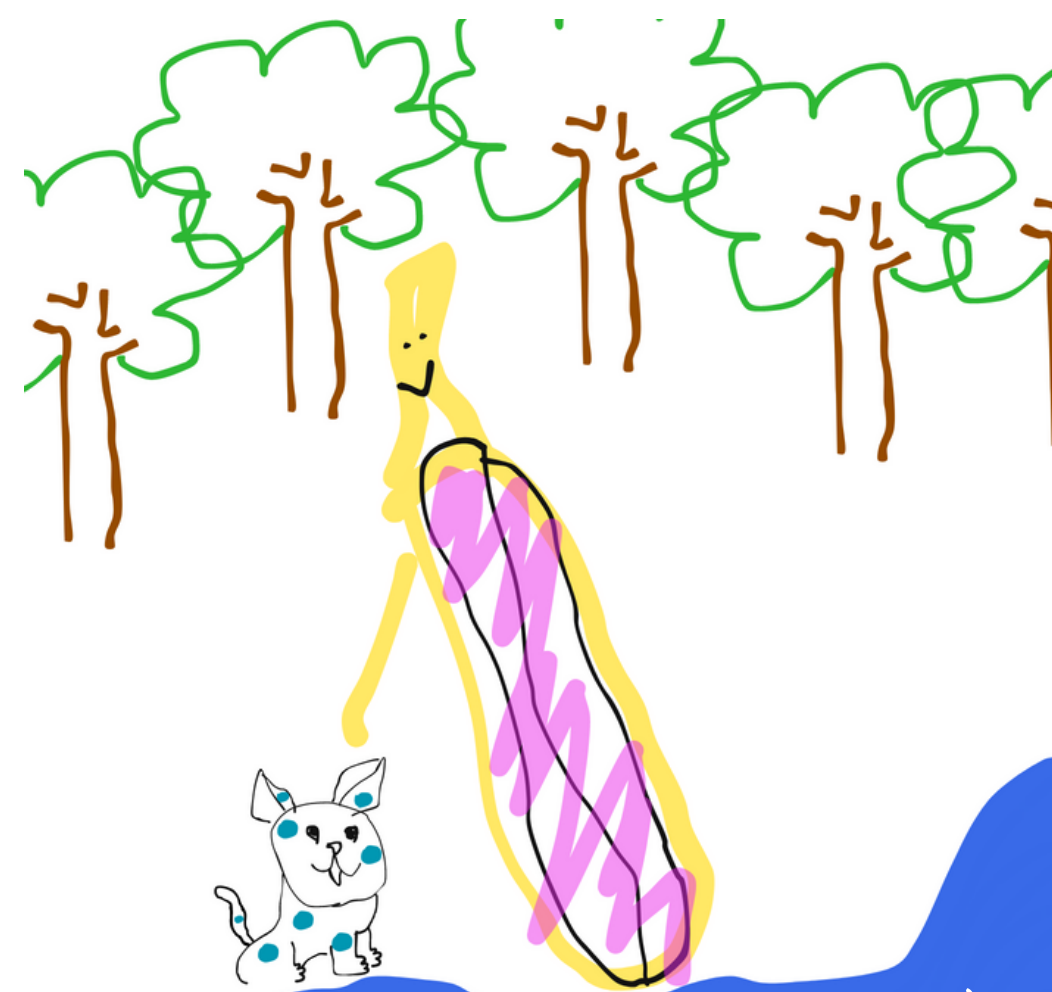




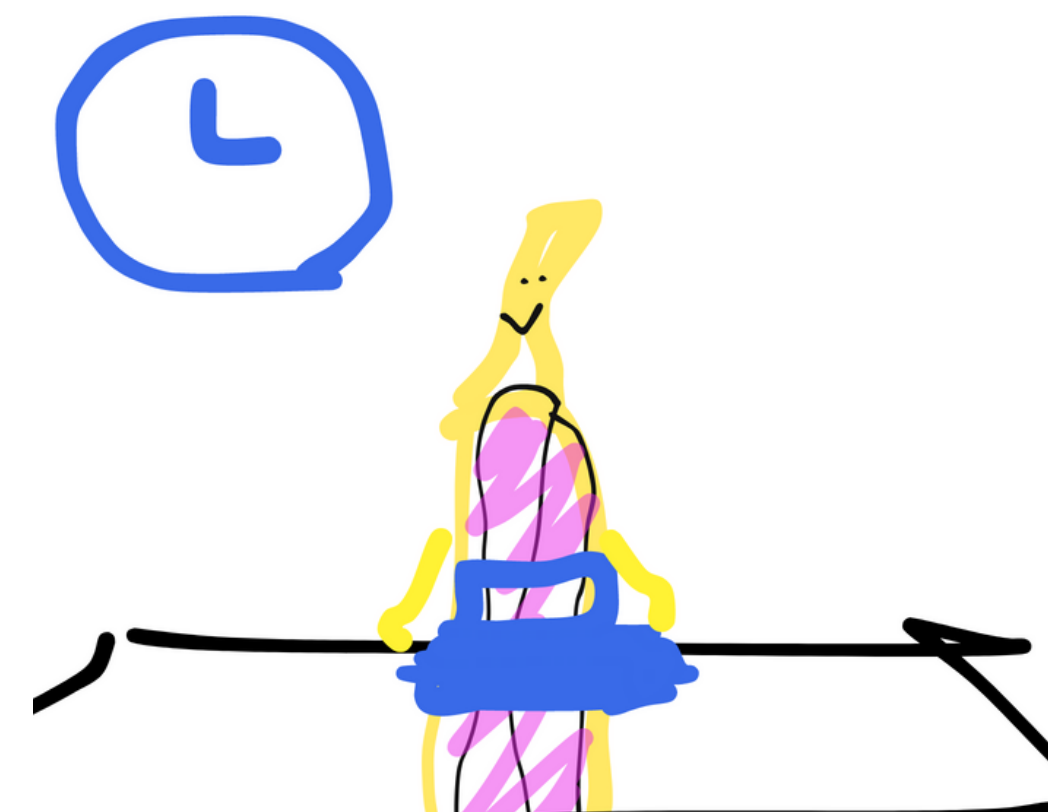
mister banana



