

42 ROMAN CANDLE 88.



The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. Politically incorrect and proud of it, more than capable of getting up a few noses, but do we give a Toss? Let the mindless drivel roll.....

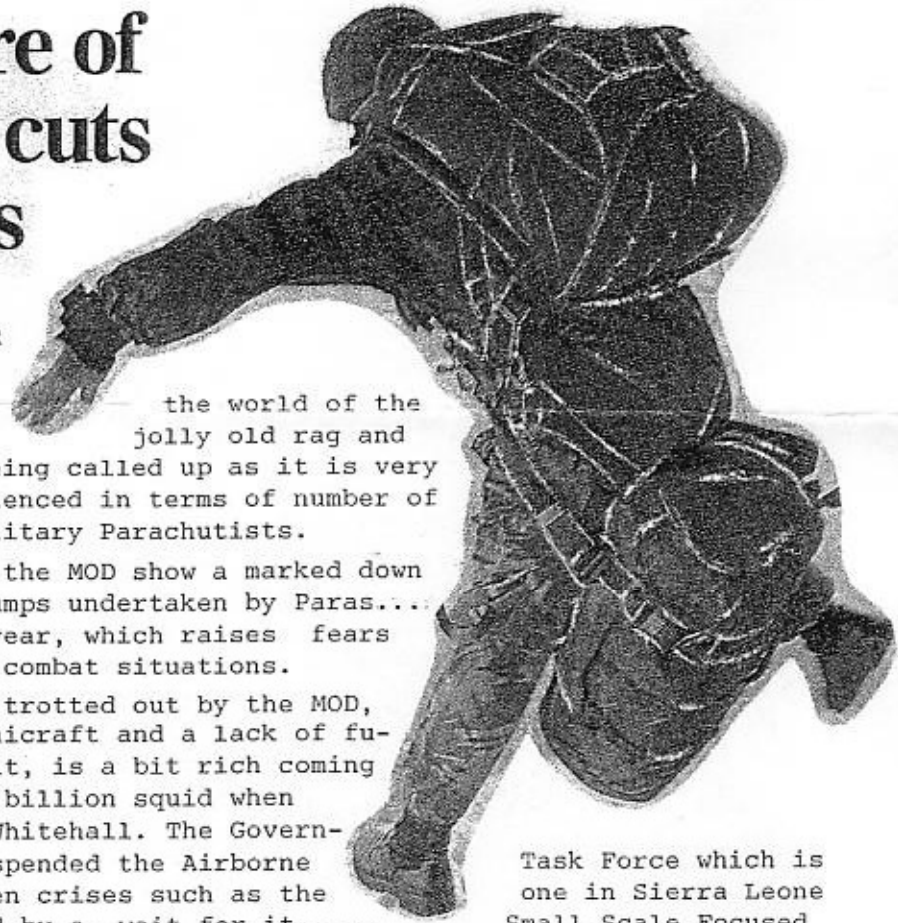
Fears for future of Paras as MoD cuts training jumps

AAHTENSHUN, GIT FELL IN YEW
'ORRIBLE LOT, NUFFINK BUT A SHOWER

Dont laugh you furry wotsits but the way things are going in ArmyParas, we of the stuff the give it large are in danger of being called up as it is very clear that we are now more experienced in terms of number of Parachute jumps than the Hume Military Parachutists.

Figures recently released by the MOD show a marked down turn in the number of training jumps undertaken by Paras... down from 27,000 to 10,000 last year, which raises fears about the Paras rediness for any combat situations.

The usual excuses are quickly trotted out by the MOD, We have a desperate shortage of aircraft and a lack of funds, which when you think about it, is a bit rich coming from a mob who cheerfully blew 2 billion squid when they tarted up thier offices in Whitehall. The Government has admitted that it has suspended the Airborne dedicated to reacting to unforeseen crises such as the in 2001. The ATF will be replaced by a, wait for it..... Intervention Battlegroup. Yoo bleeding well wot! thats aeuphenism for us Furry Wotsits if we ever heard of one. Right, lets 'ave a cur up. The Mod admits it aint got the whe-rewithall to parachute a 600 strong Battalion because of a lack of aircraft. But the swine could probably stuff 600 hung over and smelly furry wotsits into something like a Piper Cherokee. Gordon Bennett, it looks like the sods are gonna call us up, so dont say we did'nt warn ya.



