

# Adventures of Zi & Honeybun

## A Visit to Santa's Print Shop



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## A Visit to Santa's Print Shop

The retelling of a family story

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## A VISIT TO SANTA'S PRINT SHOP

"I want my banana," a tan colored monkey screamed.

"Zi, please, I'm trying to figure out which button to push to take us to Worton's place. Then you can get your banana," said the honey colored bear that was pushing buttons on a small box randomly.

"Maybe the repla-watzit can make me a banana this time," Zi, the monkey, said happily.

"The last time we tried it. We ended up blowing up the replicator, covering the floor with gunk, and we spent the next 12 hours cleaning up."

"But I want my banana," Zi screamed.

"I think that there's a banana in the fruit basket," Honeybun replied as he continued pushing a few more random buttons.

"Hey! Bananas!!!" Zi hollered before darting out of the room. This movement was immediately followed by the loud crash of something falling to the floor. "Banana, banana, banana, banana," the hyper monkey could be heard chanting from the kitchen.

The monkey then dragged a large banana back into the room. "Honeybun have you figured out what button it is yet." He then proceeded to peel the banana slowly and reverently open it.

**ZAP!** The two stuffed animals suddenly found themselves in a room vaguely circular in shape with a scorch mark on one wall. Or at least Honeybun did. Zi was so completely absorbed in stuffing his face full of banana that he was oblivious to the change in his surroundings. Honeybun recognized the scorch mark. It was all that remained from the replicator.

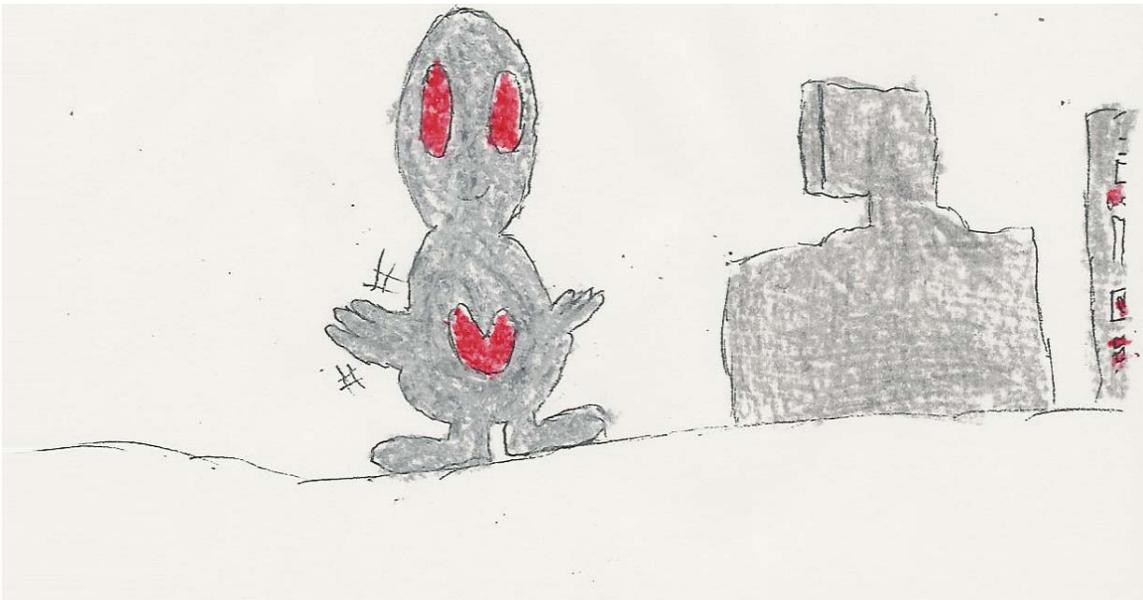
"Worton hasn't fixed the replicator yet."

Zi looked up from the remains of the banana, "I wanted another banana." Just then a silver colored alien with a bright red heart on his chest appeared in the doorway. "What are you two doing here again? I thought I told you not to come back."



"Hi Ya Worton" said the two friends as innocently as possible. "We thought you were lonely and we came for a visit." Worton gave a slight whimper. Then he seemed to cheer up. "That was nice of you two. Why don't we all go into my other room and have a seat. I think I might have some honey and bananas there." Honeybun turned to look at Zi and only saw empty space. The door to the next room was ajar and a cry of "Bananas" could be heard. Honeybun shrugged his shoulders and followed Worton into the room.

