



Christmas Bash: a sunny mild winters morning saw the TVPB congregating for their annual fancy dress Christmas cycle at Starcross.



A large contingency of bashers turned up for the cycle to Dawlish and back. As usual the fancy dress was a complete success with costumes ranging from the large cuddly polar bears (being chased by Eskimos) down to a tiny cute little mouse. Some had a topical theme with 2 couples competing for the come dancing on bikes award accompanied by a multitude of father Christmas's in all different shapes and sizes! The thug element was in evidence with a couple of Harry Hills challenging the Blues brothers to a fight.



A priest was seen drinking holy water with a cow along side a group of Green badgers and a dalmatian.

118 118 was available to summon assistance if needed with Bob the builder waiting for work-these are to mention just a few of the cyclist that that brought a smile to many people passing them by in the Dawlish area the Sunday before Christmas. The cycle consisted of mulled wine, mince pies, beer & carol singing before finishing back at base for a brilliant Christmas meal combined with an excess of Christmas spirit and dancing to a live band. What a brilliant way to start to the festive week!





FOR SALE: Is the credit crunch finally hitting blaster? Is he venturing out into pastures new? These fresh “Blaster” enterprises have recently been found on the website. The TVPB is whole-heartedly behind Blaster and his new money making ventures. To Purchase any of these products contact Blaster directly:-

Blaster lubrication:

Need to loosen a rusty bolt or stuck nut? Lubricate your garage door? Restore engine performance on your car or lawn mower? Improve engine performance? Nothing moves faster than Blaster. For over 50 years, Blaster has manufactured penetrants, lubricants, and rust inhibitors - a full line of specialty, highly concentrated formulas. Most know Blaster as a penetrating catalyst, in its most potent formula it penetrates and lubricants and loosens the most stubborn nuts, ripping through rust whilst penetrating and lubricating the tightest crevices.

The Shaldon Boys:

A secret roving reporter sent this picture of the Shaldon boys apparently cycling back from the curry night...I'm not sure if it's a fake or not!

Blaster Batter:

With its unique, pressurized, patent pending process, Batter Blaster™ makes organic light and fluffy pancakes and light and crisp waffles in minutes! And while breakfast is the most important meal of the day, it's also the most skipped meal. Batter Blaster is fast, easy and fun for the whole family. Batter Blaster makes breakfast a blast

Just point, blast and cook!



Definition of Dandy:

- 1 A man who affects extreme elegance in clothes and manners; a fop.
- 2 Something very good or agreeable.



Bin Bag Bobs Booze

Cruise: this year a select group (8) travelled across the seas on Bob's annual booze cruise. We met at Plymouth for the over night crossing...a surprisingly "flat affair" no freak waves or turbulence of any kind! So after a reasonably early night (that's right early...what's happening to us...are we getting old?) we arose in the morning bright eyed and bushy tailed for the cycle from Roscoff to Morlaix. The weather initially was dry, crisp & cold. We cycled in a well formed tightly knit group, however it was noted on a couple of occasions that 2 bashers developed "break away" tendencies!. We tried to retrace the route from the previous year to include a gentle "off-road" section, sadly this could not be formed despite circumnavigating one town 3 time!!!. Once at Morlaix the weather broke, we quickly brought provisions and headed for the usual bar..but to our shock it was in pieces being renovated!!! But Bob managed to find us another one very quickly! The cycle back was swift with the aim of finding a TV to watch the rugby match...sadly for some bashers this was not to be. We made our way back to the ferry via a wine merchants to stock up on booze then boarded the ferry for a more drunken, but flat crossing back to Plymouth. Although a small group, as usual Bin Bag Bobs Booze Cruise was great fun.

Flashes Winter BBQ

A BBQ I always look forward to, unfortunately not as well supported as previous years defiantly not a disappointment. The off-road ride lead by Bobbi-Ball (flashes left hand man) was unsurprising...wet, muddy & mostly uphill!, the road ride lead by flash (minus the flip flops) was enjoyable!. At Flashes amazing pad, the BBQ (now a gas one!) was producing plenty of tasty food supported by potatoes and coleslaw (Buck-Tu's receipt), the Jute box was playing and the wood burner was smoking & smoking & smoking!!

Broken man whilst helping to reposition Flashes nuts that were blocking the flue, managed to accidentally drop them into the burning embers eventually he managed to salvage a few that Fallen women joyfully consumed after giving them a long hard blow to cool them down allowing her to pop them individually into her mouth!

A BIG THANKS to Flash & his wife for putting on such an enjoyable BBQ.