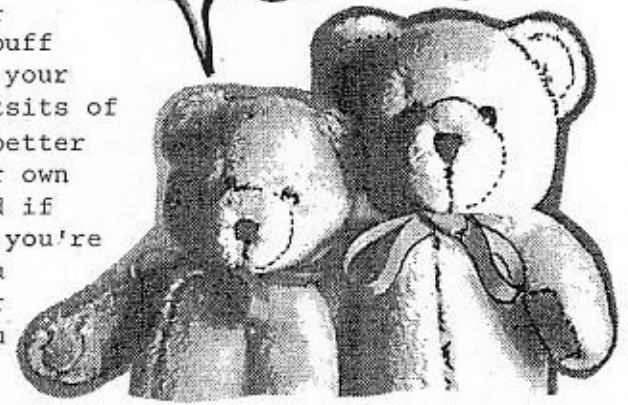
Task Force which is one in Sierra Leone Small Scale Focused

REASONS TO BE FEARFUL

Hmmm, Small Scale focused Intervention Battlegroup. does'nt that sound right on, very P.C. and incredibly touchy feely. Would'nt mind betting that they will even have outreach counsellers just in case anyone loses their i-pod, or has it stolen. So if in the next few weeks a buff envelope comes through your door, it could be your marching orders and every one of you furry Wotsits of a soft cuddly Parachuting toy persuasion had better watch out , otherwise you could be off on your own personal version of "When Harry met Tali" and if that aint a reason to be fearful, wotcha mean you're a parafauna wiv a wooden leg, so that lets you off the hook. dont you believeit, even if your wooden leg had woodworm, they'd still want you like it or lump it.

NO PROBLEMO MILITARY SERVICE RUNS IN MY FAMILY.

OH! WAS YOUR DAD A DESERTER TOO?

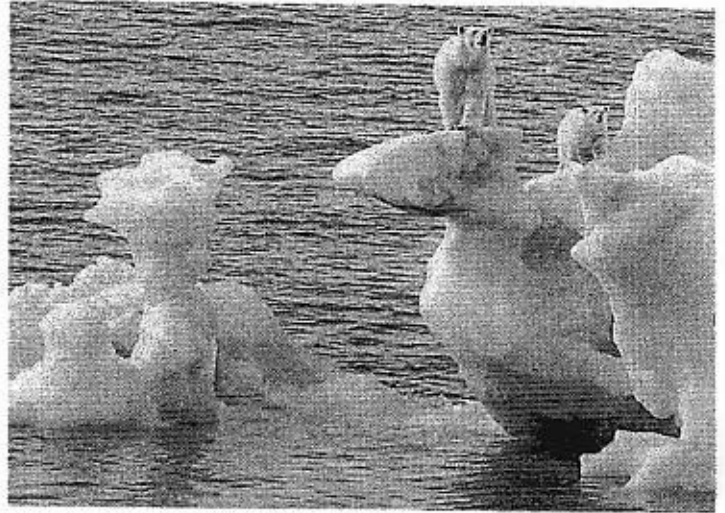


So it appears that Arctic ice isn't vanishing after all

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FOR THOSE WHO DID NOT NECESSARILY BUY INTO THE EMOTIVE "GLOBAL WARMING, AND WE ARE RIGHT UP THE CREEK" VIEW OF THE WORLD COULD BE FORGIVEN FOR RAISING A TITTER.

according to the doom and gloom merchants it was only a matter of time before we would be flying Kites and bombing fauna in a home counties version of the Gobi desert, complete with camels, dust devils and maybe even some tumbleweed thrown in for good measure. Why? didn't we realise that G.W. was so advanced that poor Polar Bears were having to be equipped with life jackets because the Arctic Ice Sheet was melting so fast, that pretty soon there would be no ice at all.



There was even a photo to back up the claims that it was all going pearshaped. And yes the ice sheet was down to 3m sq km in January 2007 from 13m sq km the previous October. however according to NOAA, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the ice sheet did that every year and had been observed to do so every year since satellite observation began in 1979. By October 2007 the ice sheet was back up to 13m sq km and in the Antarctic the ice sheet is well above its 30 year mean. And as regards the emotive photo, the Marine Biologist who took has always been nonplussed as she asserts that those Polar Bears were never in any danger as they were only a few yards from solid ice, and the photo was only taken because the wind and wave sculpted ice was so unusual.

