

Bananas

A fable by (c) Bob Davidson 9th March 2018

There once was a man who was looking for a certain something. He supposed it was happiness. He thought and he thought and he thought about what it would take to make him happy. He finally settled on the notion that bananas would bring him happiness. Ten bananas, in fact, would bring him the ultimate happiness. Ten bananas would make his life complete. So he set about looking for bananas and just later that very morning he found his first one. Brilliant, he thought, my journey has begun. He felt happier already, and before he could draw breath, he found a second banana then quickly afterwards, a third. Each new banana made him that little bit happier and he was determined to keep looking until he had the magic ten. Well very shortly afterwards he found a fourth, fifth and a sixth banana, in a little bunch of three. Fantastic he thought, I'm more than half way there. Half way to ultimate happiness. He carried on looking and there on a ledge was another beautiful banana. That made seven in all, just three to go. The man felt so happy, so alive, everything in the world was beautiful. He saw beauty wherever he looked. He had never been so happy. The sky had never been so blue. The grass had never been so green. The birds had never sung so beautifully. He found his eighth banana, almost without looking. Just two more bananas and he would be the happiest man on earth. He put all his efforts into searching for the last two bananas, but try as he might he could not find the ninth and tenth banana. He stopped shaving, and washing and he stopped making meals for himself. He hardly slept, preferring to carry on his search in the darkness. People had obviously hidden them. He became more and more bitter and his searching became more and more frantic. I need these last two bananas, he cried. He had already forgotten how happy he was when he had seven bananas. If he'd tried really hard, he would have remembered that he'd felt ecstatic when he had three. But he'd forgotten all that. He began stopping people when he saw them. He accused them of being part of a conspiracy. Everyone was against him. How could he be happy now without those two elusive bananas? He moaned to people, I've only got eight bananas and I need ten, he would say. Well some people are happy with three or four bananas, people would say to him. Some people are happy with just one in fact. You've got eight surely you should be delighted,

they said to him. No, he would reply I need ten. Some people don't actually have any bananas at all, they would remind him. Oh, I don't care about them, he said, and he pushed the eight bananas aside and cursed them. He was miserable, really miserable. A million times more miserable than he was before he started looking for the damned bananas in the first place. But it was useless now. He squinted at the eight bananas out of the corner of his eye and they had begun to turn brown. He ignored them some more and when he dared to look at them again they were all black and wasted. He would never find happiness now... unless, maybe if I had ten apples, he thought. Yes, ten apples, that ought to do it.