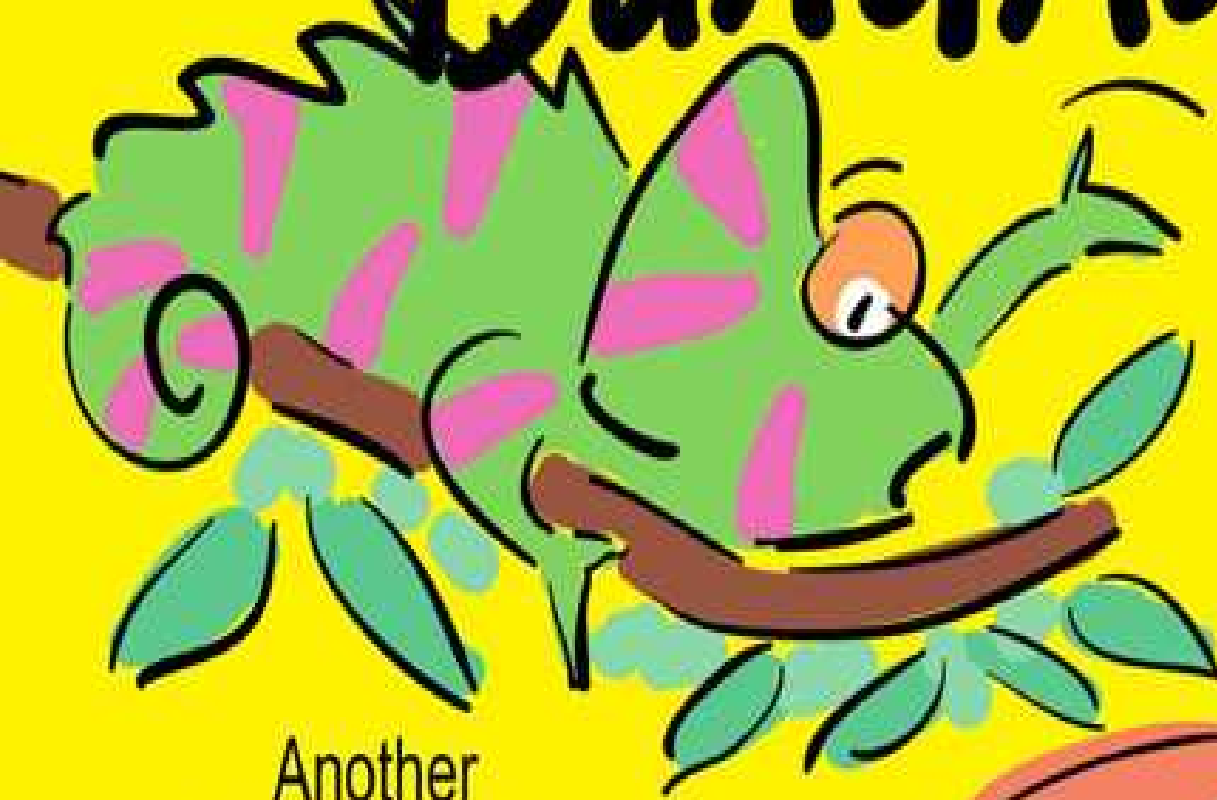


NEW

ABOUT MOTHERS' LOVE

Who Took My Banana?



Another
happy book by

Sally Huss



Children's Books
WHO TOOK MY BANANA?
Written and Illustrated by
Sally Huss



*Nothing is better than a banana for breakfast,
Better than strawberries and cream.
I would love a banana for breakfast. This is my wish.
This is my dream.*



An orangutan awoke one morning, reached under her pillow of leaves, looking for the banana she planned on for breakfast. But, it wasn't there.

"Who took my banana?" she yelled. No one answered.



So off she went into the forest to find out who took her banana.



She came upon a green mamba snake who had a big lump in his belly.
“Did you take my banana?” the orangutan asked.
“Me? No! I never eat bananas. I like a good mouse though.”



“Humph!” the orangutan grunted and off she went looking for her banana and getting hungrier by the minute.



*Banana, banana, there is nothing like a banana.
I could eat one on cereal. I could eat one on toast,
But I like to eat a banana plain the most.*



A sloth hung on a branch among the forest trees. “Did you take my banana?” called the orangutan.

