

**TRAVEL GUIDE FOR RESTLESS MOTHERFUCKERS**

**ULTIMATE FABLE**

**The Bear and The Turtle**

**redemption books**

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We are The Bear and The Turtle. We are The Idea. We don't need any fucking permission.

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**/Voice:** “As I read the story you can look and listen.”

**Voices:**” That’s scary stuff. Shouldn’t we worry about the kids in the audience?”

**Voice:**” It’s all right. This is Culture.”

**Voices:**” It’s all right. This is Culture.”

**Voice:** “And now lets begin.”/

*/search engine:culture styro 2000 etoy toywar CD/my emph.BrT/*



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## **PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS**

Voice (s)

CIPBS

Bear

Turtle

Curious Bystanders, Positive Discrimination,  
Affirmative Violence, Beaver, Big Fish Who Wants  
to Have Fun,

Antisnake

Moos

Zebra FM

Rabbits

Cy - borg

Monster Idea

Big Foot Easy Jetty

Aggressive Little Pig

Fat Mermaid

Inhabitant of Mushroom House

Sardines

7 Little Genetically Manipulated Piglets,

Lamb on the Spit, Who - W. George, Snail,

Militant Rabbit, Spineless Slaves, Captain Speaker,

Grandma Bear, Papa Bear, Mama Bear, Grandpa

Bear, Deux Pierre,

## **PRINCIPAL ABBREVIATIONS**

CIPBS

BaTMH-MRH/S

CM - collective memoirs

CS

CC - carbon copy

AD - artificial desire

DNA

CIPBS

FM

HIT

BFEJ

ALP - aggressive little pig

MOOOF - moos orphan foundation

BCC - blue convertible car

7LGMP

SPALP

7LGMSP

P2P - Pierre Deux Pinot

UFO - unison falsetto

ETC

MR - militant rabbit





## CIPBS

*Certain individual in particular brown suit (CIPBS) is sitting behind the working desk in the spacious dark room. On the table box of cigars, bottle of P2P wine and two tins of Portimao sardines.*

*Background music is playing.*

*The Voice says:*

*/This is the only story of mine whose moral I know. I don't think it's a marvelous moral. I simply happen to know what it is: We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be./*

*CIPBS lights Havana cigar and takes sip of red wine. Background music is playing.*

*/O.K. Now. God, take two.*

*This is how it started.*

*I freeze.*

*It is not the Guilt that froze me. I had taught my self never to feel Guilt.*

*It was not a ghastly sense of loss that froze me. I had taught myself...AUGHHH./*

*After the short pause the Voice restarts.*

/God, part two take two.

This is how it started.

I freeze.

It is not the Guilt that froze me. I had taught my self never to feel Guilt.

It was not a ghastly sense of loss that froze me. I had taught myself to covet nothing.

It was not the thought that I was so unloved that froze me. I had taught myself to do without love.

It was not the thought that God was cruel that froze me. I had taught myself never to expect anything from Him./

*Background music stops. The Voice resonates in the space for a split of time.*

/What froze me was the fact that I had absolutely no reason to move in any direction.

What had made me move through so many dead and pointless years was curiosity.

Now even that had flickered out.

How long I stood frozen there, I can not say. If I was ever going to move again, someone else was going to have to furnish the reason for moving.

Somebody did.

End of God, beginning of The Bear./

*Sound of thunder in the distance. Then of the rain. Then the voice of the The Bear.*

/This is how it started.

A police - man watched me for a while, and then he came over to me, and he said:

“You all right?”

“Yes,” I said.

“You have been standing here a long time?”

he said.

“I know’, I said.

“You waiting for somebody?” he said.

“No” I said.

“Better move on, don’t you think?” he said.

“Yes, sir,” I said.

And I moved on./ (1)

*/missquote/my emph. BnT/*



## **BEAR**

*Loud thunder in the near distance.*

That I was a bear, that I did not wear any clothes but my bearskin, that my Lingua - Who - men had a strange accent, all that did not matter. I was standing still longer than usual standing still is considered to be usual standing still. That was what mattered.

I moved on.

It was quiet summer night, streets were still deserted after the afternoon heat wave and it was New Years Eve. Perfect moment for a cigarette.

*Sound of the cigarette lighter. Inhale and exhale.*

I did not have any. I did not smoke.

Clock on the nearby church hit 12 times and the Year of the Carnival started. It was The Year of the Horse. I felt that this was the perfect moment to start smoking.

*Loud thunder.*

I had walked ten meters since my encounter with Who - man guardian angel when I heard music playing.

*Sound of music.*

A small blue convertible car was parked by the sidewalk. The roof and the right front door were wide open. Must have been there during the whole happening. I leaned inside of the car and asked for a cigarette.

“Come in,” the Voice said. Did not sound Who - men language.

It was Lap.

In the drivers seat was a turtle.

Turtle speaking in Lap.

I stepped in and sat on the front seat.

The car took off.

“Where are we going?” I asked in shy Lap.

“To Lap - land.” answered turtle.

And put on the music.

As the music played, the turtle turned into Cy - borg.

Could not see difference between Inside and Outside.

Its flesh merged with metal and leather and wires of the car and they became The Turtle.

And The Turtle said: ”I will not be responsible for your happiness and I don’t want you to be responsible for mine.”

“Okay.” I said, not knowing if that solemn merging question was for me at all.

Then in a sudden flash, I could not anymore see difference between Positive and Negative. I also expected to turn into Cy - something. Instead, the music stopped and through the homeostatic disturbance voices from the radio (2) said:

“One return ticket, please.”

“Return ticket to where?”

“To back here!!”

Then the music continued. (3)

And we continued rolling slowly down the big city roads.

The perfect strangers in the right place in the right time in the right mood are saying the right things in the right moment.

That was long ago.

That is how it started.

\*\*\*\*





## MEAT MACHINE

Since then we are The Bear and The Turtle.

The Ultimate Fable.

We drive around in our Smart convertible car.

We are not Who - men pretending to be Animals.

We are Animals pretending to be Who - men.

We wear our real skin and underneath it

Who - men features.

Who - men leave us most of the time in peace,  
apart from occasional fines for speeding. And  
warnings when we stand still to long.

*Police siren.*

We are proud products of Who - men positive  
discrimination.

*Blue convertible car speeds through the flashing  
light followed by the Red Who - men Police Car  
(RWPC) to the amazement of Curious Bystanders.*

*“Look, darling: bear and turtle driving the  
car! How smart!”*

*“Where? Where?”*

*Two cars vanish into the background music.*

“If Jesus Christ was...” said The Turtle once,  
“...the ultimate ontological transformation from  
Idea to Flesh to Idea, we are ontological

reversion. First we were Flesh and then the Idea. Pure Us. The Bear and the Turtle.”

”Meat Machine.” I concluded with huge grin on my hairy face.