The room was square and in the center was a raised circular platform. Several chairs were arranged facing a monitor on the far wall. Already Zi was seated on one of the chairs with several bananas on his lap. When Honeybun walked over to Zi, immediately the whole circular area began to glow. They turned to look at Worton and he slowly vanished from sight along with the rest of the room. There was smile on his face and his hand was sort of waving.



The next thing the two friends knew they were sitting in a pile of snow. "What happened Honeybun?" "I think Warton transported us again," answer the bear. "Where do you think we are this time?" They both looked around and were pleasantly surprised to see a village close by. The buildings looked like they were made out of gingerbread with warm inviting windows. Some of the buildings looked like shops with signs hanging from peppermint sticks in front of them. One sign was decorated with candy canes and wrapped sweets. "Owww, look Honeybun, candy! I wonder if they have any banana flavored Jolly Ranchers." "I hope they have honey sticks," replied the bear as he ran along side the monkey.

They approached the Candy Shop at a sprint. Honeybun was able to slow the monkey down so that he would at least open the door. What they found inside was a workshop full of yummy treats in all shapes and sizes. There was a vat brimming with chocolate,



another with caramel, and a third with honey. Zi searched for his favorite flavor but didn't find it. A small little elf approached them. "Welcome to Santa's Candy Shop. What can I do for you?" Honeybun being older and much wiser replied that it would be wonderful if he and his friend Zi could taste some of the candy. "You know, to make sure that the children will enjoy it." The elves chuckled and lead them towards the taste testing room.

As they walked down the hall, Zi noticed a container full of banana shaped candy. Like a shot out of a gun, he jumped into the container shouting "BANANAS". As he came up for air, his head accidentally shattered a spout. Much to Zi's delight, banana flavoring squirted out everywhere. Red lights started blinking, alarms started ringing and elves started running in all directions. Gleefully, Zi started to try to fit his mouth over the broken spout. Honeybun grabbed onto his tail and yanked him off the spout and out of the container. Elfin hands engulfed them and the next thing they knew they were flying out the door. They landed head first several yards away in a snow bank.

"Mmmm that tasted good. Let's do it again!" "No, Zi they are all mad at us. Don't you understand? You just ruined a whole bunch of candy." Zi licked his fur and gave Honeybun a guilty look. "Well, I could go and help them clean up. I could lick all that banana flavoring off the floor for them." "That's a nice idea, Zi but I think we better get out of here."

They run down the street and around a corner. Further down the road was a building with a book for a sign. "Look Honeybun, it's the library. They'll never think to find us in here." So the two friends quietly opened the door and walked in. The sounds that greeted them were not the low hums of a library but the banging of a print shop.

"Honeybun, they are making books here. I wonder how they do it?" Honeybun shrugged his shoulders and together the two buddies snuck from place to place looking with wonder at what was happening. White paper was rolling along fast moving belts. Then it disappeared into a machine and out came printed pages. Those pages disappeared again. Zi was fascinated. "It's like magic." Honeybun bent down to get a better look at the pages that were rolling by and he heard a muffled cry. He turned to look at his friend and Zi had disappeared. "Zi, Zi where are you?" cried the frightened bear. But all he could hear was the sound of the machines clickity clanking along.

He ran from one machine to another looking desperately for his buddy. He saw comic books, dictionaries, picture books for babies but no Zi the Monkey. He ducked under a conveyor belt and came up on the other side to see lines of *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* emerging from an opening. As ten came out they were automatically bundled with plastic wrap and swished away into rows and rows of piles. As Honeybun stood transfixed by such a sight, he saw one book emerge with a furry leg sticking out. He rushed to grab the book off the belt before it was bundled. The books behind it started falling off the belt and before he knew it, he was under a growing pile. A whistle blow and bells started blaring. But before too long, all was silent.

Honeybun crawled out of the pile of books still clinging to the one he had grabbed. He opened it and there between pages 422 and 423 was a large splat in the shape of a monkey. He slowly peeled his friend from the page. "Zi, are you all right?" He shook the shape several times until it became three-dimensional. "Zi, wake up!" Zi moaned and slowly came around. "Where am I?"

"You were almost a Christmas present Zi."



chose to ignore you were patches on her cheeks

“Why... at he  
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er. When she  
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her voice quivered.  
“For your information, he has  
Harry, not one —”  
Ron changed tack at the speed of light.  
“Then he's hoping you'll help him find out  
I suppose you've been putting your heads together  
cozy little library sessions —”  
“I'd never help him work out that egg!” said Hermione  
outraged. “Never. How could you say something like that  
Harry to win the tournament, Harry knows that,  
Harry?”  
“You can't win if you don't have it.”

“You can't win if you don't have it.”

