

Starlets

—Paul Fijn

“I know what you’re thinking brother. I still can’t believe what that man was doing to all these bananas!”

“Yes brother, it just makes me so mad!”

“Well, as soon as brother D takes over Australia, we’re going to put a stop to all this. But for now, let’s just focus on our mission. Look, brother Tusrattus has arrived.”

“Hello Ba- I mean, brothers. Brother Drinken has bought the Big Pineapple as planned, and he wants you to have it operational by Thursday. Oh, and I’ve already told the boys and girls to ready your boat.”

“Thank you brother Tusrattus. Hehehe, that’s a clever clever name.”

“Why thank you brothers, you’re so very kind!”

“Oh, and before we leave, Brother Comp, we reckon that we’re being followed. I threw away the confusing password that brother D sent us and my brother here said that we should to go back and get it. But when we went back, it was gone!”

“Oh brothers, I wouldn’t worry so much about it. I’m sure that it’s the cleaners. And I haven’t seen M, A and L anywhere. It looks like they’re off your trail.”

“I guess you’re right brother Tusrattus, you are, after all, very clever. Right, it’s time to liberate these bananas!”

Seeing the Twins off, Comp Tusrattus pulls out a smooth black Motorola RAZR and begins to furiously attack the keys, mumbling, “Oh, I hope that he’ll get this.”

You follow the instructions sent to you by a private number and recover a copy of *Gossips Xtras* with the dodgiest looking crossword clues ever.

Drag the heel . . . mime will chase ill
 Cite or sum . . . mothlike sea?
 Big lemons or more bony?
Teeth blanc act an uptown red.
 Yarn spits beer even defile rink.
 Stir in charm aptly new growth.
 Ace mink 'n' idol hunt a biker.

You hear the boarding call for your flight to Brisbane. Well, at least this will give you something to look at on the flight.