*Horse galloping by.*

When somebody asks: ”Who are you?” we answer:” We are The Bear and The Turtle.”

That is our Line.

They go : ”Aha, but what are you doing?” we answer : ”We are The Bear and the Turtle” and they say : ”Aha, and where are you going?” and we answer:” We are The Bear and The Turtle . We go to Lap - land (4) (hihihihihihih).”

*The chuckle merged with the noises of a herd of sheep.*

When Beaver asks and we answer that we are The Bear and The Turtle he honestly says:

” Oh, I don’t understand.”

When the Big Fish Who Wants To Have Fun asks and we answer: ” We are The Bear and The Turtle” it says: ”Oh, I like that! Super!!!! ” Or says nothing.

\*\*\*\*

## CAR

*Singing birds.*

Smart car was designed by Swatch, then it was taken over by Mercedes Benz, Mercedes Benz was taken over by Daimler, Daimler merged with Chrysler, and here we drive in Daimler Chrysler car powered by strong engine and fuelled with Diesel fuel.

Fast little thing.

Smart convertible car is 2 seated.

Two front seaters.No back seat drivers.

There are two individuals in the car.

The Bear and the Turtle.

The Turtle is in the driving seat.

The Bear is in the non - co - driver seat.

There is small Hotbird 6 satellite dish on the roof and it has the function of Receiver and Transmitter.

We seek to alleviate the burdensome task of choosing a radio station by automating this process. A nice geometric algorithm is required to locate Zebra FM in certain vicinity.

Along the same lines we send the received sound output through a high - pass filter to determine if there is homeostatic.

*Wind rumouring through the leaves of the autumn forest, the crickets join.*

Our night vision system uses an infrared sensor to display the road ahead. Rear collision avoidance system uses sensors mounted on the rear bumper that can detect the proximity of an obstacle.

There are four cameras attached to the car.  
One in front, to monitor where we are going.  
One in the back, to monitor where we have been.  
One on the left, to monitor where we are now.  
One on the right, to confirm that we are still there.  
Double - checking.

The map is omnipresent in our car on the screens of the monitors.

Each monitor has four screens.

One screen is confirmative two way Decoy screen.  
It's for free. In that way I...

*Car passed by.*

...sorry, we do not exist.

The rest of the screens are affirmative and passwords are needed to access them.

\*\*\*\*

## UNSPECIFIED MOMENT

We are The Bear and The Turtle. We finished installing the system updates and are on a test ride, cruising the countryside. Suddenly, car stops in the smoke cloud of burned tires and the echo of squealing breaks.

And Turtle says: "Listen, Bear. Can you check this map of ours. I have the feeling that we were here before." I check the map and in a split of a second realize that The Turtle is right. And I say: "Yes, we were here before. The other truth is that we are here now aswell. So what do you say about that, turtle?" "You are saying that when we were here once before, that was the place we were going to?" "Technically speaking, yes."

We look in silence for a very, very long time into each others eye.

/But than some terrible weight came crushing down out of the sky, something final and unambiguous and suddenly there was no need to think, nothing to think about, and no one to do the thinking. /(5)

*/quote/my emph. BnT/*

We do not understand air bags. They should activate in case of accidents. In Smart they activate in any unspecified moment, hot white air wrapped

in white silk hits our faces and presses our bodies closer to our Smart car.

This is how we learned to recognize unspecified moments. And we learned that the real thing starts happening just after these unspecified moment.

When they ask: “You guys, hey! What is unspecified moment?” we answer: “We are The Bear and The Turtle. That is specified information, hahahahahaha.”

\*\*\*\*

## ANTISNAKE

We are The Bear and The Turtle. We had to identify our enemy, et voila, here it is. We invented much more than we bargained for.

Antisnake (6) itself is staring at us from our monitor.

We instantly switch off our cameras. The affirmative screens go gray.

In this particular unspecified instant there is no need for self - location. The moment of ultimate truth has dawned on us.

Antisnakes stare is intense and pearcing. The long neck with small heads is flexing its muscles in our direction.

Turtle is humming in order not to panic.

“It feels that we are here, but can’t see us anymore,” whispers The Bear, his erected hair buzzing with electricity, “It’s not sure what we are, but came to stay.”

Antisnake is banging its giant feet on our monitor, trying to break inside. The hate of not knowing what is happening, not knowing who it was that it thought it saw for a split of

the time seems unbearable.  
Screens are holding well.

We are sitting here in this unspecified moment, air bags up our faces.  
Then slowly we free ourselves. We reprogram our Decoy screen to CS function and watch on the map the blue dot representing our car moving away in unspecified direction. Red dot representing Antisnake follows in the near distance.

We are alone in the middle of the country road.

Turtle turns on the car engine and drives deep into the dark forest.

That night we spend calmly talking next to the barbecue, analyzing our options and making the plans.

We do not switch our cameras on for days to come. Superstition, suppose.

Antisnake would appear here and there in our monitors and stare at us. We knew that it could not see us. What it could see was gray static. Not cleared.  
“Did I really see it?” all of its eyes would speak.  
Doubting for a moment about this obsession with



an image from the past.

Then it would lazily disappear, cynical uncertain smile breaking through small sharp nasty artificially white teeth.

We think that Antisnake thinks, if at all, that The Bear and The Turtle are just the Idea. Antisnake is cyclic cy - gone out and ex - boxing champion of Eastern Western Territories. Antisnake is bottom - up borderline control freak. Not knowing is the ultimate pain. Antisnake joined Low - land Who - men and they tolerated its wishes and they gave tasks to it that were to ugly and immoral for themselves to admit, and it fights decoy boxing matches for them and abuses that power to range known only in Lowlands. Antisnake is vulnerable to CS.

When they ask us: "What is CS?" we say: "We are The Bear and The Turtle. CS is CS." And they say: "Where does it come from? Greek? Or Latin?", we say: "We are The Bear and The Turtle. Definitely not from kleitoris (hihihihihihihihi)."

Smart affirmative violence.

We have to encourage the process. Till the bitter end in sight. Every moment till the real End of Time. Smart kleitoris similis. (7)

\*

“Call Moose.” says The Turtle.

We call Moos and his friendly face appears on screen 3.

“Come to Lap - land. Now!!!” says he.

/Retrieval was no longer an acceptable option. This was snuff combat and we were the contenders./

*/quote/search words: Cyborg 2/my emph. BnT/*

Fuck a Duck.

\*\*\*\*

## **BARBECUE**

We are The Bear and The Turtle and the day is sunny. Waiting for unspecified moment and off we go.

We are having barbecue on our balcony in Low - lands With Too Few Lovers biggest city. Turtle is using hairdryer to keep the fire up and running, radio is on.

We are celebrating our immediate departure towards Lap - land, calmly sipping Pierre Deux Pinot. (8)

We do not talk much: anticipation of going on a trip gets all our attention. We toast a lot. Lamb on spit is gloriously glowing on top of our fire. Today we are not vegetarian.

