

# ROMAN CANDLES



The Journal of the Bearly Made It SkydiveSquad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. Mindless Drivel content exceeds many local Strategic Arms Limitatins Treaties. Guaranteed Politically Incorrec and we really dont give a Toss.

## Gordon Bleeding Bennet!

One nice thing about awakening from official Winter Kip, is the Reading of the Mail thats arrived in the meantime. One Letter of note came from Chez Gruntfuttock, whereit appears that our erst-while friend F.H.B. has another occupation during the Winter Season.

FHB has a Job as a Stage Technician at a well known Thesbian establishment, somewhere in Sussex. Hmm,so its Larko's with the Luvvies eh?

Says FHB, " Here I sit looking out on 800 or so Humes, yes, its work time. The Royal Philly Orchestra, Yawn, bloody Yawn,are doing a Gig. Jeez, 72 Bloody Penguins armed with bits of wood, string and Brass, all, Nursing Hangovers, and stinking of Hemorrhoid Ointment. Gordon Bennett,some Buggers Clapping, time to push a Button, as some Geezer walks on and sits at St Einway, and proceeds to belt out that well known Beethoven, symphony "Break out the Suicide Kit".

FHB goes on to say that he thinks that what is really needed to liven up one of these Gigs, is a Les Dawson exploding Piano, or perhaps a nice Pyro display, or maybe even the odd puff of Smoke on the twddly bits. Anything really to stop the Brain going into China Syndrome. Still, not to worry, for as the St Einway Geezer and the 72 Penguins are knocking five kind of you know what out of the ditty, its time for FHB and the rest of the Crew to play the well known Stage Technician game of "Spot the Slaphead" Todays Total....427 in the Stalls and191 in the Circle, and would you believe it, not one of those Slapheads has a Parachute.

FHB also keeps us informed as to what is going on at Chez Gruntfuttock. It would appear that Great Uncle Flatulence has given up trying to have Carnival urges towards pieces of 8 mil Carbon, and now states that he has got the hots for thatone Orang Utang hole in the Ozone layer above BOF Tower. Junior has gorn a bit arty farty and has taken up Oil Painting, well he found an old Paint by NumbersKit when he was Mucking out the Attic. He has a problem though, as he cannot clean his Brushes, as he's taken to drinking the Turps, As you can guess thats anothe Orang Utang on the slippery slope

What, you may be thinking, has happened to little Baby Squit. Sad to say, that the poor little sod has the worst Nappy Rash that FHB has ever seen. Baby Squits Backside was what Junior was Oil Painting by Numbers, this coupled with Hurricane Force Farts, means that baby Squit really has found out what the word Afterburner really means.

As for FHB,hes recently had Piles, but as he's into Telekinesis, he says that if he concentrates really hard, something may move, and by the time the Season opens every-thing should be Tikkety Boo.....



MEGA HIP & THIGH SMOTE AT BOF TOWERS.....AMEN!

And Yea, verily, it came to Pass, that a Mega Smote of Hip and Thigh persuasion, did occasion at B.O.F. Towers, in Ye Ancient Arising from Winter Kip, whenst the "HAMMER of the Simians", Great Aunty Wintergreen, didst mightily lay waste and put Asunder the Godless Multitude of Ye Olde B.M.I.S.S. H.Q. Mob.

Yea, Loud were the Lamentations at the appearence of the Weilded Gin Bottle (BOOTHs) and the Manifestation of Ye Olde Kick in the Goolies. Verily didst the Pates and Wedding Tackles, mightily Ache from violent application of Alcoholic beverage container and very fast moving feet.

And it came to pass that certain Parties, the wonder of the Firmament and the Constellations in all their Manifest Glory, closely viewed. Woe, Woe and Thrice times Woe was the Lament as twas realised that henceforth M.T.V's Party Zone, and other Musical diversions of that Ilk were now proscribed, and Yea, verily, Loud was the Ancient Simian Old Biddy Warcry "Bleeding Load of Crap, Turn it off", heard throughout B.O.F. Towers

And so, it verily came to pass that after witnessing, first the grusome Smote of Rastachat and then Leroy, the Rump of the so called "HARD NUT" BMISS H.Q. Mob, have taken to shivering and shaking behind the Settee, lest the continued wrath of Ye Olde Orang Utang Battleaxe, fallest upon their Pates, whilst they are continually Deafened by the Awfully "NICE" Anne and Nick show, which blaes from the Goggle Box.

