't harm him.

Consequently he found himself joining the French Foreign Legion where he served this "Grand Nation" for two long years (should have checked the contract!).

They really did NOT show much appreciation of BIG BOY's special skills, like being the camouflage make up artist on the battlefield.

He was soon dishonorably discharged on accusations of being a bit camp in camp.

After these traumatic two years in the mud BIG BOY began a new journey in the search for comradeship and his meaning in life...

This was certainly made clear to him after a short vacancy at a mental institution (just to "visit a friend"...))

were, believe it or not, Freddie Mercury appeared to him in one of his lively dreams.

He told him to start the most kick ass, twisted Rock N' Roll Band the world has ever seen.

BIG BOY, not really knowing whether that prophecy was for real or just a fragment of his imagination,

decided to trust Freddie.

Still thinking tactically BIG BOY took on this challenge and started to get to know his sworn enemy,

the Music Business and its Majors.

Some would say that he took investigating a bit too far when he started signing boy-groups for a major record label.

But I can assure you that he still feels deeply sorry for releasing such tasteless junk onto the defenseless public.

BIG BOY knew now that his time had come to pop the cherry with colleagues, artists, and anybody else fitting for him...

In order to gain a wider selection he had to get back on track to become a full blown Rock Superstar.

BIG BOY had finally found his destiny and now tried to inspire everyone in or around him to join his path.

On his following pilgrimage along the Santiago Road he met three sense seeking, Absolut Vodka drinking,

lip gloss eating musicians, who were also looking for that extasy called Rock`N Roll and shared his affinity for Swedish ass along the way. Nice!

This was everything BIG BOY had ever dreamed off...

“Being the biggest German speaking entertainer since Marlene Dietrich and the greatest fake since Milli Vanilli is a bit overwhelming at times. I just want to be loved!”

BIG BOY

And loved he will be- or hated. You’ll never know what B.B. leaves behind- broken hearts or broken noses...

HAIL THE BIG BOY !!!