

# Miss-a-beat

—Yi Huang

The actual interior of the Big Pineapple is not unlike Willy Wonka’s chocolate factory: all lights and bright colours, but nothing edible without undesirable consequences. In order to take your mind off hunger pangs, you ask the trio to fill you in on everything that’s happened since you last saw them. Apparently, acting on the information afforded them by Mr. Comp Tusrattus, they waited for the Twins at the docklands, hoping to apprehend the pair for questioning. However, upon arrival, they saw that their boat was heavily protected by a legion of emo teenagers. Thus the plan changed, and the new hope was to catch the pair out in the open seas.

“We tried but just couldn’t catch them. Even though they had loaded up their boat full of bananas, it was just too fast for our boat.”

“Yes, thank goodness that Mr. Tusrattus sent us GPS coordinates. Otherwise, we’d never have made it here.”

The journey continues in awkward silence, and the four of you come to a standstill at a four-way fork. M, A and L put their heads down and start literally sniffing about. Slightly confused by this erratic display, you look up and notice the equally erratic poems present above each path. After a moments contemplation, you chuckled softly to yourself, a little too amused by the symbolism of it all.

Black,  
pitch black sky above with millions of stars a-Watchin’, just watchin’;  
moments before our lips lock, you shout:  
“Great scots!”  
Rocket explodes, illuminating the black, pitch black sky.

“...they gather no moss”, she said to me, tearfully, my sweet darling:  
Emotional wreck, by the waters-nearly-jumping-off-the-cliff-and-into-the-  
Rocks-ex-Miss-smiley. Slipping, slipping off mossy tree trunks, and  
clinging onto strands of  
Ivy: to stop the fall.

Little one picks up an insect, insect  
with cries of “Obladi!”  
Lady strolls to little one, little one,  
“Nowhere have you seen these?”  
“Back in the Good old days,” she continues, continues  
“a younger lass did trample, did  
Dig! into soft, sandy anthills, anthills,”  
Little One - eyes sparkle splendid,  
“Day in, and day out, lass wandered, she frolicked,  
but always did she Dig!”  
Glass windows reflect the forest, forest;  
Good little one checks out the insect that wasn’t really an insect.

Latin and german and lingua francais too,  
It’s all so simple to dear doctor,  
Fiddle dee dum dallying for One day or two,  
Slip past, for years he doth not harbor.