

42 ROMAN SANDLE



The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. Shortly to be banned in Pubs where they serve food and not to be carried in a public place unless inside a brown paper bag. There, there, Nanny knows best, didums get Mindless drivell?

Charities help to rescue India's dancing bears



Maybe in all the excitement, the tourists fail to spot that the Bears all have roughly pierced snouts with a length of rope threaded through, a tug on which is sufficiently painful enough to cause the Bear to lumber onto its hind legs and sway to and fro as if dancing.

The condition of these Bears is dreadful. Their snouts are red raw and bleeding, yes the rope goes through the roof of their mouths, their toothless gums are foaming and most are severely emaciated through being fed entirely on bread.

However through the efforts of a rescue facility backed by the International Animal Rescue, the spectacle of the so called dancing Bears could be on the way out, good job too. IAR realise that cannot stop s practise without helping those who practise some-as bad as this when this is their only source of income.

The Bears are traditionally owned by the nomadic Kaladar tribe who travel from village to village forcing the Bears to perform. It was outlawed in 1972 but has continued unchecked.

Now, IAR are waving a juicy carrot under the noses of the Bear men. If they willingly surrender their Bear the tribesmen are paid 50,000 rupees, enough to start a small business; however the tribesmen have to sign a legally binding contract not to acquire another Bear on pain of arrest, imprisonment and seizure of all assets in order to repay the 50,000 rupees which in effect is a startup loan. So far, 57 Bears have been rescued from the roads around Agra and another 40 will be rescued by early 2005. When 500 acres of land are given by the Uttar Pradesh forestry commission, to the Agra Bear rescue facility, it is hoped that a further 500 Bears could be rescued in the next two years.

This is the first time an animal charity has addressed the human consequences of animal rescue and its obvious that this is the only way to go.

So you may ask yourselves, what the hell has this to do with parachuting furrries from Kites? Not a lot, but we thought it was worth telling you about it. International Animal Rescue are at www.iar.org.uk or 01825 767688.



Tales of the unexpected



BERLIN ZOO HAS GOT IT EASY SAYS ERNIE FOSSELIUS (long term putter up with the antics of the Bear Devils Aerial Circus's life style) POOR OLD ERNIE RECKONS THAT IF THE ZOO ONLY HAS ONE BEAR AT A TIME KNICKING PUSH BIKES, THEN THEY'RE HAVING AN EASY LIFE.

Ernie's problem is that his push bike keeps being half inched by a gang of parafauna type bears, hell bent on a tanking session down at the local offy. Why, you may ask are these bears using the local liquor store and not the local boozers. Oh dear, here we go, why?, cos the little sods have been barred from every boozer in a 20 mile radius. Do you, dear reader really need the usual long litany of drunkenness, technicolour vomiting, underage drinking and generally behaving in an antisocial manner that is par for the course where furrries are concerned.

Ernie says thank heavens non of the sods " can reach the pedals on my car or they would probably end up TWOC'ing his jamjar. Nope coupled with the fact that the little dingbats are convinced that you cant be breathalyzed in charge of a bike, boy are they wrong Ernie has to put up with finding his push bike has gorn rideabout for the umpteenth time. mind you, seeing the modus operandi of Ernie's furry wotsits, its only a matter of time before they get their comeuppance big time.

Lance Armstrong can sleep safely in his bed, no competition whatsoever.



an eyewitness sketch of the drunken bicycle caper. note, not one of the little swine are wearing a parachute.....

Once bitten...

A recent report from Brasov in Romania said that one person was killed and seven were injured when they confronted a Brown Bear which was foraging for food. It later attacked an ambulance crew sent to the scene, but the managed to escape. Sad really, but probably the bear thought they were competition for food and acted accordingly to what it viewed as interloper on its territory.

All jokes aside, we sometimes tend to view real bears as somewhat cuddly light, when in reality they are awesome creatures perfectly adapted if the need arises to see off puny humes in the most shocking manner. They just do what comes naturally.

In seventh heaven

The pipe dream that one day there may be tourists in space came a step nearer recently when Space Ship One soared to a height of 62 miles into sub orbital space. The flight was not however entirely drama free as the ship rolled over and over some twentyfour times. Pilot Mike Melvill battled to keep control of the craft and admitted that he was a bit scared, however as he broke free of the atmosphere he managed to stop the crafts antics and the rest of the flight and the subsequent landing went off o.k.

Also on board Space Ship One was a Teddy Bear named Terrence (well, humes do need back up in times of stress) who was sent from Britain. When Terrence comes back home he will be auctined to raise funds for the Great North Air Ambulance in Cumbria. Bit of a joke really, they can piss millions of tax bucks up the wall on crackpot schemes, yet things like Air Ambulances have to rattle the begging bowls, dont it make yer wanna puke or bash yer head on the wall in frustration.