“This whole tournament's supposed to be a  
foreign wizards and making friends with them  
hotly.

“No it isn't!” shouted Ron. “It's about winning  
People were starting to stare at them.

“Ron,” said Harry quietly, “I haven't seen  
Hermione coming with Krum —”

But Ron ignored Harry too.

“Why don't you go and find Vicky, he'll  
you are,” said Ron.

“Don't call him Vicky!”

Hermione jumped to her feet and stormed  
floor, disappearing into the crowd. Ron watched  
ture of anger and satisfaction on his face.

“Are you going to ask me to dance at all?” I

“No,” said Ron, still glaring after Hermione

“Fine,” snapped Padma, and she got up and  
and the Beauxbatons boy, who conjured up a  
join them so fast that Harry could have sworn  
there by a Summoning Charm.

“Vare is Herm-own-ninny?” said a voice.

Krum had just arrived at their table clutching  
“No idea,” said Ron mulishly, looking up at  
you?”

Krum was looking surly again.

“Vell, if you see her, tell her I haff drinks  
slouched off.

“Made friends with Viktor Krum have you  
Percy had bustled over, and

Zi started to try to lick himself clean. "Oh, this doesn't taste like bananas!"

Suddenly a voice came from behind, "What are you two doing here?" Honeybun and Zi could only answer with a very sad, shameful look.

"Well let's get the monkey cleaned up and see how much damaged there is." The voice was deep and commanding. It came from a rather rugged looking elf wearing ink stained leather apron.

Before Zi could protest he found himself being dunked into a vat of smelly liquid. The ink slowly dissolved off. But not before Zi got a mouthful of the foul tasting brew. "What is this stuff?" he asked as he was pulled out the vat. "Fermented Reindeer Urine." Zi fainted.

Two elves grabbed both Zi and Honeybun. As they were being tossed out the door another elf added, "Every printer knows that urine is the best ink remover and printing press cleaner. We've been using it for over three-hundred years."

After landing face first into a mound of icy snow Honeybun did the best he could to revive Zi. He rolled him around in the snow for a while. Bounced him up and down while shaking him as gently as he could. The whole time he was muttering under his breath about how some monkeys should never leave the jungle. Finally Zi came around. "Oh, I'm going to be sick. I really think I'm going to lose it" "Well hurry up so I can get you cleaned up. You don't exactly smell like a flower you know." The two of them rambled down the lane. They spied Santa's stables and Honeybun rushed ahead.

Moaning, Zi followed behind. As he stepped through the door, Honeybun grabbed him and tossed him into a bucket of water. Taking a currying bush, he scrubbed his buddy rigorously with reindeer soap. The whole time Zi screamed and tried to climb out but Honeybun put his whole body into it and the monkey only managed to escape when Honeybun was finished.

"What are you trying to do drown me? You know monkey's don't take baths!"

"Well if you didn't fight so hard, it would have been over a lot sooner. Now we've got to dry you off. You've got to admit you smell better now."

A long rope hung outside the stables. It ran from the main barn to the feed shed. Zi clutched it with his two hands while Honeybun rummaged around in the barn. The sun felt warm on Zi's face and he shut his eyes enjoying its gentle touch.

Suddenly there was a loud humming sound and hot air rushed past Zi's face. Honeybun had found a blow drier and a very long extension cord. The

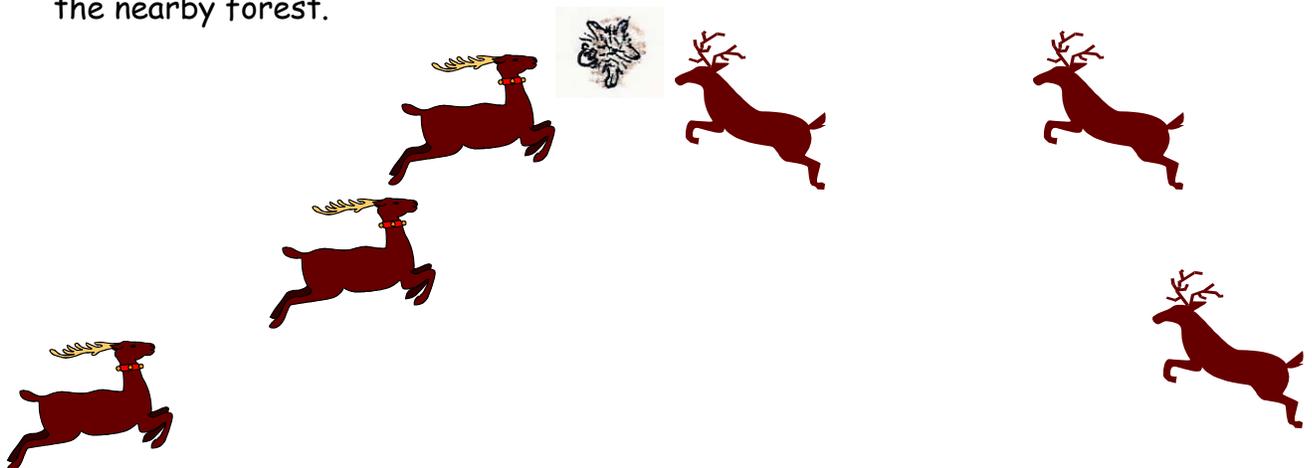
force from the dryer was strong and Zi had some trouble hanging on to the rope. But it did its job and before too long, all the fur on Zi was fluffed out like a big poofball.