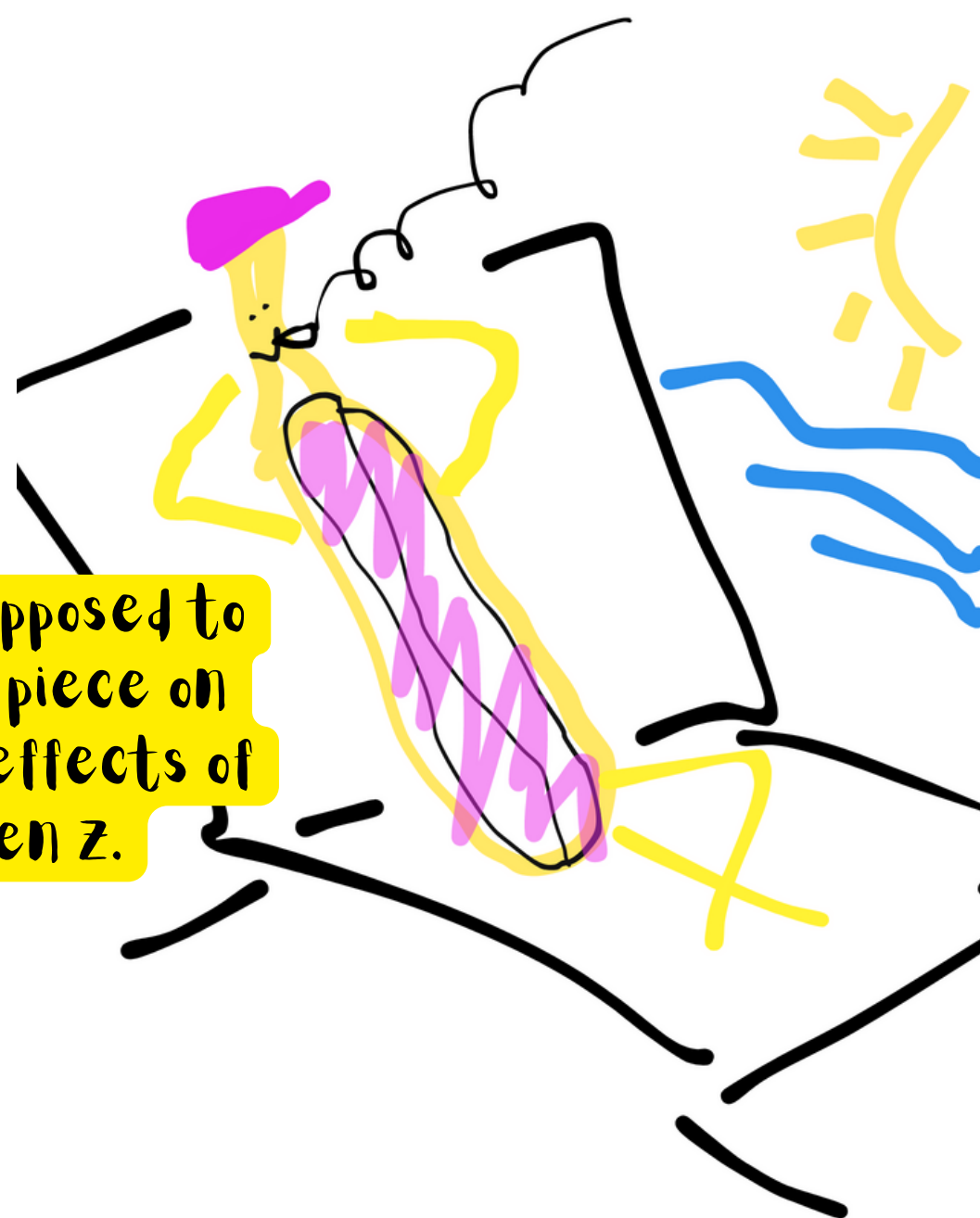
I was doing Bodie Bob's homework for him the other night when I had an epiphany.



