

[Here are the first 45 pages of my discontinued Banana Chan novel.]

Chapter 1: "Flat Earth And Other Green Bananas"

Back in the year 2005, Ryone was a fictional Japanese boy on a passenger seat in a fictional jet, flying over a fiction version of Canada, because things had gone very wrong for him in too many drafts of the scripts for this story. Sometime around 2009, I put myself into this work of fiction so I could lend a helping hand to the fictional character Ryone, who had my full sympathy. While I was in drafts of this tale which I never posted online, I found it productive to send anime from the future to the fictional characters of this story, who are from a fictional past. I eventually found myself inquiring to a fictional family about a fictional vacancy in their house. Then, due to growing concern for Ryone, based on a pile of complications that were caused by the idea that sometimes what the girl he's fond of says might be the opposite of what's in her heart, roughly a few hours into this story, I ended up pulling more strings as the author, from ... err ... I gotta get a fictional office later in this chapter ... anyway, I'm the author of this story, and I'm in it as Ryone's sensei, but I'll get to that. Now -- which, although I'll get to the start of the story soon, is a few hours into the story -- Ryone's sitting in a passenger seat, but I'm in the cockpit, standing behind the pilot and co-pilot. The horizon's at my eye-level, and something's off about that. The pilot is a forty-ish dude. I ask him, "How high are we?"

"33000 feet," is the pilot's response. Unless I'm writing this wrong, the measurements of the globe don't fit.

"Now, how high do we have to get to see the curvature of the earth?" I ask. "Because I can't even trick my eyes to see curvature."

"What you're looking at," he answers happily. "Is an Azimuthal Plane. See how the horizon lines-up with this instrument?"

He points at a circular instrument on the dashboard which shows how the line of the horizon lines up with how the nose of the airplane is pointed.

But, at an average reading speed, this flight took place hours into the storyline of a discarded draft of this story. Thankfully, as of a previous draft of this novel version, Ryone no longer gets into the situation that caused me to jump into this story that I'm writing, but I'm still in it for the time being, because in the couple hours worth of pages that used to lead up to that

emergency trip, I realized that the characters needed to learn a martial art called Tenjetoh, and only I could teach it to them.

It can be debated that it all started when a 12 year-old ninja time-traveler named Buster Chan, who was wearing a mask that in one color covers specific parts of his face which facial recognition technology looks for, and in another color, covers parts of his face that people would still know who he is if they saw him, to the point where his identity was completely concealed, showed up to hand to a girl who was just a couple years older than him, a parcel containing an item that, with this mysterious young ninja from the future's help, she ordered from a printed catalogue called SBW (Strength Beauty Wisdom) Magazine from the future.

It's actually a funny story; a middle-aged guy who usually stands in front of one of the grocery stores in her neighbourhood, and asks her for spare change or if she wants him to go into the store and buy her smokes ... and about two times, she did want him to do that, and he did. Anyway, on this day, he asked her if she wanted to have an unfair advantage in life. She shook her head enthusiastically, said "hajime," so the vagrant lead her around a corner, into an alleyway where a mysterious 12 year old ninja from the future was standing, handing to her the mentioned print catalogue which he claimed, through a voice-changing device on his mask, that people order items from in the year 2049.

So, she took the catalogue, and the young ninja boy backed-up and did a molecular phase-shift through the wall of the grocery store, until he disappeared. The girl applauded and cheered and jumped up and down a few times. Then she left, and came back in a couple hours with an item circled on a page in the catalogue. When she got there, the boy wasn't there. She waited no time at all before the ninja boy appeared to have phase-shifted from the other side of the wall, by stepping into the area, through the wall, holding the parcel, that he gave to her, which contained metallic grey lip-stick called "Synthetic Telepathy."

The ninja flew away.

Observations -- such as that an orange is orange, a lemon is lemon, and no curvature of the earth can be seen from the highest altitude of any civilian balloon that has a good camera -- or experiences outside the coalescing paradigms of one's beliefs and studies, are interesting and stimulating when discussed, so right now I'm still just beginning the exposition in a story that includes some stuff like that, but also includes awesome mainstream elements, which began in the year 2005, in the small and totally fictional town called Rain, in an imaginary part of Japan.

Fourteen year old Ryone lived with his family in the town of Rain's lighthouse, whose light shone farther than what the alleged curvature of the earth allows. Ryone's family explained it as the result of a blessing put on lighthouses by Kami-sama himself. That explanation was enough for him for the time being.

On a warm summer morning, Ryone felt the air on his face as he rode his bike, without wearing a helmet. Although Ryone respected people who wore bicycle helmets, he felt invincible when he rode his bike; he didn't need a damn helmet. He could only recall two instances when he crashed so badly that he had to go to the hospital. And both of them were kind of funny stories.

As pretty much usual, he arrived safely at his destination, Sakura Park. Ryone leaned his bike against a cherry tree, and walked into the field. He removed his back-pack from his back, unzipped it, and removed a handle with rolled-up string on it. Then he removed from his backpack, an orange diamond-shaped kite, with yellow and blue frills.

After very little effort, he got the kite into the sky, frills and all.

Nearby, the aforementioned fourteen year old girl, who happened to have long orange hair at the time, was just starting to notice the effects of her new metallic grey lip-stick. It was a technology from the future called "Synthetic Telepathy." You paint it on your lips, and in a few hours, after its nano-technology has found its way to your brain and done its fancy thing, you begin telepathically receiving amusing little audio skits featuring famous performers from the past, present, and -- for her -- future. She was amused by a parody of zombie movies with esoteric overtones, so she decided at that moment to write a novel about zombies in search of the Holy Grail. At that moment, she noticed the word "Ryone" written big, in green permanent marker, on the only kite that was being flown in the park by a guy over the age of "little kid." Then she noticed that his name was also written on his bike ... and on his hat. She laughed at a catch-phrase from the future that would blow your present-day mind if it were repeated in this story, and she said to herself, "so that boy's name is Ryone."

At lunch time, the girl with long orange hair, ate oodles of noodles with a tall thirty five year old woman, in the kitchen of her home.

The woman chimed in, "metallic grey lip-stick? I thought you didn't like most cosmetics." The girl ignored the woman's question, and said, "Mom, that print of The Last Supper that you bought for the shrine room ..."

"What about it?" the woman asks.

"When you put on the Hoffman Lenses, it says 'Light Takes Eight Hours To Reach The Earth From The Sun.'"

"What an odd thing for them to say," says the woman. "Almost seems out of character for them to tell the truth about something. Maybe they're trying to throw us for a loop. But now I know that print's a piece of shit. I'm tossing it in the dumpster immediately."

The girl nearly interrupts her with: "But first mom, I've gotta ask you a question."

The woman responds, "Okay."

The girl's emerald eyes brighten as her very small mouth grows many sizes into an epic smile, as she asks: "Can we get a dog?"

"I don't see why not. You had one when you were a little kid," replies the woman. "I'm not sure why we don't have one now. So why do you want one right now?"

The girl looked annoyed at the question, but she explained, "I saw this boy at Sakura Park."

The woman smirked, and asked, "did he like the grey lip-stick?"

The girl didn't want to say that the boy didn't see her.

"You 'saw this boy at Sakura Park,' so you immediately want to start a family by getting a dog." The woman laughed a bit, right at the girl's face.

More annoyed, the girl sighed, then said, "I want to be his friend, that's all."

The woman nodded, still smirking a bit.

The girl continued, "He's my age, and he seems like he'd be an interesting friend. But I need the dog because I'm shy, and a dog is an instant conversation starter."

The woman asked, "Do you even know this boy's name?"

The girl nodded, "Yes. In fact, I do. It was written on his bike, his kite, his hat, and I think it was also written on his backpack, but I can't remember. His name is Ryone."

After the woman teased the girl about liking a boy who still flies a kite at age fourteen, the girl soon found herself in a pet-store, being asked by a salesman, "Do you have any particular breed in mind?"

The girl points at a Chow Chow, which is a breed of dog, and she proudly announces, "That one!"

As soon as the girl was alone with the dog, she named him Doggie, cuddled with him, and vowed, "Doggie -- if anything bad ever happens to you, there'll be hell to pay."

The next morning, the girl whose long orange hair flowed all the way down to the top of her bluejeans found herself sitting -- with a sky-blue sweater folded, on her lap, in a big stadium, among a large and loud crowd of enthusiastic people, watching sumo-wrestlers compete. Ryone, in ripped jeans and a baggy shirt, approached her as his gaze slowly moved from its lazy gaze at her chest, up to her green eyes. He opened his mouth, revealing nearly vampiric canine teeth, and asked, "Can I sit here?"

She welcomed him with a smile and said, "Ryone! Sure!"

"Thanks," said Ryone, while realizing he's in love with her, and he sits beside her. "Have we met?"

"No no," the girl explains: "I know your name because I saw you flying your kite in the park yesterday."

"It's an old kite," Ryone explained. "My dad wrote my name on a lot of my possessions when I was younger. It was last year when he said he'd stop doing it, but he ... never-mind."

"I did something useless the other day," the orange haired girl who Ryone found so cute that he actually moments ago fell in love with her at first sight, said.

"Uselessness sucks," Ryone replied. "What did you do that was useless?"

"Well," she said, "I guess it wasn't useless. At least I finally have a dog again."

"A dog?" Ryone said. "That's cool. Can you tell me your name before you tell me your dog's name, though? I'm Ryone, by the way. Very pleased to meet you. Hey, may I get you some popcorn ... cotton candy ... chocolate bars ...?"

The moment somehow turned very awkward. The girl noticed that Ryone was moving in an odd way that denoted that he was nervous, while he continued rattling on: "... burritos? ... egg rolls? ... Chinese food? ... burgers? ... a cola or something to drink?"

He did say the word chocolate; however, the prospect wasn't tempting to her with his aberrant body-language, so she said, "There's always the water fountain."

Then there was an awkward pause ... which the girl broke when she said, "So ... how goes?"

Ryone couldn't tell her that he had just fallen out of love with another girl moments ago. So, nervous and quickly, he just said, "I never know how to answer that question. Please tell me how it goes with you?"

The girl said, "I'm fine."

Ryone felt really good to hear that she was fine, so he flashed a smile and said, "That's nice. I think I'm fine also." And then he said, "Except ... I'm nervous, and you're totally cool and calm and collected."

She put on her sweater while she replied, "I'm not trying to impress anyone."

"Why do you look annoyed?" Ryone asked.

The girl said, "I don't know," while thinking, 'you were a hundred times more interesting before I heard you talk.'

"What's your name?" he asked, with an infectious warm and friendly smile.

The infection spread to her. She smiled, extended her hand for a hand-shake, and said, "Banana!"

Ryone noticed that Banana's hands were smaller than his while he shook Banana's hand. "Banana is a very cute name," he said with a nervous smile as he realized that every other girl he had ever met were now but interesting little footnotes in the story of his life,

because Banana was, in his heart and mind, the special person in his life. So he found the courage to say what he had to say. He said, "Banana, I'm an actor; it's a show. We have a little bit of time now, so I need to tell you that the science supporting gravity is faulty. I promise this will all make sense to you someday."

Banana laughs, as if what he was trying to tell her was a successful attempt at humor. "The Truman Show!" she cheered, appreciating that his first attempt at humor after he learned her name wasn't a banana joke. "The gravity bit at the end was a nice addition! So tell me, Ryone -- who's the star of your Truman Show?"

"96% of the Earth's human population," was Ryone's honest reply.

"So who watches the show?" Banana asked. "Is it the remaining 4%?"

"No," Ryone said. "It's more sinister than that. 96% of people are actors, and 4% are in Secret Societies like the Masons and Space Monkeys, etc; their big secret is they direct the shows that are broadcast to ..."

"You should write this stuff down," Banana interrupted. "Do you write?"

