

42 ROMAN CANDLE 65.

The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. Mindless Drivel content exceeds 100%, politically incorrect, but do we give a toss? For those kites, happiest bombing fauna from Kites.



Para

Polar Bear Attacks on Merseyside.... NIL, so far

but then, you never know.

WHEN YOU READ HEADLINES SUCH AS THIS ITS GREAT TO REALISE THAT EVERYTHING IS SO TICKETYBOO. BUT WAIT, WHAT IF THIS IS YET ANOTHER COVERUP WITH LOTS OF ADDED SPIN BY THE POWERS THAT BE?

'OO,ER MISSUS, SHADES OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE OR WHAT?

WHAT IF ATTACKS BY BOOZY PARA POLARBEARS ARE REALLY GETTING OUT OF HAND, SO MUCH SO THAT A LOCAL BREWERY ON MERSEYSIDE IS PUBLISHING METHODS OF DEFENCE AGAINST THESE NON EXISTANT ATTACKS.....

Lots of people are getting just a teensy bit nervous about Parapolarbears on the lash in thier neck of the woods, so much so, that Vic @www.bear.drop.splatt.soddit.com who sent us this info, says that these pesky ratfaced parapolarfauna are getting too damned close for comfort. Vic also reckons that some of these smartarse wotsits have taken to masquerading as sheep and the only way to spot them is 'cos they pong of penguins, whereas the sheep smell of, well.....

Before any of you cleverclogs out there start going on about parapolarbears and penguins being incompatable, 'cos them furrys come from 'oop there and the flightless ones only lurk about down there, think about it. What a perfect cover, if there ever was one, whiffy woolies, ponging of penguins, whilst poncing pints from postal service users, who are only trying to drink the pubs dry, which is what we are reliably informed is a well known occurance in that neck of the woods.

So, if you are on a visit to Merseyside, ostensibly to post a letter, but in reality hoping to sample a few jars of the local brew, keep a good look out for freeloading parapolarbears toggged up as penguins and ponging of sheep, 'cor they dont arf 'ave a nasty peck.

Funny enough, we had not heard from good old Vic for some time. In fact, not since he was beseiged in his home after buying those 95 windows in order to get on the net, whatever that is

Vic reckons that he never did find out what double glazing had to do with spiders. Shortly after that he was abducted by alien forces(aint we all?) but he got fed up with all those medical experiments, which consisted of being fed on Dom Perignon and caviar, so much so that the aliens had to return him home for a good bacon butty.



But you just never know...

HOW TO HANDLE A POLAR BEAR ATTACK ON THE WAY TO THE POST BOX

- 1 Keep your head - don't run (well, it never helps penguins, does it?).
- 2 Stand on top of the post box and make yourself look as big as possible (polar bears are notorious bottlers).
- 3 The polar bear will now accept you as the leader of the pack.
- 4 Lead him to your local and tell him it's his round.
- 5 Make yours a pint of Cains - you deserve it.



Tell us about your narrow escapes and win an 'I KEPT MY HEAD' T-shirt! Send your true stories to: I Kept My Head, Robert Cain Brewery, Stanhops Street, Liverpool L8 5XJ or e-mail: ikeptmyhead@cainsbeers.com All respondents qualify to join the 'Cains Survivors' Club' and receive certificates for themselves and their local pub.

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caviar, so much so that the aliens had to return him home for a good bacon butty.



SO THERE YOU WAS, JUST GETTING USED TO THE DROP ZONE BEING AWASH WITH FUNG-GOIDAL NUTTERS OF A PARACHUTING PERSUASION, WHEN WHAMMO, SUDDENLY, YOU'RE UP TO YOUR ARSE IN BATTALIONS OF PARACHITING WHEATYBANGS.....

It was only a matter of time, seeing as how them loony mushrooms were carrying on, before something else decided to get in on the act.

Mind you how many out there would have put a bet on a load of assorted breakfast cereals trying to gatecrash the party. Yes, the more you think about it, the weirder it gets.

