

ROMAN CANDLE 33



The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils.

Warning... Mindless Drivel content exceeds most local Limitation Treaties, so there.

SHOCK, HORROR, FROTH OFF THE BEER CASE, LATEST... DRUNKEN DAVE BEARNAPPED AT WEYMOUTH,

Dream or a nightmare?

WHACKO JACKO RANSOM DEMAND..... AN AMAZING RESCUE EFFECTED.... THE GOER RUNS AWAY WITH DAVE AND SPROGS.. CUCKOLDED SPOUSE GOES BALLISTIC.

£35m

FINAL

That's what is owed
DO YOU WANT

your Bear

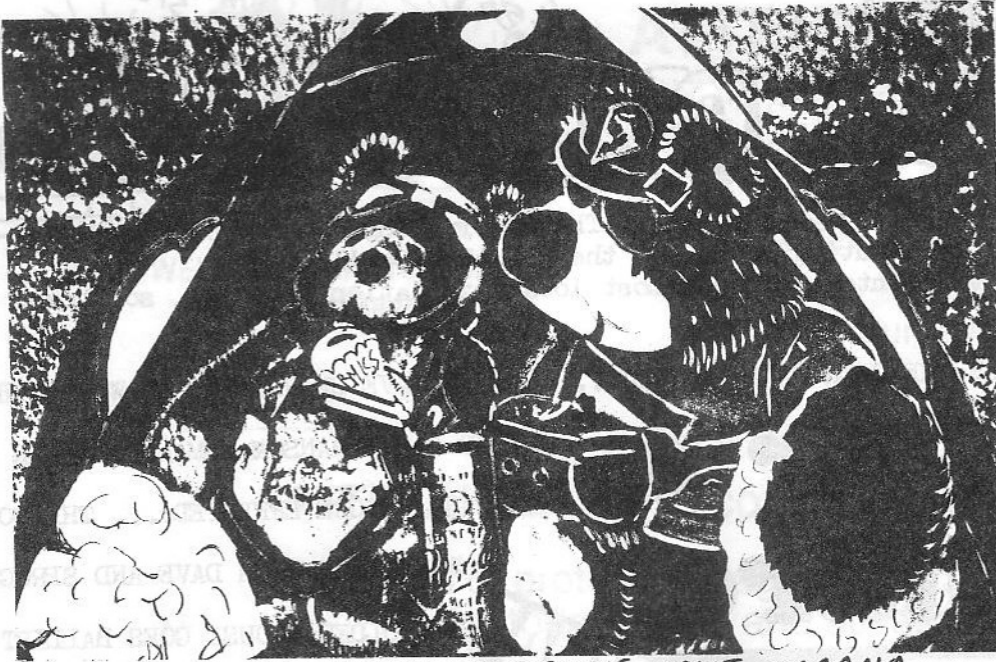
THE WHACKO RANSOM DEMAND

STUD FEES DEMANDED AS DRUNK ALLEGES, GOER TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HIM WHILST PISSED AS A PUDDING..... SEX CRAZED PAIR IN HOTEL BEDROOM ROMP AND LOVE CABANA TRYSTING SESSION TRIPLET SPROGS SHORTLY TO BE JOINED BY ON WAY SIBLING(S). SOUTHCOAST BEER CONSUMPTION HITS ALL TIME HIGH... SHYSTER LAWYERS JOIN THE FRAY... BIG BIG BUCKS SMELT AS SOUTH COAST REELS AT CONTINUANCE.

Far from going Belly Up, the now Infamous ' Froth off the Beer' affair continues fast and furious, constantly shocking the normally Staid Kite Flying community of a well known South Coast Town.

A the Weymouth Fest, Dave Bear and his Bear were Bear and Beernapped, possibly by Biggles, the Cuckolded Spouse, and, as Dave puts it, at least 30 Heavies. Dave was shut in a cupboard overnight, within a few feet of his beloved, and the next Day was confined to the South Coast Mobs Cabana, albeit with Suzy Bear and the Sprogs. Due in part to a Dereliction of Duty by one of the South Coast Mob and a Daring Raid by the Woodley S.A.S. an amazing Rescue was effected, and as Suzy Bear was clinging to Daves leg, both she and the Sprogs were taken too.