The problem with becoming a big poofball is that the wind may carry you off. Zi could feel his hands slipping from the rope and although he did manage to yell for help, Honeybun was too slow. The wind slowly moved him faster and faster. No matter how fast Honeybun ran, he just couldn't catch up to his drifting buddy.

For a while Zi enjoyed his little ride on the wind. He could spin and twirl around. If he gathered himself up like a ball, he would speed up. If he stretched out as far as his arms and legs would go he slowed down. "This is fun!" He yelled out to no one in particular.

His adventure took him past several houses and a couple of fields. As he was clearing a fence, he suddenly hit something and ricocheted off into another direction. The obstacle was the head of a young reindeer who was just one of many practicing flying in the field. "Hey look at the balloon. Yunkle hit it back to me!" BANG! Zi went flying in another direction. "Over here!" And Zi went careening in yet another direction. "Pucky, see if you can kick it this way." BAM! This time Zi got all the wind knocked out of him before he changed directions. The reindeer children were having a marvelous time with their new game of airborne soccer.

During one pass, Zi was able to grab onto one of the players antlers. No amount of shaking would loosen his grip. The young deer landed still shaking his head. His mother noticed her baby's distress and yelled, "A giant spider is attacking the children!" Reindeer mothers came from all directions. Zi decided it was in his own best interest to let go. Unfortunately he let go just as one of the adult reindeer's head was coming in for a full frontal butting attack. The resulting butt sent Zi flying out of the field and into the nearby forest.





Upon entering the woods, he began to ricochet among the trees. At one point he was sent sailing through a squirrel's nest and down the trunk of a hollow tree. He bounced along the snow-covered ground and landed on an icy pond. He skidded across the ice, bounced off a beaver's lodge and landed in a snowdrift. There his airborne adventure ended. He dug his way out of the snowdrift and looked around. The whole world was spinning in circles and his head throbbed. He passed out.

In the meantime, Honeybun had been having his own problems. He followed Zi past the houses and into the fields. Unfortunately, the reindeer adults noticed his movement toward their children's field and cut him off. He shortly found himself on the wrong end of a very sharp antler and decided that he would just have to catch up with Zi some other way.

He continued on in the general direction of the wind. When he came to the woods on the other side of the young reindeer's playfield, he started searching again. He found bits and pieces of twigs and pinecones scattered around the forest floor. Hoping they were clues he followed them. But it wasn't until he met an infuriated squirrel that he knew he was on the right trail. The squirrel was chattering away to a bluejay about how a tan fuzzball had smashed through his house. The jay was mad about a tan fuzzball that had knocked its winter's supply of acorns out of the hollow tree. More forest animals joined in the chorus of complaints. All were determined to find out who had done all this damage to their peaceful woods.

Honeybun slowly slipped away knowing he was hot on the trail of his buddy. When he came to the pond, he noticed skid marks along the ice where something had obviously brushed aside the snowdrifts. The skid marks ended at a beaver lodge which now showed an unusual round splat mark among its logs and snow covering. Honeybun decided to climb up on top of the lodge for a better view. From there he spotted a tan colored object sticking out of a nearby snow bank. He raced towards it, slipped on the ice and careened into it. There his movement was stopped when he banged into a soft but firm object. It smelled of bananas mixed with reindeer urine.

"Zi Zi Move! My nose is in your butt! Hurry up. I can hardly move here." Somewhere in the fog in his brain, Zi heard a muffled noise. To a monkey with a muddled brain, the only thought it could have was about bananas. "Bananas" he muttered, while trying to find his favorite treat. Banana motivated, he started to dig his way out of the snow bank. Once he could focus, he noticed a pale colored object in the snow. A BANANA! He grabbed it and bit down on it hard. It screamed!