Timotie Does It Again

12 intrepid Headbangers congregated in Bristol airport at 2am to head off to the Spanish Costa, but a newly constructed concrete bar



blocked their route into the terminal!. They struggled round said obstacle, swearing at its stupidity..the remainder of the trip was thankfully uneventful. The team barely had time to draw breath before our Timi had us rocketing down the coast for some action around Ojen- the 1st run down a steep rocky trail saw Lee trash his rear mech- a promising start to the trip! The end of the day saw us walk-

ing up a trail looking for a run away bolt (poor maintenance) a delay resulting in finishing the trail in near darkness.

The 5-day excursion continued with massive variety of riding-rocky steep trails, slidey sandy pits, jumps and swooping single track. You name it, we had it all. Aunt Sally lost the lead car driving to Granada, the team was reunited after much roundabout circling and repeated driving up and down the same road. “Greg Miners” manager was seen driving a big powerful car causing much excitement near to the competitive team members



Here the Deviants emerged-a car load of “Geriatric Bikers” who’s suggested routes were felt superior than trusty TimiTank. This behaviour included petulant requests for unscheduled coffee stops and venue changes. Whinge tried to control

these childish tantrums. Undercover manoeuvres were devised deep in the Badgers Sett to dissuade abnormal behaviour commencing after lights out. Unfortunately uncontrolled giggling blew their cover immediately as SuperBadge burst through the door threateningly wearing only boxer shorts, an iPod down the front brandishing a dangerous jar of honey-Apparently to prepare Daddybadge (Mustafa) for something special! Pre-warned the victims repelled the intruders with a blinding beam of torch light – the invaders returned unsuccessful to their sett!!

The group got on well all helping except 1 non-team player objected to this uttering "***** ** I'm on holiday" when asked to assist fortunately a well meaning friend came to his assistance.

Local establishments provided good food & lubrication. 2nd night saw us congregate in a particularly grand spot. Unfortunately a member of staff proved too alluring for 1 of our number however the locals didn't prove as friendly resulting in him sleeping in a cardboard box rather than in the plush apartment:

Madge (virgin tourer), initially took to the trails gingerly, she coped admirably, then Whinge underwent a phenomenal maternal transformation taking her under her wing. One trip down the famous Undulator under the expert tuition of our number 1 ladies racing star brought the true talents of Madge to the surface. Our new proud parent was heard to utter "Bloody hell. She's great. I'm really scared of the competition now".

Thankfully this trip ended without a rush to the airport - and no parking fines. Tim, thanks for another great holiday

Lonely cyclists ads: Are you looking for a fast ride every Thursday night? If so I am your dream come true- Suddenly single cyclist (previous cycling partner became too fat & slow): tall, slim medically minded cyclist looking for friendship in the fast lane. I enjoy my riding long hard and fast with steep ups, steady flats and furious downs. Looks, age & sex are not essential BUT Speed is: If you think you can keep pace with me contact www.tvpb.org.uk box number 1 and leave your details and I will contact you for weekly riding experience & friendship.



A touching Christmas tale:

A Christmas Story for people having bad day:

4 of Santa's elves were sick, the trainee elves toy production was slow, Santa was suddenly feeling the Pre-Christmas pressure.

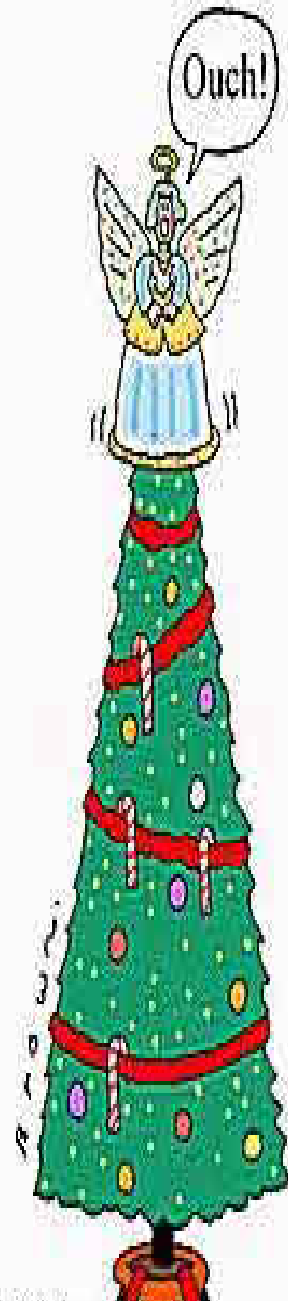
Mrs Claus told Santa her Mother was coming to visit causing him more stress.