Global Warming? who knows, Climate change? yes, but of course it has been in constant change since day one. Priming the mugs up so we can whack them with more tax, undoubtedly why, we could even be taxed on Ripstop and carbon spars, with special attention being given to Mohair, cheaper furry plush and how many ounces or grams of Kapok you have stuffed up yer fundamental, watch out watch out theres another feeving politician about.

120,000ft skydive

BRIT STEVE IN RECORD LEAP



HAS THE 2008 SILLY SEASON ARRIVED SIX MONTHS EARLY OR WOT? Reason we ask is that hot on the heels of the crazy Tourist Rocket Ship baleout from an altitude of 57 miles comes another slightly less weirder proposal that will have some Hume Loon desperately trying to outdo the legions of the Furry Wotsits by parachuting from a hot air balloon at the more modest altitude of 24 miles or 120,000 ft.

Movie stuntman Steve Truglia plans to break the worlds freefall record which would entail him falling for at least seven minutes and breaking the sound barrier as he hurtles towards the ground. It is said that he will need a spacesuit to combat low pressure and temperatures as low as -100c which when you think about it, is a statement of the bleeding obvious, and as regards breaking the sound barrier, do us a favour, he'd only do that if his chute failed. Surely to survive a deployment at approx 770 mph, it would have to be a remarkable Parachute, therefore, surely some form of stabilising chute to slow him down would be needed. One of the Tabloids even said that Steve could risk going into a wait for it, an 800 revolutions per second spin, but of course that could be journalistic load of cobblers. 48,000 rpm, WOW.

Steve, a veteran of 1,200 jumps in the military, plans to do a jump from 52,000 ft in May to break the Euro record and is currently seeking a seven figure sponsor ship deal. Best of British luck pal, you're gonna need it.

Where the wild things are

MAYBE THE WILD THINGS ARE AT THE MOMENT MILD THINGS, BUT ITS A POUND TO A PENNY THAT PRETTY SOON THEY WILL BE WILD WHEN THEY TWIG, YET AGAIN ITS TIME TO BANISH OFFICIAL WINTER KIP.

You can almost feel thier blood running cold as they contemplate the season ahead. As the weather gets warmer(notguaranteed) and the rain rises from the horizontal to more or less vertical, its almost time once again for the hordes of parachuting furry whatnots to unleash yet another Armageddon of the Soft Cuddly Toy Persuasion on pretty much whatever passes for a Kite Flying Site.



Even Dropniks have been lulled into a false sense of security by having a few months of peace and quiet, so much so that a few of the more adventurous ones have even had a little go at dipping a toe into the murky waters of of the followers of Kites with more than one line. However, as the saying goes, all good things must come to an end, even though the good part is a bit debateable.

Therefore verily Bretheren and Sisteren of Stuff the jolly old and watch the sucker fly, I say unto thee, git thee hence down to the Gun and Ferret, thats where your Dropnik will be hiding, that is if he aint taken advantage of the cheap amber neck oil down at the Supermarket and is busy being Ratfaced in charge of a sewing machine, to get your Rags packed toot sweet, 'cos its time we stuck it to the Po Faced big time.

Of course those old hands amongst you know full well what our primary and secondary objectives are, as its always been the same since time immemorial, but its possible that newrecruits to the Soft Cuddly Toy Jolly Old Rag stuffing malarky may not be fully up to speed as to what is required from every member. Objective No. One. Every member must endeavor to put as much egg on the face of thier Dropnik as possible, lets show the sods up something rotten in public. Objective No. Two. When you are getting a bit bored with this, remember those Po Faced hows yer Farv'as, those miserable sods are always game for a laugh, have you ever met a bunch whose collective Boat Races could do with some more cracking, no?, did'nt think so, so go for it.

ON WITH THE SHOW



BUT BEFORE YOU DO HERES SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS.....

Published descent speed figures for Parafauna usually quote a figure of around 21 to 24 feet per second, say about 7 to 8 metres per sec. Some knowledgable Humes including the Civil Aviation Authority (sodding hell, just goes to show who reads this) have pointed out that this is somewhat on the high side and suggest a figure more along the lines of 12 to 15 feet per second, about 4 to 5 metres per sec, saying that these speeds would be more beneficial (to who?) Well thanks very much for the suggestions, but as every BMISS member knows that it does'nt matter what speed you descend with whilst toting an unopened, you still bleeding well bounce. You do actually, that is unless you do a faceplant into super squelchy one up on Cow Pat Hill. This does have a downside, as you normally have to travel home tied to the roofrack as the other swine wont have you inside the car.