"Zi you idiot monkey you bit my ear." This confused the little monkey. Bananas weren't supposed to talk. He took another bite and promptly got cuffed in the head. "For crying out loud, it's me, Honeybun, you stupid monkey! I'm not a banana."

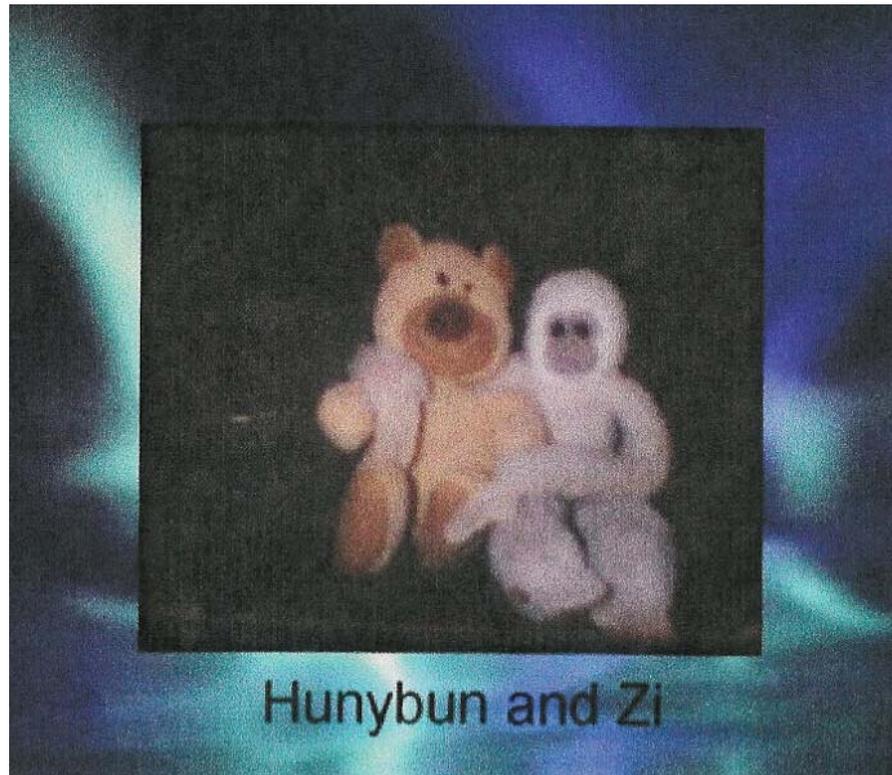
 "Where are my bananas?" Before Honeybun could answer, a pinecone quickly followed by an acorn zipped by. A stream of curses followed. The forest animals had followed the trail too and had found the hapless monkey. Honeybun grabbed Zi and started to run. How were they going to get out of this mess?

"WORTON, HELP!" They both cried as they ran for their lives. They could feel the hot angry breath of their pursuers. This was it. All Zi would think about was he was never going to have another banana again. All Honeybun could think was how tired his legs were getting. 

Suddenly the air around them started to glow. They felt a strange sensation. *Zip, Zap, Zop!* They were sitting in seats facing a monitor. Behind the monitor was Worton in an obvious state of delight. "Oh, thank you Worton. You saved our lives," said the very grateful bear. "It's ok now Zi, you can let go."

"Worton it was simply horrible, *just simply horrible!* There were huge monsters and they wanted to eat me and I was flying in the air and, and, *it was simply horrible.* I really need a banana!" At that the monkey got up and scurried away. Worton's case of delight changed quickly to horror. He raced out after the monkey screaming "No! Zi stop! I just fixed the replicator." A big smile crossed Honeybun's face as he followed them out of the room. Throughout this whole adventure, he never got a drop of honey.

Now is the spot where it is suppose to read: The End. But with these two, you never know what will happen next.



## *Character Biography*

***Honeybun the Bear*** has been a member of the Roscoe family since 1987. He originally spent his days in Nyssa's crib. After years in the SA (Stuffed Animal) Bin, he worked his way up to comforting and accompanying Kurt. His favorite hobbies are eating honey, reading and driving. He can often be seen about town shouting out the window of the family car, "Bear Driving!"

***Zi*** was born in the St. Louis Zoo, MO in 2000 where Kurt rescued him from a gift shop. Since then he has been a constant sight on all the Roscoe Family adventures. Originally, he thought he was a spider monkey but during a recent trip to the Museum of Natural History, he discovered he was a gibbon. Most days he can be found surfing the web for banana sites. His favorite hobbies are swinging on lights, and of course, eating bananas.