

Post No. 13

A VISIT TO THE BANK

It all started this morning, when I happened to ask Diana if she had any socks that she was no longer using. She asked why I was asking such a strange question. I told her that socks are a very good place to keep extra money and that I had a big pile of extra money and only one sock. I explained that I had stuffed some money into my sock, but I had to leave enough space to allow myself to fit into my sock to sleep. Right now, I can just fit into my sock with the money that is in there, but I have a big pile of money just lying around in my box.

My situation will be even worse when I get paid for this week's blog post. The money is making my box look quite messy and I pride myself on being a neat and tidy hamster.



Diana thought that having a messy home was the least of my problems. She said that my biggest problem was that someone might sneak into my box and steal all the money that was just lying around. I had not even thought of that. Diana said that perhaps it would be a good idea for me to keep my money in the bank.

I decided that it would be a good idea to open a bank account, so I quickly stuffed all my money into two big bags and headed off to the bank. When I arrived at the bank, there was a long queue of people waiting to be served. I waited in line. I waited and waited and waited. Then I waited some more. Just when I was about to give up on waiting and take my money back home, I found myself at the front of the queue, and the bank teller said, "Next, please!"



I climbed up on to the counter using my dental floss as a rope, so that I could see the bank teller properly.





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Then I tipped out my money on to the counter. Unfortunately, I had so much money that some of it fell down on to the floor, so I had to slide back down my dental floss to collect it and quickly scramble back up again. When I had finally organised myself, I said to the bank teller, "Good morning, I would like to open a bank account, please."

The bank teller said, "A gerbil who wants to open a bank account? I don't know about that!"

I immediately retorted, "Neither do I, since I am not a gerbil. I am a hamster who wants to open a bank account."

She said, "A hamster who wants to open a bank account? I don't know about that!"

I said, "Well, I do. I am Harrison Hamster I and this is my big pile of money and I would like to open a bank account, please."

She replied, "Well, since you have such a big pile of money, I would be pleased to help you open a bank account here. I will need to see your driving licence or passport so I can check that you are indeed Harrison Hamster I. After all, you do look very much like a gerbil."

I said, "I do not look like a gerbil at all. I look exactly like a hamster, because I am a hamster. In fact, I look exactly like Harrison Hamster I, because I am Harrison Hamster I. If you need to check that I am indeed me, you can check out my blog, which is called Harrison's Blog, because my name is Harrison. My byline picture on my blog looks exactly like me, because it is a very good picture of me."

The bank teller looked very confused and a bit troubled. She said, "Can you wait here a minute while I get the bank manager?"

A few moments later, the bank manager came out. He said, "I have been reading your blog, and whilst it is quite entertaining, I am afraid that I need to see your driving licence or passport to check that you are indeed Harrison Hamster I. Only then will it

be possible to open a bank account for you here."

I did not really understand the bank manager's problem, since, as I had already explained to the bank teller, my byline picture on my blog looks exactly like me, but it seemed that I had no choice but to show the bank manager my passport. This was a very embarrassing situation. In my opinion, my passport picture is very nearly the worst picture anyone has ever taken of me. I would go so far as to say that it is rather ugly (even though I am actually a very good looking hamster).



My driving licence picture is even worse than my passport picture. It is the absolute worst picture anyone has ever taken of me, and it is downright ugly. There was no way that I would even think about showing the bank manager my driving licence.



I handed the bank manager my passport, and he stared at my passport picture. Then he stared at me. He said, "This passport has a picture of an ugly hamster with hair that sticks out in all directions, and it says that his name is Harrison Hamster I. You are really rather good looking and you have neatly combed hair. Whoever you are, you are obviously not Harrison Hamster I. Now, what is your name?"

I felt a bit frustrated with this ridiculous turn of events, but I politely replied, "My name is Harrison Hamster I. Unfortunately, my passport picture does not look very much like me. I'm afraid that I was having a very bad hair day on the day that it was taken, but I can assure you that I am the one and only Harrison Hamster I."

"Well, you need to understand that we do have a problem here," said the bank manager. "I cannot just open a bank account for a gerbil who walks in off the street with a big pile of money saying that he is the blogger Harrison Hamster I without any proof."



I felt completely and utterly frustrated. How could the bank manager tell me that I was not me? Even worse, how could he look right at me and call me a GERBIL? I decided that there was no way that I could trust such a person with my money, so I packed all of it back into my bags, slid down my dental floss and headed out of the bank with my bags of money.

I was feeling rather sorry for myself, wondering what I would do with all that messy

money, when I caught sight of a hat shop. The thought of a nice new winter hat cheered me up, so I went into the hat shop and had a look around. It was then that I saw the perfect hat for me. It was a knitted hat with a large pom-pom on the top. Not only was it warm and cosy when I tried it on, but it was also nice and big, with plenty of extra space in the top. I thought that I might know how I could use that extra space. Under my hat would be the perfect place to keep some money.



The moral of this blog post is that if you cannot fit all your money into your sock and you cannot open a bank account because the bank manager does not believe that you are you, you can always keep some of your money under your hat. You just need to find the right hat.

I have had a difficult day, so I think I'll go out for a walk and show off my new hat. It is so nice to go out knowing that my home is neat and tidy, and all my messy money is safely tucked away.

Bye for now!

Harrison Hamster I
9th November 2011