"A lot," he said.

"I do too," she said.

Ryone smiled, but he still looked very desperate and needy and nervous and twitchy as he looked into her green eyes and asked, "You wanna go out?"

"We're already out," was Banana's reaction.

"I mean," Ryone said. "For a date."

"No," she said. "Thank you, Ryone. You're a sweet guy and all, but metaphysical stuff runs in my family, and I can't date a guy who's more aware of any specific metaphysical template for physical reality than I am."

"What I'm hearing," Ryone said, "is that you're afraid of commitment."

Banana nodded.

Ryone pressed the issue with, "One date isn't a big commitment."

"Don't be pushy," Banana said.

"Sorry," Ryone said. "But ... listen, the actors come from a place where their days are twenty-four times longer than ours, and -- as I indicated -- the events in our lives are timed into regular episodes, which ... never-mind. Sorry. Have I blown it?"

"What?" Banana asked.

"Never-mind," Ryone said. "I say that too much."

"Say what?" Banana asked.

"Never-mind. Never-mind," Ryone said.

Banana tilted her head at an angle, and she inquisitively raised one eyebrow while lowering the other, as she asked, "Is everything alright?"

"Never-mind," Ryone said again, a bit nervously.

"So," Banana asked, changing the topic. "How's your family?"

"Uhh," Ryone said, "I'm not sure what to say."

Banana gave a slight smile, while she asked, "You are in a family, aren't you?"

"Yeah," Ryone replied, with an abrupt snicker. "Of course."

"Are they doing well?" Banana asked.

Ryone was shaky, high-strung, and his sweating was becoming quite obvious, while he said, "My dad's name is Goro. My mom's name is Kit. I mean, my sister's name is Kit. And my mom's name is Sen. And hey, if you get deja-vu, that's how you know you're an actor, because it's memories of rehearsal."

"Why are you sweating so much?" Banana asked.

Ryone continued to be tense and uneasy while he said, "I don't know. I'm just weird today, I guess."

Banana placed her hand atop Ryone's hand, and said, "Just relax, okay?"

Ryone looked again at how small her hands were compared to his, and he fainted.

"Not that much," Banana added.

Later that day, in the afternoon, Banana returned to Sakura Park, where she sat on a bench, and watched small children play on a swingset, a slide, monkeybars, and a small variety of other fun apparatus. Her internal monologue went as follows: "I want to move back to Tokyo. For almost half the day, I didn't even think once about Boden. Something must be wrong with me, because Boden is the important person in my life, so why haven't I even been thinking about Boden at all lately?"

From behind the bench came Ryone's voice. Except, he sounded different -- he sounded more confident. Banana didn't turn around, she just listened as Ryone said, "If you remove the final two letters from my first name, I have the same name as the protagonist of Shenmue. Have you played that game?"

"No," Banana said, "But I've heard it's good."

"His name is Ryo Hazuki," Ryone said. "And my name is Ryone Hazuki. But we're not related, of course, since he's a fictional character. And we're nothing alike ... well, there are some similarities, but they're minor and completely coincidental."

"I could care less," Banana said.

Ryone looked at the top of her head from where he stood behind the bench she was sitting on, and he said, "Heya, Banana!"

Banana tilted and turned her head to smile at him, and she cheered, "Ryone!"

"If we have a baby girl, what will her name be?" Ryone asked.

“Her name shall be Starbuck!” Banana flirtingly replied.

“Can we compromise, call her Cara, with a ‘C’?” Ryone asked.

“We shall see!” Banana said with a smile.

“I’m sorry about earlier,” Ryone said, destroying everything with an apology.

Banana looked forward, at whatever was specifically in front of her, however odd staring at that thing or person or animal might be. Ryone looked directly forward too, looking at whatever was directly above whatever point in space Banana was looking at.

Banana said, “You fainted -- it’s not your fault.”

“That’s right,” Ryone said. “Thank you.”

“No probs,” said Banana.

“Can I sit with you?” asked Ryone.

“I guess so,” Banana replied.

As Ryone sat beside her on the bench, both of them heaved sighs. Ryone’s was a sigh of love. Banana’s was a sigh of annoyance. Both of them had their heads turned away from each-other, so neither Banana or Ryone knew of the other person’s sigh.

Banana turned to face Ryone, and said, “At Sumo, I was listening to a ‘Synthetic Telepathy’ technology from the future, which plays comedy skits while letting me catch certain categories of thoughts from people around me, so I know you love me, and that you’re trying to find the right time and perfect way to say it. Now just isn’t the right time.”

“Okay,” Ryone said, and he asked, “How goes?”

“Well,” Banana said, and she took an opportunity to point out the following thing which annoyed her about him. “I noticed something. I noticed that I said ‘heya’ the first time we met. And now you said ‘heya’ now that we’re meeting for a second time.”

Ryone failed to see the point, and laughed, “Yeah, and you said ‘how goes’ the first time we met. And now I said ‘how goes’ this second time.”

“Do you have any originality?” she asked.

Ryone laughed again, and said, “Tons of it! Maybe you’ll find out about it later ... if you’re lucky. So stick around and find out, okay?”

“Well ...” Banana said. “I’m sorry but I’m kind of tired. Can we continue this later, or on the weekend?”

“Sure,” Ryone said. “G’night.”

“G’night,” replied Banana.

Banana spent the remainder of the long afternoon, hanging out around town with her dog. When she got home, and played with her dog in her back yard, I inserted myself into the story, walked into her back yard through a gate, and said, “Excuse me.”

She noticed the 34 year old Canadian writer standing in front of her, and she asked, "Can I help you?"

"Uhh, yeah," I said. "I'm the creator and head-writer of the show Ryone was telling you about. That ninja boy's time traveling has caused ripples in time," I said.

She shot me a distrustful look, as if she was questioning my motives.

"I'm actually here to talk with your mother. I called first and arranged to stay in your basement for a while. See, Cara won't occupy that space until well beyond when this story passes your eighteenth birthday."

Banana angrily uttered, "No spoilers!"

Banana, still wearing her Synthetic Telepathy metallic grey lipstick. For simplicity's sake, I'll call it silver lipstick from this point on. So anyway, Banana, and the tall woman Mrs. Chan, ate ramen and mixed vegetables in beef broth, with raw egg, for supper that evening. Banana had melted cheese on hers. For some odd reason, Mrs. Chan liked to put ketchup on hers.

Banana looked at her mom, and said the following word-salad: "The catalogue said the NaNo Bots read my mind by interpreting language via electrical stimulation patterns caused by phosphene flares in the brain, so what I don't understand is how it sometimes lets me know what someone near me is thinking."

Mrs. Chan yawned, and asked, "Did you talk with that boy yet?"

"No," Banana said. "Ryone approached me instead, and I didn't have Doggie with me."

"How'd it go?" Mrs. Chan asked.

"Annoying," Banana said.

"Anyhow, I have a meeting with the author," Mrs. Chan said.

"He's outside," Banana said. "And I don't know how I feel about being the 14 year old female title character in a story that's written by an author who gives off a creepy vibe."

"The Book of Genesis," Mrs. Chan said, "clearly says that it's a sin to call guys creepy, because man has dominion over all that creeps. When you think a guy's being creepy, Satan's tricking you because there's something valuable that you could learn from that man, or he can learn from you."

"Is that why Ryone so clingy?"

"Maybe he doesn't want to let you go."

"I still think he'd make a cool friend if he'd just drop the whole crush thing."

I entered the room with a microwaveable rice-and-chicken meal that I had just gotten out of a freezer, while I looked at Mrs. Chan and said, "Script says you find a 90 page document in the next scene, and you only skim through it before you get the point."

“Are you telling me to read the entire document?” Mrs. Chan asked.

“I’m sitting in a chair,” I explained. We all took seats. I continued the exposition with: “In this story, the villains are The Illuminati. Banana’s the central character. You’ll find a document in either the next, or a nearly upcoming, scene. Banana’s not in that scene. I figured I’d politely check if the artist got Banana’s freckles wrong again, or if they just weren’t drawn again ...”

A fly enters the room, flies around annoyingly.

Mrs. Chan retrieved a fly-swatter.

The fly zoomed into a hallway, and down a stairwell to the basement.

Mrs. Chan followed the fly to the basement.

Sunglasses were on the floor beneath a print of The Last Supper, which hung on the wall. The fly landed on the image of Jesus.

“The one place I won’t swat it at,” Mrs. Chan complained. She put the sunglasses on; they drowned out colors and revealed the secret message that was mentioned earlier.

She removed the sunglasses from her face, and removed a print of a guy and his friends having supper from the wall, and an envelope that had been tucked behind the print slid down to the floor, where a 90 page document slipped completely out of the envelope. Mrs. Chan grabbed the document, and looked at the cover-page.

She read aloud, to herself as an aside, “Covert arrangement to merge Reg Chan’s Specialty Space Constructions with Edward Hazuki’s Constructive Space Installations, by method of arranged marriage between ...”

Mrs. Chan stopped reading aloud, but she read some more in her head.

Then she flipped through the document, briefly eying several pages.

“That’s it,” Mrs. Chan said. “I’ve had enough with secrets and covert stuff. In my next scene with any of the characters who are affected by that document, I’m saying exactly what’s on my mind.”

The next very early morning, in a small clearing surrounded by the forest which surrounds three sides of the town of Rain, Banana stood, holding a handle that was attached to a string that was attached to a sky-blue kite that glided marvelously in the orange sky.

Thoughts she b-logged (that stands for “brain-logged”) via the microphone which had been implanted in her head by the silver lipstick she was wearing, went as follows: “Damn Ryone. Now I wanna fly a kite. I wish he’d just go fly ... away. Sheesh.”

Just in gym-shorts, Ryone runs into the area as Banana notices him while accidentally getting her kite-string tangled in a high branch of a tree.

Ryone huffed and puffed as he poked her in the shoulder with his finger and said,

“Tag! You’re it!”

“I’M NOT PLAYING TAG!!!” Banana shouts, in caps locks, with three exclamation points.

“Hey,” Ryone said. “Do you watch Naruto Shippuden?”

“Yeah,” said Banana.

“Are you caught up?”

“Uh-huh,” she said. “And we’re in 2005, so Shippuden hasn’t aired yet. I only know about it because a time-traveler from the future gave me all the episodes, and said I might enjoy them.”

“Yeah, I think the same time-traveler is the kid who gave me all the episodes too. I was thinking about an arc wherein Naruto kept saying that a ninja who betrays their village is scum, but a ninja who abandons even one friend is worse than scum.”

He had her attention.

He continued, “If that were true, I’d have to call entire groups of loved ones worse than scum, and I simply can’t do that because they’re loved ones.”

“Naruto was our age during that arc, and you’re just smarter than him when it comes to that stuff,” she said.

Ryone turned his head because he was blushing while he noticed her kite tangled in the tree.

“Want me to get it down?” Ryone asked.

Banana gave Ryone a condescending look, as she said, “You couldn’t get it down if you tried!”

Banana and Ryone both fall on the grass, rolling around in laughter.

“What are you laughing at?” asked Ryone, while laughing.

“I can’t even,” she declares, while laughing.

BOOM!!!

There was dust everywhere.

A saucer-shaped UFO hovered a few dozen feet over the ground, right in front of where Banana and Ryone stood, looking at it.

Ryone put his arm on that shoulder of Banana’s which was farthest from where he was standing beside her. He felt really good about the fact that she was the one with him when they saw that UFO. She was absolutely happy too. So they watched the UFO together.

An epic stairwell lowered from the craft, and two obviously fake aliens whose plastic blue-alien masks were strapped onto human faces worn by humans dressed as aliens in cool

space uniforms with bright colors. They had all kinds of equipment on their belts, but nothing that looked like weapons.

The guy in the blue alien mask on the left said, "Do not be afraid."