Mind you, we think Dave had an ulterior motive in dragging Suzy off to his now notorious 'Love Cabana' for some heavy duty Trysting and then back to his Hotel Bed for a night of Romping, during which he forced Suzy Bear to admit that she had taken advantage of him whilst he was legless resulting in the Look alike Debacle. Dave says that he has instruc-



TRYSTING IN THE NOTORIOUS LOVE CABANA

Runne have said that Dropnik Oakhill has no intention of paying and would like to warn Dave that return of his alleged progeny could be an unwise move as the little lookalike is already consuming vast amounts of Beer for one so young, and.... would Dave really like some serious Boozing competition right on his doorstep. And there, for the moment, the on-going 'FROTH off the BEER' must rest..... Doubtless to be continued

cont from p1....
ted his Solicitors, Codpiece Legless and Crutch to demand that Dropnik Oakhill, with whom Suzy Bear currently resides (we think also that Oakie One is also her legal Guardian) pays a modest Stud Fee of one Six Pack of the Amber Neck Oil for use of their Clients Body without his consent, otherwise Dave demands the return of his Progeny.

Dave is of the view that if Biggles can demand a Ransom of \$35 million, then his demand of one sixpack is very fair.

However, Oakie Ones Legal Eagles, Sue, Grabbit and

NON ALCOHOLIC HOLY LAGER AVAILABLE IF REQUIRED BRING YOUR OWN

Of late it has been a feature at certain Kite Fests, that the B.O.F. personally admits to the Worldwide Fraternity of Parafauna lots of New Recruits, who are welcomed with liberal showers of Holy Lager. Of course the BOF is careful not to get the Holy Lager on the backs of the Parafauna, or even the backs of the attendant Humes, in case the poor sods break their necks, trying to lick it off.

These ceremonies, or as some would have it, Religious Rite have been referred to as Christenings, which led the BOF to think that this is just a little off the Target. As you are no doubt aware, around the the World, Parafauna of a soft cuddley toy persuasion, come from many Faiths. We have Jewish Teddy Bears, Sikh cuddleys, Muslim Parafauna, Christian Teds of every denomination, Sunni Bears, Ba'Hai's, Hindu Parateds, etc, etc we even have some Parafauna who are Pagans and of course we musn't forget Atheist Teds and also Agnostic Parafauna.

In order to upset nobody and to demonstrate that BMISS is open to Soft Cuddleys of whatever Species, Creed, Proclivity or Persuasion, from Henceforth the aforementioned ceremonies will be known as "SLOSHING" and as everyone usually gets Sloshed a good time will be had by all.....

The biggest recent Sloshing was conducted by the BOF at an Arctic Easter Thrash on the Eastern Front at Blackheath, where a large group of the South Coast AIR ZOO were welcomed into the Fraternity, including the first known Teddy Bear Nun, Sister Imaculata of the Nocturnal Emission. Sister Imaculata's expertise was invaluable to the BOF as he was a bit Nonplussed at having to Slosh an amazing Fauna Portaloo or Kharzi if you prefer. This Throne room for Fauna was made by Dropnik Barry Poulter, (a right nutter) who said he had to make it as it was so painful to see his Parafauna with Watering eyes and tightly crossed legs after consuming vast amounts of Beer, Dropnik Poulter also calls his Parafauna some very rude names, most of which are unprintable, such as Fat Hairy Barsteward which an unfortunate Orang Utang has to aswer to.

PAWS, WHILST I TELL YOU SOMETHING!

Professor Mike Dallmer of the World Famous Oakley Street Soft Cuddley Maternity Clinic has vast group of Parafauna hell bent on Partying him out of the Clinic. We were under the Impression that this Mob were called the First Pennsylvania Bear Force, however Professor informs us that they wish to be known as P.A.W.S. Philadelphia Area Wanna be Skydivers.