Therefore, I say unto ye believers that henceforth, that one Orang Utang Hole in the Ozone Layer, Great Aunty Wintergreen, is Top Musa Sapientum at B.O.F. Towers, and Lord help the Po Faced when she's let loose on them... amen

(report by the Oldest Member of BMISS, who had more sense than trying to mix it with the Old Bag, and observed the MEGA SMOTE, whilst hiding in the Broom Cupboard, hes no mug)

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**TEDDY BRRRR**

Scientists have found a new asthma cure for children in Southampton - freezing their teddy bears to kill dust mites.

HEDGE CLIPPINGS ? WELL HARDLY....

**Teddy raid**

Two boys aged about 10 are being sought after a smash and grab raid in which two 4ft teddy bears worth more than £200 were snatched from a card shop in Plymouth.

This piece about a New Cure for Asthma, surely would'nt work with Parachuting Teddy Bears and other P.F.S.C.T.P of that persuasion, there would be no need to freeze the Dust Mites, there are'nt any on Parafauna. they've all been drowned in Beer.

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ALL 83 fire engines in Devon are to carry an extra crew member in future. A teddy bear will be part of the team to cheer up distressed or injured children at the scene of fires and road accidents. -

Seeing this piece about the theft of the two Bears, leads Dave Hughes to wonder if this could be part of the whole Teddy Bear abuse Ring that we exposed in a previous issue, If not , it could perhaps be classed as yet more Hype.

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**Bears disputed**

A sale of teddies from the Cotswold Teddy Bear Museum hit a snag yesterday when it was claimed that 31 bears in Bonhams auction catalogue were only loaned to the museum. Earlier, claims that one of the bears had belonged to Pooh author A.A. Milne were denied by his son, Christopher Robin.

Hmmm, would these Teddy Bears be Trained Firefighters, and would they be required to wear their Parachutes?.

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As if you needed reminding, this is proof positive that the memory of Humes is at least bad if not downright non existent, what a turnup for the Book.

Thanks to Dropniks Hughes and Henly for these....

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(from Cliff the Dragon)

Dear B.O.F., Sorry to hear about your recent Accident, still you always was a Pain in the Arse. Hope they didn't wash you and hang you out to dry at the Hospital, like you did me, Cheers Clifford.. (An Acapulco post mark, well I never.)



BLAM!

**DEAR FRED,** There I was strolling around downtown Brighton, peering into the odd phone box (as you do) and what should catch my eye among the assorted business (???) cards but the following item. Now even I know that some of the services advertised are not always what they seem to be (trying to call a plumber in these circumstances can be quite an adventure!) but the resemblance to a notorious piece of local fauna of dubious morals and even poorer taste is surely more than a coincidence. Recent events now take on a far more sinister significance; in fact the *froth off the beer* seems to have developed a distinctly sour taste...



- 1) The 'South Coast Slapper's paramour is at a reasonably safe distance (presumably enjoying his winters kip in the land of the Starving Horse) and may thus be assumed to be in blissful ignorance of any extra extra-marital goings on.
- 2) The spouse is rumoured to be somewhat lacking in both the mental and physical departments ever since being dropped (sans functioning 'chute) by the BOF at the post wedding knees up.
- 3) The 'lady' (!!!!) in question is not permitted more than a couple of feet inside the portals of Chez Oakey on pain of de-stuffing by the non kite-flying resident of the household.
- 4) The object of this denunciation has recently returned from the bear equivalent of a complete make-over by BMISS HQ's very own Yves Saint Laurent (or should that read Vivienne Westwood?). Anyway, the Scrubber got scrubbed. One only hopes that the instigator of this outrage was not aware of what he was starting and is truly repentant of his part in this sorry tale (unless of course some of the profits happen to be heading in the general direction of Laurel Lane).