Lets face it after an hour of listening to those swine in the car singing "It aint Chunder or B.O. Its Essence De Cow Pat so out you go" It really gets just a little bit annoying at times, but as they say its all part of lifes rich tapestry, my arse.

"Potential New Recruits ?"



Once bitten...



Beware, bear!

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INFAMY, INFAMY, THEY'VE ALL GOT IT IN FOR ME...
YES, AS WELL THEY MIGHT IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE

DESPICABLE (ACCORDING TO DARLING DARLING) BEARS WHO LIKES MONDEOS, AND IF ITS HUMMERS THAT RING YOUR BELL, YOU'RE A DEAD'UN. Kerumbs its enough to make you into a spy bear, you know the ones who have a camera in one eye, so you can keep an eye on the childminder or even to run away to Russia where you can hibernate inside a hollow tree, like the Brown Bears do, until that is some swine who thinks hes a hunter decides to set fire to you in your tree so you have to come out, whereupon said swine shoots you dead at a range of about 10 feet, oh! well sporting we dont think, even if they have paid farsands to do so.

Of course if you dont fancy any of that, and lets face it, who does, you can always take up Parachuting from Kites, join the BMISS and inflict some pain on some unsuspecting Hume, in the most humane way. They're out to tax us to death and Russia, you aint sporting, you make us wanna puke pukin.

Days like these

FROM R.C. 50 YEARS AGO (he lied)

PROFESSOR TOMLINS CELEBRATED FLEA CIRCUS-
Allegedly minus the Fleas, it is said.

Was recently sold at auction for the not inconsiderable sum of £4.500. A six inch Teddy said to have been rescued from the Titanic also sold at the sme auction for £9,000 wow.

WATCH OUT, A PRICEY FLEA THIEF IS ABOUT.... Hmm, so the celebrated Flea Circus was minus the Fleas when it was knocked down for 4½k, oh yeah. HEE HAW, HEE HAW, BLUE LIGHT, BLUE LIGHT...ORLIGHT HANDS ON HEADS, WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WIV YOO FEEVIN TEDS...ALL CARS, ALL CARS. Last seen heading in a southerly direction at a fair rate of knots and scratching his jacksie, attention is called to that well known Teddy Bear Tea Leaf 9k, believed to be in possession of a complete flea Circus..... holy Cow, whatever next? we've had to put up with the furry little barstewards stinking of stale beer or being infested with a variety of livestock not dissimilar to the dreaded Moth, now we must expect the little swine to be alive with Fleas.... Hells Bells, all of a sudden, i'm starting to itch....

give world a mauling

WHY, YOU MAY ASK DOES
THE WORLD NEED ANOTHER IN
AN ONGOING AND EVERLASTING
SERIES OF MAULINGS ?..

Well, of course we aint having yet another pop at Mother Earth, we are far above that mularky, its just the feeling that as the old current bun is getting further above the yardarm, the spring is sprung, the grass is ris, we wonder where the Po Faced is, Yippee, Kai Ay, there they is, Two points off the Larboard Bow in a manner of speaking. Holy Cow as usual its all gonna go Pearshaped or should that be Bearshaped, as the annual infestation of the Hordes of Parafauna of the Soft Cuddley Toy Persasion, all intent on world domination, dont'cha know, get ready to completely nause up any half decent Po Faced display. When all is said and done, its surely time that the Govt did something about under age Binge Boozing as it is apparent that some of the little sods dont even bother to deploy their chutes anymore, they seem to enjoy the bounce.

DREAMS ARE MADE OF STUFFING

WEIRD OR WHAT? IT HAS BEEN

SUGGESTED THAT MOST OF THE PROBLEMS WITH PARAFUNA RESULT FROM THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF STUFFING USED WELL, TO STUFF'em. Sounds a bit new age traveller to us, but there you go, If we get anymore details about this we'll let yoo know.

SO AS EVER ITS THE USUAL TO THE WHATNOT, C/O THE BORING OLD FART. At the Teddytorial, 48. Laurel Lane, West Drayton, Middx, UB7.7TY. In what forever will be ENGLAND, No matter what the Traitors have planned. Hmm, Is it now 13 years since the Yurop accounts have been signed off? dont that give you confidence in the dodgy bleeders.

They all have their snouts in the trough, snouts in the trough, and dont yer heart bleed for them as its a hard life living on so little.....

