

THE COSMIC ADVENTURES OF

BINKY

&

ZOINK



**BINKY & ZOINK
GO HOME**

AS TOLD TO ALAN NOLAN



BINKY & ZOINK GO HOME

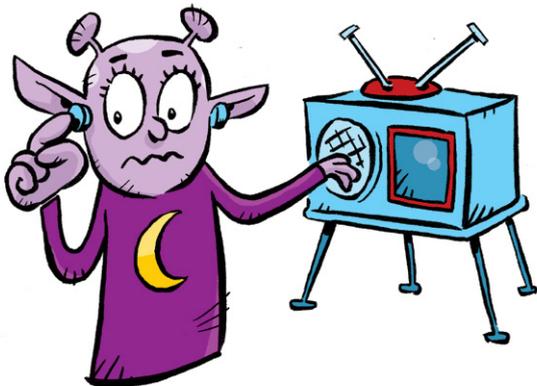
Time Unit: Q5P6JBX, evening

Translation computer: functioning

Language: English

Transmission begins.

Hi guys! It's me, Zoink, your FAVOURITE off-world friend – I happen to think I'm a much nicer Alpha-Ba-Na-Nan with a much nicer colour than my purple twin sister, Binky.



2

Binky and I have been reporting on Earth since we landed our starship the Millennium Dodo here several time units ago. We've been sending

our reports by sub-space radio back to our home planet of Alpha-Ba-Na-Na in the fourth quadrant of the Ava-Ka-Do system every evening but never getting any reply. This isn't surprising – sub-space radio is very slow and Alpha-Ba-Na-Na is a VERY long way away!



This evening though, as we were sending our latest report, we were surprised to get an urgent communication back from Space Command. In fact it came from the very head of Alpha-Ba-Na-Nan Space Command herself – General Tra-Lah-Lah, our MOTHER! It was instructing us to come home immediately, our mission was cancelled and our dinner was getting cold.

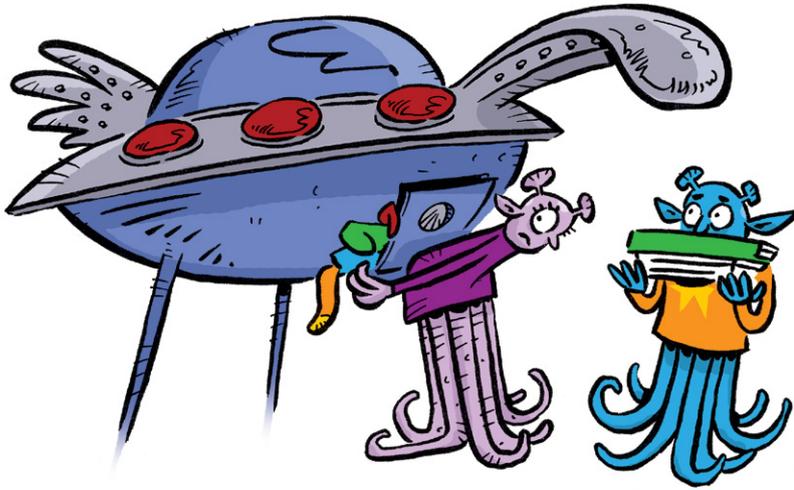


“MIM-MIM!” wailed Binky when she read the message from her mother, “That's SO mean! We're having such fun, I don't want to go home!” She stamped one of her leg tentacles on the steel floor of the Millennium Dodo. “That's SO unfair. We haven't even found an Earth dodo

3

yet.” It was true, we had looked and looked, but couldn’t find a dodo bird anywhere on Earth. On Alpha-Ba-Na-Na, there are millions of dodos, all living free and happy on the planet’s purple plains. In fact, nearly every habitable planet has at least some dodos, and they are so beautiful to look at and so friendly that they are loved across the galaxy. But for some strange reason, there didn’t seem to be any at all on Earth.

“Oh well,” I said to Binky. “If Mim-Mim wants us to come home, we better come home. Or we better have a good reason not to.” She was our Mim-Mim, after all, and what Mim-Mim says, goes. We sat down on the control seats in the starship’s cockpit and thought hard for several time units, but couldn’t come up with one. “Right,” I sighed, “We’d better start packing...”



Binky reluctantly opened up the hold of the Millennium Dodo and we started to put away all the souvenirs that we had collected during our stay on earth – some of the circular metal discs that Earth beings call ‘money’, a bus ticket to the Zoo, a hurley (I’m going to start my own hurling team when I’m back on Alpha-Ba-Na-Na), some papery books all about Earth, and, heaviest and most awkward of all, a huge fridge filled with loads of tubs of ice cream! This is the one Earth delicacy that I will miss most!