Why do these cereals need chutes? Surely breakfast cereals by their very nature are normally very light, except those that resemble Hamster Nosh. You know the sort, cor, you'd have an easier time trying to eat a plateful of rusty nuts and bolts, than eating that other stuff.

Skydiving Mushrooms, Parachuting Wheaty Wotsits, Gordon Bennett where it all gonna end? Whats the next in line for parachuting stardom.....

Thanks are due to Electric Arfa for

tipping us off about the Wheaty Wotsits donning the Jolly Old Rags and going for broke. However, before anyone gets the 'ump as to why we are giving this particular brand of Wheaty Wotsits a puff in RC, and not wishing to be sued for a million squids which we aint got as we're boracic, we'd like to state that other brands are available, though the boring old fart wont be buying any as his breakfast usually consists of three cups of tea and a couple of ciggies. In the mean time whats next to get on the chutes?.

AND WHILST WE'RE ON ABOUT WEIRD, WHAT ABOUT THEM THAR CHILTERN HILLS..YEE HARRRRR!

The BMISS is such a broad church, that we can even number some Grauniad readers amongst the faithful (sorry Dave H.) and if that aint a contradiction in terms then we dont know diddley squat. however, be that as it may, we were sent the following piece straight from the pages of the Guardian.....

Dangerous wildlife alert.. After virtual extinction, the Red Kite has been successfully reintroduced to the Chiltern Hills. But conservationists are worried about the effect this bird of prey is having on another vulnerable species (Yoo Wot???) namely, Teddy Bears...The Red Kites swoop on peoples gardens and make off with cuddley toys. Teddy Bears are their favourite quarry, but they have been known to take a toy giraffe.

Gordon Bennett, them Chiltern Hills Bears must be a right Wussy lot, cos its a sure bet them Red Kites aint ever tangled with a pissy arsed barsteward BMISS member, thats for sure. Consevation?, yeah right, they'd be stuffed and preserved for posterity, and if by any chance them Red Kite Birdys were a little unbalanced, why, the average BMISS member could straighten them up no sweat with an ounce of lead in one lughole, injected via a Twelvebore.

Still, all politically icorrect jokes aside, as Dave H, says, its not often you get Kites and Teds in the same piece.



HANGING AROUND.

WAITING FOR PAYBACK TIME.....

Oh, its lonesome up high
 On your dropper so tall
 What puts the wind up yer
 Is that sodding great fall
 But what gets to a fauna
 Is when he starts to hear
 Some rat faced daft dropniks
 All starting to jeer,

So we'll get our own back
 And just hang around
 Whilst watching said dropniks
 Just stamping the ground
 But we can smell totals
 Yes, true it is said
 That total could be great
 Straight onto a head

So dont jeer at fauna
 You dropniks take note
 For fauna can deal you
 A sodding hard smote
 A successful deployment
 Is your state of grace
 Less jeering, less boozing
 Less egg on your face.

Oh, its lonesome up high
 On your dropper so tall
 We hold all the aces
 And will just play it cool
 So stop all your jeering
 And boozing apace
 Without us you're nothing
 A waste of space. (sung to a pub with no beer) i.e. kilters hell.



ITS TRUE, WITHOUT US THOSE DROPNIKS WOULD BE ZILCH, SWEET FA, TRULY A WASTE OF SPACE BIGTIME. EXCELLENT, WE HAVE THE POWER.....

IT FAIRLY WARMS THE COCKLES OF YOUR KAPOK OR WHATEVER YOU HAVE STUFFED UP YOUR FUNDAMENTAL. YES, WITHOUT THE LEGIONS OF THE SOFT CUDDLEY TOY PERSUASION, THOSE PATHETIC HUMES WOULD TRULY UP THE CREEK, WITHOUT A PADDLE BE.

But there you go, so be it, as a persuasion we soft cuddles are not of a vindictive nature. Far from it we really do hold all the Aces, we do have the power, they are completely in thrall to us furry wotsits. Do we ever let them down? no never. Whatever they throw at us we take. They bash us and smash us, they even trash us, but what do we care, we always come back for more.