He went to harness the reindeer, but 3 of them were about to give birth and 2 others intoxicated with Christmas spirit

He began to load the sleigh, a floorboard cracked, the toy bag fell scattering all the toys. Santa went home for a cup of apple cider and a shot of rum. The intoxicated elves had drunk all the cider and liquor. He accidentally dropped the glass cider jug breaking into hundreds of little pieces over the kitchen floor and the straw broom head had been eaten by the mice

Just then the doorbell rang, an irritated Santa marched to the door, yanked it open, and there stood a little angel with a great big Christmas tree. The angel said very cheerfully, *'Merry Christmas, Santa. Isn't this a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you. Where would you like me to stick it?'*

And so began the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas tree.



Bobbi balls uphill struggle: Bobbi ball aka “bash property tycoon” proved that even his bash rides are turning into an “Uphill” struggle! His recent ride from Ashburton, although receiving “rave” reviews from partaking *off road* bashers had a common theme of discontent – it consisted of 99% on road UPHILL with 1% DOWNHILL on TARMAC!!! Even snakebite was seen at one point dejectedly pushing his bike up hill – now that’s a sight not often seen! Well Done Bobbi

P C A P T A I N A H A B C D E L C A B E D
 O U O P Y I C Y K C I D Y K C I R T X U D
 S R W A G D I R T Y D I A H A B B E D Y O
 H W A N G L E S T O N Y M A S H Y D D I D
 I N G E O U T C U B M I T Y D U Z Z I E G
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 P A E N F L A S H V X L I N D E A R S N
 A B O T H O S S W A Y S D N D A D I R T Y
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 E N T S E I E M U D S I R H N H R N A P R
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 O K U V O D Y T S U D V B T O L L A B
 B E C V N R V D Q G B O T H W A Y S L B A
 B B K T T Z Z A U I S Q U E A L E R E D R
 I I E O Q U Y P P O P Q U F O G H O R N
 E T R Y E L R U C D Y L L A S T N U A E Y
 B E N F A T H E R E N B Y K A N S N A K C
 A S N F R H B I N B A G B O B I A L Y C C
 L L C I O L D O Y G W A G L N M U D S I E
 L L A W E N O T S M U S T A N G S A L L Y

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Bash word search: Give your brain a workout whilst resting your calf muscles:

All these names will be found in the word search

Pottsie*Unda*Uzzie*Tonto*Mash

*Wiffy*Poppy*Mayday*Old fart*Bobbie ball*Trucker

*Fallen woman*Flossie*Flash*Hay miner*Bedpig*Barsteward*Binbagbob

*Diddy*Stonewall*Notrubber*Wan*CAPTAIN AHAB*TRICKY DICKY

*Timbucktu*Mustang Sally *V2

*Dodgy*Dearboy*Licker*Dennis*Bothways*Foghorn*Squealer

*Shinpads*Froggy*Wangle*Dandy *Dirty Di *CUrley*Barney

*Mudsie*Father *Snake Bite*Dusty*Pane *Ingle *Debarcle *Aunt Sally

Bad karma in Totnes: Totnes was not the place to be at 19.00 hours on the 16.10.08. At precisely 7pm the Karma of this quiet peaceful area of Devon experienced a devastating near on catastrophic onslaught of “badness” risking total annihilation of all the goodness and humour within the world. What overwhelming event could have been solely responsible for potentially destroying the universe as we know it....Baa an explosive commanding officer high within the ranks of the TVPB regiment was seen to lose control and throw (actually hurl) his toys out of his pram and lose control of the troops. The cause of this complete loss of self control & dignity....the lateness of a few members of the troops by a matter of minutes to the start line. These poor hardworking bashers (late due to tending the sick) were left behind without any knowledge of the R.V point or planned route. Once the troops eventually were reunited with the platoon the commanding officer was non-to-pleased to see them!. The scene and cycle that then followed will be remembered in the TVPB history books as the “throwing of the toys out of the pram” aka bad karma in Totnes. Of bash lateness at the start of the ride.....if a basher has made the effort to get there then to wait for a few minutes would not spoil the ride ...however if a basher turned up 10 minutes late then that’s a different matter.



Agony Aunt Axel is back. She is now a Great Aunt – hooray. So she will now be known as Great Agony Aunt Axel (GAAA)! She is still more sympathetic than our Ed so it’s worth writing in with your problems – sexual ones a speciality.

Dear great agony aunt axel;

Christmas is fast approaching and I am a little inexperienced with the opposite sex-well with sex in general actually!

Would it be considered to be ‘bash beast like’ to pop some mistletoe in my helmet and try to cop off with any single bashers?

Getting desperate – e-mail – details supplied.

GAAA replies,

Well for a start you need to consider your helmet apparatus, the size and weight of the mistletoe and if the two are compatible for safe cycling.

Secondly, this type of behaviour is typically basher like so don’t worry, get out there and fill your snow boots.