Than scream/whistling sound comes from top of our fence: "STOP. THIS IS INTERSPECIES OVERLAP VIOLATION."

Who - men voices and faces, screaming, hanging, banging and objecting.

At first we shout you Who - man get of our fence, you will fall down and all the insurance companies will hang on our necks claiming exorbitant amount of Who - money for your stupidity, and we do not have it, we did our garage sales and we are leaving

towards Lap - land and screaming now does not make any difference, we are leaving as soon as we munched this Wonderful Lambs, and then more of the Who - man join in, hundreds of them climbing fence, our fence showing signs of weakness and we start munching our lambs half raw and as much mustard we put on they do not taste so well as they could if we were left alone to finish in peace our lamb - chops and more and more Whos're hanging on our fence, screaming and falling down the abyss, and we just jump into our Smart with lambs still on the spit and we drive away towards wonderful Lap - land, laughing, moos - tard and horse - radish up our sensors.

Here we drive. Lap – land, here we come. (9)

\*\*\*\*

## **RABBITS**

We are The Bear and The Turtle, we drive in our blue convertible car and we are on the mission. To destroy Antisnake.

Zebra FM (10) is on as we are bullet speeding on the fast lane of the tunnel. We stop by White Cliffs of Northern Sea.

Giant Dancing Scarerabbits are overlooking wicked waves splashing onto the rocks of the Empire and bouncing back in white steam, only to come back with ever more stronger force to dent once indestructible creation.

There is breakthrough of Rabbits into the Empire.

Rabbits look for carrots.

They jump fences in the night. Who - men build the infrared fences. Rabbits jump fences during the guards afternoon siesta.

They sneak trough tunnel. Who - men turn off the lights at the end of tunnel.

Rabbits hide in Who - men shopping bags. Once inside, they run into garden and hide in salad. Copulating.

Who-men build giant x - ray rooms. All Who - men entering Empire drive their shopping wagons through these rooms. On the Who - monitors tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of hidden Radiating Rabbits start showing up. Who - men arrest them and send back to their carrotless heimat Portimao.

Rabbits start travelling on fishing boats.

Who - men invent infrared water.

Rabbits invent anti - infrared water swimming suit.

Who - men invent anti anti - infrared water suit law and SIRFB computer game (Shoot Infrared Rabbit Fluffy Bollocks).

Rabbits shave their bollocks and start shooting back. Besides suffering from lack of vitamin A, Who - men babies are getting shot in the head from their computer screens.

Who - men hire Cy - borgs to stop the Rabbits.

Rabbits like Cy - borgs and invent Cyborg - sex.

Copulatio Similis.

Rabbi - borgs triumph.

Snail gets the blame.

Bear gets the glory.

And here we are.

The Bear and The Turtle.

Carrots and Copulation. Ultimate Antisnake Poison.

Just...it works long term.

Rabbits copulate a lot, but copulation takes time.

No flash, please.

Copulation leads to invasion.

Invasion leads to revolution.

Copulation killed the Snake.

Antisnake, your toaster up your ass.

\*\*\*\*





## **GARAGE**

We park our blue convertible Smart car in the garage. It is dark in here.

We turn our monitors, radio, and all the cameras on.

We take Hibernation Inductive Trigger (HIT). In that way we exist somewhere else.

Our legendary Confirmation Journey  
*/www.bearandturtle.com/ click on universe/user  
name:reader/password:who/ star:turtle/ my emph.  
BnT/ is about to start and responsibility is lurking  
over our bare, firm shoulders. We are approaching  
history in making.*

“Wherever you are, stop being there and start being here. Instantly.” says Monster Idea. **(11)**

\*\*\*\*

## **MONSTER IDEA**

We put air bags back in their place and  
drive Westward to come to the North.

To High - land.

There is cousin Nessie.

Idea Universalis.

Idea that will always be Idea.

Monster Idea.

We are The Bear and The Turtle and we are  
on our way to visit cousin Nessie, while steadily  
progressing towards Lap - land.

\*\*\*\*

## **GARAGE**

We park our blue convertible Smart car in the garage. It is dark in here.

We re - program our software and watch on the Decoy screen our car and Antisnake leaving slowly towards Lapland.

After, we check the date and the time and clean the dust from the windscreens.

\*\*\*\*



## SNOW - LAND

We drive upwards towards Snow - land, on our way to Lap - land.

We visit our big cousin Big Foot Easy Jetty (BFEJ). Idea that turned into a Big Footprint Trace, and Trace turned into a Reproduction as the Lost Object of Perception, after the snow melted.

; ape - like body and a Who - men - like face, resembling the crossing of a Wolf, Tiger and Bear

; conical scalp, pointed ears, hairless chest area

; a fearsome, savage, with a high - pitched whistling scream

; a vile, pungent odour

; feet that point backwards

; its fur identical with that of the rare Blue Tibetan Bear.

; a very bad temperament and supernatural powers

BFEJ heard pre - echo of the future.

*/VARDØGER/search engine/ my emph, BnT/*

Car drives up the alley, we come in and hang our coats. Yet, we are not there! Shit scared at first, he scream - whistles for a while then finally crawls from under the kitchen table and puts the kettle over.

After numerous cups of herbal tea and nights of flipping through the photo albums and magazine clippings, we exchange presents, bid warm good - byes to the family and start descending the steep slopes following the size 84 brand new Portimao shoe print traces of BFEJ.

Then we drive downwards through Thousands Plateaux of Snow - land. Our blue convertible house is converted and glides in front of the perfectly white backdrops. Air bags are up our faces and bodies. We are jolly, mellow and gay and we laugh.

“Rumble in Lap - land,” sings The Turtle.

Monitor has ultimately sharp reception. We don't have to watch to see.

Zebra FM pops up on screen 4.

Antisnakes pre - echo almost reached Lap - land. Eskimos and Rabbits are roaring with excitement.

Aggressive Little Pig (ALP) on screen 3.

Just found a present in the Mail Box: black suit for regular Sunday high noon blindfolded ritual.

Beaver scrambled on screens 12 and 9.

Having affairs with dead chickens. Great sex!

Happy Clever Horse on screen 16.  
Showing porno films she makes for Who - kids.  
Staring: Beaver and fried chickens.

Rooster on screen 8.  
Wants to fight Antisnake, but is scared.

Fat Mermaid phoned.  
Asked what is the Subject in: "I am eating the big  
apple." We all agree that the Subject is I.

Big Fish Who Wants To Have Fun.  
Shouting something from the side of the road  
(Vacuuuum Boooy's ?!).

Moos moralizing (**12**) allover the screens to the  
wild amusement of the whole bunch.

"Antisnake is coming!!!!" the whole Lapland  
resonates in anticipation.

Moos always moralizes.

God ever geometrizes.

