

ROMAN CANDLES 38

- IS PETER LYNN'S
MEGA WORM
CALLED
TRASHER?

The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. Fully Paid up Memmbers of the soon to be largest Kite Club in the World, the we've been Trashed by Peter Lynn Kite Club. Mindless Drivel content 100% or more. Politically Incorrecr, and yes, you're right, we don't give a Toss.

Parachute bears land in West Richland

Something happened recently in West Richland W.A. that could possibly be filed under the "Weird S**t Happens" category.

When Vi Weeks, pictured right, and husband Elmo returned from the Westport Kite Fest, they found that their garden had been invaded by dozens of assorted Parafauna who were dangling from the Trees and Bushes on plastic grocery bag Chutes.

All told there were 78 assorted Bears, plus a well dodgy looking coyote and an equally dodgy fat wooly sheep. Some of the Invaders were all of 20ft up the trees, one was even trying a bit of house breaking by having a go at Vi's back door, but was thwarted by being too soft.

Vi reckons it was a game and a half trying to get all the little swine down from the Greenery, and said that whoever put them there must have worked bloody hard.

Who were the Culprits? Vi reckons that as Greg and Margaret Greger were conspicuous by their absence at the Westport Thrash, then those two reprobates are in the frame as the usual suspects. Greg and Margaret have done a Fuhrman, and deny any knowledge, and for the time being the matter rests.

Vi plans to donate the Freeloaders to victims of Fires and Accidents P.D.Q. as having 78 assorted gangbangers in addition to her Skytrek Mob, all intent on Partying Vi out of house and home has left the Fridge and booze cabinet looking like Bosnia on a good day.



..... FROTH OFF THE BEER GOES FLAT NOW DRUNKEN DAVE HAS HOTS FOR TRASVESTITE ROGER !!!

Remember way back when the South Coast Slapper and the Drunken Wally of Woodley were almost an Item? ah! those were the days. Of course it's all gone well pear shaped now as the Wally's undivided attention seems to be given over to one Roger Bear who has a penchant for wearing Frocks.

As you are aware we don't give a toss which way your Mother put yer Hat on, even if it's more usual that the only time male members of BMISS wear Frocks is at a Vicars and Tarts pissup. Nope, if Roger wants to cross dress, that's up to him. However, the B.O.F. was unwilling to have another Dave, will he or won't he saga, so he Bearnapped Roger at Swindon and Bombed the poor sod before he even realised what being a Parabear actually involved. He also did it again at Petworth and on both occasions Rude Roger was found laying with his Frock over his head waving his legs in the air, posing?

COME ON DOWN No: SIX AND SEVEN EIGHTHS, YOUR TIME IS UP, ANTHROPOMORPHICLEY SPEAKING.

One of the Plus Points about cobbling together a load of Mindless Drivel is that from time to time you get various opportunities to read other loads of equally Mindless Drivel from around the World.

A case in point is the NZKA Inc newsletter Whats Up!, issue No 44 to be precise. This issue contains an article on Teddy Bear Dropping (sic) sounds a bit rude eh?, by David Bowie, no not that David Bowie, another one.

Like the curates egg, this article is good in parts, though in others its a bit contencious. Mr Bowie pays a backhanded compliment to BMISS but infers that you can get sick from reading R.C. as its so cute.

He also infers, if you read between the lines that as he's been dropping Bears since 1977 and still uses his original gear, then BMISS must have copied him, all the moreso as he then goes on to describe his method which bears a marked similarity to the method we use. Alright B.O.F. own up, you nicked everything from New Zealand.

Perhaps the most contencious part of Mr Bowies article is his is his statement that he does'nt Anthropomorphize his Bears names as according to him thats VULGAR! No, he just numbers his Bears

Wait for it, Mr Bowie even has Bears numbered $2\frac{1}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ though he does'nt say if they are numbered this way as they are missing the odd appendage. I ask you, if its a toss-up between being Vulgar or Pretensious, then we'd rather be Vulgar. So there you have it dear members, if your name is Fred, Sid, Sue or Wanker, you are Vulgar, however if your name is Six and Seven Eighths, you've either had an Ear pulled off and are one eighth short of a load, or you're a bit Pretensious.