Banana and Ryone just looked at the guy.

"It's probin' time," the guy in the blue alien mask on the right declared.

The two men proceeded to take them on a journey high up into the sky where the ship shape-shifted into a capsule which permeated the firmament.

In my new fictional office in one of the lower floors of a mind-bendingly tall building atop the firmament, I found myself sitting at the head of a table, with Banana and Ryone at my sides; both of them had recently earned karmic qualification to see this office. It was a production meeting, to discuss plot-details and contracts. I had previously told Banana and Ryone that they'd do a single season of enemies of the week, based on Illuminati plots.

Defeating the plotters in a series of Illuminati plots, would bring them together and pay off a decent amount of karmic debt they'd both earned together in a joint account over many lifetimes. Banana derailed the meeting with a question about whether or not it's a sin to call men creepy, and I figured a woman, who was named after a biblical character, who works in accounting (several floors up), and said at a party that I could base aspects of Banana on her, obviously disagrees with the bible's stance on that, but I said nothing. I brought the meeting to a point where Banana and Ryone were arguing about whether the audience would find it too much a stretch if I write a story arc wherein they create a ninja force that travels from the future to help them with their situations, so that each Illuminati plot is a story arc in an extended series, rather than simply doing one season. They argued that a longer series wasn't in the two billion year contract they'd originally signed with that church, and they pointed at things in the plot that they just didn't want to go through in their current lifetimes as characters in this story. It took almost the whole hour, but we hammered out a deal that was agreeable to them regarding the plot of this series. Then Banana and Ryone agreed that if the topic of where they were at the time of this production meeting comes up, they'll just tell anyone who asks what they did that night, the suggested cover-story: that they got abducted by aliens, probed in every orifice, and it was awesome.

After coming down from up there, Ryone asked Banana if he caught any secrets from the writer with her Synthetic Telepathy stuff. She said she wants to track down that girl who used to work in accounting, and ask her what she believes in, what drives her, her goals, etc.

Then Ryone asked, "Can I at least walk you home?"

Banana tried to think of a word other than “creep” to use in a rejection. She just turned to him, smiled politely, and said, “I’m sorry. I need time alone, please. I need to un-fuzz my head during a walk home, by myself, please.”

“Okay,” Ryone said, curious about what “un-fuzz my head” meant. Then they walked in separate directions.

Banana continued wearing her silver lip-stick while she spent the rest of the afternoon window-shopping and trying on a few outfits.

That evening, I sat with Mrs. Chan and Banana at their kitchen table, sharing a pizza with them that I had ordered from a pizza place.

I looked at Mrs. Chan and said, “You have news for Banana, don’t you?”

Mrs. Chan nodded. Banana knew what the news was ... because she had been reading minds.

I said, “I want to see both of you, and Ryone, at the Sawamura dojo tomorrow at dawn. At breakfast tomorrow, you two can have a conversation about that particular news, unless I stretch this story further.”

“A dojo?” Mrs. Chan asked. “Why?”

“What about the news?” Banana and Mrs. Chan both asked at the same time.

“Patience,” I said. “First, I want to get all three of you started on some introductory martial arts training.”

“You wrote us as fictional Japanese people who don’t already know martial arts?” Banana asked.

“How is a 34 year old Canadian a good martial arts teacher?” Mrs. Chan asked.

“The value of tomorrow’s lesson will determine if I’m any good at getting people started in their journey towards completing any tasks they may find themselves having to do, which might be accomplished with martial arts as a tool.”

“Okay,” Banana said. “I’m tired anyway.”

Banana went upstairs.

And, she removed that silver lipstick.

Right before dawn, Banana, Mrs. Chan, and Ryone, gathered with me at a field beside the Sawamura family’s property which included a dojo. From that field, we watched the sky go from a majestic purple to a bright orange as the low sun approached the horizon and thus

appeared from our perspective to be rising, but the sun was in fact still at the same low altitude. "In this story, you'll be facing Illuminati plots."

"Are the Illuminati the aliens who wrote the stuff we can read if we put on the Hoffman lenses?" Banana asked.

"That power alliance was taken care of by a wrestler," I said. "A lot of their shit is still lying around. However, the Illuminati is still around, and they're hatching plots. Throughout our epic saga to thwart their plots, we may sometimes consult teacher plants." I took a pipe from my pocket that had some ground marijuana in it.

Expressionless, Banana and Ryone looked at Mrs. Chan.

Mrs. Chan said, "Yay, weed!"

While we each took a couple hoots in the field, I gave them specific instructions for how to enter the dojo for their first time as my students, and my first time as their teacher of Martial Arts. First, we entered the yard. When we were in the yard, we took time to notice if the fish swimming in the koi pond are still healthy and energetic and wise and happy as all the other animals in the environment. And then we put origami dragons on the tree in the yard. Then we took our shoes off and entered the dojo.

When we entered the dojo, Mrs. Chan noticed, "This place reeks of weed."

"If it's smoked in here," Banana said, while looking down at how ash-trays and other smoking equipment was arranged quite neatly.

Mrs. Chan continued Banana's inquiry: "Why did we do it out there where someone might have saw us?"

I lit a cigarette, and said, "Myself and Sawamura sensei are developing a new technique called Tenjetoh. Did any of you notice that the wall scrolls are facing the walls, so that you cannot read them?"

"That was actually the first thing I noticed," Ryone said.

Banana nudged him in the side, and said, "Show off."

I said: "Whenever a wall scroll is relevant to a lesson, I'll flip over that wall scroll, and we will read it."

Banana, Mrs. Chan, and Ryone, all counted a total of 26 scrolls arranged on all four walls.

"Our first lesson in Tenjetoh is about stances. But first, do you have any questions so far?"

"Yeah," Banana said. "What do the wall scrolls say?"

I flipped one over, revealing Japanese writing that translates to: "Name over 700 Pokemon."

Banana and Ryone laughed, cheered, hopped with enthusiasm, and burst into singing a duet of the updated Pockerap, imitating stances many of the Pokemon would make in battle.

Banana and Ryone found themselves laying like two starfish, head-to-head on a big rock next to a pond in a clearing from where they could see the lighthouse Ryone lived in from. However, they gazed at the marvelous vista of sky.

Banana was wondering if her mom was thinking what she was thinking: Try the Hoffman Lenses on the wall-scrolls at the Sawamura Dojo.

"So," Ryone said. "Alan said the craft services tables are along the Antarctic ..."

"Yeah, but he said the craft services area is full of old men wearing designer aprons and smoking cigars," she interrupted him.

Banana's stomach growled.

"I'm hungry, but I wanna stay here for a while," she said.

"Yeah," he agreed.

I entered the scene with a paper box of small globular doughnuts that I acquired from a famous Canadian doughnut chain outside this story, and I smiled about the two of them happy together.

Then I said: "Hey, do you two want to learn how throwing stars fit within the philosophy of Tenjetoh?"

Their eyes lit up, and their stomachs growled.

I handed them the doughnuts.

The two fictional characters absorbed the doughnuts with enthusiasm.

When we arrived back at the Sawamura dojo, two parallel indoor alleyways were set up, each leading to its own large log. Both logs had targets drawn on them.

I gave Ryone and Banana each a stylish fanny-pack containing its own set of thirty three thin, sharp, rather normal throwing stars, and I said, "These don't leave the dojo until you're ready. And there are rules you must observe while you have them, and you will have them. You will get to use them on your opponents if you make that choice. But the responsibility behind making that choice is potential consequences, including the consequence which is victory. Are we clear?"

“Hai,” they both said in unison.

I took a step back, getting ready to order them to begin their practice with real, albeit fictional, throwing stars.

“Question,” Banana said.

“Hmm?” I asked.

“I want to know more about my enemy before I practice with a weapon. Will we be attacking the Illuminati directly, or ... what?”

“If you wanna,” I said. “You’re the main character; it’s your choice.”

“This is me confused,” she said. “As you as the writer know, I sometimes have problems with certain mean girls. But I joined their magical girl group to defeat 26 monsters of the week with magical powers. Do the Illuminati have anything to do with the 26 monsters that myself and The Emotion 16 Soldiers faced? And can’t I just use the same magical powers I used against those monsters, also against these Illuminati?”

Ryone was just silent, stoic. His back-story also included adventures.

Then I said, “If I were to tell you that one specific of thirteen branches of the Illuminati caused many situations where people voluntarily get poisoned because they think they need the poison, and they also don’t think it’s poison, but it’s totally poison, would you want to fight back against those specific plots?”

“Can you prove any of this?” Ryone asked.

“Yeah,” I said, “Billy Joe Jim Bob was a fictional character I came up with, who my Grade 6 teacher ordered me to kill. It’s possible for forces outside of one of my stories to order the death of any of the characters.”

“Holy shit!” Banana said, smiling enthusiastically at the throwing stars.

Ryone was also looking directly at the throwing stars with some longing.

“Begin!” I ordered, and they begun their practice with real, fictional throwing stars.

After some practice with throwing stars, it was still slightly before the time when Banana and Mrs. Chan usually ate breakfast. We had all accomplished a lot in that morning so far. Me, as a writer/fictional martial arts teacher, and Banana and Ryone as my students/characters.

I made sure that they left the weapons in the dojo. Then Ryone begun his walk towards his home, the town’s lighthouse. And Banana begun her walk to her home, which -- from this point forward in the story, I’ll refer to as Maison Chan.

Their walks were uneventful. But both teens wore satisfied grins because they just got to begin practice with throwing stars. “Damn right,” both eager young martial arts students / main characters, said, far apart, in unison.

When Ryone got home, the rest of his family were still asleep. So Ryone laid down in his bed, and listened to a radio station over headphones, while happily thinking, "Fuck the Illuminati."

When Banana got home, Mrs. Chan was almost finished preparing a big breakfast for herself and Banana. The dog, who Mrs. Chan had recently started calling Wu, even though Banana insisted that the dog's name be Doggie, was already eating.

Before we get to the scene wherein Banana and Mrs. Chan eat a big breakfast, I think it's appropriate and reasonable to chime in about 9/11 and other things to rant about. Personally, I think holograms could have projected false planes from the wide array of projectors on the secret dome over this flat earth, and someone -- possibly a reptilian -- who is either in the Illuminati, or one of their enemies, pulled it off as a n00b hack job. I've already seen an online presentation made by an acclaimed independent documentary film-maker who showed footage of an ex-president's ex-roommate who confessed to congress about his own hacking skills which may have been used to rig Diebold machines. I've read enough non-fiction by sci-fi authors that this seemingly far-fetched idea actually makes more sense to me than the 9/11 Commission's official report. So since the conclusion I immediately jump to is that it was orchestrated by hackers, and allowed to happen by criminal elements in governments, ...

... perfect. Mrs. Chan's getting ready to serve herself and Banana, two big servings of hash-browns, eggs, french toast, bacon, a selection of sushi, and delicious strawberries.

Oops ... tenses. Whenever I switch tenses in a scene, those are examples of those ripples in time which were mentioned earlier.

Elsewhere, on that on that morning in the 2005 of the alternate time-line wherein this story takes place, Ryone was in the town's only lighthouse, in his bed, listening to his radio, and he heard the sad news about Nelson Mandela dying in prison. He wondered if that were part of an Illuminati plot ... and he wondered what these Illuminati plots are that the guy who comes from the future in an alternate time-line to train himself and Banana in a martial art, and give them anime from the future through hiring a ninja from the future, etc, was beginning to tell them about earlier.

Anyway, in the kitchen of Maison Chan, Banana and Mrs. Chan were just about to begin eating breakfast when I entered the room, put two slices of bread in a toaster, and Banana turned to me and asked, "This has been bugging me. What happened to Billy Joe Jim Bob?"

