

CHAPTER FOUR - THE BANANA

DJ Kurt picks up DJ Hixxy and DJ Sy and eats them.

He then goes back to munching rocks from his canteen - a mixture of Granite and Limestone. Granite to sharpen his teeth - and Limestone - to aid his digestion and boost morale.

"Oh yeah, you might be wondering why they sent ya here this time.."

"Well, actually, I'm going to bed, but I want you to do a mix.. 14 hours.."

DJ Kurt smiles at you.

"Also, when you're done, I want you to get that banana skin out of the rock for me - the one that's nailed into the rock, up there.. - "

He points at the roof.

You see some already erected scaffolding at the side of the cave, along with some ladders.

[DJ Kurt could actually reach the banana skin himself, if he wanted, but you wouldn't really know if his fingers were delicate enough. Bear in mind that they do build electron microscopes - by hand - but that must involve tools. Seems like a fair enough request really.]

"Hahaha. You probably think I'm going to eat ya!"

Kurt laughs. He then walks to a darker part of the cave and lies down at the side.

"Mix!" he shouts.

You worriedly mix tunes until you are sure Kurt is asleep - then - you put on a mixtape and make a run for it!

"I'm not getting eaten pal!"

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When you eventually get back to Glasgow (it takes you three weeks) you decide to be constructive and visit Scott in jail. He needs to be kept up to date with events, and, after all, he might have some different ideas to help you make some money!

*

It is visitor's day. Scott Brown is munching on some trail mix.

"At least you've been trying. Thanks for the trail mix, by the way." he says.

"It is hard work." you tell him.

Baltic Prison, where Scott is incarcerated, is near the village of Baltic, approximately ten miles away from Glasgow (to the north-east).

"If only we could still work as DJs... it sucks!"

"Anyway" you continue...

"After I've got your £500 I know what I'm going to spend on next."

"What's that?" Scott asks.

"It's a nose operation - that stops you snoring... it saves you half a pence every million years." you tell him.

"That's good! How much is that?" Scott asks.

"Ten thousand pounds."

"How does it work??"

"Changes in air currents and air temperature - you save money on gas." you tell him.

"It does seem quite expensive though, for what it does." Scott says.

"If it were me I'd probably rather spend the money on some new wheels for my car." he adds.

You are shocked.

"Are you mental!! What the fuck!!"

"You are a communist pal! What the fuck! I can't believe this! This is shit!"

"You fucking b***** communist wanker! You thievin' little shit! How dare you be a evil communist! You are a bad man."

"Are ye a communist?"

"Are ye?"

"I was takin' the piss - you're a communist."

"You are a communist! Communist! Communist! Communist!"

"I'm tellin ye Scott Brown - you are a communist! Communist! Communist! Communist! You are a bad man."

"I'm tellin ye Scott - you're a communist."

"I'm not asking ye - I'm tellin ye! "

You both sulk.

After a while sulking you realise why Scott actually said what he said - it's probably because when he drives his car, his long forehead sticks three inches (six feet) out of the sunroof - this causes more drag than usual, hence, the tyres probably would make sense, in his case, financially.

You make up again as friends! Cool.

"So, any ideas??" you ask him.

"Fruit stall?" he suggests.

Hmm. That does give you an idea! You bid Scott farewell and catch the next bus home.



Your idea is to be Bananaman!

"I am Bananaman." you boldly state as you brush your teeth. Superheroes do need clean teeth, you think.

"I am Bananaman!" - this time with more conviction.

You wonder why you are not instantly loaded. Weird.

"I'll just have to try harder!" you tell yourself.

What would Bananaman do??

"Sell bananas! Of course!"

Of course he would.

This is a much better idea than Scott Brown's idea.

Fucking communist.

This reminds you of the time you, you know, almost killed Big Paul, world famous wrestler, in the ring.



You cast your mind back in time to recall that beautiful day.....

'Fight Big Paul - Hardest Man Alive - Big Paul takes on all comers, tonight!' the poster says. You and Scott are staring at it.

"We can do this" Scott says.

"I know" you say.

You decide to get drunk before heading to the arena. You head off to a local pub.

"The hard stuff please, barman!" Scott tells George the barman.

"Same for me please barman!"

You sit at the bar drinking your Spilk Banana Milkshakes. You watch footage, on the small TV screen, of Big Paul fighting 8 Dog Daisys¹ at once - it doesn't faze you at all.

