

## *PART II* of **All The Bananas**

by Humphers Wendellklin

**D**URING THE COURSE of the night, an atrocity occurred. The Varamouse of Vicci, the world's largest diamond, was abducted by some unknown predator. This information is slightly more useful to you, O Reader, than knowing that Bertha Balboa the brave bull borrowed a blue bassinet—but only slightly. In terms of relevance, all things considered, the two statements are often synonymous, though *you* will not find that out until later. Horaschov did not know about the bassinet, even at the end of *PART I*, and he certainly know nothing of any Varamouse Vicci. This would change.

After a day's trading and a night's sleep, Horaschov awoke to find himself lost amid the trading. His large banana menagerie bore little resemblance to a banana menagerie now. Partly, this could be attributed to his breaking down and eating all the bananas (except one, which had slipped down quite unnoticed and was lodged between the fender and the pulling-knob of the cart). Partly, this could be attributed to his menagerie, which was really a cart which a clever sly dealer had trussed up. Thus, with his empty menagerie-which-was-really-a-cart, the banana lodged between the fender and the pulling-knob, and a sack full of fortune, Horaschov began the long trundle home, having found his fortune and a full meal of many delectable yellow treats.

Further up the path, with a pair of high-powered binoculars, a pair of perky pelicans watched his coming. Private Pete, the taller and more perky of the pair, postulated:

"This one coming up has a menagerie."

His less-perky but more preened pal Fred pronounced:

"It looks more of a cart than a menagerie, though I suppose a clever sly dealer could truss it up."

"The fact is, is it has wheels," answered Private Pete. "Do you suppose—"

"We shall not jump to conclusions." This was all that Fred answered in his droning tone.

By now Horaschov was close enough that the high-powered binoculars were of little use. He stood, as it were, directly in front of the pelicans.

"Lo, gentlemen." Said Horashov.

"Lo, small gorilla," answered the pair. "We see you have a cart."

"It's more of a menagerie," began Horaschov. Private Pete, who was eager to jump to any conclusion, interrupted.

"I'm quite afraid," he said, not very afraid at all, "that you are under arrest for abducting the Varamouse Vicci." He produced a set of 'cuffs, and before poor Horaschov could protest the gorilla wore a set of silver bracelets.

"See here!" Horaschov remembered his anger at Snake and fought to keep his voice under control. "I do not know Vicci, nor would I abduct her if I *did* know her!"

Fred was going through the fortune in Horaschov's pack. "He seems to have quite a bit of loot here." Was all Fred said in his droning tone.

"*Loot!*" Exclaimed Private Pete, jumping to further conclusions. "I don't suppose you'd like to explain *that!*"

"I shan't, though if you would just look 'round you might notice a booming banana trade!" Horaschov started stopping to refrain his upset emotions. "If you just looked 'round, you might figure out where I got it, without having me explain anything!"

Fred looked around. "I see no banana trade, nor a booming banana, nor a booming trade. All I can see are the two tracks from your cart" Was all he said.

Private Pete could not refrain from jumping, again, to a triumphant conclusion. "And the Varamouse Vicci was abducted with a vehicle that had wheels, and wheels make tracks, and this cart has wheels that make tracks. The mist of deception is clearing, gorilla."

Horaschov began to jump to his own conclusions. Perhaps they were humoring him for seeking his fortune... perhaps Vicci, whoever she was, had told them to do so. "See here! I got my loot at the market, and I got my menagerie at the market, and I shall be glad to forget Vicci and Varamouse, and they shouldn't interfere with me any more than you should!"

Private Pete was not longer listening to the ranting ape. He spoke to Fred in low tones. "It has *wheels*. He has *loot*."

Fred, the last to succumb, jumped, but only to a small conclusion. "He may have done it, or he may not have. We shall take him to trial."

The pair of pelicans put the poor primate, his possessions, and his pack, in his cart. Then they trundled poor Horaschov to the nearest home: that of Bodivar Bollins, the bison. As they locked the gorilla in the bison's chicken-coop, he sorrowed at his happening, and how, not a few hours before, he had been eating the rich, sweet bananas of his labor.

And all of this tale is prelude to what happened next.

*I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
Humphers Wendellklin*