A crowd of Earth beings had gathered in the market square to see us off, and despite being sad to go, show-off Binky couldn’t wait to demonstrate her flying abilities. She was planning to impress the crowd with a vertical take off high into the sky, some barrel rolls, a couple of loop-the-loops, and, to finish it off, she was going to write ‘See You Later, Refrigerator’ with exhaust smoke in the sky. I told her the phrase was ‘See You Later, Alligator’ but she didn’t believe me.

But when she put her leg-tentacle on the accelerator pedal, nothing happened. She tried again. Nothing happened again. The cockpit

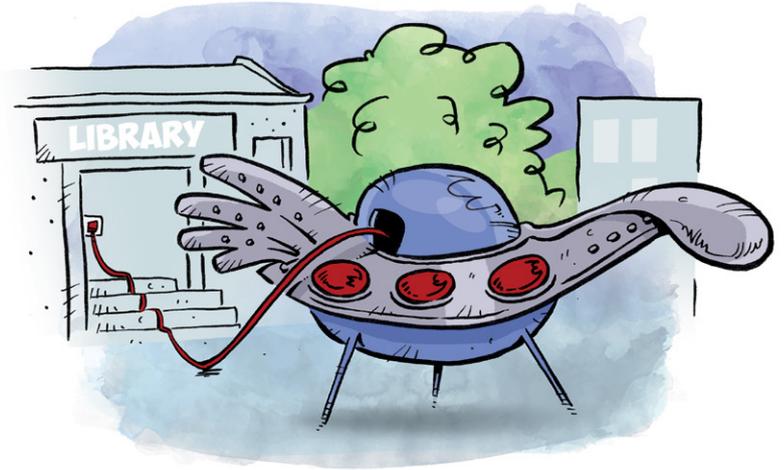


lights started to blink out one by one, until we were sitting in darkness. “See you later, accelerator,” I said, but Binky didn’t think THAT was funny. “Oh no,” she said, her purple antennae twitching, “We have a flat battery. Just like a real dodo, this Dodo isn’t flying anywhere.”

I opened the hatch and called out to the crowd of Earth beings below. “Eh. Excuse me. Does anyone have a battery we could use? One with 1.21 gigawatts of power?” A little girl put up her hand, “There are some AAA batteries in the TV remote control at home, I can run and get them if you like?” I conferred with Binky. We decided that AAA batteries from a TV remote control probably wouldn’t be strong enough to get us through hyperspace.

Then Binky had a brain wave. “Aha! I have had a wave of the brain!” she cried, “The battery is rechargeable! If we plug it in for a while it will recharge enough to get us home!”

A brilliant idea! We ran a cable out of the cockpit hatch of the Millennium Dodo and the lovely librarian let us plug it in to the wall in the Library at the side of the square. We ran back to the starship to see if it was working. It WAS! Hooray! The only question was



how long it would take to recharge the battery enough so we would have sufficient power to reach the edge of the star system, make the jump to hyperspace and get home! “How long will it take?” I asked my twin sister. “There’s good news and bad news,” she said, “The bad news is it’s going to take 80,640 minutes, 53 seconds and 143.7 nano-seconds to recharge.”

“And the good news?” I asked. “The good news is THAT’S ALMOST TWO EARTH MONTHS! IT’S GOING TO TAKE TWO MONTHS TO RECHARGE!” Binky cried. She laughed and did a little slithery dance with her leg-tentacles, “ZOINK, WE CAN STAY ON EARTH FOR NEARLY TWO MORE MONTHS!”

Mim-Mim didn’t think the news was as good as WE thought it was. “Well, if you’re stuck, you’re stuck,” she reasoned when we contacted her on the sub-space radio to tell her the news, “But what will you do all Earth-summer long? How will you entertain yourselves?”

“Don’t worry, Mim-Mim,”
said Binky, “The library
has all the entertainment
we need.” “Yes,” I said,
“We can even find out all
about Earth from those
big papery things the
Earthlings call books,
and we don’t need to fly
anywhere in the Millennium Dodo to do it!”



And, speaking of dodos, when I get home to Alpha-Ba-Na-Na, I may
take a little trip BACK to your lovely planet and bring some of my
feathery dodo friends with me. A planet as beautiful and interesting
as Earth would be even more beautiful and interesting if it had a few
dodo birds living on it!



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