Days like these **Would you Adam and Eve it?**

YOU CAN JUST SEE THE HEADLINES "SAW BEARS RUN AMOK ON WINDLESS DAYS" "MOVES TO CRACK DOWN ON FURRY THUGS" "CHUTES, KITES, CHAINSAWS, VIOLENCE ON INCREASE" OF COURSE BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE THE NANNY STATE STARTED CHUCKING ITS WEIGHT ABOUT, LIFE WAS A WHOLE LOT EASIER. WHY, SOME OF OUR OLDER READERS CAN REMEMBER WHEN YOU DID'NT EVEN NEED A RISK ASSESMENT OR AN OUTREACH COUNSELLOR TO FLY A KITE AND BOMB A BEAR.

Not so long ago, if a parachuting Teddy Bear or any Teddy Bear for that matter wanted a chainsaw, nobody batted an eyelid. Today, its little short of panicsville. Now the chattering classes can talk of little else, earnest pundits fill endless column inches in the broadsheets, whilst an endless supply of up their own fundamental airheads wax loud and long on the tv talk shows. Questions are asked in parliament, ten a penny, two bob knee jerk politicians jump on the bandwagon, and that good old thing we once had in abundance, i.e. common sense, gets chucked out, like the baby with the bathwater.

Talk about what a crazy world we're living in. there, there, Nanny knows best and she dont give a toss what you may think or want, what she says goes, cos she sure as hell wants to keep us, the lower orders inline. dont do that you'll offend them, never mind that them may be offending us, that dont enter into it, just do as your told, cos when we shout filth, you jump on the shovel. Well have we got news for you, up with this we are no longer prepared to be putting, the worms are preparing to turn and when we do Gawd help you.

So stand up for your Teddy Bears right to have a Chainsaw, you know it makes sense, and remember, theres only one question you need to ask. Whats best a Stihle or Husqvarna?

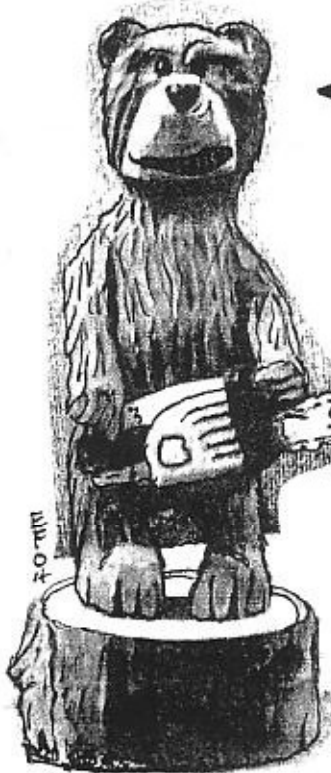
RIGHT, THATS OUR VERSION OF THE BABY WITH A NAIL GUN DEBATE OUT THE WAY, SO WHATS NEXT ON THE POLITICAL ADGENDA. AH, YES, GROWING CONCERN OVER PARACHUTING TEDDY BEARS ORDERING LOADED CUSTARD PIES IN PUBS THAT SELL FOOD.

Its a growing menace, if not a serious health hazard an eponymous spokething said recently. The government should quickly move to nip this in the bud, for as well as a menace and a hazard its nothing more than Bear abuse. Time was when the average boozer was where you could go for with your mates. not Bears were on the an to go dis-

for a relaxing pint, a ciggy and a natter any more. It all started so innocently, the shandy, but little by little it all beg- tinctly pearshaped when the little swine discovered the amber neck oil. This, coupled with the current "Gee, I dont believe this is a Boozer" state that most of them are in now, led to the massive rise in parafauna related custard pie violence.

Its a terrifying problem that strikes at the very fabric of a well ordered society and its all very well that the more liberal thinkers should view it asa passing phase amongst young disposed parachuting Bears, for the rest of us its frightening when you are confronted by an enebriated furry wotsit carrying a loaded custard pie, fully prepared to use it.

Its disgraceful...It ought not to be allowed. **Disgusted, Iunbridge Wells:** When are the government going to do something about it. **A Whinger, Pangbourne:** It all went wrong when they did away with national service. **A Twit, chipping Sodbury:** What about the children, what sort of role models are we portraying when things like this are allowed to happen. **BLAH, BLAH,, BLAH.....cont P94.....**



OH... I CUT DOWN TREES, I RUN AMOK, BEEN KNOWN TO DAMAGE CARS, GUESS I'M RAVING BONKERS, JUST LIKE MY DEAR MAMA, SHE'S A LUMBERTACK AND SHE'S O.K.....



.357 MAGNUM PIE



Smooth operator. HO, HO, HO.....



