

PART I of **All The Bananas**

by Humphers Wendellklin

Once upon a time, in a far away land, there was a book that began: Once upon a time, in a far away land, there was a book that began: Once upon a time, in a far away land, there was a book that began:

ONCE UPON A TIME, in a far away land, there lived a small gorilla named Horaschov. The sun refused to shine for more than three and a quarter hours during the course of his day. This is how Horaschov obtained his name. That is not what this tale is about. Otherwise, it would have been entitled "*PART I* of **How Horaschov Obtained His Name**," but as an astute reader will notice, the title bears little resemblance to this parade of words.

One dark, afternoon-like morning, Bertha Balboa the brave bull borrowed a blue bassinet from Bodivar Bollins, the bison. Knowing this is useless to you, O reader, for now, but presently it will present itself useful.

One dark, afternoon-like morning, Horaschov the small gorilla collected his meager belongings, watered the begonias on the front porch, and left home. He had sought his fortune, and finding none at home went elsewhere. The primate had not traveled far when he came across Snake, sunning himself on the path. This seemed rather foolish to Horaschov, as the sun had not yet risen and would set soon thereafter.

"Lo Snake," said Horaschov.

"Lo Horaschov," returned Snake. "What are you about?"

"Well, I am about finding my fortune." The small gorilla said this with no little apprehension of being found humorous. The thought upset him greatly.

"I find much fortune in sunning myself. Join me, shall you?"

Horaschov thought that *that* was a very humoring remark. "Dear Snake, I've no need to be about sunning myself."

Snake returned, as it were, coolly, "What have I to do with gorillas? Go and seek your fortune then, if you will not sun."

By now Horaschov was quite angry at the thought of being found humorous. "See here, Snake! I'm off to seek my fortune. Why would I sun myself? Seeing as it is still morning and the sun is not yet risen!"

Then both fell silent, musing. "See here, Snake. I didn't mean to blow off so. I do indeed consider your offer of sunning, and would accept were it not for the details of finding fortunes."

"I understand," said Snake, who did not understand at all but rather wished that the sun would come out. "And while I know nothing of fortunes other than fortuitous sun-beams, I might suggest that you look into Lindonaire, a little town not so far off."

"Do you suggest it?"

"I do." The clouds above were dissipating. "And I might add that Lindonaire is famous for banana trade." The thought of banana trade struck Horaschov as very striking. As the

sun broke the cover of clouds, the small gorilla thanked Snake exceedingly and trundled off to Lindonaire. The path was not very worn, but someone had driven a small bassinet over it recently and thus a stunning set of wheel tracks marked the way beautifully. They proved as useless as the knowledge of the bassinet, however, for they led not to Lindonaire but rather to the home of Bodivar Bollins the bison. Sir Bollins had calmly left his wits behind some twenty years back. This is possibly good reason why, when Horaschov approached, that the aging beast thundered, “Track and tweedle ye Armistead’d whillighan!” This had much affect on the small gorilla who, after gathering his dropped belongs, gathered himself and fled.

Nevertheless, he came upon Lindonaire shortly. It was indeed a little town, consisting of two inhabitants—Louie and Lieau—and three buildings: Louie’s house, Lieau’s house, and the crowded Marketplace. Neither Louie or Lieau are of any interest to you, O reader, unless you like tigers who often collect stamps or bake crumb-cake. Rather, the interest lies mainly in the Marketplace, where a booming banana trade occurred quite often. It was occurring as Horaschov entered.

He quickly pawned his meager belongings for a small banana menagerie. This was a small cart laden with fresh bananas, which a small gorilla could push up and down the crowded Marketplace. Quicker than he had pawned his meager belongings, and taking advantage of the *laissez faire*, he sold the bananas and bought a larger menagerie. This was a medium cart laden with fresher bananas, which a small gorilla could push up and down the crowded Marketplace. Quicker than he had sold the small banana menagerie, he sold all of the bananas again and obtained a larger banana menagerie. Over and over. Over and over. Over and over.

Over and over and over, until the banana trading was over for the short day. By now, Horaschov had quite a large banana menagerie.

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

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