REQUEST SPOT: One of our loyal Readers is an avid listener to Radio Bore's The Archers an everyday story of country Folk, and icidently the longest running Radio Soap. Our Reader noticed thatas with most things the times they are a'changing in the Archers as in addition to that word theres more mention these days of Spliffs than Silage, and as our criteria for what is or is not permissable in R.C. is of course Radio Bore, our loyal Reader said it was about time this word appeared in your Journal. Anything to oblige old chaap, ahem we wo'nt print your name, you know who you are.

THE ULTIMATE "NO WIND" DROPPING SOLUTION.....

Two members of the Illustrious Ted Berets sent news of an extremely novel if somewhat dodgy method of Bombing the Bears when they were on holiday in Cornwall. The weather for the first three days was awful with Torrential Rain, Howling Gales and Violent Thunderstorms. The weather did however settle down, but with low wind which wer'nt strong enough to lift Fauna.

However, chief hume of the Ted Berets was not to be outdone by this and came up with arguably the Ultimate Solution to a low wind situation.

Just to the East of the famous Gwithian, lies the National Trust area of Godrevey which has a line of Cliffs about 75ft or 25 metres high. The two unsuspecting Ted Berets were taken to the top of these Cliffs whilst young hume and Mrs hume were Sunbathing below.

Without so muchas a by your leave and with Chutes deployed the duo were hurled uncaringly off the top of the Cliffs. After this first assault which went a bit pear shaped when one half of the duo got stuck halfway up or was it halfway down, involving hume junior in a major Mountaineering expedition, our daredevil duo reckon this technique was pretty good, but were much relieved when the Winds got back to where they were able to their more usual lofting Methods, return.

The dynamic duo Castor and Bollux, whoops , sorry Pollux who were doing the Cliff Bombing have surely proved once and for all that Parafauna do not need HiFibre Diets.



As with most Kilters we had heard rumours of an ever growing World Wide Kite Club whose multifarious Members usually had only one thing on thier minds REVENGE! Whoa ! I hear you say, thats a peculiar attitude for members of a Kite Club. Not so, really, when the Club in question is the "I'VE BEEN TRASHED BY PETER LYNN KITE CLUB"

Well, I suppose that as membership of this club for us had been a long time in coming and now we are part of an ever growing elite, then we should'nt moan too much, but thats all very well as you watch one of your Creations being torn to shreds, whilst your Fauna Ferry is reduced to matchwood. Oh, sorry, I realise that us of no account kilters , who have only spent a few bob on our Kites and gear, should clear off and leave all the space to the Mighty who have spent Megabucks and been paid Megabucks to travel the World enrolling new members in his evergrowing club.

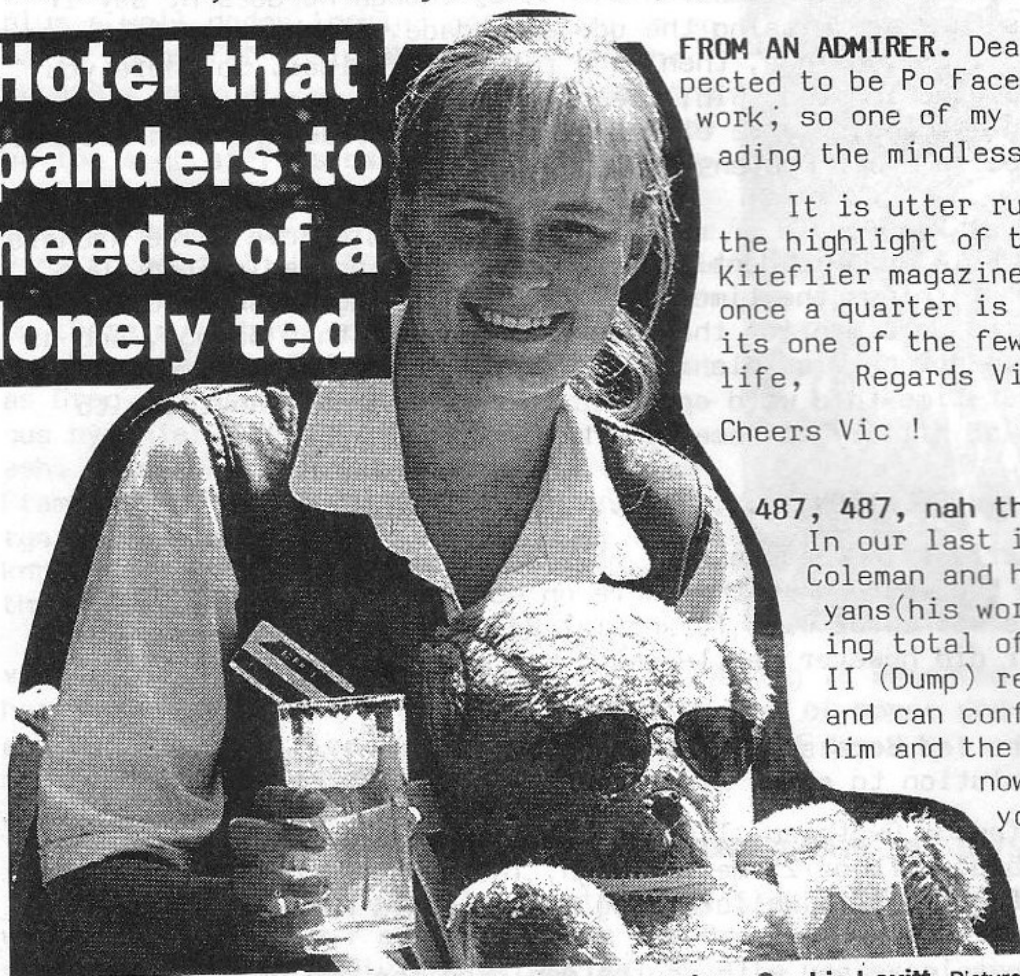
(Normal thoughts whilst being Trashed. 1. Where can I buy a Knife with a Ceramic Blade, as he flys on Kevlar. 2. Why dont the Frogs move their Atom Bomb Test 1,500 miles to the Southwest. 3. We should fly on Piano wire. 4. At the next Fest he ought to send in a Video of his Kites and leave us in peace. 5. You reckon he goes on about Kite Safety... Get out of here. 6. The curse of the small Furry objects be upon you for ever.)

