

Epilogue

—Yi Huang

***Preword:** Dear non-Australian participants of the Puzzle Hunt, please wiki 'Bananas in Pyjamas' to make sense of the storyline's references.*

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The cafe clock reads half past twelve.

The Teddies told you to meet them here at noon, but at this rate, it looks like they'll be drinking cold coffee. Having spent the weekend frenetically reading up on missed lectures and labouring over overdue assignments, you lean back in your chair, and immerse yourself in the first moment of peace and quiet you've had in a week.

Peace and quiet – two words that certainly weren't on your mind as you and the Bananas blasted into space on the Banana Boat. You remember well the nose-dive through the burning air, heading straight for

Sealed-Up BBQ Pretending to be a Well,
Hidden Courtyard,
Old Geology building,
The University of Melbourne, VIC, AUS.

And who can forget the surreal scene once you'd crash-landed back in Coffs Harbour: standing in an empty parking lot with one Rat in a Hat, three Teddy Bears, and fifteen regiments of ex-emo kids dressed in fluoro colours, with every person grinning nervously at a pair of golden Bananas in Pyjamas hovering in mid-air and channelling their princely powers through a small pair of golden bananas in order to animate the Big Banana. At first, it seemed as if B1 and B2 had failed, the lumbering giant lying completely still until the Bananas uttered what must have been a holy power-word in the native tongue of the Banana Republic – a series of splodgy sounds which taste a bit like a banana sundae. For a moment, the assembled crowd erupted in joyous celebration as a smiley face appeared on the tourist favourite. But as the negotiations progressed, renewed fears of failure crept back, and then the shrieks – the terrible, agonising, chest-beating, teeth-gnashing, hair-tearing wails of despair as the Big Banana launched off in the direction of Melbourne. The following minutes were a silent eternity unto themselves, as you awaited the inevitable flash of white light spreading out radially, blinding everything in its path. The ex-emo kids took up once more their depressing Goth gear, with each face in the fifteen regiments rendered a mask of horror as rivers of black mascara ran down white, porcelain cheeks. Of course, you all felt a bit silly when B1 and B2 drifted back to the ground, and explained that the Big Banana felt a biological imperative to blow up and unleash the cosmic goodness in its heart, so headed for the middle of nowhere to do its deeds.

You pour yourself another cup of coffee as a group of joggers race past you.

Going to the High Court of Australia as a witness in Ossie Bin Drinken's trial was also a most illuminating experience. Especially the part where the Bananas in Pyjamas recounted how they stumbled upon Osama Bin Laden a few years ago at a bingo parlour, blending in with the crowd thanks to his sagely beard. The Twin were enthralled to meet this old friend, who they'd first met on a little holiday to Iran – a place where they learned that saying "*Is-lamb* is good" will get you everywhere. Paying little attention to the politics of this world, the Twins had not realised that this greying gentleman dressed in Bombers regalia was responsible for a particularly unfortunate incident in New York. They then recounted how Ossie mentioned that a few of his friends were recently released from a certain Guantanamo Bay; together, they put together a website called gBay¹ and that's when the money started rolling in. The whole trial was shorter than expected, and though you felt that certain matters of jurisprudence were circumvented, you did have a mountain of homework piled up and waited to go home as soon as possible.

You take yet another swig of the black stuff, and nearly spit it out in disgust. As you put down the cups, you spy three familiar furry figures approaching you, leaving a string of stunned onlookers in their wake. And following close behind them, two giddy Bananas, sporting pyjamas, greeting giddy twenty year-olds. You pull two extra chairs to the table, and as they come within talking range, ask them how they are going.

"Are you feeling what I'm feeling, B1?"

"I think I am, B2. We're feeling. . ."

"Terrible!" "Terrible!"

Morgan cuts in with an explanation, "Oh, don't mind them. They're just sore that Rat ratted them out about helping Osama steal some plutonium from the Melbourne University physics department."

"Not just that! We had to go to court this morning!"

"And even though we made a very good *appeal*, the jury still found us guilty of high treason!"

"Wait, you didn't tell us this before. Then why aren't you locked up and wearing pyjamas with horizontal stripes?"

