

Big Ted Bounces Back

Big Ted

A big "Hi" to all my fans out there. I'm "Big Ted" from the Children's Corner in Plumtree Church and I thought I'd write a bit about my latest adventure.

Well, on a rainy Saturday afternoon in June, I found myself being carted around a muddy field in a large carrier bag, wearing a stupid rain hat and wrapped in a tea towel. I mean, the shame of it. Anyway, I was informed that I would be taking part in a sponsored charity Bungee Jump especially for Teddy Bears, that I would get to ride in a "cherry picker" and that people would pay good money to watch the spectacle. I thought: "what could possibly go wrong?"

I started to have my doubts when they said that I'd need to be X-rayed before the jump. Jump? What jump? I'd been led to believe that I was going fruit picking. I was taken away and passed through a so-called X-ray machine which looked to me more like a folding table covered in a damp cloth with a little trolley underneath. I emerged into daylight and was presented with the X-ray slide, showing an outline of my teddy bear body with all my bones intact, which was a relief. However I'm not sure the machine was working properly: there was a rabbit X-rayed after me but the outline of **its** body looked remarkably like a teddy bear as well. But the girls operating the machine were charming, so I didn't like to say anything.



Then I was put in a special harness and bundled into a large platform and hoisted 25 feet (I'm a pre-metric bear) into the air. This, I was assured, was the cherry picker. Not very impressed, I looked down from the platform and was alarmed to see, far below me, a shark infested pool complete with a scary-looking inflatable pirate.

But there was worse to come. Just when I thought I was about to be lowered back down to the ground, a baying crowd that had assembled started chanting: "ten", "nine", "eight" – I think you get the picture. And you won't believe what happened next: when the count reached "zero", I was unceremoniously hurled from the platform and I found myself plummeting downwards towards the sharks to suffer almost certain death or, at the very

least, significant stuffing depletion.

Luckily, they'd tied a bit of elastic to the harness and, just as it looked like I'd hit the ground, I was yanked back up again to safety. However I took the opportunity to kick the pirate in the head, which dented his eye-patch and made his cutlass droop. It was all a bit scary to be honest. And you know what? I didn't manage to pick a single cherry.

Back on the ground I was awarded a medal and a certificate and a sticker. Then I went off home and found a handy radiator on which to sit and dry off.

Apparently my sponsorship raised over £150. Sadly none of it came my way; instead the money went to a wonderful local charity, "School for Parents", that enables disabled children to be the best they can be.

Thanks to School for Parents for a fabulous, if rather damp, Summer Party and Teddy Bear Bungee Jump.

I've now recovered from the bungee jumping ordeal and you can visit me in the children's corner, and look at my X-ray.