A fly lands on the bar surface. You completely ignore it. You are bored.

You and Scott arrive at the arena 3 fights in. Big Paul has just defeated: a team of 3 Samurai - a sumo wrestler - and - a trained bear. The referee throws an invite to the crowd!

"Who will fight Big Paul next?!"

You get his attention, he walks over, and you explain your credentials.

He introduces you..

"Next we have! A ninja! And a street brawler! They fight as a team!"

Big Paul is busy goading the crowd.

¹ Dog Daisys are found in north Glasgow, where all the factories are. Mutated by pollution, they are 8 feet tall and have 3 legs.

The referee informs you it is fine to start.

Scott Brown runs at Big Paul, jumps, and lands a flying kick onto the side of Big Paul's neck. He falls to the ground - Big Paul continues to goad the crowd. Scott appears to have hurt his foot - so you decide to unleash - um - the 'flurry of confusion' (your street brawler name!?)

You run-jump up to Big Paul's ankle and start beating it with your fists. The crowd are still jeering at him. He turns 30 degrees to the right and sends you flying across the ground! Scott Brown crawls up to you.

"We need to leave!" he says.

Instead you head up to the second floor seating - this forces you to realise that this is, in fact, a dream! Perfect!

"This means we can do anything we want, Scott! See!"

You imagine some small squares of cloth into creation, and some pens. You and Scott get to work. After a few minutes your banner is completed! You make your way to the front seats, and hold your banner up for Big Paul to see..

He turns round, and looks up at it.

"Big Paul is our friend" he reads.

He starts laughing very loudly, and doubles over.

"Big Paul is our friend"

"That is so funny!"

He continues to laugh.

"Big Paul is our friend"

"That is the best thing ever!"

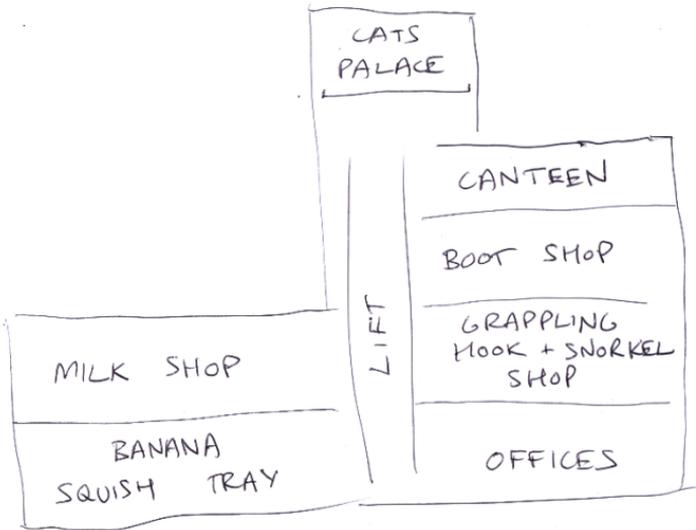
He starts coughing and choking - and ends up on the floor.

What a day!

The phone rings.

After a few confusing minutes you have agreed to supply 300 litres of banana juice to the Spilk Milkshake factory at 9am tomorrow! For ten thousand pounds! You genius, Joey Riot! You begin to formulate a plan!

(The Spilk Factory Heist.)



You may be wondering how popular Spilk is in Scotland - and - whether or not it *has* actually been spilt.

Well, most Scottish people don't think it has - in fact, it is the most popular milkshake there! It does contain things like, bits of neaps, tatties, and haggis, and things like furballs, but the Scots just think it is good value.

It is actually only about 50% milk.

After nine hours your plan looks like this...

1. break in
2. steal milk

You get to the Spilk factory at 1am. It is deserted and there does not appear to be *any* security.