"I couldn't write a finale for that story yet," I replied. "So a fellow student who had some really turbulent times due to the drama that's caused by a psychiatric diagnosis and prescription for being hyper and witty ... when those were his best qualities. Tangent: I'm absolutely certain that Psychiatry is an Illuminati plot. Either way, if anyone ever tries to jab you with a psychiatric injection, pull out a throwing star and aim right between the eyes."

"Right," Banana says. "That sounds about equal. They're attacking my brain. But what happened with Billy Joe Jim Bob?"

"Well," I continued. "This hyper and funny boy wrote a hyper and funny short story about how Billy Joe Jim Bob died in front of a pet store. I immediately wrote a Billy Joe Jim Bob story which showed that Billy Joe Jim Bob was alright in the after-life."

"What kind of ideas are you putting into Banana's head?" Mrs. Chan asked me. Mrs. Chan and Banana both looked at me with some curiosity.

"Hmm ..." I said. "I have an idea for an episode. But it involves yourself and Ryone playing the Super Nintendo game Pilot Wings individually, and then you two will compete against each-other in the unreleased Sega Dreamcast game Propeller Arena. Then, I'll write you both fighter-jets, so you can go shooting down chemtrailing planes."

"Chemtrailing?" Banana asked. "What's that?"

"Geo-engineering," I said.

"And what's that?" Banana asked.

"You'd know all about it," I said. "If you didn't turn off your internet at night. You are the kind of nerd that would end up finding out that stuff." I left the room.

My toast popped up. I came back into the room to get it.

Mrs. Chan asked me a question I didn't expect: "Will Banana be okay, fighting Illuminati plots with Ryone?"

"I have no idea," I said. "This is a totally new draft of the story. By the way, you left the dojo before the Pokerap was done. Why?"

"I'm more of a Beyblade person," Mrs. Chan said.

I ate toast, cereal, and a slice of delicious cheddar cheese, a breakfast which paled in comparison to the previously described large portions of awesomeness that Banana and Mrs. Chan ate that morning.

"Mrs. Chan," I said, breaking the silence. "I'll give you 30000 yen a month for renting your basement living area, until I either vacate for whatever reason, or you or your family needs that space for whatever reason ... if you include a portion for me in household meals you prepare, whether I'm here to eat it or not ... if I'm not, just put it in the fridge."

"Only 30000?" Mrs. Chan asked.

“Actually mom,” Banana said. “It could be nice to have the writer around. I want to be a writer.”

Mrs. Chan gave me a stern look, and said, “You will pay 45000 yen each month for what you requested.”

Those words hit hard. I went outside for the soothing and relaxing smoke of an extra large cigarette, leaving Banana and Mrs. Chan to their huge, delicious meals.

Mrs. Chan looked at Banana, and asked, “Has Ryone met Wu yet?”

Banana smiled, and said, “He has not met Doggie yet.”

“Lacy,” Mrs. Chan said, addressing Banana directly. “The news I want to mention.”

“I know the news,” Banana said. “And let’s talk about it. And address me as Banana.”

Mrs. Chan said, “I need to break character for a bit. I pretend I’m your mother, and I role play her because I look like her. Do you know who I am?”

“No,” Banana replied honestly. “I’m not ready to learn that truth. But let’s talk about the news. I was Lacy, but now I’m Banana. You are Banana’s mother.”

“Regarding the document I found,” Mrs. Chan said. “A long time ago, your father and Ryone’s father ...”

“I know,” Banana smiled. “And I’m cozy with it unless Ryone pisses me off.”

I was just starting to eat a big breakfast at a local Maid Cafe when I realized I was currently working on drafts of the story that explore a universe wherein Banana might not want to shove a sharp object down Ryone’s throat, so I quickly finished my breakfast, and placed a phone call to Ryone. I ordered him to meet me at the Sawamura dojo as soon as possible.

About twenty minutes later, myself and Ryone were standing in the Dojo.

“This afternoon,” I said. “You have plans, am I right?”

“Yes,” Ryone said. “Banana agreed to meet me at Fast Eddie’s Coffee Shop.”

“One thing I’ve learned about her while writing earlier drafts of this story,” I said. “Is that you can meet with her quite often if you don’t refer to anything as a date, and if you don’t tell her that you love her ... at least not until the right moment.”

“But,” Ryone said. “I want to date her because I love her. Why can’t I be honest with her about that?”

“Because,” I said. “Your honesty about that has triggered shit to hit the fan in every version of this story in which you were honest about that. And I recently started jumping into drafts of this story to help you because I hate visualizing you two not happy together. Look, I returned to the start of the story to make a difference, in your life specifically.”

“Why me?” Ryone asked.

“Because you were always supposed to fight Illuminati plots with Banana, but no other draft of this story has even made it that far because you and Banana always got bogged down with arguing. Since Banana seems to be tolerant of you so far in this draft, we should call her over here, and the rest of the morning should be spent in training you two in Tenjetoh, and telling you about Illuminati plots. Then you and Banana can still go for coffee in the afternoon, and you’ll have something more interesting to talk about than the short conversation you had at that coffee shop with her in previous drafts of this story.”

“Cool!” Ryone said. “I’ll call her!”

“Not yet,” I said. “There are some things I should go over with you first.”

“Okay.”

“Please sit,” I said.

Ryone sat down on the floor in the middle of the dojo.

“I’ll be right back,” I said.

I went outside to a shed beside the tree which the Sawamura family referred to as the Menshu tree ... don’t ask me what the word Menshu means to that family, as it ... never-mind. I carried a portable white-board from the shed, into the dojo, and set it up in the front of the room. Then I grabbed a marker from beside a bong that was near the wall that was opposite to the door. I wrote on the white-board the phrase, “confident humor.”

“What does confident humor have to do with a martial art?” Ryone asked.

“Maybe something,” I speculated. “Banana tolerates your presence more when you employ confident humor. If you’ve gotta be serious about something to her, throw in a humorous twist. Especially when the humor enhances whatever message you’re trying to get across. Satire is a type of humor that she may respond well to. But satire is a double-edged sword sometimes.”

Ryone was paying complete attention. He asked, “What’s satire?”

I placed my palm on my face. I had written a character who didn’t even know what satire is. I can’t even. I lit a cigarette, and sat down between the white-board and Ryone. Then I had an idea. I said, “Ryone, put Excel Saga on your anime queue. Get to it soon.” “Sure thing,” replied Ryone.

So, I moved the white-board back into the shed while Ryone called Banana. Thirteen minutes later, she sat in the dojo beside Ryone.

“Just a minute,” I said to them. I walked to the shed, erased the phrase “confident humor” from the white-board, carried the white-board back to the front of the dojo, grabbed a marker from beside a stash-can, drew a line across the middle of the board, from top-to-bottom, and filled the left side of the board with the following word-salad: “We’re not on a

huge spinning ball that soars through space at 1,000 miles per hour, wobbles and tilts 23.5 degrees on its vertical axis, orbits the sun at a staggering 67,000 miles per hour, in concert with a solar system that spirals 500,000 miles per hour around the Milky Way, and careens across the expanding universe away from the “Big Bang” at something like 670,000,000 mph. We’re in a story. The story has plot. You are the main characters, and it’s your responsibility to confront the plotters to foil the plots.”

Then I asked, “Any questions?”

Banana blurted out, “Just list all the plots, so we can decide which one to tackle first.”

“It’s not that easy,” I said. “Although I have them listed in my outline for the story, and I can just copy them here, you must first learn the foundations for understanding who is behind them, the scope and range of them, and that they are, in fact, plots.”

“You already said that the Illuminati is behind the plots, and you have also said that there are thirteen branches of the Illuminati.” Banana said. “So I have an idea,” she continued. “Just write us a way to take out one branch each episode, for the next thirteen episodes.”

“Yeah,” Ryone said. “If you’re the writer, Banana and I are the main characters, and the Illuminati are our enemies, we don’t need to know every detail. Just get us after them, so we can get it over with, and live happily ever after and such.”

“My thoughts exactly,” Banana added, then she asked, “Hey, you did mention two plots earlier. You said psychiatry is an Illuminati plot, and you mentioned something that I think you called chemtrailing.”

“Wait just a second,” Ryone said. “How is psychiatry an evil plot? Excuse me, sensei, but psychiatrists help people; they’re not evil.”

“Ryone. Have you ever went to a psychiatrist?” I asked.

Ryone replied, “No, but what can be evil about a person who you visit to unload your problems for an hour a week?”

“That’s just on TV,” I said. “Most psychiatrists don’t operate that way.”

“I didn’t know that,” Ryone said. “How do they operate?”

So I replied, “Many will give you forms with invasive ‘yes’ or ‘no’ questions wherein it seems all questions are phrased so that answering either choice can build a case for a label from a book called the DSM 5, and a prescription for a drug that allegedly addresses that label. The theory that people can have chemical imbalances in their brain is not only just a theory, but it’s horribly wrong, and propagated by evil forces. All psychotropic drugs are non-nutritious soft-kill poisons. And most people who visit a psychiatrist get a prescription for one of these poisons.”

“What’s a soft-kill poison?” Banana asked.

I replied, “It’s not a hard-kill poison.”

“I just wouldn’t answer the questions,” Banana said. “And I’d walk away.”

“The system is set-up to trap people into situations where it’s mandatory to fill out those forms,” I said. “Many people who refuse to fill out those forms are detained in hospitals where they neither want to be, nor need to be. At those hospitals, people don’t have any choice but to take regular doses of these soft-kill poisons that the establishment actually has the gall to refer to as medicine.”

“So how do we stop them?” Ryone asked.

“First of all,” I said, “I want to state here, in front of you two, and whoever’s listening, the fact that I have been in a situation where an asshole named Dr. Sadprat made me fill out many of those mandatory forms, and although what I answered on those forms was as accurate as it could have been with only ‘yes’ or ‘no’ as choices, the wording of those questions, and the fact that neither of those two choices were accurate answers for many of those questions, made all the answers combine to form a very inaccurate picture of who I am. No matter how truthful I tried to be on the forms, the picture that was painted of me from the wording of the questions, and the fact that I could only answer with ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ is a completely false picture that does not represent anything about who I am. I signed those forms because psychiatrists and the nurses who work with them are bullies who gave me no other choice but to sign them. My signature on those forms is not an indication that I agree with any aspect of what was expressed on those forms, or any aspect of the philosophy behind those forms, in any way. Through the experiences surrounding my run-in with psychiatry, I learned that most psychiatric patients just need to take certain minerals with vitamins b1 and b3, and follow their heart.”

“Your one and only,” Banana said, “Is someone who is even way better than that girl who used to work in accounting.” Banana smiled. “And before you get any dirty ideas, it’s not me either, tee hee!”

“What do you mean used to?” I asked. “She’s not there anymore?”

“Maybe she still does accounting,” Banana said. “But she doesn’t work in that building anymore, I know that much.”

“Shit,” I said, going along with what she was saying, because it gave me a chance to type that I said, “For me, a lifeline was knowing that she was just a two minute walk away. Whether I’d have the courage to make that two minute walk or not, and I usually didn’t, it was still -- for a reason called love -- comforting to know she was there. But now ... jeez ... you know, I only gave you that telepathy stuff so I could tell you what it’s a cover-story for, but the things you say are just brilliant.”

"I don't know," Banana said. "But when I was reading your mind, I learned that you think about the accountant very often each day, and they're usually good thoughts. You're often proud of her for things that you only heard through the grapevine about her achieving. Also, I know precisely which things in common you write me as if I have with her, because of the way you separate me from her. But yet, you'll find that your distraction with her is an error, because you'll find someone even much way-waaaay better!"

"Uhh ... yeah," I said. "Like I said, you're brilliant. I separate you from her. You do different things with your hair sometimes, but it's quite a lot more than that."

"So," Banana continued. "You took a shitload of notes in order to write this novel about a girl who's different enough and stuff. So just write the entire novel, because I know you've got nothing better to do than imagining characters you like defeating the illuminati."

