

PART III of All The Bananas

by Humphers Wendellklin

An astute reader will perhaps remember that Bodivar Bollins had an occupied chicken-coop. For fun, the reader might even go so far as to remember Horaschov, the small gorilla who sought and found fortune in Lindonaire. If the astute reader is the sort that does extra assignments, bonus sections of tests, and reads books just for fun, he might have also noticed that Horaschov occupied the chicken-coop, not happily, and not for long. His trial, in fact, began the morning after he began occupation.

Bodivar Bollins presided as judge. The jury was Louie and Lieau, the feline occupants of Lindonaire. Private Pete and Fred called Horaschov to the stand. Private Pete began to question the confused gorilla.

“I demand to know where the Varamouse Vicci is!” (an astute reader will remember that the Varamouse Vicci is a diamond.)

Horaschov, during the long night, had convinced himself that Vicci and Snake had conspired this cruel joke against him. “I shan’t! I shan’t play this game anymore! You’ve had your fun, and I have finished playing of courts and jails and chicken-coops!”

Private Pete had an inspiration. “You are *guilty!*” He shrieked, in pure bliss.

Before either of them could comment any further, Bertha Balboa the brave bull quietly slipped in the back way. She was trundling her borrowed bassinet behind her back. She sat down in one of the back rows. The bassinet had a grey sheet heaped over the top.

Fred had taken the questioner’s stand. “Horaschov, can you provide proof that you in fact did not abduct—”

And before he could finish the sentence, Snake came crashing through the door. He was, to be sure, much perkier than when Horaschov had met him only the day before. The sun had shown for a record three and *two*-quarter hours(!) that morning. In his mouth he held two large books. Flying down the aisle towards the judge’s mount, he spat them quickly out in front of Bodivar Bollins.

“There!” Cried Horaschov. “There! Those are Part I and Part II of the TALE of All The Bananas!”

In a midst of confusion, the court took a two hour rest to review the books. During this pause, Horaschov found a completely unexpected banana lodged between the fender and pulling-knob of his cart. Before anyone could confiscate it as evidence, Horaschov stuffed it in his mouth. Without the peel, of course. He threw the peel away before stuffing it in his mouth. After he stuffed it in his mouth, he swallowed. He chewed before he swallowed, though, because if he hadn’t chewed he might have choked. But do not fear, O Reader, for Horaschov didn’t choke. And all because he chewed before he swallowed. Pray, take heed, and never swallow without chewing, or you might end up like poor Chastuppan, the foolish long-necked grouse who never chewed. But that is a tale not part of this one.

After peeling, stuffing, chewing, and swallowing, the court convened. Horaschov was beginning to get an idea. Bodivar Bollins had an idea, which he voiced.

“Members of the court, jury and distinguished guests, prosecuted, and prosecutors: After reviewing the evidence, we have reached a conclusion with two possible outcomes:

1. “Horaschov is found guilty and will go directly to the chicken-coop. There he will stay forever until he hands the Varamouse Vicci through the small hole that a mouse chewed last winter and my only chicken escaped, never to be found again.
2. “Horashov is found guilty, etc. etc. However, before we coop him up, he can retrieve the jewel for us. He’ll still go to jail, but he’ll feel better about himself.”

Horaschov’s heart sank. “Is there a third option where I don’t go to jail?”

“Someone’s got to go to jail, Horaschov.” Bodivar Bollins answered him with a little remorse.

Horaschov decided to put his plan into action. It was now or never. “Well, if you have a second or so, I might could help you out.” He leapt from his seat and dashed to the back of the aisle, drawing an audible gasp from the prosecutors, distinguished guests and jury, and members of the court. In one swift motion, he grasped the top of the grey sheet that masked the contents of the blue borrowed bassinet. He pulled the sheet free.

There, lying on the top of a red satin pillow, was the Varamous Vicci! Bertha Balboa grew quite red in the face and glared fiercely at the small gorilla. Horaschov turned and looked triumphantly at the court.

“Members of the court, I propose that—” Before he could finish, the judge Bodivar Bollins interrupted him.

“We are forever thankful to you, Horaschov, for returning the Varamouse Vicci before serving your jail sentence. You now feel better about yourself. I hereby sentence you to one night in prison.”

“But I *never, ever* stole that diamond!”

“But we already determined that *somebody’s* got to go to jail. We can’t just change our minds, just like that.” Bodivar Bollins fingered an oddly interleaved ring on his hand.

Horaschov stood gaping as two tough-looking canaries led him back to the chicken-coop. There he stayed for a night, lamenting his fortune. The next morning, the humbler and wiser gorilla trudged home, pulling his large cart behind him. He decided to never again seek his fortune; besides, his loot would provide for him and his family for many generations.

Prologue

The court never found out who stole the Varamouse Vicci. Louie and Lieau went home and made crumb-cakes. Private Pete and Fred were assigned a dangerous assignment so secret, they themselves never found out what it was.

Snake started a tanning facility for other reptiles such as himself. Bodivar Bollins fixed the hole in his chicken-coop, read an entire book on laws and judging, and bought a brand new chicken.

Bertha Balboa the Brave Bull borrowed the blue bassinet several times. Incidentally, several of the world's prominent diamonds went missing. Perhaps we will never know who took them.

Horaschov built a bigger tree house, visited the South Pole, gave large amounts of money to his friends, helped Snake start a tanning facility, and ultimately, lived happily ever after.

And all of this tale concludes the TALE of All The Bananas.

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