FAUNA OF THE YEAR TROPHY 1995.

Yes its that time of the Year again when we award our Trophy to the Fauna or group of Fauna who in our opinion have done their utmost to drag the Reputation (Ha) of the BMISS and Parafauna Bombing in general through the Mire.

This Year the Trophy goes to the Ted Berets and their shocked and cowed Hume the one and only Arthur Dibble. Arthur we did love that Bears name Bollux, gor blimey there we go again, sorry Pollux (that bloody name is merry hell if you've got a Dodgy top lot) and that very interesting little tale you did in Cowpat Hill (and elsewhere)

Hotel that panders to needs of a lonely ted



HONEY TIME: Albert the Bear gets luxury treatment from Sophie Levitt Picture: TONY SPENCER

THEY wheeled out the honeypot yesterday — and life's looking sweet for everyone involved.

The American-owned Blue Grass Hotel in Cheshire is offering five-star summer holidays and sumptuous comforts — for teddy bears. The place was opened originally as a pet hotel for animals

whose owners were away on holiday or business. Then came the new "service".

Said general manager Ken Oultram: "It's surprising how many adults own teddy bears and don't like leaving them at home when they go away. Some are quite valuable and their owners leave

them here for security reasons." A Lancashire businessman recently sent his antique bears to stay.

"Owners are very attached to their teddies and like to see them treated like real animals," said a member of staff at Little Lea near Northwich, whose mission is to pander to a bear's every need.

FROM AN ADMIRER. Dear BOF, I am unfortunately expected to be Po Faced for 40+ hours a week at work; so one of my few pleasures in life is reading the mindless drivel you dish out in R.C

It is utter rubbish of course, but it is the highlight of the (otherwise excellent) Kiteflier magazine and I lok forward to it—once a quarter is not enough! So keep it up—its one of the few pleasures I have left in life, Regards Vic Winton, Halkyn, Clwyd.

Cheers Vic !

487, 487, nah thats history!

In our last issue we made mention of Pete Coleman and his crazy bunch of Orstraylians(his word) who had Dumped the amazing total of 487 Bears to claim the Cat II (Dump) record. We've heard from Pete and can confirm that our speculation of him and the Mob going for a Thousand, by now, may be a reality. We'll let you know.

Thankyous for this issue!