We are The Bear and The Turtle

Inhabitant of Mushroom House on screen 2. Shows  
hand picking wild strawberries.

We all part from our collective cyberspace  
back to Blue Convertible Car ( BCC ).  
“Some - by (samba) car, some - by (samba) foot,  
some (samba) like it from the back.” sang the  
drunken Bear, feeling stupid like never before.

\*\*\*\*



## PORTIMAO

In this unspecified moment we are in Portimao, driving slowly, /turning left here and right there, as if didn't matter in the least where we'd find ourselves, or when./

*/missquote/my emph.BnT/*

We are complimenting fisherabbits on the quality of their sardines, uploading our stash of tins. We sleep late, fish a little, and take numerous siestas, evenings we go to the local bar, play bongo, sing a few songs and drink chilled beer.

After visiting the local laboratory sub - marine experiments, writing a couple of footnotes on rabbits (**13**) and sardines (**14**) and buying presents for our numerous friends, we park our Blue Convertible Car in the drive - in cinema on the upper deck of the Big Ferry boat which will take us over the Northern Sea to Lap - land.

Sun is setting on the distant horizon above the White Cliffs and we talk in the shade of our straw hats.

“Let's square some circles!”

“Debil!”

“Machine!”

We like each other a lot.

We are The Debil and The Machine.

Then the movie starts. **(15)**

\*\*\*\*

## LAP - LAND

We are The Bear and The Turtle. It's late afternoon.

We are driving through Lap - land.

Unspecified moment happens, Turtle stops the car and opens the window, re -inventing the feeling of being too late for something and says: "Call...".

"Here you are, " Moos says " Halloo."

Chewing gum, as if.

"Antisnake was here. We knew that poor sod couldn't win in Eskimo land. Misses the smell and time rapture."

I nod.

"Fuck," bull - shites The Turtle, CS - ing Moos, "Could you not wait, Greedy Bastards?"

"We did it !!!!We did it !!!!", shouts excited Moos, a big boxing fan. As it goes with Mooses tradition and mentality. He followed the match on Zebra FM.

Moos reports on the match.

"Eskimo champion was two third Seal. His smell was his power. He punched Antisnake a few times in the first round, its cold blood boiled fast, started punching back in rage. Eskimo fighter

easily avoided heavy punches, let Antisnake hit him light many times, leaning against the ropes, absorbing punches, constantly mumbling Cin - Cin into Antisnakes numerous ears. Than CS did the rest. Antisnake thought it was winning and euphorically opened vulnerable point and was knocked out flat. Its assistants had to put it into Mail Box and send back by mail to its hole in Low - lands with too few Lovers. Antisnakes favourite line: Keep me posted (hohohohohohoh)”

We are eating grilled Portimao sardines and sipping strong warm Pierre Deux Pinot punch parked neatly by the boxing arena while thousands of Rabbits and Eskimos celebrating victory on the deserted screens of Lap - land. As Turtle passes into healthy cyber - nautical dream, we free ourselves from pressure of unspecified moment of air on our faces and bodies and Turtle says: “Lap - land is great place to drive. For nights and days you see only Warning Souls.”

We drive North to come to the North.

Decoy screen is off.

Our rear bumper sensors are beeping. We see in the Rear Mirror/Window Antisnake following in the Tiny Shiny Red Cabriolet Smart Car.

\*\*\*\*

## HIGH NOON

We are The Bear and The Turtle. It's break of dawn.

In this unspecified moment we are on our way to see Mappa Mundi Universalis. To Uppsala.

We drive North to come to the South.

We are in Uppsala, gliding through the remains of the fog. It's Sunday.

We look for the Cathedral.  
It is in the Bush.

We park our Smart car very precisely. Not a bit out of the lines prescribed by Fathers of Parking Lots of Southern Lap - land. We are on the Mission. We cannot take risk to get a parking ticket of any kind. Let alone Lap - land police - man telling us to move on.

Aggressive Little Pig comes out of the Bush.

Aggressive Little Pig (ALP) is basically a Pig. From distance he looks like Who allright, when closer you cannot ignore his pig hands.

On official occasion he would be wearing gloves, today pig hands.

ALP is very famous in Who circles, having featured and starred as the Pig, legendary fable and allegory character in all styles and time periods and recently he donated his DNA to fabricate famous 7 Little Genetically Manipulated Piglets (7LGMP)

Nevertheless: he is one of us.

His constant research and update of Mappa Mundi Universalis keeps us on the move.

And here we are.

In Uppsala.

The Bear and The Turtle. Us.

And ALP.

In his brand new Sunday gear. Black tail coat and pig tail and pig hands and all.

Yahoo!!

We needed our Inspiration, et voila, here is ALP.

ALP - The Keeper of Mappa Mundi Universalis.

Every Sunday at noon ALP closes his eyes and runs across the busiest - heavy - traffic street in town. All drivers know. They stop the cars, laughing, clapping, hunking horns and masturbating engines. Poluted sperm covering contact lenses of

Wallpaper - people. Some scream, some shout.  
Free pizzas and cocacolas.

The clock on nearby church hits 12 times and the  
Year of the Carnival ends.

Rabbit passes by and says: "I'll get help,  
wait here."

"I don't want to wait!!!" says ALP.

Positive Discrimination says to Affirmative  
Violence: "Look, darling, pig in suit. How  
smart !!!!"

"Where? Where?"

Pljufff.

Red convertible Smart car does not stop and makes  
speck pancake out of ALP (SPALP), while sending  
him into deadly aerodynamic salto mortale.

"He is dead, he if fuckin' dead!!!!" resonates  
on the dark deserted screens of Upssala.

Fat Mermaid opens the door without knocking, and  
says trough her tears: "Tax department just blocked  
my bussines account."

“Wherever he came he stayed a Stranger in the Night.” we write on the rear bumper.

The Who - fathers of Upsalla Town introduce post - mortem traffic sign: Warning!! Running Pig!!!  
And Seven Little Genetically Manipulated Speck Pancakes (7LGMSP) !!

We drive for a while, the rain starts, we close the roof.

\*\*\*\*



## INTRODUCTION

We drive for a while, the rain starts, we close the roof.

Dutch Summer is playing on Zebra FM.

We park the car deep into the forest, on the secluded meadow in front of the cave. We find some dry wood on the floor of the cave and we feel lucky for a moment.

Outside is raining dogs and cats. **(16)**

First invitee arrives.

Antsnake parks the red car next to the blue and joins us by the starting fire.

After polite tense one - liner greetings, we slowly relax into conversation.

Soon we are jolly, mellow and gay and we laugh.

More guests are coming.

“Samba foot, samba car, samba....”

Lambs on spits arrive and instantly place themselves on the top of the fire.

Horse arrives alone bringing the basket - ball.

Sardines in perfect school, bringing a set of brand new forks.