"Yeah," I said. "She fuckin' already finished writing a novel I liked anyway, I should at least catch up ... and maybe she'll like this one, like I liked hers. At least that would be something. At least it's a maybe."

"Uhh," Ryone said. "Sorry to break up the soap opera, girls, but I thought we were here to train to fight the Illuminati."

"You're absolutely right, Ryone," I said, then I gave them a secret signal which indicated the concept of chuushin. They assumed ready stances. I gave them instruction on a basic move, and then told them to repeat the basic motion of that move for an hour. They complied with some enthusiasm for exactly an hour, then they both asked with equal enthusiasm, and in an almost unison, if they could train with the throwing stars next after a fifteen minute break, and I told them to take twenty.

The television studio which contains the 2005 Earth wherein Banana Chan takes place, is on one of the two planets that share the distinguished title as the the biggest planets in the known universe because they have the exact same measurements. They are globes which are so big that an incomprehensible amount of Earth sized areas would need to be arranged side-to-side before any curvature is measurable with any of the technology that Earth's civilization has. The reason I mention this is because many Earths have been built in side to side television studios on the part of Catland called Oceania, and this segment of what is still the lengthy exposition for this story, begins with me leaving the massively huge building atop a television studio which is currently filming scenes which take place in the year 2005 AD. And I hopped into a cab.

"Where to, bud?" the scruffy six foot tall bipedal tabby behind the wheel asked me.

I pet the back of his head until he purred, then I said, "Dogland."

He drove into the nearest interstellar highway entrance, and then he said, "The rate is Instantaneous to an hour."

"Two minutes," I said.

He started driving, and he turned on the radio.

A song about Banana Chan begun playing.

I turned off the radio, and the driver barked at me about it for the rest of the two minute drive to an interstellar highway exit from which the cab emerged onto the capital city of the planet Dogland. I gave the driver a treat, and pet the back of his head, before I exited the cab, and headed to an information booth. I figured that the woman from accounting might have come to Dogland, so I waited in a line, and told the canine information officer her first and last name. He also asked for her middle name, but I don't know it, so I expressed my hunch that it's derived from the bible. He just stared blankly at me, so I gave a bit of a description, and the information officer found a matching record, and said that she hasn't been on Dogland for quite some time because she had actually been blocked from the planet Dogland because the business she now works at, on one of the 2015 Earths, discriminates against unvaccinated dogs. He said he was not allowed to give me any further details due to some intentional beurocratic process inhibitor. I said I was going to bring it up the next time I see my older brother's ex-roommate.

I had a clue: a dog-related business on a 2015 Earth.

I asked how her block could be lifted.

He said she can wipe her record clean by attending a Genesis Festival at one of the 4000BC Earths that are opening soon (which would mean dissolving certain contracts with certain other earths first, because those other earths are owned by other companies), or she has to make an honest effort to stop the dog owners she interacts with at her workplace, from vaccinating dogs before her ban from Dogland can enter an appeal process.

I thanked the Information Officer for his services, took him for a walk during which he kept reminding me of the importance of spreading the word of Christ throughout the universe, then I caught a cab back to Catland, and re-entered the 2005 Earth where Banana Chan was being taped.

By the way, the interstellar highway system is called the G-Highways, and the letter “G” stands for the name of the king of the known universe, a fun little furry critter who used to be one of my brother Darren’s room-mates. But that’s not important to this particular story right now, which is why I simply referred to it as an interstellar highway. But from this point forward in the story, the interstellar highway system will be referred to by its true name, the G-Highways.

Banana and Ryone met up at a point between each-other’s houses, and took a convenient short-cut across a thin path in a field, to a very small strange white building with a weird cone on the top of it, and a single wooden door on the front of it. Ryone was wearing a back-pack. Banana had a laptop computer in her arms.

Banana opened the door, and Ryone followed her into the strange little building. They found themselves in a little room with a large chandelier hanging from a mural of flowers and cats.

They descended the stairwell all the way to a wonderfully decorated multi-level arena-sized coffee-shop and book readery that about fifty people were relaxing in, drinking coffees, and eating free pastries.

They approached the fizzling yellow vortex, named Eddie, that gives people the exact coffee they want, precisely one second before they’ve made their choice from the menu, and also adds that coffee’s price to a customer’s yearly “thank you for stopping in at Fast Eddie’s” cheque, which is an actual cheque for money that you’re given each year you’ve made any stops in at Fast Eddie’s. It was the epitome of a very welcoming place.

A local otaku and hikikomori intentionally created Fast Eddie’s in order to have a place where people could read books from the future, eat pastries, and drink coffee prepared by baristas from the future who give you your coffee through the fizzling yellow vortex named Eddie. There was even a smoking area that was really decent. The local otaku and hikikomori created it in the mid 1990s with equipment he bought from a pretty awesome store in a future shopping district called NeoAkihabara. So how did he get to NeoAkihabara? Why with the help of a masked 12 year old ninja named Buster Chan who he hired ‘cause he saw Buster’s Hokage’s ad on a web-site that was only online for a few hours one night in the mid 1990s.

So anyway, Banana and Ryone each grabbed an Elric, which was hot water and four and a half shots of espresso in a 16 ounce cup, and they headed to a table for two where

Banana set up her laptop, and then Ryone took a slightly better laptop out of his backpack and set it up. They sat across from each-other, with laptops, sipping Elrics while reading about the Illuminati on the internet and copying information to text files which they edited and re-arranged and trimmed to see what fit where.

They were also in other computer programs, designing charts, Venn Diagrams, other types of diagrams and maths, connecting Illuminati to plots. They were also designing storyboards and 3D models to illustrate speculations.

They did this all this in silence for about an hour before they were about to compare notes, when a barista from the other side of the fizzling yellow vortex projected his voice from the other side of the fizzling yellow vortex, through a throng of chattering customers.

“Hey, Alan!” said the voice.

I had just entered, and I was pleasantly surprised to notice that Banana and Ryone were peacefully doing something on computers together. I approached Eddie, retrieved an Elric, said “thanks,” and asked him, “How’d you get into serving coffee from the future?”

“Heard about it years ago, thought it was a cool idea.”

“What are you when you’re not transferring coffee through a fizzling yellow vortex?”

“A voice actor from America.”

“Nice,” I said. Then I approached Banana and Ryone. I told Ryone, “Hey Ryone. The Chikubi Tsuisutā technique in Tenjetoh is a very important skill that may prevent some issues you in particular might face in this story. So when you’re not busy, I can be found at the dojo.” “Okay,” Ryone said.

Then I left.

Sawamura-sensei sat by a wide lake in his imagination, while smoking a pipe. In the pipe was a mix of smokable herbs. I approached him, and said, “you have to teach him the technique.”

Sawamura-sensei argued with me, by saying: “You’re ready to teach him the technique.”

“The long way, or the short way?” I asked.

“You could take the long way,” he said. “Write a novel about it.”

I nodded.

Then, he said, “Or, you could take the long way, and do a montage.”

I nodded.

Then I said, “Ah, I kinda wanna teach him the technique. I wrote it.”

He nodded.

I sat down on the grass, and lit a cigarette.

He handed me his pipe, saying, "This is good shit."

"No thanks," I said. "I already know what I'm smoking for this."

Ryone approached us.

I said, "Sensei. This is the student I was telling you about. His name is Ryone."

"Yes," the Sensei said, looking at Ryone. "Your family lives in the light-house."

"Yes," Ryone said.

"You will learn the technique fast," the Sensei said. "Alan has it down to a science."

"Yeah," I said. "Observations were still being processed, so the science part wasn't completely documented before implementation became automatic, and the Matrix started breaking in a cyclical manner."

"Yes, I know," Sawamura-sensei interrupted. "Just let Ryone know of the potential consequences before you ..."

"Consequences?" Ryone asked.

Sawamura-sensei and I just looked at each-other.

"There might not be any consequences," I said.

Sawamura-sensei nodded, and said, "That's true."

"Or," I said. "There could be consequences."

"You guys are speaking in riddles," Ryone said.

"I've chosen how I'll teach you the technique, Ryone."

Sawamura-sensei shook his head.

Ryone and I headed for the dojo.

In the Dojo, I told Ryone, "This technique is called the Nipple Twister. However, you will not be twisting anyone's nipples while you practice the technique, as this is not a technique for twisting nipples."

"Then why's it called the Nipple Twister?" Ryone asked.

"I like your logic," I said. "You'll learn this technique fast, if given the chance."

"But you're here to teach me the technique," Ryone said.

"So let's get started. You don't need to take any stances, just get a box from Sawamura-sensei's shed. There are a lot of boxes in there. You can take as many as you need. Bring the boxes to your home, and eliminate books from your home environment which no one in your home environment has any intention of ever reading, and books that no one has any idea why they are even there. If any books are like that in your household, bring them to the dojo."

"That describes a lot of crappy books that are in the house," Ryone said. "I can already tell between crappy and good books."

“Tenjetoh has its own word for a crappy book,” I said. “And we’ll examine some of those books to see if I’ll have to teach you that word. If you follow the path of Tenjetoh, there are rewards for everyone in your environment if anyone can get off their ass and pitch in with what you’re doing.”

“Yes, Sensei,” Ryone said. And he headed to the shed to get some boxes.

The next day, six boxes of books were in the middle of the dojo. Ryone was sitting in the middle of the room, reading one, and he complained: “It hurts to read this, it’s so bad.”

“So put it back in the box,” I said.

“Alan,” Ryone said. “Everyone in my family found some good books that we’d like to read, and I could have sworn I saw a dead relative at one point when I was doing this task.”

“Did you smoke any weed?”

“Yeah,” he said.

“Don’t do that while doing this technique in a haunted house. And don’t do that at all unless we’re using it for purposes within Tenjetoh.”

“I didn’t know my house was haunted.”

“What did your dead relative do?”

“He wandered in, looked at me, nodded, and wandered out.”

“Well then,” I said. “That’s that. And no more weed until you’re seventeen unless we need it for something.”

“Okay,” he said. “When am I gonna learn the Nipple Twister?”

“Trust me,” I said. “You’re learning it. Next step can wait a while. You’re already making far more progress than I expected.”

“Okay,” Ryone said.

“By the way, Ryone,” I said. “For the rest of the day, go home and read one of the books you’ve just added to your queue.”

“I still don’t understand why it’s called the Nipple Twister,” Ryone said.

“Yeah,” I said, “But those books are your dividends for all the work you’ve done.”

“Dividends?” Ryone asked. “What does that word mean?”

“In Tenjetoh,” I said. “All words that are used within Tenjetoh have meanings.”

“I’m intrigued,” Ryone said. “I don’t want to read. What’s my next task?”

“Go home,” I said. “And do the dishes.”

“No,” Ryone said.

“You will never learn why it’s called the Nipple Twister unless you do the dishes,” I said. “All of them. Right now.”

“Can I please do something else?” Ryone asked.

"Clean your bedroom," I said.

"Fuck you!" Ryone said, and he stormed off.

Sawamura-sensei entered.

"You know what we have to do," Sawamura-sensei said.

We begun sorting through six boxes of books, while Sawamura-sensei said.

"Kids these days. They won't even."

Ryone returned to the dojo three days later. He said the mood in his house raised when his family started getting into reading the books they had chosen, and they were putting things in the spaces where the books were, the house was starting to look like somewhere they could invite guests to. And that fact raised the mood and energy in the house a lot. Everyone insisted that Ryone return to the dojo for more training in this mysterious and dreaded technique he was on the path towards learning, called the Nipple Twister.

Seriously, I stared at him, and said, "I didn't believe the bullshit a guy spewed at me for a long time about 'Pole Shifts', his achievements in jogging, and pharmaceuticals being able to do a lot of weird and awesome things, but I didn't call him on any of his bullshit. You know why?"

