

A Scumbag's Guide TO ADVENTURE LIVING

BY CHRIS "DOUGGS" MCDUGALL

For way too many years now I have been travelling the world trying to have more fun than anyone else on the planet. People think that I must be robbing grannies or selling smack to school kids but unfortunately that is not the case—well, at least not yet!

A lot of people also tell me how lucky I am to be able to travel so much to which I reply, it's not about luck, it's all about choice, want, will, and sacrifice.

Anyone can do anything if they really want to but if you want to do it all and in style then you need to be one of those motherfucking trust-fund kids that I wish I hated but I am actually just super jealous of. They are the exception but most of them never really appreciate it!

As you read on you will discover some of my trade secrets for extensive adventure living for long periods of time because after all, what is more fun: 10 months of work with two months of holidays OR two months of work with 10 months of holidays. I know which answer the almighty Charlie Sheen would give!

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Last month Douggs covered vehicles and jobs

Holidays and friends

For me personally, I never like to plan holidays with friends. Plan them on your own and then let friends know that you are going on the best holiday ever. Generally you will end up with a group of people coming with you but it's your holiday so you can go and do everything you want to do without compromise because it's your holiday! But friends do come in very handy when you're trying to scam the system (see: Airports, Blue Skies Mag issue #31).

Also what I have found over the years is that a lot of people talk big but never really follow through with plans. So never wait for your friends when you want to go on a holiday or do something adventurous—for sure let them know but don't wait for them, otherwise you will be like most people on this planet with a head full of regrets because they waited until it was too late. Oh and by the way, it is never too late. Only when you're dead is it too late so don't pull that excuse even if you're a cripple. Lonnie Bissonette and Geoff "Treeboy" Ollis are prime examples of this, bloody legends!

Accommodation

Accommodation sucks. Hotels are way too expensive and can chew up your cash real quick. Are you a scumbag traveler or someone who needs to stay in a hotel? If you are the latter don't even bother reading because the cause is lost on you. Off you go back to your little office cubicle and look up YouTube to see the fun we are having out there in the scumbag's world.



▲ You don't need to get off the couch to have a go! Wildman and Mitta, kicking back at the Funny Farm Boogie. Photo by Douggs.

▼ Cecilia, brightening up the outback sky at the Funny Farm boogie. Photo by Douggs.



▲ Douggs' self-portrait, "Serious Face," during the 2006 KL Tower event in Malaysia.

▶ Douggs' self-portrait speedflying the Point of the Mountain in Utah.

To go on a long holiday you need to be prepared to sleep in some pretty random places, and take a shit in even worse places. My worst of late was a recycle bin in the Zurich train station. When you gotta go, you gotta go!

It's always good to take a tent, light sleeping bag, and a thermo rest with you on your travels; they are a little bulky but not too heavy these days and it just means you can pitch out your home anywhere, anytime. You just need to be prepared to pack up at a moment's notice and sometimes run to get away from the evil normal people who have grudges about the whole world.

Failing a tent, you can just use your small packing tarp and tie it to a tree or just wrap it over you. If you are in an urban environment such as Magland, France, then you can just lie down under the eaves of a building such as the fire station there. You will wake up a little damp from dew, but unless it rains super heavy, you will be fine, you just need to man up a little.

I learned a valuable lesson a couple of years ago in Brento, Italy. If you have a tent, put it up...no matter how wasted you are. After a great

day of jumping and an even better night of partying I looked up at the pitch black sky with no stars and said, "I don't think it's going to rain tonight," and went to sleep with my packing mat over me. Soon after and for the next 8 hours it rained super hard and non-stop. I was also in a slight hollow, which soon turned into a puddle. I wasn't cold but it was too late to bother so I just hunkered down and dealt with it, much to the laughter of everyone the next morning. I had never been so wet. This was not on the brochure!

If your only option is to stay in a hotel room you can always cut costs down by having heaps of people in it; they won't allow this so you need to book one around the back of the place to make it easier to get your gear in there, so you say. Then you can easily fit 5-10 people in there. After all, it's just a place to sleep for the night after a few beers and some sick jumps!

This one is more for the ladies, but I



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The "Loose Dudes" crew, Mineral Bottom 2006. (l to r) Douggs, Adam (RIP), Dan, Mark, Dave, Prue, Matt, Gillian, Wildman.



A My little home in Norway 2001. As usual Wildman scammed his way into getting the large tent in the background. Photo by Douggs.

The house of the poor and shameless. Wet and cold after a freezing storm trying to get shelter behind a fire station in Magland, France, 2006. Photo by Wildman.



must say I have used this one a fair few times myself. When you travel you meet people from the areas you are in; most people like to hear where you have been and what you have been up to. People also like to have sex with people from lands afar with foreign accents sometimes. These people also generally live somewhere! So why not combine it all together with a fun night of laughter, rooting, and a roof over your head! Win, win, win, I say!

For instance, one day many years ago I was sleeping above a pub in a car park with just my thermo rest and tarp—I was super broke and had no choice. It was a shitty weather day with continuous rain and I had to hang out in the pub. I got talking to the bar lady and to cut a long story short I ended up back at her apartment for the evening, she sponge bathed me, gave me a massage, and rooted me senseless, followed by a great night's sleep in a comfy bed with a roof over my head. The weather next day was perfect and off I went jumping!

Now ladies, I know you love to root as much as us guys do so please take this advice and use it to your advantage. There is room under my tarp any time!

The only downside to this one is if you're super fat or super ugly. No one wants to root a super fat ugly person so get your shit together and learn to talk your way around your physical atrocities! The American accent can be a tricky one to get past as well so do yourself a favor and just tell people you're Canadian; it will only help you in the long run!

If you know you're going to be in one place for a while, do a bit of research and see if you can do a little work for free accommodation. It's a great way to see the world and get to know local culture etc. In Lysebotn, Norway, Coombsy and I used to look after the white house there. When

the weather was good we would go jumping and when the weather was bad we would do odd jobs and keep the place clean. It allowed us to stay in Norway for the whole summer and we got to meet so many awesome people from all around the world. We also saved a few ladies from having to sleep in their tents. It's good to give back to the community!

So get out there and have a go, everyone! These are just a few tips I have picked up over the years and what a life it has been.

Keep chasing rainbows,
Douggs 🌈

DISCLAIMER: Blue Skies Magazine does not necessarily endorse or recommend any of Douggs' scumbag tips, hence the "scumbag" label. Your use of his tips may or may not land you in any number of federal detentions, lock-ups, pound-me-in-the-ass prisons, or worse—or better, who knows. Point being, this column is for entertainment only; follow at your own perilous risk.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

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Recently we sent Travis Mills a Storm for the weekend. We forgot to tell him it wasn't crossbraced...



He didn't seem to care.



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Photo by Niklas Daniel