Beaver and frozen chickens, wearing only price tags. Moos is moralizing.

Who - W. George shows bullet in the back of his head before proceeding on the spit.

God and Antisnake are comparing toasters.

“Sorry I could not come,” Snail is saying to everybody, while removing his sun contact lenses for a short split of a second.

Militant Rabbit (17) is shagging Lee the Cy - borg (18) on the front seat of the red Smart. /I’ve been activated”/ I’m burning/ explosion of bio implosive implant/

7LGMP are gang - banging Sumo wrestler. Gently rocking on top of the turbulence.(18)

ALP shows his new Blue Jeans.

God explains to Fat Mermaid (19) that geometry is the best comedy. Pick up angle.

Turtle does “humming-blues-juke-box”  
impression, worrying about what the future  
will bring.

216 guests in all.

We make plans and daydream till morning  
has broken.

Walls of the cave stretch to the limits.

Party, party, party !!!!

Rivers of P2P washing down Portimao Sardines.  
And Lamb - chops.

Everything is as confusing as it could be.  
Every line is the punch - line.  
Funny nevertheless.

Every Day a Siesta.  
Every Night a Fiesta.

\*

This is where it started.  
This is how it started  
This is not the end.  
This is 2 Megabytes.

And the music plays on. (20)

“Antisnake, your toaster up your ass,” we  
all sing along in unison falsetto (UFO).

\*\*\*\*

## FOOTNOTES

(1)

Search engine: **mother night**

(2)

Zebra FM

(3)

“...They said there is no place for a little monkey in this town...”

(4)

“A place of eternal days and eternal nights, 25 nights and than 25 eternal days, 25 hours per day and per night, 25 nights of sex for pleasure in Pleasure In, in 50-s cars, where did they come from (the cars)? Lamb chops (where did they come from?), in blazing late evening sun (where did it come from?), Lap Vegas Brothels (where have all the Whookers gone? To China!). And than 25 eternal days (pipe smoking on mountain bike, acid tripping repeating Cin - Cin to eternity, why me?”

(5)

Search engine: **life of insects**

(6)

\*\*T,, antisnake ãÄ ç  
Ä,,O%”J%antisnake ”á@  
áÉ=%Ä antisnake t%0%,ä;%,,”toastyass}%

(7)

does indeed come from Greek or Latin

**(8)**

Pierre Deux Pinot (P2P) winemakers comment: our Pinot shows a lovely black cherry color with intense oriental aromas of red fruits and spicy nuances. Black Forest Oak aging has softened the tannins of this delightful wine and has added complexity to the rich aromas. Light to medium body with concentrated varietal fruit flavors, and a wonderful soft lingering finish. Food pairings: Our Pinot pairs well with sardines, barbecued snails, lambs on spit, Who - men... Do not pair with: bear, turtle, mermaid, moos, inhabitant of mushroom house, zebra, gibbon...

**(9)**

From: info@daimlerchrysler.com

To: info@bearandturtle.com

Dear Mr. Bear,

Thank you for providing us with detailed information regarding your request for one of our blue Smart PR cars. Your fable, in which Smart represents the Turtle, is very creative and original.

Although co-operation with you could indeed make Smart more sympathetic to the general public, Smart is a real car and not a turtle in a fable.

Our strategy is to concentrate on hard facts like

durability, high value and reliability instead of soft facts as joy of life, unconventionality and freshness. Furthermore, Smart already has a brand recognition of 85,7%, so participation in events that could increase this is not our number one priority at the moment.

I am really sorry that we cannot help you out, but still I hope your venture will turn out to be a huge success.

Yours sincerely,

Lee the Cy - borg

Customer Support/DaimlerChrysler /subsidiary Smart  
**(10)**

“Too much too much promiscuity can draw to calamity.  
Too much too much hypocrisy can draw to academy.  
Too much too much morality can draw to criminality.  
Who - Who set me free. Whooo - Whooo let me be.”

**(11)**

search engine: **the mystery of the sardine**

**(12)**

“Long time ago when I was just a Baby - Moos ... was still only an Idea in his ...mind, the story was being ...Northern Lap Land of the Snow-land and Blue Bears... /*Homeostatic disturbance was interrupting the sound on the monitor, my emphasis/ BnT/* ... so the moral ...be decent and never get sick. Decency for a decent Moos, I consider myself to be, is not to make trouble... (\*)... Who - men by mistake hang their coats

on my horns .I just stay there in silence and stillness, the whole evening if needed, and when they finally come back and pick up their coat, I humbly say thank you and accept tip they then feel obliged to give me and then donate tip to Moos Orphan Foundation whose honorable president I happen to be and...catch is: if you stay decent you never get sick.” With this miracle of clarity Mooses big lips checked off from our screens. Having to pick up drunken, pipe smoking, acid tripping Eskimo Thunder champion fighter from Lap Vegas brothel. Mumbling Cin - Cin”. (\*\*)

---

(\*) We switch to lip reading program.

(\*\*) Translation: Do you want to fuck me?

### **(13)**

Although the experiments involving Sub - marines may just be rumours, some properly controlled experiments with Rabbits have recently been carried out in Portimao, with much the same results. In these tests Rabbits were monitored for stress by measuring the blood flow trough their ears. This was done painlessly by placing a small clip over a shaved ear, on one side was a miniature light source, on the other side a photoelectric cell. In this way, the amount of light that shone through the shaved ear could be measured continuously. When Rabbits feel stress, the blood vessels in their ears contract, the blood flow decreases, and more light passes through.



This experiments involved pairs of Rabbits. At the time of the experiments, each Rabbit was placed in a sound proofed space, which also isolated it from electromagnetic influences. When one of the Rabbits experienced stress, the other tended to experience stress in no time. By contrast, the unpaired Rabbits did not show that kind of telepathic connection. We should stress that all Rabbits involved in the experiments were heterosexual Rabbits.

(from **"Confirmation Journey"** by The Turtle)

**(14)**

Sardines were packed 55 per tin unit at the time. Its members were organized in tight near unison formation. Either dominance system did not exist or was so weak that it had no influence on the dynamics of the tin as a whole.

When under attack, the tin responds by leaving a gaping hole. This is known as the "fork effect." Not only does each and one Sardine know in advance where it will swim if attacked, but it must also know where each of its neighbours will swim. This behaviour has no simple explanation in terms of sensory information from neighbouring Sardines because it happens far to fast for nerve impulses to move from the eye to the brain and than from the brain to the muscles. It is not clear how the movements are coordinated. It was continuing during the night, so it does not depend on vision. Perhaps they were capable to

judge the position of their neighbours by their pressure sensitive organs, known as the lateral lines. Cutting the nerves from the lateral lines has tested the idea. Such Sardines still school normally. There have been laboratory experiments in which Sardines were temporarily blinded by being fitted with opaque contact lenses. They were still capable of maintaining their position indefinitely within the tin. It would be fascinating to know what happened if a barrier (or barriers) separated two parts of tin of Sardines from each other, blocking normal sensory contact. Would their activities still remain coordinated in any way? What if the Sardines were of different social groups (hetero, gay, lesbian, bisexual, camp, transvestite, cy - borg etc.)? As far as we know no one has yet attempted this kind of research. The similar experiments were conducted concerning telepathic behavior of stuffed birds, resulting in so called “chorus-line hypothesis”.