And thats the really funny thing about this whole relationship we have with these crazy Hume so and so's. We give them far more than they ever give us, and the truth of the matter is that they know this, yet they are rather coy about admitting to such a thing. This though, is where we are definitely one step ahead of them, even if the poor beknighted idiots think that it is the other way around.

We do have the power, and we get it from when the Humes are at a very young age. So how do we use this power? It can be used in many varied and intresting ways, not least of all when you are up on a dropper under a Kite and down below are some charming examples of Humes giving it large. So pick your spot and **STICK IT TO THE BARSTEWARDS.....**



Some Fauna go Bugging on a Day off.

WHICH MAKES A CHANGE FROM BEING BOMBED FROM A VERY GREAT HEIGHT, AS THE DELAY IN FACEPLANTING THE DROP ZONE CAN BE MEASURED IN MILLISECONDS INSTEAD OF THE USUAL.

WORD HAS IT THOUGH THAT POOR OLD DROPNIK 'Ernie' OF THOSE AMAZING BEAR DEVILS, IS EVERLASTING HAVING TO REPAIR THE BEAR DEVILS RADIO CONTROLLED BUGGY, WHICH IS PULLED ALONG BY A SMALL FLOW FORM KITE.

Why?, you may ask does this Bear Buggy always need repairs. psst, yes the little sods always are and as most of thier buggy trips seem to end up in going straight for the nearest Hume ankles and giving them a good nip, poor old ernie is for ever having to do repairs, whilst hoping against hpoe. that nobody sues them.

Mind you, if it ever did come to court, what Judge in his or her right mind would wish to make a judgement against a drunken mob of parachuting and faceplanting Teddy Bears, pissed out of thier heads whilst driving a kite buggy on a drunken day off.

Talk about a Jolly Boys Outing, correction, Jolly Bears Outing, something tells us it would all end up on Ripleys believe or not.



WITH THE WAY THING ARE GOING AT THE MOMENT, PERHAPS WE SHOULD ALL ADJOURN TO THE ABOVE EMPORIUM DISCOVERD BY ELECTRIC ARTHUR IN THAT SOUTHERN BASTION OF GOOD BEHAVIOUR , WAREHAM IN DORSET.

Its highly unlikely that an establishment like this would even contemplate putting up with what normally passes for parafauna behaviour, i.e feeding time at the Zoo. Far be it from us to denigrate our members demeanour, but you must admit that it is at times somewhat rough around the edges. After second thoughts though, with what we have to put up with as a species, its not surprising.

Could be a laugh though if we had a tea party there. Imagine a round.....Ten pints of Earl Grey, Two pints of Lapsang Souchong and Four pints of Orange Pekoe and a great big plate of sticky buns.

SO WHATEVER HAPPENS REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR WHATEVERS NEXT TO TRY AND GET ON THE PARACHUTING BAND WAGON...YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.....

FROM ROMAN CANDLE, EIGHTYSEVEN YEARS AGO....

NOTICE TO ALL DROPNIKS. The objective of every dedicated droonik should be to thoroughly analyse all situations. Anticipate all problems prior to thier occurance. Have answers to the said problems, and all dropniks should move swiftly to solve the problems when called upon to do so

However, when dropniks are up to thier arse in alligators, it is difficult to remind them that thier first objective was to drain the swamp.

SO, AS EVER ITS THE USUAL TO THE WHATEVER, at THE TEDDYTORIAL, TAH DAHHHHH.....

C/O THE BORING OLD FART, 48. LAUREL LANE, WEST DRAYTON MIDDx, UB7.7TY UNITED KINGDOM. And this particular bit will forever be Enland no matter what the TRAITORS have planned, a plague on all of them.

Fact... Recently published EU Maps of our land have no mention of ENGLAND. SCOTLAND YES, WALES YES, BUT NO ENGLAND, funny or suspicious.....