It would appear that the term Wanna be, doesnt have quite the same connotations in the U.S.A as it does in the U.K. you know, I wanna be Michael Jackson, cos I like baby Goats.



TORNADO TEDS TEAR IT UP A BIT.

Below we print two letters from a couple of our Members who are currently serving with a Tornado F3 Squadron in the Royal Air Force. The Bears are on extended leave at the moment and are staying with Dropnik @££"£@ no name for security reasons, who they reckon is also a BOF.

Mach 2 Bear is the Tornado Pilot and says that this is O.K. except for when for when he gives the Old Crate some Welly, then he bangs his Nose on the Windscreen. Mach 1. Bear rides in the back of the Tornado and has'nt passed Mach 2 yet. He is the Nav and Weapons officer, In Flight Caterer and Chief Cook and Bottle Washer. Just in case you were wondering, a couple of Humes do go along for the Ride, but they're only there as Ballast and

Dear All

We are a couple of mascot Teds who fly in F3 Tornados.

My name is Mach 2 (thats how fast I've flown) & my mate is Mach 1 cause he sits in the back seat & hasnt passed me yet.

We were given to our pilot **CENSORED** by his old dad John who is the kiteflier who told us about BMISS, he said its about time we learnt how to "hit the silk" in case we have to eject so old John is putting us up for a while & will bring us along to some of the festivals where we hope to meet you all & maybe cadge a drop or two (booze as well as a chute) & perhaps get the benefit of your experiences to learn the bizzo

Cheers for now

Machs 2 & 1

in Flight entertainment, when every so often they go Bananas and shout a funny phrase, similar to.. Shoot, they've got Lock-on. We met Mach 2 and 1 recently, fastest bears?

Dear All

Here's the Tornado Teds with an update to our last letter

We could'nt make Blackheath or Weymouth (dont like sand in our fur) & the wind didn't oblige at Swindon so we were keeping our fingers crossed that the whole year might be a washout & so it seemed when we were dragged of to Shoreham Airfield for the Brighton Fest & spent all Saturday in the comparative warmth & dry except, when old John kept opening the doors to get another creation to try & fly, without much success by the sound of his swearing!

Sunday arrived wet & gloomy so we looked forward to another restful day. Old John disappeared somewhere & all was quiet until the car doors were opened & we saw the sun shining & knew we were done for, we were whisked away with some bearfaced lies about there being nothing to worry about & we wondered why he kept the sun in our eyes until we lifted them unto the sky & beheld an apparition of white & orange floating on high (a bit poetic that)

The next thing we were being manhandled by some bloke called Alan who admired our outfits & badges whist tying something round our middle, by this time we were both feeling far from well & must have looked it as old John muttered something about going downwind, & disappeared whilst we were hooked onto a bit of string going up to the big shape above & before we knew it we were on our way up

From thereon our memories are a bit hazy, I know we could see old John looking up at us with his mouth open & saying something about hanging on, as if we had any bloody choice. We then realised we had come to a stop at least if you can call twirling round on a bit of string miles above the ground stopping. We must say that the view was great & the sensation quite pleasant & we started to congratulate ourselves on coming through the ordeal unscathed & looked forward to sliding back down the line to the ground when an almighty jerk set us racing across the sky with the ground coming up to meet us almost as quick as our plane, then we hit, albeit relatively soft grass & were dragged along on our bums by a round bit of cloth with the silly old sod, John, trying to catch us. At last all was still & we lay on my back gazing up to thing that had carried us up to great heights then let us go to find our own way down & we looked at each other & sappy grins began to appear as we realised what we had done & apart from a bit of mud & damp on us we were both alright.

We were given a certificate to say we were now part of your grand order & when we eventually made it back to the car & tucked up warm again, we reflected back on what we had been through & realised that apart from the initial shock we quite enjoyed it & might be persuaded to try it again one day so hope see some of you there, Basingstoke perhaps?

Cheers for now & may your landings be soft

Machs 2 & 1



MY TEDDY HAS LOST £1m ON STOCK MARKET (HONEST)

A CITY whizzkid who lost his firm £1 million on the stock market told bosses it was his teddy bear's fault.