(from **“How the Rabbit Discovered Miniature Nuclear Bomb”** by the Rabbit)

**(15)**

(from **“Then the Movie started”** by Fat Mermaid)

*/www.bearandturtle.com/user:reader/password:  
who/star: fat mermaid/*

**(16)**

“spineless slaves”

(17)

Than we take off, and while sliding into the  
First Temporal Anomaly we hear the Voice.

“Two very cold beers, cans please. Very cold!!!!”

We freeze.

It is not the cold beer that froze us.

What froze us were the voice and the words  
of the Militant Rabbit.

Jesus!!!! Looks like Who - men. Talks like Who  
- men. Walks like Rabbit. And has swallowed 2  
miniature nuclear bombs wrapped inside of the  
condom. Has to cool down his fluffy hairy balls with  
cans of chilled beer to prevent premature explosion.

(from “**Confirmation Journey**” by The Turtle)

(18)

We are The Bear and The Turtle and we are  
gently rocking on the top of the turbulence.

“Like fucking the Sumo wrestler and being on  
top”, sighs The Turtle.

(from “**Confirmation Journey**” by The Turtle)

(19)

Somebody was trying to break the door of  
the room I was in.

It was the Fat Mermaid and she said:

‘Jesus, what are you doing?’

“Is a film, I am kind of watching a film”, said I.

“If the question is not why European brown  
bear is brown, but why European brown bear

is European?” said the Fat Mermaid “what about Tibetan blue bear then?”

“They eat his balls as delicacy.”

“Have you seen my knife, by the way?”

“In your handbag.”

“Its altitude, direction and speed, saying time, forget this evolution mumbo-jumbo,” mumbled I as she was closing the door she used to exit the room we were in together just a short time ago.

(from **“Then the Movie Started”** by Fat Mermaid)

**(20)**

**“BEARS OFF ALL COUNTRIES UNITE”**

**(“club hit song”** by Big Fish and The Bear)

BEAR IS IN THE AIR, EVERYWHERE YOU  
LOOK AROUND

BEAR IS EVERYWHERE, THERE YOU SEE  
ANOTHER BEAR

SOMETIMES ALL THE WHO-MEN SAY, ALL  
WHO-MEN YOU SEE AROUND  
THERE IT GOES ANOTHER BEAR, EVERYWHERE  
ANOTHER BEAR

BEAR IS IN THE AIR  
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK AROUND  
BEAR IS IN THE AIR  
THERE IT GOES ANOTHER BEAR  
IT’S THE BEAR

IT'S THE BEAR  
I LOVE YOU BEAR  
YOU ARE THE ONE

EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK AROUND  
HERE IT GOES ANOTHER BEAR  
EVERYWHERE ANOTHER BEAR  
LOOK DARLING, IT'S THE BEAR!  
WHERE?WHERE?

BEAR IS IN THE AIR  
BEAR IS EVERYWHERE  
I CAN MAKE IT BY MYSELF,  
BUT I MISS MY BABE BEAR

I LOVE YOU BEAR  
I LOVE YOU BEAR, YOU ARE THE ONE  
BEAR, BEAR, BEAR, BEAR, BEAR...  
BEARS OF ALL COUNTRIES UNITE!  
(from “**Confirmation Journey**” by The Turtle)



## **GRANNY - SMITH STORY**

### **traditional bedtime lulla/by**

*Before becoming The Bear and The Turtle the bear was only a bear. His Bear - Grandmother repeated every night, just before dawn would break, again and again the same fable in Black Forest Bear family home. It was about Who - men.*

“There was a shy Who - men whose parents died in hunting accident and he lived alone with his old Granny - smith.

*Her handy paws were handling the spinning wheel and as the story progressed, wool tread was coming out in uninterrupted flow.*

Once on the market, during Dancing Bear act, he meets a shy good looking Wow - girl. She talked to him like no one before, made him feel very special, very miserable and very lonely, so he invited her to come to his grand - mothers house and he shaved the hair of his body and than they got married. Granny - smith knew that her was Anti - snake, from very first handshake and cheek to cheek kiss. Instinct told her.

*‘Grandma, who is Instinct?’*

*“Dear, we are not having a conversation here, this is a story.”*

She knew that Anti - snake is very bad for her Who - grand - son, but he did not believe her. He was Who - men in love.

*“Grandma, what is love?” asked the small Bear.*

Granny - smith was spending sleepless night by the fireplace and crying and being very unhappy and having huge eye bags and fearing what the future will bring. From the ember of the fire bungy - jumped small No - men. They asked: “Who - granny - smith/ Who - granny - smith, why you so un’appy?”

She told them the whole story.

“Hihihhi...” they said, “... t’s so simple. You old Who - grandma go tomorrow to the market and buy yourself a pile of chicken eggs, dozen, or something. In the shoebox. You give your Anti - snake - in - law a present: the shoebox, and tell to keep it by the fire under the Christmas tree and wait till X-mass Eve to open it. Then CS will do the rest.”

*“Grandma, what is CS?”*

*“Dear, I’m telling you the story. CS is CS.”*



‘It very greedy for shoes, it open shoe box on X - mass Eve and seeing the innocent chicks popping, it will surely stick Anti - snake tongue out and your Who - boy grandson will see it and grab the heavy sword hanging above the fireplace and surely have a reason...’

*“Grandma, what...”*

*“Shut up, you stupid mother - fucker!!”*

*“Grandma, what...?”*

‘...to slash her in pieces and there goes Anti - snake and never comes back. No - men will guard the warmth of your home and one day your son will meet Snow White Who - princess of Snow - land (and Seven Little Snow Pigs) and live happily ever after in the No - land in the No - kingdom.’

*“I like seven little snow pigs”, said the Bear.*

*Granny said nothing. She seemed utterly pissed off.*

\*



# PATHFINDER

## traditional troubadour tale

Before becoming The Bear and The Turtle the Bear had the bear family. Only - son - bear with bear - mama, bear - papa, bear - spinning - wheel - storytelling - granny and bear - grandpa, hero from Third World War. The only - son - bear was walking through Black Forest meadows and ranges. For months now he was on the revenge trail of the Snail and seven little snow pigs.

\*

The whole giant Dark Forest was a national park, protected area, and Who - tourists were crawling around every weekend to feel “Who-Nature”. Nature park guide, Who - W. George, would, for a good price, take a group of Who - tourists for an ultimate experience. They would patiently walk a long way, sneak through the waterfall of Black River, jump over Black River Creek, climb some rocks, silently approach remote secluded meadow, squat in the bushes or behind the rocks and, by the entrance of the cave, there it was: Top Nature Act. Two bears copulating.