"Why?" Ryone said.

"Because he was talking to me at a party where a cousin of mine who is nice to everyone else but me was also at. And it was either listen to this guy's bullshit, or go call my cousin on her earlier bullshit. I chose the route that wouldn't cause my cousin to spin-out. Simply talking to her at my dad's funeral service -- if only to politely call her on her bullshit -- was not to happen because, it seems another individual had already spun a convenient tale about me to her. My point is: For the most part, call people on their bullshit. No gender bias." "So," Ryone said. "Why exactly didn't you call that guy on his bullshit?"

"He was 74 and healthy," I replied. "Lying to me about esoteric stuff in a church hall was what he wanted to do, he did it, and ... although I was bored ... I admire that he told his story tightly, well-rehearsed."

"You're talking about the 2015 Earth where you're originally from, aren't you?"

"Yeah," I replied. "It's currently 2015 in that one."

"Banana told me some things she learned when she read your mind," Ryone said.

"When?" I asked, with genuine curiosity.

"I called her," Ryone said.

"Don't do that," I said. "You shouldn't do that."

"Bullshit!" Ryone said.

“And what exactly, that you learned about me, do you want to share?” I asked.

“You were in the project to develop time-travel for this 2005 Earth. Why don’t you

just implement the method you learned in the 2015 Earth where you’re from, and ... ”

“Okay, listen,” I said. “In this draft of the story, you two seem to be talking on the phone often. Has Banana ever called you, or do you just call her? That doesn’t matter. Get Banana to call you,” I said.

“How?” Ryone said. “I’m always the one who calls her.”

“Don’t call her for a few days. I’ll schedule a training session with both you and her in a few days. And when you finally see her here, at that training session, tell her that although the Rain Hazuki’s are notoriously poor, at least the Rain Hazuki’s pay their phone bills. She might ask you what you meant by that, and that’s when you politely ask her why she didn’t call. This is perfect because right now is a time when you and Banana are talking on the phone.”

“I see,” Ryone said. “Thanks, sensei.”

“Now,” I said. “To continue your training in the Nipple Twister. Any VHS tapes or DVDs in your family’s household that no one in your family ever intends to watch, or ever intends to watch again, bring them here. There are boxes in the shed. If any of those tapes or DVDs have to be destroyed, for any reason, now is when you destroy them.”

“Yes, sensei.” Ryone said. “Is that all?”

“No,” I said. “Clean your room, and do the dishes at least once in the next three days.

Seriously, did you know dust bunnies are so rare in Banana’s house that she’s named one?”

“No.”

“Well, you’ve got a lot of way more than dust-bunnies to take care of before you can really know the technique Sawamura-sensei has dubbed The Nipple Twister.”

“Yes, sensei.” Ryone said.

“That will be all for now,” I said. “I’ll see you and Banana here in three days.”

Ryone and I bowed to each-other.

Three days later, Ryone and Banana sat beside each-other in the dojo, and Ryone delivered his line flawlessly. Banana said she’ll call him sometime. Then I set up the alleyways for practice with throwing stars.

They spent the whole afternoon practicing, then they went their separate ways.

The next day, I met Ryone in the dojo. I asked him if she called. He said she hasn’t, and that he wants to call her. I told him to spend the time on the path towards learning

Sawamura-sensei's technique. He asked what to do next. I said, "hokanohito no hokori." And I don't know if I pronounced that right, but he did ask for more explanation, so I said, "This is the part of training called 'Other People's Dust.' The first step in 'Other People's Dust' is you pick up stuff that other members of your family left in inconvenient places throughout the house, and you put them in more convenient places, or -- if it really seems like junk -- you ask the person who brought it into the house if they intend to do anything with it. If they don't, you may throw it away. That's just the first step in the part of training called 'Other People's Dust.' In that house, you can break the matrix while doing this if you're also smoking weed -- that's totally normal. If ghosts appear, dance. No, I'm not gonna put you through that. You're doing this for two hours total, and then you're watching anime from your queue for the next two days."

"Yay, anime!" he said.

"And what if Banana calls me?" Ryone asked.

"You thank her for calling, but tell her you're too busy with some individual training to talk."

"Alright," he said.

Three days later, Ryone had a big smile on his face. He said everyone chipped in, and the house looks lovely on the interior. He asked if that was all so he could invite Banana over. I said, "If she calls you, invite her over. Play this with her." I gave him a copy of the video game Propeller Arena."

His face lit up with a smile. Then I said, "Oh, and if you do find yourself playing that game with her, and if there's ever a moment when both of you are laughing really hard at something, tell her she's pretty when she laughs, and that you'd compliment her more, but you've gotta get up early for more individual training. Turn off the game, and politely tell her it was fun, but you need her to go for now. And then, right after she's left, you run here for more instructions."

"Yup," said Ryone. "Got it."

"And tonight, as part of your training, take out all those garbage bags you filled with crap three days ago. For fucks sakes, kid."

"We don't have a big enough garbage bin, and the truck only comes once a week." "If any of your neighbours have ever been hostile towards you, put it in their bins."

"Actually ... a nearby house, yeah," Ryone said. "I guess you could say one neighbour put a curse on me."

"Yeah, I wrote that into your back-story because it's based on something a neighbor once said to me," I said. "Throw the bags over her fence. I'll write that that crap rots there."

One evening in the dojo when Banana and Ryone were continuing their practice in a basic fundamental principle for throwing stars, which is to just throw them with intention of hitting your target, keep doing that, you'll keep getting better, Banana said, "What I found online about chemtrails was interesting, but I've never seen one over Rain."

"Neither have I," Ryone said.

"Oh," I said. "Well, it was awesome visiting you guys, but ... it's nearly a couple hours into the story, and I was going to take Ryone to Canada at this point, so he could meet some people about some stuff, but now it seems ... wait ... did you say you've never seen a chemtrail over the town of Rain? This place is awesome. And this is a version of the story where you guys are training to be ninjas?!"

They both give me that weird look. It spread to Ryone in this draft, fit him nicely.

"National Novel Writing Month's coming up in my 2015 earth, but the accountant is sometimes there, and her presence can throw off my writing sometimes. That event is an odd balance of mostly women, and some men. When anyone there does talk to me, at least they bring up interesting stuff. Authors. Mostly amateurs."

Banana, who I just noticed had auburn hair in this chapter, put up her hand; she obviously had a question. Even though I try to describe her hair accurately, I had no idea whether she dyed it auburn, or if that was her natural hair color.

"Yes?" I asked.

"What did you mean when you said she can throw off your writing sometimes?" Banana asked.

"At a National Novel Writing Month event, she walked right across my field of vision when I was trying to visualize eventually putting a book on the shelf that she walked between me and."

Ryone asked, "What shelf was it?"

"It was health related stuff," I replied.

"Maybe she was trying to remind you that you were there to write a novel," Banana said.

"Interesting theory," I said. "But I think she was just finding the clearest path through a crowded room. That clearest path just happened to be right in front of a shelf where six copies of a book I later ended up writing about a health topic were eventually put. Three of those copies ended up selling over the six months they were there, but that's not the point of the story. The point is that this one sardonic woman who attended some of those events had a clue about Illuminati plots, so I reminded her to be at a NaNoWriMo dinner. That was the one where the accountant was sitting across the table from me. I was wearing my 'deer in the headlights' shirt, as I like to call it. I felt it an appropriate shirt for a situation where I'd have to politely eat supper

across from the woman who scarred me, while waiting for another woman, a sardonic woman, to figure out a way to compare notes with me about the Illuminati. And the sardonic woman finally asked me a question regarding that TV show The Lone Gunman. I validated her question by expressing that I knew the same thing about that show, but that it gets deeper. She agreed, and continued talking with her friends. I finished eating, paid for my meal, and left. You know, that earth is probably the 2015 earth that the accountant is in. But I can't attend NaNo this year because I stole the title for my health-genre book from a book the accountant was working on, and I still haven't really spoken with her about that, aside to mention that 'it's a sellable title' when she was talking about it at one of those events. And speaking of my 'deer in the headlights' shirt, there was a moment when she had a 'deer in the headlights' look on her face, when I had to look right beside her to see what made a weird noise."

Banana and Ryone each put their palms to their faces briefly, in synch.

"Oh, that reminds me," I said. "Both of you can take your throwing stars home now. Use them at your own discretion, but try not to hurt anyone unless they attack you. Don't use your weapons on someone who provokes you. They have to actually attack you to deserve it."

Banana said, "I'm actually more of a kunai person."

"Yeah, well you're kind of inspired by someone who once wrote on a social media site that she wanted to put a sharp object down my throat, so please appreciate that I gave you the stars. Oh, and before I forget to mention: Banana, that synthetic telepathy stuff was intended to cover-up and help you deal with the fact that you temporarily had a mental health issue."

Banana did that thing where she raised one eyebrow and lowered the other, while she asked, "What mental health issue?"

"Temporary audio hallucinations," I said. "And unless temporary audio hallucinations include some sort of paranormal telepathy, you never actually heard anyone's thoughts, but you had temporary audio hallucinations of your brain's approximation of what other people would say to you if they approached you."

"Yeah," Banana said. "That does make sense. And thinking it was the lipstick did help me deal with it. Thankies."

"You're welcome," I said.

Sawamura-sensei entered the dojo, faced Ryone, and said, "Ryone."

"Yes, sensei?" Ryone asked.

"You may make a choice now. You may go to Canada with Alan to meet some people about some business, or you may begin training in kunai with Banana, with me providing supervision."

"Yay, kunai," Banana cheered.

“I’ll go to Canada,” Ryone said. Then he added: “Who are these people?”

Then I thought about what happened in a quite recent draft of this story, and I said, “The Canada trip is either cancelled or postponed until later. Both of you will train in kunai together, with both myself and Sawamura-sensei here to consult with each-other about what steps you two should take next in training.”

Banana and Ryone looked at each-other, smiled, and said in unison: “Propeller Arena!” Then they zoomed out of the dojo.

It was a beautiful day when, after Ryone had finished playing some video games with Banana (mostly Sega Dreamcast titles), he was sitting on the couch, in the living-room of Maison Chan, with Mrs. Chan, watching the American television show Doctor Oz.

On the screen, Doctor Oz stood in front of an animation of how Candida overgrows, escapes from intestines, and how the immune system sends mutated and atrophied cells to dogpile onto the overgrown candida, to become tumors. As Doctor Oz stood in front of that animation, he said, “Because of my show’s pharmaceutical company sponsors, television network regulations, and my medical license, I’m not allowed to say that the book written by my guest today, Alan Holman, reports about methods of curing cancer that work, but I just said it, so this is my final episode. And I’m resigning my medical license. I’ll celebrate my finale with you at home, and my guest, Alan Holman, and -- of course -- my live studio audience, as we explain how natural alkaloids like cannabis oil, when taken along with a candida-cleanse diet, plus papaya enzyme supplements, cures cancer 100% of the time. Rather than submitting yourself to the organized murder which is chemotherapy, see for yourself that the three underlying issues of cancer are an overburdened pancreas, acidic body ph, and overgrowth of candida. That’s the truth, and telling it right now is why I’m fired.”

Mrs. Chan turned off the television, and said, “So now we know where Alan is.”

Ryone said, “I like Doctor Oz.”

Mrs. Chan nodded in agreement.

Ryone asked Mrs. Chan, “Hey, did Alan tell you that whole Flat Earth thing?”

“No,” she said. “Is the Earth flat in this story?”

“Yeah,” Ryone said. “The light from my family’s lighthouse can be seen farther than what spherical trigonometry says the curvature of Earth would allow.”

“But,” Mrs. Chan said, “Trips to space are in my back-story.”

