

The True Tale of Banana Belt Liquors' Name

Donna ran the modestly-titled 'Woodland Park Liquor Store'.
Jack was her regular. Regular as in there everyday, not like what you'd expect in a person.

He was loyal, friendly, sane more-or-less, but Jack. Clearly he was sweet on Donna.
Once, he even bought her a present. It was a belt for her pants, with cows etched on it.
Her birthday was six days before Halloween, but he gave it to her on St. Patrick's Day.

She had no idea what to say.

After a pause he told her he'd moved to Woodland Park because he'd read
Bigfoot lived there. You get the idea.

This was in 1999, which meant Jack was particularly stirred.

With Y2K looming he figured life around Woodland Park was about to get strange.
Not like it would rain frogs, but strange. Empty grocery stores, nothing on TV, that sort of thing.

Worse, he'd have no one to pay his tab with Donna.

A blip noise somewhere and then he'd be broke, and Tim,
down at the bank, would've already fled to Costa Rica.

'No', Jack thought. It was their fault, anyway.

Why should Mr. bank manager get to relax while
people cleaned Donna out of liquor?

Just the thought of it made him thirstier than he'd ever been.

'No, it won't be Tim' he told himself.

He made one stop before the First National. Regrettably, Donna did not know or
understand what Jack was saying, but that was often the case.

Anyway, his purchase was gone by the time he got to the bank,
and when he demanded the cash from his savings account, he made even less sense to Tim.

New Year's 2000 came and went without a run on the banks or the air catching on fire.

Tim stayed put, and Donna made everyone's Eve with a big sale.

But no one saw Jack again.

2 years later, on St. Patrick's Day, Donna received a strange letter
with a delivery of hundreds of bananas.

It said she owned stock in a thriving plantation in Costa Rica,
and there was a check enclosed from Jack.

The bananas were to lure Bigfoot, so she could send him a picture.
Next to her, he said, Bigfoot was the thing he missed most in Woodland Park.

Donna used the check to spice-up her modest Woodland Park Liquor Store.
She added some bells to the weird strap of cows he'd bought her and hung it
so it jangled when a customer came in.

And she got a big new sign that read 'Banana Belt Liquors',
in honor of the warm breeze that sometimes blows up though the pass.