“Pshhshhs,” Who - W. George would whisper.  
“They are extremely dangerous if interrupted.  
No flash, please.”

There he was, baby - bears father fucking baby  
- bears mother (glamour girl?!), five times a day,  
for cameras and sound recorders of Who - tourists  
and for the university career of their beloved only  
son currently known as The Bear and The Turtle.  
Show - bizz sex.

Bears would change poses; fathers hairy dick was  
often visible to the surrounding “secret” audience.  
“This happens only once a year,” Who. W. would  
say. “We were very lucky today.” he would repeat  
after bears retired in their “dressing room” cave  
for a well - deserved break. And then collect more  
money from excited crowd.

\*

## **THIRD WORLD WAR**

### **by Inhabitant of Mushroom House**

This is how the War started.

It's past midnight.

Grandpa bear walks through the forest and

Rabbit beats him up very badly. He beats

him so bad how nobody beat him before.

Blue shoulder, blue eye, blue ribs...blue all over.

Bear calls for the break in the hostilities and

the forest war tribunal opens peace talks and

investigation. Everybody comes.

"Bear, tell us what happened!"

"It was past midnight, summer sky was covered

with clouds, here and there, full blue moon

would show up. I was walking down the

forest path, singing a song and I missed my

babe so, when something jumped on me..."

"How do you mean something?" judge Porcupine

interrupts.

"Something small, with two things sticking

out from its head..."

"Situation is getting hot, ha Snail?" says Rabbit

from back - benches.

Snail gets the blame, bear gets the glory.

This is how the War ended.



## URSUS ERECTUS

### **traditional hobo fable**

It happened a long time ago in deep dark giant Black Forest in Black Mountains of Eastern Territories.

Teenage baby Bear was walking along a secret forest path.

The day of his initiation was approaching, but that did not worry him at all. He knew that his granny performed this ritual times before and for sure her wrinkled hairy paws will, painlessly and without cuts, do the job.

Black Forest was resonating with music of magic flutes and angelic voices.

Small bear came to the edge of the forest meadow. In the middle of the meadow were two grown up bears copulating. It was late afternoon /early evening, falling sun was creating picturesque light breaking lazily through branches and leaves of the autumn landscape. Silhouettes of giant creatures were like cutouts from Who - baby fill - in books. "Mama, papa!!" teenage baby bear exclaimed happily, "what are you doing there?"

Both big bears turned and stood silently as small bear was running towards them.

“Go away, son. Go away. Back to granny.” they said.

Voice came from the surrounding bushes.

“Small one, let’s have small one!”

Hundreds of Voices joined in:” Yes, small one, small one!!!”

Hundreds of Who - men started coming out of bushes and from behind the rocks, with cameras and sound recorders, Ho - guns and chains, some of them talking to Who - guide in green uniform, putting things inside of green cap he held in his green hands. One of Whos, with broken nose of ex - boxer, was holding giant gold chain, talking fast through small nasty artificially white sharp teeth. Who - men with Ho - guns took struggling and fighting mother - bear to the side of the meadow, keeping her there, putting chain around her neck and Ho - gun against her head. Who - men in green uniform was talking to father - bear, while some other Whos grabbed small bear. “Papa!!!” screamed small one.

“It’s alright, son. It’s for the Reason, everything is for the Reason ”, Father - bear said, and he continued repeating:” Everything is for the Reason. It’s for the reason.” as small bear discovered one of Who - men invented habits: sex for pleasure.



When it was over, to the excitement of the circled crowd, high pitched Voice was heard: "And now small one and mother." They repeated same process with father, chain and Ho - guns and so, and brought mother, in chains and Ho - guns and so, and mounted small bear on top of bear - mother and helping along and pushing small one in and out, in and out, in and out, small one repeating through his mothers screams: "It's alright, Ma, it's for the Reason, it's for the Reason!" That is how the Bear learned that Everything is for the Reason and Sex is just for Pleasure. (\*)

Don't take anything for granted and Arbeit macht Frei.

God bless whatever.

Dear god, toaster up your ass.

\*

Stories tell us that the two bears never performed their art again, small bear ended in classical school system, sponsored by Moos Orphan Foundation (MOOOF).

\*

**(\*)Young Bear initiation ritual was not executed .  
Consists of shaving the hair from young bears dick**

and balls, mostly performed by grandmother. Grandmother was spending sleepless night by the fireplace and crying and being very unhappy and having huge eye - balls and fearing of what future will bring. From the ember of the fire bungy - jumped small No - men. They asked: Grandmother/ Grandmother, why you so un'appy? She told them the whole story.

\*

# VOYAGER

## **traditional folk tale**

Bear just graduated from the best Far Western Territory Wallpaper People University Classical Art Department and was looking for the job.

The bear checked the adds.

“Art school graduate wanted, exciting job for beginners, no experience needed, outdoor adventure guaranteed, preferably a bear (write under number 11092001)”.

After wondering for a moment about “preferably“, bear wrote to the number and after short interview in lousy cafe downtown Manhattan got a job.

It was market act. Tommy, the bear.

Naked, chain around his neck, Bear would do a little weird jiggle, while Who - W. George - master was pulling and releasing chain, showing that he is in control of this dangerous Animal, Beast, Wild Thing, straight from Black Forest, honey loving but clearly deadly dangerous nevertheless.

Bear would play the drum and role and roar and fall into quasi / trance of obedience, to approval of

mystic - loving crowd.

“You are very lucky,” the Who - W. would shout to the crowd. ”This does not happen every day!”

Bear did not mind. It was a job like any other.

The only bother was that Who - master was very (too) much into his master character, pulling chain (too) frenetically and kicking bear (too) hard. Simply over staging. Five minutes of fame syndrome.

\*

Somehow, whenever they stopped to do the act even in the remotest market, Bear could see Antisnake in the front row.

Clapping with too early wrinkled hands and jerking in psycho far cy - gone out laughter, through artificially white small nasty teeth, laughter produced for the crowd and creating act within the act and the Bear turns on his video camera and he dances along circled crowd and he films crowd and Antisnake and knows how it looks now and knows that for a while will be free from pressure to avoid nasty tricks of Antisnake. Its vanity and aggression will for a period of time stay out of the way.

\*

After some time had gone by, Bear got hold of the gun and shot Who - master in the back of the head, sending him to deep coma, and found a job in decent circus, perfecting high wire bicycle act.

Sometimes early evening, between last performance for kids and midnight gala for all, Bear would take his bike and ride to the quiet middle class neighbourhood and, in front of the whole Who - family, Who - kids and so, would eat their singing birds straight from the cage, raw, then, as cool as bears can be, jump on his bike, wave to frozen dinner hosts, burp, and ride back to circus for sharp high wire bike midnight routine.