The dealer, who earns more than £100,000 a year, was asked to explain a series of disastrous deals. Bosses were stunned when he told them: "Don't blame me, blame my teddy bear Henry."

The man's colleagues later revealed he had been spotted chatting to the bear, which he kept in a desk drawer.

His bosses decided the stressful 13-hour days were too much for the dealer and ordered him to take a month off.

He is now back at his desk at top City of London bank Goldman Sachs - minus his small furry adviser.

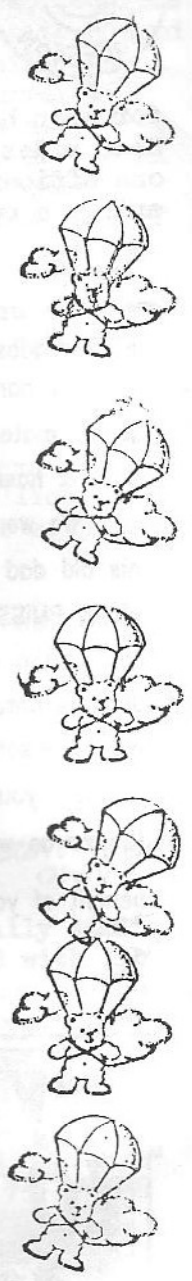
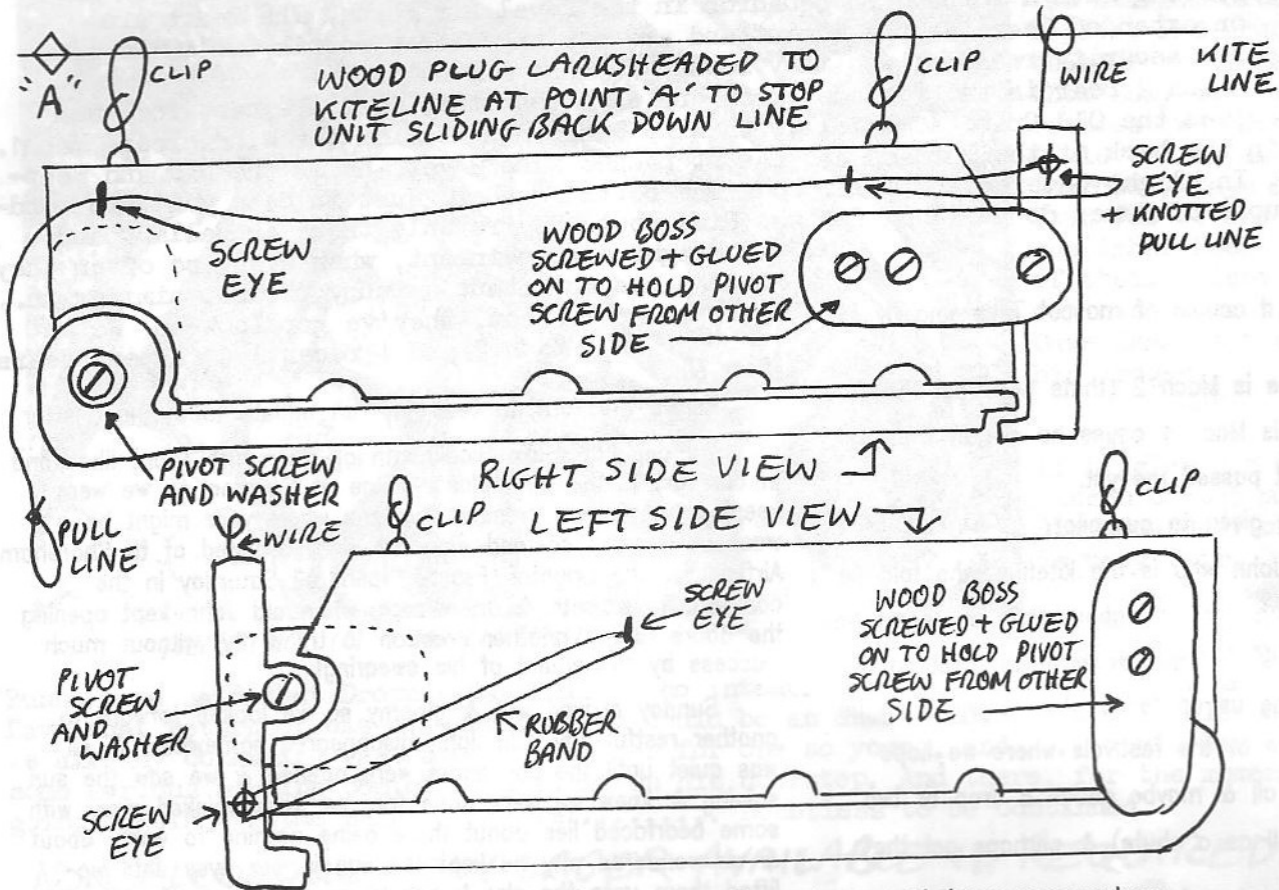
BY SUN REPORTER