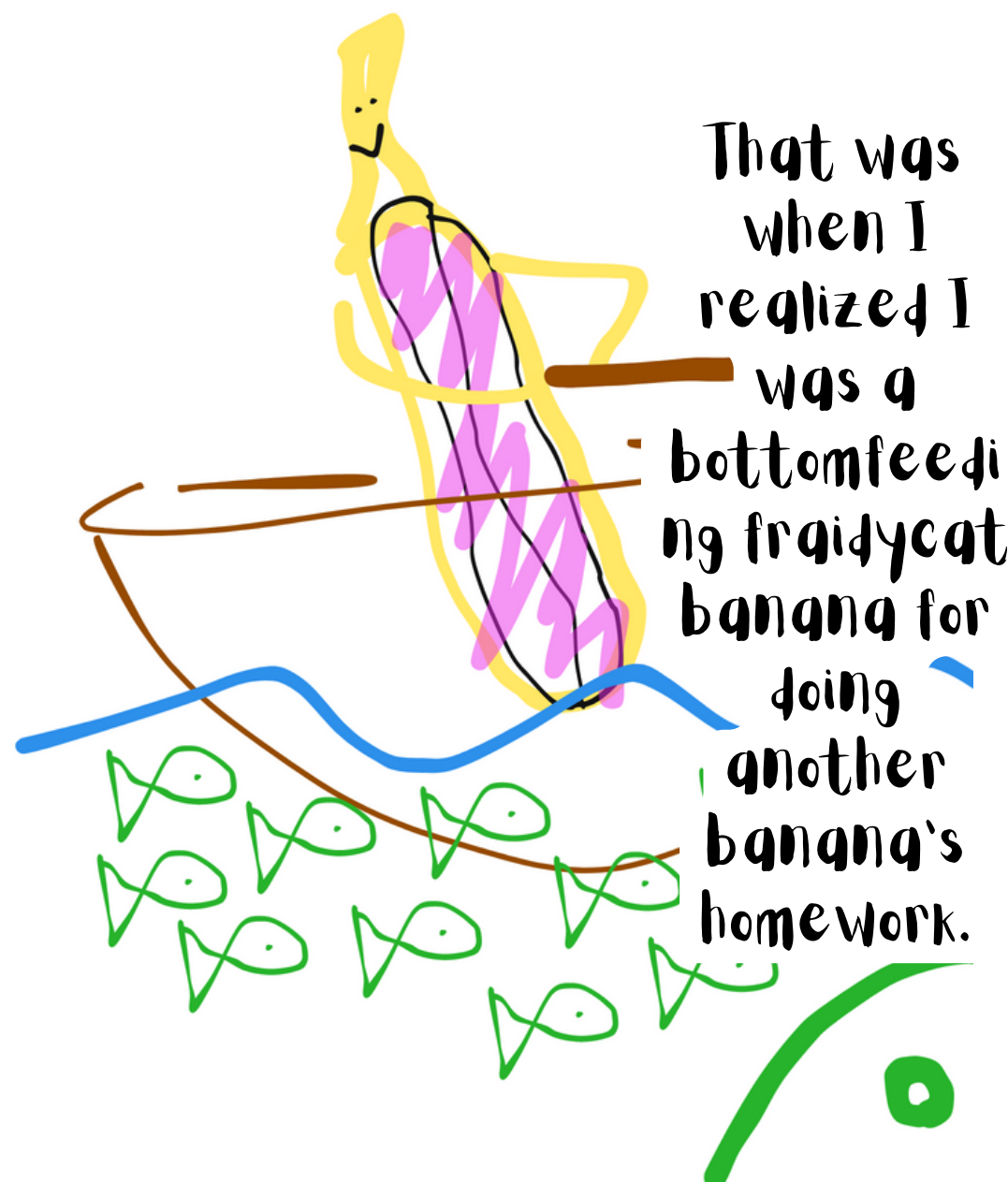
You see, I am helping my mother's significant other Bodie Bob Banana finish high school.



To finish high school after failing high school you need something called a GED. A GED is like a get-out-of-the-crisper-free card for rotten bananas.



The essay was supposed to be a persuasive piece on the detrimental effects of tobacco on Gen Z.



That was when I realized I was a bottomfeeding fraidy cat banana for doing another banana's homework.



Oh well. If Bodie Bob Banana graduates high school, mom has promised to take us both on a week-long banana boat cruise.