\*



## **BEAR THE BOXER**

**by Aligator**

The Bear later enrolled in the “Deux Pierre” boxing school in the Country With Too Few Lovers. School was run by identical Ice - landic cock - roach twins, originally dentists and recuperative 11-17-3001 13:77:10 long distance runners, now the leading experts in the Nordic Boxing doctrine (“tko lezi - ne bjezi”/ traditional style).

Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon Bear leaves The Turtle in the local chess and badminton recreation center to play Anti - matrix with Deep Blue Frits and spends hours in intense training under the tight supervision of one of the Pierres, daydreaming of his imminent confrontation with Antisnake, under the starry Ice - landic sky, mumbling cin - cin etc. etc.

**(from: “Flying like the Bee, stinging like the Butterfly”, Aligator Press, 2000)**





# **THEN THE MOVIE STARTED IN THE FERRY BOAT DRIVE - IN CINEMA**

**by Fat Mermaid**

We are The Bear and The Turtle.  
The movie is about to start.

The movie started.

“All similarities with actual names and places  
be wiped out,” whispered I.

The Captains Speakers (\*) voice disappeared  
into the images of screen 2.

Screen 1 was black so I concluded to pay  
attention to screen 2, where the images started  
rolling.

Screen 2 had no sound.

The Turtle decided to concentrate on screen 1.

Screen 1 had no images.

The first image appeared on screen 2.

My screen.

A warning about rights of a proprietor.

The Bear and The Turtle.

I was sipping P2P while waiting for the movie  
to start for real.

Then, I light a cigar.  
I smoked Havana cigars.  
Something was written in the small letters in  
the right part of the screen  
I rewind.  
Then the screen became black  
It is black. It is completely black now.  
Man, that was it.  
Looks like it.  
Whuff!!!  
What a movie.

Nothing did happen.  
The only sound is gentle pouring of Radiant  
Rabbits.(\*)  
“Any drinks or snacks, darlings?” Lee, Cy -  
borg Sailor, said.  
“A beer. Is the beer cold?”  
“It’s a piss,” he answered.  
“I’ll have colalightpal than.” Turtle said.  
“I’ll have 2 warm beers then.”

I stick two warm beers under my shaved balls.

“Priest!” said the Turtle.  
“Don’t call me names, Cy - borg!”

There was no image.

We are The Sailor and The Cy - borg.

“Close to the Source,” said the Fat Mermaid.  
“...AND DELIVERED THE non-conclusive  
SCIENTIFIC PROOF OF THE existence OF  
THE MONSTER IDEA. IT WAS not THE  
SNAIL!!!”

\*

We contact publishers (\*\*\*) to spread the  
news.

For the kids.

Must have for the mass market.

---

**(\*)“I sleep late, fish a little, play with my numerous children, and take numerous siestas with my rabbit wife. In the evenings I cool my fluffy hairy balls with my wife’s furdrier, than I go into the village to see my numerous Rabbit friends, have a few carrots, play the bongo, and sing a few songs. I have a full future of life.”**

**(\*\*)”This is your Captain Speaker. I am a pilot of very limited experience. I had the opportunity to take a short course that included individual computer based training and about two hours in a full - motion simulator. This high fidelity simulator was the same kind pilots use in their initial training or to simulate a wide range of emergency procedures. After a day of training, I was familiar with the operation of the flight controls, autopilot and**

navigation systems. As a result, flying the Simulator is much less difficult than I had imagined .The most difficult part of the simulator training was takeoffs and landings. In the Simulator, on a relatively clear and sunny day, I am able to change direction and altitude without any trouble. I believe that any person who has access to the same kind of training that I received could fly a Simulator well enough to hit a large building. Given a basic knowledge of a regions geography and of available navigational aids, I am also able to navigate well enough that I could find a major city and fly the aircraft to any major landmark in that city.

It is not practicable to predict computationally the actual outcome of the System. Nevertheless, a simulation of a typical outcome is perfectly achievable. One further point that emphasizes the perfectly computational nature of these operations is if the computer simulation is rerun, using just the same data input as before, than the outcome of the simulation is precisely same as it was before. The question of whether or not something can be simulated In Practice is a separate from the In Principle issues that are under consideration here...E.T.C.”

(\*\*\*)

from:info@stork.net

to:info@bearandturtle.com

Dear mr. Bear.

Thank you for your proposal.

**I'm sorry to inform you that we- due to recent workload and the enormous amount of rabbit delivery applications- are forced to make choices. I have to inform you that we cannot support your application to publish "Travel Guide for Restless Motherfuckers".**

**I wish you success with your project and I am sorry that I cannot be of help in realizing this project.**

**Best regards,  
Stork  
Wallpaper Publishers**

**\***



## **NOTE OF THE EDITOR**

*Dear reader.*

*Bear and Turtle Merging Who - men Related Hardware/Software (BaTMH - MRH/S ) will hit the markets in not too distant Future.*

*This future based conceptual technology breakthrough item is opening endless research field into CM, CS, CC, AD and particularly into the direction of CU.*

*These mini machines will sensor multiplicity of Who - men bodily functions and calculate input into the interface between Who - men body and the machine. The primary area/focus of sensing will be gender based and focused on either/or EAR LOBE and BOLLOCKS areas.*

*In these tests Who - men will be monitored for stress by measuring the blood flow trough their ears or bollocks, chosen for their extreme transparency.*

*This will be done painlessly by placing a clip (s) over shaved bollocks or an ear; on one side a miniature light source; on the other side a photoelectric cell.*

*In this way, the amount of light that shone trough the shaved bollocks or an ear lobe could be measured continuously.*

*When Who - men feel stress, the blood vessels in their ears or bollocks contract, the blood flow decreases and more light passes trough.*

*At the output point in this interface the pendulum/slow motion slider software device will translate the input ( ?! ) data ( NEED ) from Who - men provided information and choose appropriate output ( ?! ) data ( DESIRE ) from Bear and Turtle Constellation Data Bank and therefore hide the ultimate purpose of this wicked optical experiment, which can not be revealed to any carrier of DNA.*

*BnT ®*



## **More titles from Redemption Books:**

### **“Travel Guide for Restless Motherfuckers: Confirmation Journey”**

#### **The Bear and The Turtle**

*Bear and Turtle take Big Foot Easy Jetty aero plane trip to visit cousin Nessie. Unpredictable adventures are the result of this ultimate quest for Monster Idea.*

### **“Travel Guide for Restless Motherfuckers: How to Survive Third World War”**

#### **The Bear and The Turtle**

*Bear and Turtle travel beyond Casablanca, looking for safety, while Third World War is raging on the rest of the Planet.*

*Who - men and Wallpaper - people attacked and Rabbits did not sit still on their tight asses.*