“I know,” Ryone said. “They kept the fact from you that those space-ships went through a thing called The Firmament (technically called The Techdome), and then briefly traveled on a thing called the G-Highways, to the solar system which contains the planet which

all the Earths are based upon: Fraggel Land. And all space trips coming up in the future of this story are fictionalizations of elaborate hoaxes.”

In 2005, Ryone was compelled to imagine himself and Banana sitting by a fireplace, in a cabin by a lake. And he was motivated to write five letters to her, to explain what he could comprehend of his eternal love and commitment to her, which he would deliver to her mailbox each weekday morning the next week, totally confident and aware that that this was beyond the worst idea he could possibly have in this universe. I recognized this survival tactic, because I saw in Ryone his blossoming conscious awareness of the fact that all possible universes are like chess-boards, and the squares interlock into individual boards in accordance with each person’s awareness; his conscious awareness that his subconscious knew the details of this would allow him room for strategy. See, Ryone was also an Ace fighter-pilot in the video games that matter, such as the Wing Commander franchise for example. So, I rescued Ryone from the future dogfights his subconscious was plotting for him to win in, by calling him and I told him to go fetch Banana to the Sawamura Dojo, because we were going to spend the next week training in a variety of karate moves, because Tenjetoh is a philosophy that encompasses some karate and kung fu and a lot of openly racist hatred towards winged unicorns.

Meanwhile, Banana was compelled to remember 1998, when she lived in Tokyo; and she was seven, and she went by the name Lacy.

In those days, lacy had waist-length orange hair, and she was oblivious to the fact that she was going to eventually train in a variety of martial arts moves in the Sawamura Dojo.

In 1998, when seven year old Banana went by the name Lacy, and she lived in Tokyo, she had no idea that someone -- allegedly the Accountant -- would move three of my health books from the health section in that book store, to a section about quilting, and those copies of my health book in that book-store would remain in the quilting section for at least a week. But I digress from the part of the story where Banana remembers when she met that douche-nozzle Boden, and luckily Ryone was at the door to fetch Banana for training in a variety of martial arts moves before Banana would even remember how the time she met Boden coincided with an interaction with a butterfly ... at least that’s how it went in most time-lines in the Earth of Banana Chan.

But I’m getting ahead of myself. More about this in the next chapter.

Chapter 2: "Advanced Technology"

It was a very early morning when Banana and Ryone properly entered the Sawamura dojo, and sat on the floor while I stood at the front of the room, and I was finishing up telling them something. I said, "The woman I refer to as The Accountant actually co-wrote four of the scripts which this novel is adapted from. This novelization will eventually get to that part of the story. The novelization of that part will be true to the original scripts. And for that part of the story to be close enough to still work within the updates this novel version already has, a certain arrangement which Banana is aware of, and Ryone isn't aware of yet, must either go ahead as planned, or a reasonable compromise."

"Right!" Banana said with a salute.

"What arrangement?" Ryone asked.

Banana put her arm on Ryone's back, and said, "Don't you worry about anything, Ryone."

That made Ryone and me smile. But I had to ask both of them, at the same time, if they wanted to travel back in time and help this old dude from the past to carry a pile of stone tablets down a steep hill while a crowd is there and still interested enough to hear him read from the two he chooses to carry down from that hill. A person of his strength can only carry two. I told them this was an optional ninja mission for them, and I said the one option is go carry the stone tablet down the hill which contains only the eleventh commandment, which is, "barely any ball squeezing." Both of them fell on the floor, and rolled around, laughing, like I was joking. So I told them some lore. I said, "On the planet Catland, in a section called Oceania, in a city that is very large, and in a neighborhood whose name escapes me right now, 26 techdomes contain 76 television studios that have been built to contain and broadcast individual-centered shows from puddles that are referred to as Earths. These Earths are owned by GC Corp., which owns The Corporation Megalith, which owns the 13 Illuminati Families and all their corporations. And now, I'll train you in the Hazuki style's Cyclone Kick. It can knock down multiple opponents at once, with force."

Banana raised her hand. I addressed her, and she said she wanted to go and sit down and think about some things for a while, so I said she was dismissed, and she left the dojo.

Ryone trained in the Cyclone Kick while Banana walked to that pond she goes to, a pond which is nearby town, where she sits on a rock, dips her toes in the water, and ponders. That's what she did, while I taught Ryone the Cyclone Kick. She was gonna think about the first time she met Boden, but I was gonna write about the Cyclone Kick.

Cats and Dogs.

On the planet Catland, in the large puddle of continents called Oceania, on one of those continents, is what amounts to a grid of bubble wrap bubbles upon which there were many more bubbles, but 76 are the ones owned by GC Corp, which is my employer in the fictional universe of this story. Those bubbles are TV studios, each containing an earth, each with actors live-action role-playing a storyline which takes place on earth between 500BC and roughly 4500AD. These 76 earths are owned by GC Corp., other earths are in other numbers, exploring different time-frames, and owned by other companies who also mainly produce television for the wider universe that is about human individuals who, regardless of religion, are respectful of the teachings of Christ. The cats and dogs who work in an alliance with all the other animals in the universe prefer Christian broadcasting over the broadcasting of other religions that other animals like. The reason they prefer it is because it keeps the animals who they broadcast it to, respectful of divine principles. However, a new trend, which -- due to an alliance of angels and demons, and clusters of spirits on both sides, who got their hands on time travel technology -- has actually been around forever -- is creeping into notice; it's called "Eternal Atheism." A lot of cat and dog teenagers and young adults are into it. Some humans are taking notice of Eternal Atheist Culture.

And to side-track from that note, I bring you to 1998 in Tokyo, in a park where a seven year old girl named Lacy (who later started wanting people to call her Banana), who had waist-length orange hair, sat cross-legged in a position known to some people who meditate, as the Lotus Position. She had her eyes closed, and a silver haired seven year old boy named Boden Powers, who was holding a net for catching butterflies, while chasing a butterfly across a path which bumps into Lacy, bumped into Lacy, stumbling over her accidentally.

So of course, Lacy reacted violently, hitting him as her eyes turned red and a small storm seemed to erupt around her.

Boden didn't feel abused or assaulted. He laughed as if her pounding fists on his back tickled, so she stopped doing that, and Boden confessed, "Knocking into you was an accident. That butterfly has the spirit of a character who tried to fly nearly sixty kilometers to the sun, but his wax wings burnt off!"

Lacy completely dropped her guard even though where she came from, no one ever knocked into her by accident; it was always on purpose. "I'm lazy ... I mean Lacy ... by the way," she said, while she bowed respectfully low to him.

"You're too cute!" Boden said.

Lacy blushed.

Back in 2005, fourteen year old Banana Chan, who was thin and 5'2", sat on a

bench, facing a tennis court. Her eyes were on the people who were playing tennis, but her mind was still on memories of times when she found herself playing with Boden as young children. She looked up at a cloud that looked like a turtle and thought about how it looked like a horse.

The next morning, Banana checked the mailbox and found a folded note with a sticker-seal that said "From Ryone" on it. Unlike other drafts of the story in which she also got a note from Ryone on the previous day, and she didn't like it at all, she actually smiled at this point in this draft of the story, so she opened the note, and she read it.

The note from Ryone said, "My dearest Banana. I'm happy to just be around you. Just to train with you fills me with joy. Sincerely, Ryone. P.S. Get your ass to the dojo." Banana laughed when she read that last part, and then she put the note in her pocket, and she turned to face the direction of the dojo, and then finally, she started walking.

By the time Banana arrived at the dojo, I had already written the header: Basic Time Travel Math For Beginners on the white-board, and I had underlined it twice. She went beside Ryone, but looked at the board as he was also already looking at the board. I said, "The path of least resistance to the future is recommended by this school." I erased the words "basic" and "beginners", and replaced them with the words "advanced elite" and "Tenjetoh students."

Then I asked them, "What do we know they have in the future that we want?"

"Time travel," Ryone said.

So I said, "If they have time-travel, then they're either time-traveling or they're not time-traveling. For what reason would they time-travel, and for what reason would they not time-travel?"

"They would time travel to retrieve technology they want or need," Banana said. And she continued, "And they would not time travel if there are obstacles."

"Assuming no obstacles, what technology would they want?"

"Imaginative video games," Banana said.

"And what do all great video games have?"

"Nipple-twisting mind-fucks," was Ryone's reply.

"Stuff Square and Enix make," was Banana's reply.

Both students were absolutely correct.

Ryone's house still looked like a crap-hole on the interior, but Banana seemed

more than content playing classic Sega Genesis games with Ryone on a living-room couch while the rest of Ryone's family was out and about, doing whatever it is they do when they're not at home at this point in the story.

Ryone was crushing hard on her at this point in the story, but I had advised him to not even mention it to her while she was there enjoying gaming with him. I had told him to relax because she already knows, and be cooperative with her, and enjoy gaming without thinking he has to let her win anything when they go up against each-other. When it's time for him to be a leader, be a leader. Crack jokes often enough.

Later that evening, Banana gave the time she spent with Ryone a good review. And she asked me to tell her more about "that woman."

So I said, "I used to chat with her on MSN Instant Messenger, on which she'd often use happy and cheerful emoticons. That was before I learned MSN stood for Mason, and the Masons are the group who hide the true dimensions of our universe from us. Does she know our chats were a distraction?"

Banana squinted at me.

I couldn't interpret the squint, so I continued talking about conspiracies while behind her squinting eyes, she wasn't listening to me; she was thinking about three years ago, in 2002, when she lived in Tokyo, and she sat in a Junior High School lunchroom with Boden Powers, a boy whose parents actually considered naming him the cooler name Baden. Back then, her name was Lacy, and she was happy to just be around Boden in the same way as in 2005 Ryone was happy to just be around her. Lacy was an almost tomboyish girl with orange hair that went half way down her back, green eyes, and a tiny bit of barely visible freckles. Boden was an average looking boy with short, silver hair. Both children were aged eleven, but they were dealing with a serious issue in their relationship when Boden and Lacy were looking in each-other's eyes from across the table, and Boden said, "I have to say it."

"I know," Lacy said. "But when someone you tell ... it ... to goes away, it's heartbreakingly cruel, so ... whatever ... I love you, Boden."

"I love you too, Lacy," Boden said.

The two children shared a cute little kiss.

Then Lacy said, "Now what?"

"Before you go," Boden said. "I want you to read a book by a man named Baden. My mom taught me the meanings of the words in the book, and I can't say much about the book right now, but it's at my house. Please tell me you still have time to come over."

"I do," she said, smiling.

They walked to Boden's house to fetch some book of some sort.

Turns out the book they fetched was *Rovering To Success* by Baden Powell. I don't know what Boden gleaned from that book, but Banana and I have read it also, and after some discussion between myself and Banana about what each of us gleaned from it, I wanted to talk some things over with the accountant, who -- it turns out -- has also read that book, but I'm sitting on December 7th, 2015, at my computer, typing a story that takes place in 2005, and the individual who is fictionalized as The Accountant in this story cannot be reached for comment by me about some random book at this point in time, I assume. She's probably surrounded by one of her private armies of dogs who -- for some mentally ill reason -- comply with vaccines.

Ryone took Banana bowling. They had a bunch of fun while a little old lady, who was smiling, watched them take turns knocking down pins. Ryone won, but it was a very close game.

Later that night, Banana had been sitting on her doorstep for hours, talking on the phone with Ryone.

They spent the next three days training in punches, kicks, dodges, and blocks, at the Sawamura dojo. And on the second day of practice, Ryone mastered the Chikubi Shuishita technique, which is a level one magic attack that has an expense of four magic points; it summons the magical apparition of a beautiful naked mermaid whose nipples squirt white-hot lasers that triangulate on the target of the attack before she fades back into the magical realm from where she resides. Ryone is just starting off at level one with twenty magic points. At this point in the story, Banana is already at a higher level than Ryone, and she already has more magic attacks than Ryone has. This is Ryone's first magic attack. Banana is at a higher level than Ryone; the adventures in his back-story have more to do with running from explosions and thinking his way through obstacles and elaborate puzzles involving the fate of the known universe, good reflexes, and the occasional brawl in which he usually won with some split-second cunning, than magic.