"Well, the judge and jury looked at us funny and sentenced us to another 15 years with ABC kids. Are you thinking what I'm thinking, B1?"

"I think I am, B2. It looks like we'll have to wait another fifteen years before flying back to the Banana Republic with the sacred golden bananas."

Slightly intrigued, you ask the Bananas why the tiny pair of golden bananas were so important.

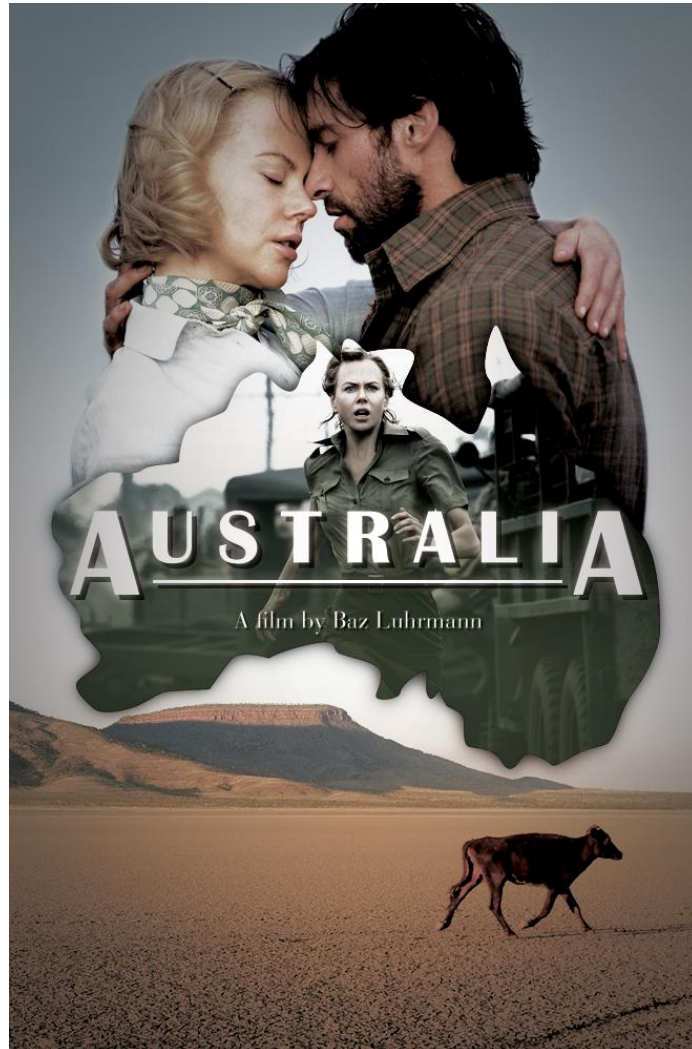
"Well, let me put it this way: we Banana-kin are a little like elves in that we are a beautiful, majestic and ageless race. But we suffer from an illness. We Banana-kin long ago became seedless from millennia of culture. And the golden bananas are the only way in which we may create new living Banana-kin. It is the backbone of our civilisation."

Taking a moment or two to recover from this explanation, you hesitantly venture to ask the one question that had been bugging you this whole weekend.

¹High fives to all teams that figured this out

“So, where did the bomb end up hitting?”

“Well, we weren’t sure what was a good place to redirect the Big Banana. Luckily, we had this movie poster from Australia – the Movie, handy. And, we asked Biggie to aim for this little calf instead.”



Oops, so much for Tassie.

Epilogue puzzle: a big slice of pizza will be reserved (at request) for the first person to send an email to y.huang-replaceeverythinginbetweentheseetwohyphenswithan@pgrad.unimelb.edu.au, with saying how many puns they found in the storyline, as well as a word document of the whole storyline with highlighting for each point. Subject to the following rules:

- A pun with multiple shades of meaning still counts as just one punt
- Puzzle titles don’t count, nor do puzzle hints released on the website, and puns in the actual puzzle or answers, or intermediate answer strings do not count
- We’ll stop taking submissions two weeks after the epilogue is first released