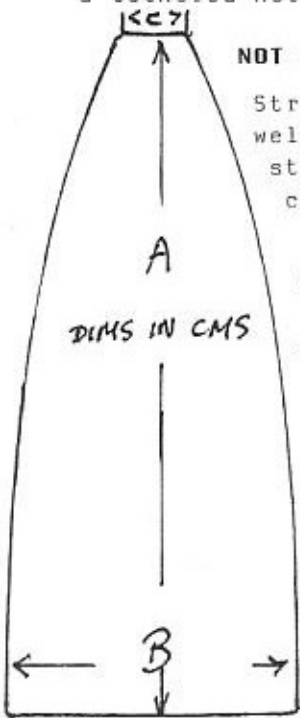
By the time you are reading this, the annual chrimbo feeding frenzy will just be a memory. hope Santa brought you all that you requested and if he didn't, perhaps we know why.

We're not too sure of the current state of play in your neck of the woods, but hereabouts we've noticed something just a little bit peculiar. The Griswolds who BLING up their houses with exterior chrimbo lights seem to be incorporating an ever increasing number of parachuting Santa Clauses. what gives?. We know that Father Christmas is a smooth operator as well as a fast one, but parachutes? is the crafty old sod trying to muscle in on our pitch or what.

We know full well that S.C. has a stranglehold on holly, mistletoe, mincepies, grotties, sorry grotto's, chimneys and strangely named reindeer (trust us, if reindeer have antlers this time of year, then they're female) but he aint getting his mits on our parachute scam as we've worked long and hard on this little caper and have got our humes just where we want them and we aint about to have it naused up by some old git in a red suit. Mind you, if the red one has to put with the current standard of jolly old rag stuffing that we have come to expect, we hope he can bounce.

STOP PRESS.. SKY SANTA BANNED.

Are they already wise to Santa's para scam in California. He was supposed to have parachuted into a shopping mall in Anaheim near to Disney land, but the authorities put the kibosh on that due to, wait for it, Terrorist Fears. The Jingle Bell Jump would have seen him skydiving with gifts into the mall, but now he will just have to float in a tethered hot air balloon, because flights are banned within three miles of disneyland

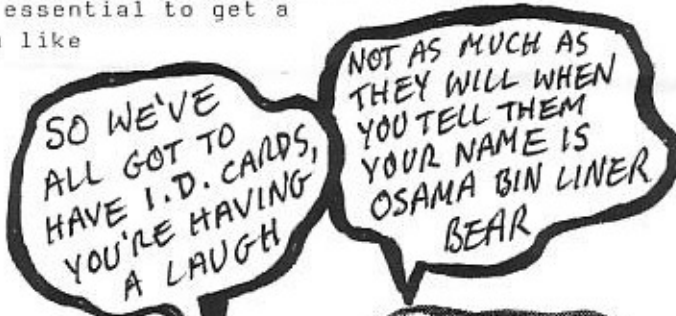


NOT TOO SURE WHAT DIMENSIONS YOU NEED FOR YOUR SIZE OF FAUNA?.....

Strictly speaking, its more about weight of fauna. for a fauna chute pretty well any lightweight material can be used, though unproofed or loomstate rip stop is best. You need a chute gore template made from card, but if you hot cot the material it wont last long, Hardboard or plywood is good.

- Size One. A=43,B=13,C=2 x 14 gores with shrouds 50 long gives a canopy of @ 40 useful for very light fauna.of say 4 ounces or 125g
- Size Two.A=51,B=16,C=2 x 14 gores and shrouds of@90 for fauna of about 8 ounces or 250g.gives a canopy of @ 60 in dia.
- Size Three. A=75,B=28,C=3 X14 gores with shrouds @120 for a fauna of about 1lb or 0.5kg the canopy comes out at @ 1metre dia.
- Size Four.A=95,B=26,C=3, x 18 gore and shrouds @2m for heavy fauna, !kg.

Make a paper gore pattern first and to get the curves equal you only need half a patt. The curve is essential to get a nice looking chute, but if you like aeroconical chutes, go straight sided. All dims are in CMs otherwise known as yurobollux. Good luck, you'll Need it.....



RUB A DUB,DUB, THREE THREE BEARS IN A PUB, CANT SMOKE A CIGGY IF IT ALSO SELLS GRUB.

Hang about, if the grub selling boozer sticks yer ploughmans in a blender, then it becomes a drink surely. This could be a useful ploy when the Old Bill raid the Gun and Ferret looking for hard case Teddybears getting out of their heads on lager and liquid ploughmans whilst smoking and reading a copy of Mindless drivel. Hope you've all got your I.D. cards that say you're 1ft2in tall, made of fur and yer name is Osama Bin Liner Bear. Till then its the usual to the wotnot BOF c/o The Teddytorial, 48. Laurel Lane, West Drayton, UB7.71Y in ENGLAND.....