So anyway ...

That evening, Banana laid on her roof-top, enjoying the moisture of the sea-side springtime air. She especially enjoyed how the author pulled strings with the boring school she was going to before this story begun, and how she's gaining school credit for the time she spends in the dojo, and thus she doesn't have to go to regular school on days in which this story takes place, unless I'm writing a chapter about her being in school.

And then an overhead-flying bird shit on her forehead, and she quipped, “Them’s the breaks, I guess.” I actually had that chickadee flown in through a ley-line teleportation vortex from a place called Pike Lake in Canada; I had eaten enough magic mushrooms that it was able to tell me in bird language that it just ate an unexpected meal from a generous passer-by, and that it wanted to shit somewhere foreign.

The next morning, I remembered that I promised the schools Banana and Ryone were supposed to attend, that I would be teaching those kids useful skills in the dojo, so I called Banana and Ryone from the Saskatchewan lake where I’d gotten a hot lead on the accountant’s location from a rabbit on my team, and I asked them to meet me at the dojo; then, I used a teleportation and time travel app on a handheld device called an IG.

I arrived at the dojo shortly before anyone else had shown up, and I went to the shed to fix the ...

... was distracted by something that needed repairing when Banana and Ryone arrived simultaneously; I added that repair job to a “to do” list on an app on a handheld device from the future called a phone, as I grabbed the portable white-board, and brought it into the dojo, as Banana and Ryone also entered.

They sat and talked cheerfully with each-other about something while I wrote the following few paragraphs on the white-board:

‘In the area of Catland called Oceania, each of the television studio domes which contain an earth, also contain several other, adjoining worlds; the Annunaki come from one of those adjoining worlds; they mated with humans and their hybrid offspring implemented monarchical political systems worldwide, on most Earths.’

‘Human/Annunaki hybrid bloodlines are the Royal bloodlines, the “blue bloods”. In the history of most Earths, roughly one thousand years after an Earth’s construction and implementation, the Human/Annunaki hybrid bloodlines start the modern version of secret societies in France; that would be roughly 5000 years ago. These secret societies spread worldwide, to overtly and covertly manage the creative input Royalty has on architecture.’

‘What makes the Annunaki hybrid bloodlines unique in this story is that they can shape-shift into lizards, often referred to in arcane literature as Reptilians.’

When I finished writing those paragraphs on the board, I told them that this course requires that we examine some textbooks, and that I hadn’t gotten the textbooks for them yet, so I went to a Sega Dreamcast that was in a corner of the dojo, and I turned it on and loaded a saved game of Shenmue wherein the character Ryo was in his family’s dojo. I triggered the moves menu, and picked a basic fundamental move, and I instructed Ryone and

Banana to practice that one for a few hours while taking less than a dozen breaks.

That afternoon, Banana invited Ryone over to her place to play Bocce Ball, while I sat on a porch with Mrs. Chan, and told her that an annoying plot-bunny that has come up in this story is that Banana's father Reg Chan owes 6,179,546 yen to a biker gang called the Furious Angels. Mrs. Chan, who actually had the power of time-travel (as will be explained later in this story), quickly poofed to somewhere in time, poofed back with 7 million yen, and said, "Here it is."

"Well," I said. "For this story to go smoothly, you must make sure they get it before a point in this story that takes place roughly five years in your future."

"Okay," she said.

She did a time-travel poof.

She poofed back.

"Their leader Lam Da is pleased with 455000 Hong Kong dollars," she said. Then she continued, "In other words, you can lay off on trying to train Banana and Ryone to fight."

"Actually," I said. "There are more antagonists in the story. Their training must continue."

"You gave drugs and dangerous weapons to teenagers," were the words Mrs. Chan shot me with, "told them to stab psychiatrists!"

"That's actually all useful for them in this story," I said.

"You told them the Earth is flat!"

"It is," I said.

"Prove it!" she demanded.

"A British TV show called Space Cadets convinced people that they were in a space ship. We were also duped by an elite with advanced technology."

"Where's your evidence?"

I removed a small device from my pocket, called an IG. I pushed a button, and a portal opened to the doorstep of Ryone's family's lighthouse. I pushed the button again, closing the portal, and said, "advanced technology."

Chapter 3: "What You Can't Even Do"

That night, after a dojo session wherein Ryone mastered a magic attack called the Reverse Nipple Twister, while Banana and Ryone were laughing at the stupidest jokes they were making up during video games at Ryone's house, I was in the basement of Maison Chan, checking the work of Banana and Ryone whom I'd earlier that day assigned to take a walk together through town while writing a list, that takes into account certain conspiracy theory

inspired venn diagrams which they'd created earlier in this story, of 26 things they "can't even" do together for fun in their bland town. The list they came up with during their walk through town was both enlightening and infuriating, and absolutely correct. Mrs. Chan was having tea with Ryone's parents, while Banana and Ryone were also at Ryone's house, video-gaming ... as I had mentioned earlier in this paragraph. That's when suddenly a piece of sage wisdom from Sawamura-sensei played back to me in my head. Sensei's voice said, "The women worth pursuing are themselves in pursuit of fit football players butts." I reflected on the wisdom in those words, while I thought about January 3rd, 2000, when I met a girl.

Some study said people make a strong judgement about other people in the first twelve seconds of meeting someone. The first thing I noticed about a girl was that she had a deep, sublime beauty about her. I think the first thing a girl noticed about me was that I had no eyebrows. Due to a glitch, my eyebrows weren't Y2K compliant, and that might have put a creepy vibe about me.

She had more personality than other girls. Sometimes, her personality surpassed that of even the best anime girls. Sugary treats were never wasted on her, so I habitually bought fortune cookies for that group of friends because it meant that one of those cookies would occasionally go to her; she metabolized the sugar into a cheerful and spirited personality that was super-awesome energy to be around.

And that's all I'll say about her for now, aside to say that if you have a dog, you should be a patron of one of her dog related businesses. Unless it's an un-vaccinated dog.

Back to the story of Banana Chan ...

The Reverse Nipple Twister is a magic attack in Tenjetoh which summons a naked mermaid whose nipples spray a volley of tornadoes at a target. Banana went on a late night walk in Sakura Park with Ryone during which she couldn't stop talking to him about how proud she was of him for mastering that magic attack. Ryone took note of her suspiciously high level of enthusiasm to see it used in battle against the Illuminati or their lackeys/minions/goons in the western medical profession.

Back to a girl ...

My memory can only verify that she ever made one phone call to me. It was when she finished reading manga I lent to her. Two big stacks of manga that she read cover-to-cover in less than two weeks. I can't read manga that fast. And I only read roughly a quarter of that manga in the entire time I owned those mangas. She read more of my manga than I did.

And that's why I'll always respect her.

Back to the story of Banana Chan ...

In the dojo, I said the first two letters, alpha and beta, of the word “abbreviate” may have something to do with why abbreviate is such a long word. Perhaps it’s more like alpha-brief-iate because of how many words can be derived from an alphabet. Does that even make sense?

While I was thinking about a girl, one of the characters let it slip to Ryone that he’s been arranged to marry Banana when he’s a bit older, and that she’s cool with it. At first, Ryone heaved a big sigh of relief, but then he almost immediately burst into an angry rage against arranged marriages. He stormed through a half-hour rant about how even though he loves the girl he’s arranged to marry, he doesn’t like the arrangement because he wants to design a life with her which involves getting married when they want and how they want. And by the next day, he had Banana on his side; she was also ranting about how although she will marry Ryone one day, it’s because she wants to and not because of the arrangement, and she will make all the plans when herself and Ryone decide it’s time.

And when Banana and Ryone were passionately telling me and Mrs. Chan all their feelings about the arrangement, Banana was wearing her silver lip-stick, and Ryone had several silver marks on his face that were shaped like her lips. That’s when I realized that I probably would be writing a more sellable story had I written this chapter from their perspectives ... and I wondered if that would have even be legal.

Chapter 4: “No One Messes With Banana Chan And Gets Away With It!”

I called a special dojo session for that night. When Banana and Ryone arrived, I gave them Samsung Galaxy S4 cell phones, and I told them that their cell service comes to them free, because it’s paid for by a group that calls itself a secret parallel space program.

I showed them that their phones came equipped with both the IG app store and the Eternal Atheist app store. The IG app store features apps that take advantage of quantum loopholes, while the Eternal Atheist app store features apps that put your soul in interesting situations ethically. I told them that apps from both of those app stores will be useful for them in this story. Of course, they also had the Google Play store, but that goes without saying.

They appreciated the phones, so I told them that they’ll have time to play with the phones and make a memorable story for you, the reader, after I tell them some information about The Illuminati.

So they sat down and listened, as I said, “On the plane of existence we call Earth, we call the bad guys The Illuminati; however, throughout all the planes of existence, the bad guys are popularly referred to as the Bad Guys. The Bad Guys are a powerful shape-shifting reptilian cartel who infiltrate planes of existence; they brainwash the people who

live on those planes to believe that they are not living on planes, and that they are in fact living on spherical balls called planets, which is a lie.”

“One peaceful race of humans lived on a plane that they believed was called Planet X. Planet X was infiltrated by the Bad Guys. Just when the conspiracy theorists on Planet X were waking up to the idea that there was a conspiracy of men called The Illuminati, fringe elements were also buying tickets to sold out stadium presentations by an author who claimed that The Illuminati came from moonships from planet Thuban 8 in the Draco Star System, which was just another myth to act as a cover story to distract people from what the Bad Guys were really doing.”

“Most of the news media on Planet X was owned by only six corporations. The Bad Guys in power put computer models in the news media which hoodwinked the population of Planet X into believing that ultraviolet rays were depleting their ozone layer, and causing skin cancers that were actually caused by the topical creams the Bad Guys sold to the people in order to prevent skin cancer.”

“The media of Planet X would broadcast further computer models that were created by the Bad Guys, which showed the people that high altitude spraying of vaporized gold-dust particles would reflect the "harmful radiation" back into space.”

“So the majority of the population of Planet X, even many of the conspiracy theorists, converted all their wealth to gold, and surrendered all their gold to The Bad Guys. The Bad Guys shipped all the stolen gold to a central location while the population of Planet X was exterminated with a powerful golden colored poison.”

“By this method, the reptilian Illuminati Bad Guys manipulated civilizations in countless planes of existence to give up their gold.”

“The bad guys are here.”

“But when faced with the puzzle of where to dump many toxic byproducts of aluminum manufacturing, a deceptive human industrialist labeled the group of toxins "fluoride" and manipulated a situation whereby municipalities are awarded grants for diluting it into tap-water, and issued fines if they don't -- this "fluoride" made most humans so passive and apathetic that they were unable to be manipulated into the extreme fear which the Illuminati's Plan A required.

So, for the first time ever, the Illuminati are using Plan B: Broadcasting computer models that hoodwink the population into believing that Global Warming is caused by Carbon Dioxide emissions, whereas actually the sun causes temperature which causes Carbon Dioxide levels to rise, which allows plants to breathe, which allows humans to breathe. The Global Warming hoodwink is designed to make humans suffocate themselves, so the Illuminati can steal all the gold ... just like they've done on countless planes before ours."

When I finished telling my story, Banana said, "I met a reptilian named Frau Angstweiler."

Ryone asked her, "Who's Frau Angstweiler?"

So Banana told the story to Ryone while I wrote the story for the reader.

So it all began in 1998 ...

[This novel was discontinued at this point, but check out this story in the project to put these characters into TV scripts, at <http://bananachan.neocities.org>]