

Bananaramas

—Narthana Epa

Oh, Cheese and Whiskers!

Rat paced about the room distractedly, his macaroni dinner left undisturbed. The Bananas rang Drunken about ten minutes ago. Unfortunately, even though Morgan, Amy and Lulu had shut down the Big Pineapple Bomb Factory, B1 and B2 managed to cunningly escape. Suddenly, an idea strikes him and he starts penning a story. The plan is sheer audacity and drunken genius, and Rat smirks smugly to himself.

I'm a rat, I'm a rat. I'm a clever clever rat!

It was thirst that gave the Teddies the impetus to travel to a local watering hole. However, the establishment was so crowded that they couldn't order a drink. So they left the place that they would later describe as the Zeroth Bar and made their way south. They arrived at a pub in a very grassy location and ordered the local brew. They found it horrible. It was while mulling over this that they spotted their friend, Rat. Knowing that Rat knew more about these urban affairs, they called out to him.

"Hey Rat, can you recommend a drink for us?" asked Morgan.

"Oh, hi Teddies... let me see, how about a Bananarama?" he replied.

"Bananarama? We like the sound of that!" said the Teddies in unison, hoping that its taste would remind them of the smell of their absent friends.

"Well," said Rat, spotting an opportunity to get the Teddies tipsy, "I'll show you where to get one, but you'll have to promise me that you'll have a drink everywhere we stop."

The Teddies promptly agreed and they were off to another pub. Rat led the Teddies to the bar and ordered a Bananarama, but when the tender declined with an Irish accent, Rat replied, doing his best to sound disappointed, "Oh well, just give us three beers." The Teddies reluctantly drank them down. They stayed a while to soak in the atmosphere, but the people on the table next to them were having an intense argument about how unfair it was that corporations were not protected by the law of defamation. Needless to say, Rat and the Teddies soon departed.

At the next bar Rat repeated the procedure all over again, although this time they met a rather regal-looking lady who was inquiring about the whereabouts of her son. The Teddies struck up a conversation with her, but it soon deteriorated as she began to mope about her missing son as well as her apparently dead husband. The Teddies did not know how to react, so they hurriedly walked out of the building, giggling at her misery.

The Teddies were losing the ability to walk so Rat led them to a tram stop. As they were crossing the road, Amy almost tripped over the tram tracks, and she fell into the arms of Rat. But as they both would later attest, nothing happened.

After riding the tram for a couple of stops, they walked into yet another pub. Lulu immediately noticed something odd.

“Hey, everyone present seems to be drinking out of cocktail glasses and no one is drinking beer. Maybe we can get that Bananarama after all.”

But Rat was more suspicious, and fully expected his request to be rejected yet again. It was, but the reason proffered astonished him. The bar staff, who all seemed to be wearing crowns, told him that the bar had decided to specialise and was now exclusively serving berry chocolate martinis. Rat reluctantly ordered four of them, and the Teddies actually seemed to like them. Yet they persisted in their quixotic pursuit for the Bananarama.

As they walked towards the city, Rat and the Teddies noticed that people were putting up dark blue decorations around where the next pub was situated. As they moved closer, they saw that the place was closed. Apparently it was so the management could prepare for some boat race. Disappointed, the party moved on.

They then arrived at a bar where they met one of Thomas the Tank Engine’s friends. What started as an amicable conversation with him soon converged into an argument about timeslots, so Rat and the Teddies soon left and staggered along to the next venue. Rat was careful not to lead the Teddies across any Light Rail tracks, as he was worried that one or more of them might trip or that they might re-encounter their green adversary.

Rat asked for a Bananarama one last time, fully expecting to be rejected. Miraculously, the bartender, Bonnie, agreed to whip up some just for them. When the four drinks arrived, Rat immediately sculled his down, as he in fact disliked the taste of a Bananarama, but when Amy turned to hand a glass to Morgan, he was nowhere in sight.

“He must have collapsed when we last crossed the road,” said Rat with a tinge of nervousness. Sure enough when they walked outside, he was lying in the gutter.

“Quick, call an ambulance,” Lulu cried to Rat.

Rat was feeling so guilty about what he had done that the only reply that he could muster was, “Which street are we on?”