



UNCLE BILL GUNTON.
MACHINE ROOM
WATERLOW AND SONS LTD.
TWYFORD ABBEY ROAD.
PARIS ROYAL. N.W.10.
LONDON.



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1

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE BEARS. FATHER BEAR - MUMMY BEAR AND BABY BEAR. WHY IN HELL ALL FAIRY STORIES START LIKE THAT I DONT KNOW. ANY RATE - THREE BEARS, AND WHAT WITH THE OLD MAN ON NIGHT WORK AND THE OLD MUM ON MUNITIONS DURING THE DAY, IT LOOKS LITTLE THAT'S ALL THERELL EVER BE AT THAT. MIND YOU - DON'T THINK THIS IS GOING TO BE ALL ABOUT BABY BEAR. HE WAS A HELL OF A LOT TOO CHEEKY AND A GOOD SWIFT CLUMP WAS RECOMMENDED BUT NEVER APPLIED. SO GETTING BACK TO OUR TALE. THREE BEARS. USUAL EFFECTS, SUCH AS; LITTLE

2

LITTLE HOUSE IN WOODS AND ALL THE
OTHER GUFF. WELL ONE DAY A BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE AIRMAN CALLED GOLDILOCKS WAS
HANGING A SCRUBBING IN THESE HERE
WOODS. THE ERKS CALLED HIM SOMETHING
ELSE BUT HE HAD THEM HANGING IN THE
RIGHT PLACES AND IT WAS NO GOOD.
MOREOVER HE COULD ROUGHHOUSE A BIT AND
HE DIDN'T PAY MUCH ~~DID~~ DIVIDEND. WELL
GOLDILOCKS WAS, AS I SAY, KEEPING HIS
EYES PEELED FOR A NICE QUIET SPOT IN
CASE HE EVER GOT ROUND TO A DATE WITH
A WAFF AND YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE
TREADING ON YOU AT A TIME LIKE THAT.
ALL OF A SUDDEN HE SEES A NOTICE -

"PRIVATE - KEEP OUT - THIS MEANS YOU" SO HE WENT IN, AND THERE HE FOUND THE BEARS DOMICILE. TIPPING CRAFTILY ROUND THE BACK HE LETS HIMSELF IN AND PROCEEDS TO HAVE A GOOD OLD SNOOP ROUND. WELL THERE IT WAS - LIKE THE STORY BOOK. THREE PLATES OF PORRIDGE AND A BOTTLE OF TRUBROWN BESIDE THE OLD MANS DISH. HAVING ONLY JUST HAD HIS THREE COURSE RAF LUNCH HE WAS NATURALLY STARVING SO HE PROCEEDED TO SLOFF THE LOT. THE BLOKE THAT WROTE THAT PIFFLE ABOUT "THIS ONE WAS TOO HOT AND THIS ONE WAS TOO COLD" NEVER SERVED ANY TIME. IF ITS THERE - GRAB IT.

WELL SO HERE WE ARE. GOLDILOCKS - FULL OF
PORRIDGE AND WIND AND NOTHING TO DO.
UPSTAIRS WE GO AND THERE'S THE OLD BUNKS
-BEDS OR PITS. YES AND YOU'RE RIGHT. WHAT
WITH THE OLD PUPPIES ACHING AND A THICK
MIGHT IN TOWN LAST NIGHT HE THINKS HE
MIGHT AS WELL. GOOD LUCK TO HIM.

PLOT DEVELOPS ON NORMAL LINES. IN COMES
THE OLD MUM - HAVING PASSED MR. BEAR ON
THE WAY UP - AND BABY BEAR. PLAYING UP
TO THE OLD TRADITION THE KID STARTS
THE OLD NONSENSE ABOUT "WHO'S BEEN
EATING MY PORRIDGE ETC?" BUT, WAIT WITH
THE OLD BACK ACHING AND A BIT OF A
PAIN IN THE NODDLE, THE OLD LADY SLIPS

HIM A RIGHT HANDER. WELL PLACED BUT ABOUT FIVE YEARS TOO LATE. THIS NICE BIT OF WORK STOPPED HIS GAME AND IN ANY CASE YOU COULDNT GET THE PERISHER TO TOUCH THE STUFF NORMALLY.

WELL HERE WE ARE AGAIN. ALL SET FOR ROUND TWO AS IT WERE. GOLDILOCKS POUNDING HIS EAR UPSTAIRS AND THE BEAR FAMILY BELOW. READING THE SCRIPT TO MAKE SURE THERE WAS NO BOOBING, UPSTAIRS GO THE BEARS. JUNIOR, WORD PERFECT AS USUAL, SAYS HIS LITTLE PIECE ALL ABOUT "SOMEONE'S BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED" AND THEN BEATS IT TO PLAY WITH THE OTHER KIDS. THEN IT WAS THE TURN OF MRS. BEAR,

b.

INTO THE BEDROOM SHE GOES AND ON HER
NICE SOFT BED SHE SPIES GOLDILOUPS. WITH
GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND, AND IN ANY
CASE THE STORY HAD GOT ALL BALLED UP,
SHE LOUCED THE DOOR AND WELL - AFTER
ALL, WHAT WITH THE OLD MAN ON NIGHT
WORIT AND THE KID OUT OF THE WAY FOR
A COUPLE OF HOURS I DON'T BLAME HER,
AT THAT.

DEAR BILL

I AM WELL.

F —

PETE.