Yours Sincerely



Captain Faceplant  
Brighton Air Zoo (Retired)

By the way, Stormin' Norman was rechristened 'Captain Faceplant' (courtesy of Bazzar) 'cos the little bleeder has got enormous dangly feet. Couple this with an upright landing posture and poor old Norm keeps on tripping over his plates and burying his nose in the proverbial. It stopped being pink (his nose that is) about half way through last year - Cowpat Hill was the final stroke!

All the best

*Mik*



Dear All

Just to let you know that the Tornado Teds survived our first year on the festival circuit without major mishap. Fortunately for us, the wind forgot to turn up quite often so we were able to spend quite a few of them tucked up in the car or sunning ourselves on the grass.

One noteworthy event during the year was at the TB's Picnic held at Hove during the summer where Ray Oakhill & his willing band of helpers were Bear Bunging for the BKF charity. Whilst Old John was running around like the proverbial, we were ensconced in the BKF 'Tented Village' which was most enjoyable as there were so many of our furry friends to chat to. Unfortunately, right opposite us, was a pink cabana & in it were? you've guessed it Him & Her. Which didn't bother me so much but little Mach 1 has lived a very sheltered life & for him to see Him with his "Collection Tin" up to his nose most of the time & Her flashing her eyes & other unmentionable items had him hopping about & steaming up his goggles & I had to hold him down to stop him making a fool of himself by forgetting he is an officer & gentleman.

Still, there were not too many after effects apart for him shouting out in his sleep 'eject' 'eject' or something like that for while!!

Well, fellow furies, we'd both like to wish you all the very best for the festive season & for 1995 & hoping to meet some of you once again when it warms up a bit, (it looks as if we are staying on with OJ for a while yet). Thank the BOF for bringing a much needed smile to our faces with his BMISS frolics & hope he can keep it up for a long time yet (the newsletter I mean)

Cheers for now

Machs 2 & 1 & Old John

As you can see from Doggerel Corner, from time to time BMISS does receive some Parafauna type Poetry of the Great MacGonagle Persuasion, i.e. Crap. Most of which is too Rude to print (did you really expect any other?) However from time to time some of the aforementioned 'Crap' is fairly inoffensive, hence Doggerel Corner.

For those of you who are wondering about the BOF Accident, I can tell you this much. The Silly old Sod fell over at Work and had Two Inches of 5 mm Thick Steel Plate shoved up his Jacksie. Alright, stop laughing you rotten lot, Yes... I know you're all wondering if he lost any Teeth, as he always talks out of his Arse. All I know, is that it made his Eyes Water a bit, and he really was acting like a Bear with a sore Arse, Ha,Ha. However he appears to have got over this apart from the constant Ache. So for all you Statistic Freaks out there the Score was Steel Bracket. 1. Arse. 0. Batting average; 1 pint of Blood, 13 Stitches, 8 Internal, 5 Surface, loss of a 1cmx1cm piece of Raw Arse (rump steak) and lots of partaking of the Urine.



So as usual its any old Parabear Crap you wanna get rid of (sorry we're up to the back Teeth with Arse Jokes) To the Teddy-torial, c/o The Boring old Fart, 48. Laurel Lane, West Drayton, Middx, UB7.7TY. P.S. We've already had complaints about this new Typewriter from other Boring Old Farts, aint it real? .....

Its said Biggles cant make it these Days  
Though hes tried it in many strange ways  
His Tackles a mess  
Since the Wedding drop stress  
Now Suzy prefers when it Pays

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In the Land of the Starving Horse  
Quaffing Beer as a matter of course  
Lived a Drunk Bear called Dave  
Who with Suzy did Rave  
And together they revelled in Sauce

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An Orange Ape called F.H.B.  
Has made the following Plea  
Tell Thurston, A Chute  
For I will not descend loose  
And Cop a Face full of Dee Zee

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The BOF slipped and fell on his BOT  
And was heard to exclaim, cor,  
Yoo Wot!

The Spike up his Jacksie  
Was not so Relaxy  
The Doc said it just missed the spot

So now having ruined his Breeches  
And watched Doc sew up his Arse  
with Stitches  
The BOF sits in Pain and tries in vain  
Not to Scratch it too much when it Itches

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