A colleague said: "The work's hard. It's easy to go off the rails if you're not careful."

Goldman Sachs last month fired three dealers when they sexually harassed a secretary.

She became the butt of blue jokes after asking how to get promotion at the firm's Fleet Street office.

WHAT A LYING SOD



Basic idea here is pretty straight forward. Bottom wood bar pivots and drops open when catch is released. Tension is supplied by a rubber band strung between two screw eyes. A spring could also be used. Bear or bears are strung on the bar by their hanging rings, with notches above bar keeping them separated. When catch is released and bar drops open, they slide off. Static lines are hooked to whatever screw eyes are handy. Basic unit is 10 inches long by 2 1/2 inches. Pivot bar and release lever add to that. Nothing is real critical except being sure to relieve the corners around the pivots and be real sure to sand the pivot bar a lot, rounding the corners so the bears will slide off easily. You may need to use a larger ring on the bears' hanging straps. I used a very high grade of seven layer craftsman 3/8 inch plywood for mine. Weight is 4 ounces. Note that you can use the pull cord if using a single line set-up, or you can put it on a pulley system and the wire on top of the lever will serve as the trip. This wire is put into a hole drilled in top of release lever. Be sure fit is tight, or use epoxy. It works very well for me.

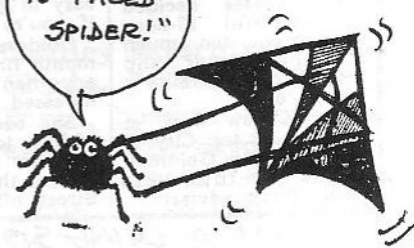
News is to Paw of a Mob of Weirdo's who puport to be out to save Teddy Bears of a Parachuting Persuasion. Calling themselves, would you believe it, The Royal Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Teddy Bears. Hmmm, they sure do reckon themselves when all they are is a front for an International Teddy Bear Abuse Ring.

These Noncers seem to be totally unbalanced, but can easily be straightened up with a small piece of Lead inserted in one Ear, preferably with a 12 Bore Shotgun. If any of our Members are accosted by these Pervies, let us know and we'll do the Bizzo on them in the time honoured BMISS fashion.

Also to Paw, via the Pin Pratt, we've received a copy of the Rabbit Review by one Rex T. Rabbit. Whilst the Review is intresting, it does indicate that the impression that he and his family are the only Parachuting Not so Rex, aint'cha heard of Brother Sid, the BMISS H.Q. mobs ard and Convener? Not to worry as we did like your caper of Hoi sting yourself up on a Chute whilst tied to the back of a Radio-controlled Model Car, could be a Bummer if the Ni-cads go flat.

"I'M A
 70-FACED
 SPIDER!"

Rex is under
 Rabbits.
 Shop Stew-



Thats another Four Pages Huffed and Puffed Up, so its the usual to the usual.. The Teddytorial, c/o The Boring Old Fart, 48. Laurel Lane, W/Drayton, Middx, UB7. 7TY. U.K.