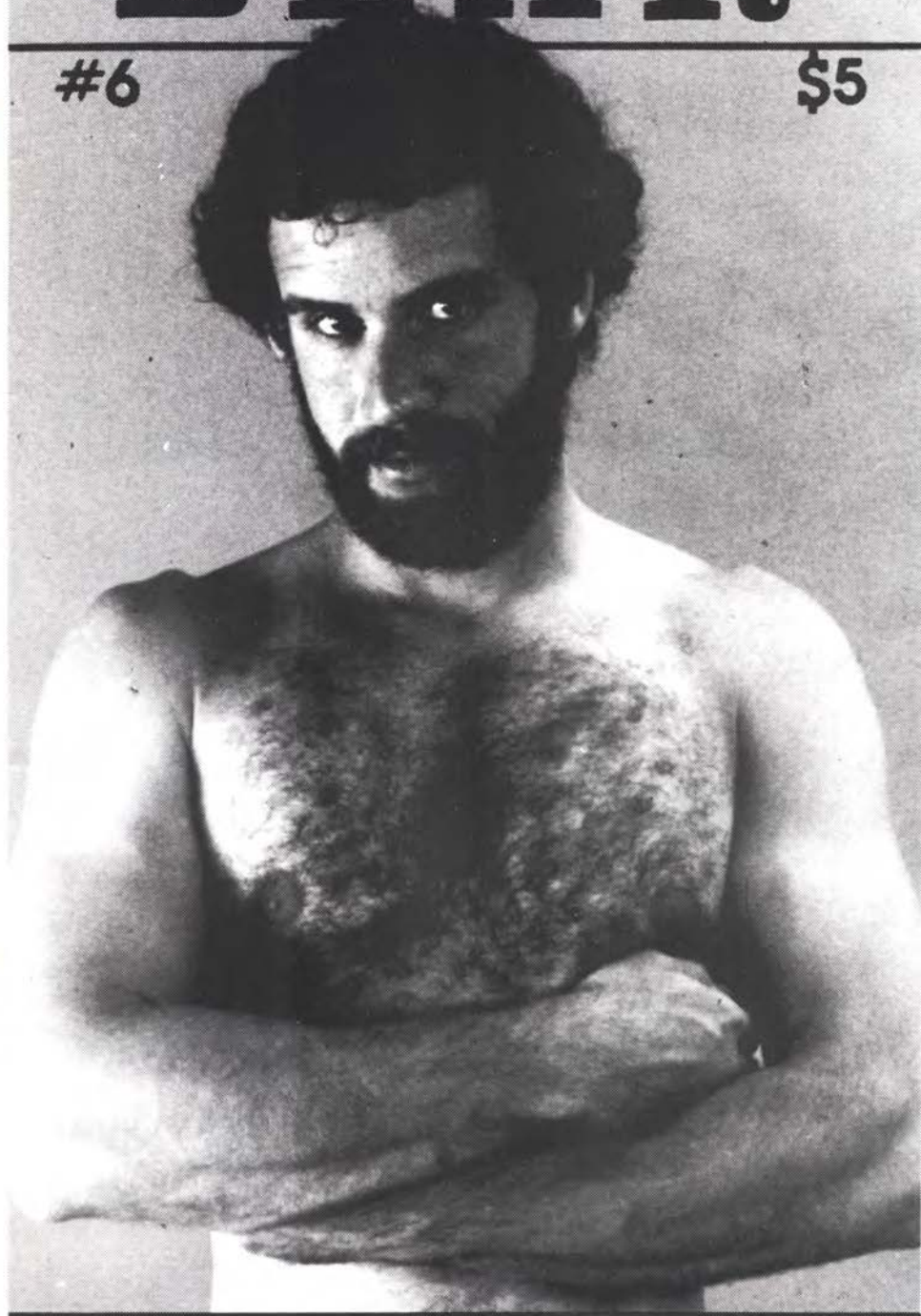


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PERSONAL ADS FOR HAIR LOVERS AND LUSTERS



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DesiderBEARata

Go grizzly amid the bears and lairs, and remember what furry comfort there may be in grabbing a pelt thereof. Avoid hairless men unless they are bear-spirited and don't mind combing their teeth after currying your coat. The "bear necessity" of life is bear lust in your own heart and in the heart of bear bounty hunters.

Speak glowingly of those hairier than yourself and heed well their color-coded hankies. Avoid bear traps like electrolysis. Remember that a rendezvous with two lovers on a bearskin does not necessarily a three-bears idyll make. Wherever possible write your 800-BEAR hotline number on toilet walls.

Be comforted that in the jaded face of beardless fucking and despite the plucked fortunes of time, somewhere in Iowa a chicken is turning into a cub. Do not a cub-scout master become. Unless you are willing to consume up to two packs a day. Walk on all fours but walk erect. Exercise caution in your affairs, especially with those closest to you: that hairless dildo you live with, for instance. Be assured that a walk through a backroom bar will wet your paws.

Fall not into the urinal therefore: you will soak your hairballs. Thankfully surrender the things of twinks: tweezers, size 28 Levi's, and deodorized armpits.

Let not poppers substitute for the heavy hit of mansweat. Write personal ads for bears: tattooed, uncut, built like brick shithouses, whatever. Seek hairy butt-holes and ye shall find. Worship annually at the Mr. Golden Bear Bodybuilding Contest at the California State Fair. Meanwhile, for a good time, mirror-fuck yourself, hard on in hand: groom your coat, curry your hairy thighs and butt, stroke your furry chest, and pray for a miracle of a hairy back and shoulders. Take bruin heart amid the deepening gloom that big, low-swinging bear balls and thick, ursine foreskin are somewhere dripping bear grease for you to lick. Cruise the wilds where bears shit in the woods. Reflect that whatever is the shortage of bears in your location, bears are not an endangered species. Bears are simply the rarest of the rare.

You are a manimal of the universe, whether you are cub, bear, or hairless bear groomer. Living "bear" is a state of mind. Relax. Remember, protected under the constellation of the Great Bear, that behind the cosmos, there is no great mystery only a couple of big-hairy-deal joke books. Therefore, make peace with your Master, whatever you consider Him to be: hirsute caveman who likes Eugene O'Neill's American classic, The Hairy Ape, as much as the musical, Hair; or bear-bellied, grizzly Harley-daddy with upholstered punchfucker knuckles; or hairy linebacker college stud with coarse hair pouring over the neck of his football jersey. Visualize your ideal bear. Be mindful that what you are looking for is looking for you!

With all its bruncherie talk of gyms, real estate, rising consciousness, and bear markets, the shaved world continues to fuck up. Hug your teddy. Be happy. Do what you must and call it by the best name possible: bearable. Drink unflavored gelatin daily to increase the growth of your fur. Dream of black bears, and blond, and red. Know when to growl and when to purr. Try not to drool. Above all, remember that manimals grow hairier as they mature. Bear up! Be thankful you appreciate husky, balding, polar bears as much as furry cubs. No matter how hairy or hairless you are, the incredible lightness of being bear is in your head. Keep your bearings. Be thankful you were ever cuddled in the first place.

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