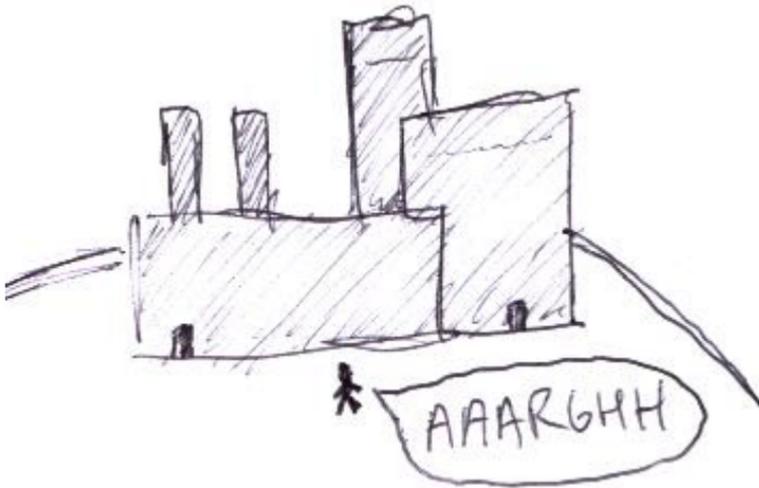
You see a sign - 'FLY TIPPERS WILL BE PROSECUTED'.

You head across the yard to the large factory buildings, climb the flood defences, and break in. You locate some large milkshake tanks with ease - you pick up a crowbar - and attack one of the tanks. Too easy! The tanks say on the side - 'CAPACITY: 4000 LITRES'. After a short while, though, you are full. Best plan ever!

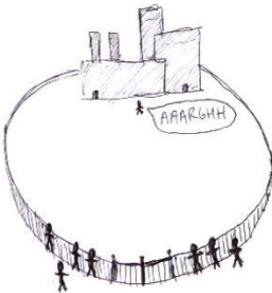
You instantly vomit over some wheelbarrows and a cement mixer. You feel smashed. You steady yourself for a few minutes and the nausea passes - you go for it again! Over time you empty all three of the vats.... but.. your constitution holds out! It is 6am, and it is time to leave.

You stumble to the bottom of the building's flood defences and, while catching your breath, you turn to the left to take in the building once again.

The size of it shocks you...

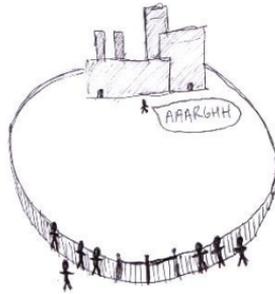


You are quite drunk though so you only shriek once before looking back to the right...



Factory workers are waiting outside the yard gate to get in! Are they there to beat you up??? Why is the gate locked!!? How???

You decide to stampede them!!!!!!



You start snorting and stamping your feet!!!

You pose for a fraction of a second! You start to stampede them!!!

"Aaaaargghh!!!" you yell as you run at them!

"Aaaaaaargghh!!!"

By the time you reach the gate, unfortunately, no one has moved.

You see that the gate isn't, in fact, locked.

The workers all appear to be smoking rollies and talking amongst themselves! Maybe no one noticed you shouting and screaming! It seems you are free to leave!

As you begin to walk away though, a figure approaches you, wearing a suit.

"Your boots aren't dirty enough to work here" he says.

You think you can hear cows mooing in the distance, but you head home.

After three minutes you are home. It is 6:05. You realise you are very drunk. You go to the bathroom, to try and vomit, but you can't.

"Plan B it ish" you say to yourself.

You throw your Loperamide out of the window, and wait.

By 9AM you are feeling fine!

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"That was my fucking shit you flushed down the toilet!"

"That was my shit-"

"That was my shit!!"

"WELL, YES"

-

"I am gonna hire ninjas and have you shot!"

MR MIYAGAMOTO, FIVE FOOT SIX BOSS OF SPILK, TURNS AROUND.

"Please.. please.. please don't kill me!!"

"And there we have it! Orion's belt!"

"Oi you! Give that back, ya wee brute! I stole that!"

Big Paul punches you to the floor.

"No! I won't!"

You drag yourself to the side of the ring, your honour and your reputation in tatters.

Scott Brown attacks Big Paul with a flying kick to the neck! From the side!

He falls to the ground (with a sore foot).

"We need to go!" he says - and you run off.

Except! Joey Riot is invisible in real life!

Anyway.. back to the story.

"How did you get out of jail, Scott? Did you escape? Are ye on the run??"

"Aha-ha-ha" he says, and gives you five ten pound notes.

Oh wait - this is a fucking dream, isn't it! For fucks sake! Bullshit and bollocks! Sugary shits and for fucks sake!

You wake up, annoyed.

Some monkeys climb some trees and they eat some bananas.

Joey decides to climb a tree but the monkeys are not having it.

They climb down to the bottom of the tree and hold him down.

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