We've been a bit naughty in the past by not

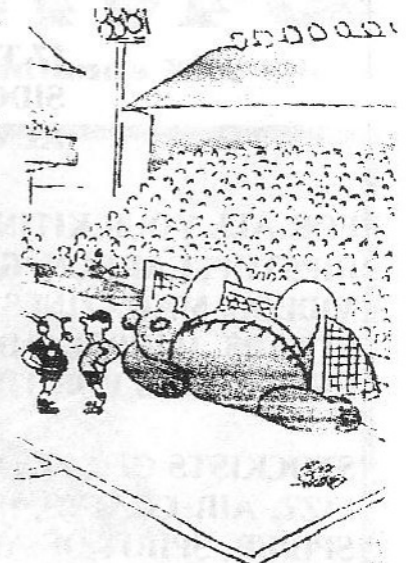
always paying credit for contributions, Ron Dell, Bill Elder, Arthur D. Pete C, Vic W. Mik J, and every other Crazy Sod whose given

FAUNA BOMBING ON THE SUPERHIGHWAY, YUK!, PASS THE CYBERSPACE SICKBAG ALICE!

Dropnik Jerry Swift drew our attention to the following which recently appeared on the Internet. Gordon Bennett, if this is a sample of the future, then I'm glad we're Computer illiterate. This is enough to make you wanna Puke.

From: hayden1009@aol.com (Hayden1009)
Newsgroups: rec.kites
Subject: Re: Calling all paracritters!!
Date: 24 Aug 1995 18:33:35 -0400
Organization: America Online, Inc. (1-800-827-6364)
Lines: 43
Sender: root@newsbf02.news.aol.com
Message-ID: <41iunv\$pdq@newsbf02.news.aol.com>
References: <2270@leadingedg.win.net>
NNTP-Posting-Host: newsbf02.mail.aol.com
X-Newsreader: AOL Offline Reader

As we do not have access to the Internet, we we, being of Bill Gates windowless majority. We asked Jerry if he would insert a one word reply to this sanctimonious obfuscator, the one word being "TOSSER",.....



"It's my lucky mascot!"

My name is Worthington J. Bear. I am a retired RAF flyer, wearing leather bomber jacket, helmet and goggles. My creator, Judy Galinas, made my fur a light tan with tender dark brown leather pads on my paws. I was an anniversary gift from Mark Virgilio to his wife of 15 years, Alice Hayden. I now reside with them in Hicksville, NY on Long Island. We have at least one annual outing to jump at Jones Beach, but after the landing at Normandy, I just don't like sandy landings. We usually travel to Verdun for a jump in early Summer and I've jumped in most of the states in the NE USA.

I enjoy jumping for children as long as they don't squeeze me too tightly when they catch me, and lollipops are a NO, NO.

Favorite Hero: Winnie, the Pooh

Favorite Quote: A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Favorite Food: EMS Backpacker's Honey in little Tubes (tastes just as good, no darn bees and the fur doesn't get messy)

Favorite Kite for Jumping: 8' Devotion to Motion Coyne Delta in red, yellow & black

Favorite Kite Pin: Burlesque ParaBear Pin

Favorite Restaraunt: Windows on the World

Favorite Tiime of Year: Spring or Fall

Favorite Motto: ParaJumping in the Snow is for Morons.

Sincerely,
WJB

P.S. I have a cousin, also in Hicksville, at a different address, who is a para-dragon named Yakimoto; but his is a story for another day.

Whatsthe betting that already you rotten lot are working out some even more Ribald lyrics for the Teddy Bears Picnic. you are? good, send them in, we may not print them but they'll raise a Titter.

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. Hmm, hows about, If you go down to the Park today you'd better look in the Bushes.....

MORE EDIBLE FACIMILES AND BEAVON TYPE LYRICS FOR A VERY OLD SONG *****

Jock McSporran Bear of Great Wilbraham Cambs. who owns Dropnik Halley tells us that he has found something new in the edible facimile line called Haribo Gold Bears. They come in a bag containing 24 mini bags and are Fruit Flavoured Gums in the shape of Bears.

Wot more cannibalism? Jock has also penned some lyrics to an old song, namely the Teddy Bears Picnic and says that if these are a bit too twee for your liking, then its very easy to make them Ruder.

If you go down to the park today
You'll never believe your eyes

If you go down to the park today
You'd better look up in the sky

For every bear that ever there was
Is here today-today because

Todays the day the Para Bears
have their jump off.

One, two, Three Geroneeemo
into the air we go
floating down-down
genterly to-oo the ground,
restuff our chutes and then
we go aloft and then
flying high, kite high
we're ma-asters o-of the sky
suddenly a nasty jerk from a
right old Burk.....