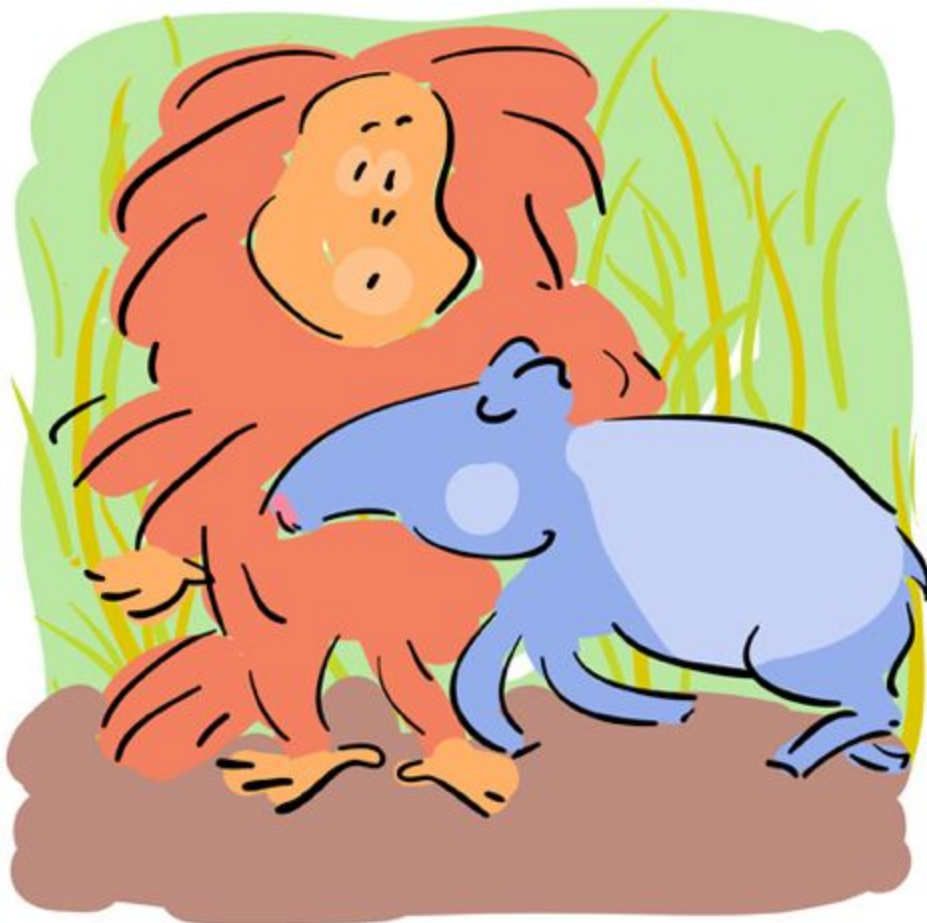


“I hardly know what one looks like,” said the sloth. “I prefer to eat leaves, buds, and tender roots. If you have any of those, I’d be happy to take them off your hands.”

“Not likely,” said the orangutan, noticing that she was becoming ruder and ruder the hungrier and hungrier she got. “Sorry,” she said, as she swung down to the forest floor.



*Bananas are delicious in ice cream and pie.
If I don't find my banana soon, I think I shall die.*



She spotted a tapir and asked, “Did you take my banana?”

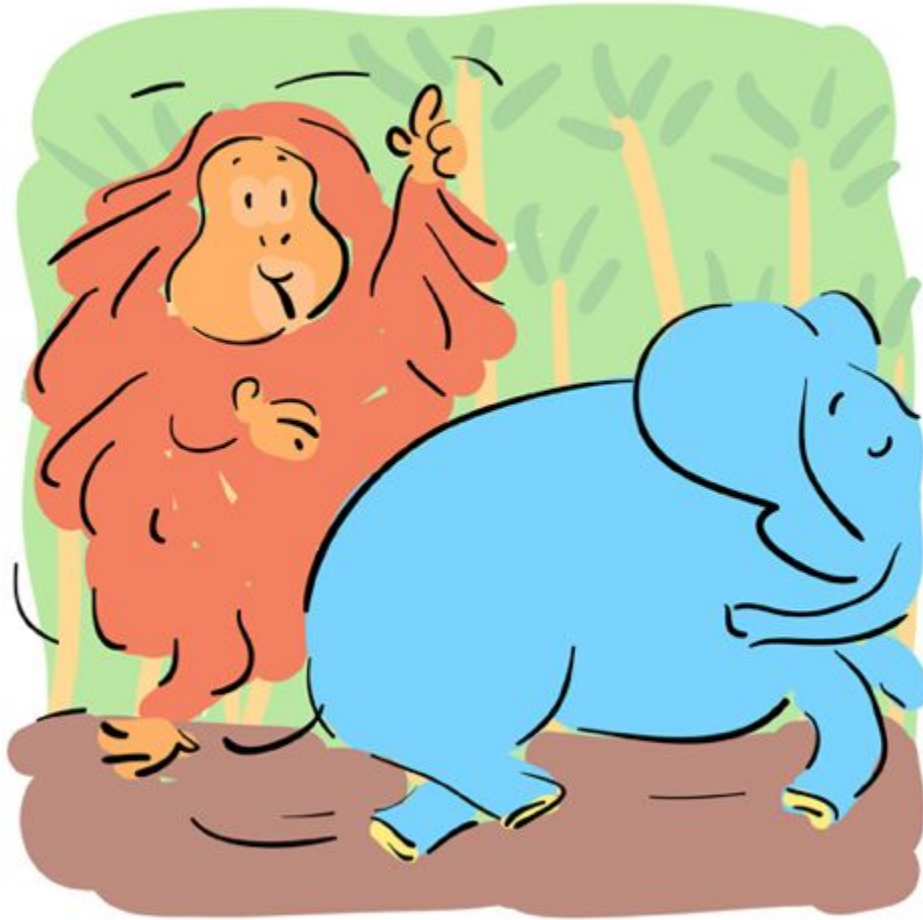


“No,” said the tapir. “I do love a banana now and then, but I’ve just had my fill of berries and I couldn’t eat another thing. Good luck in finding your banana though.”

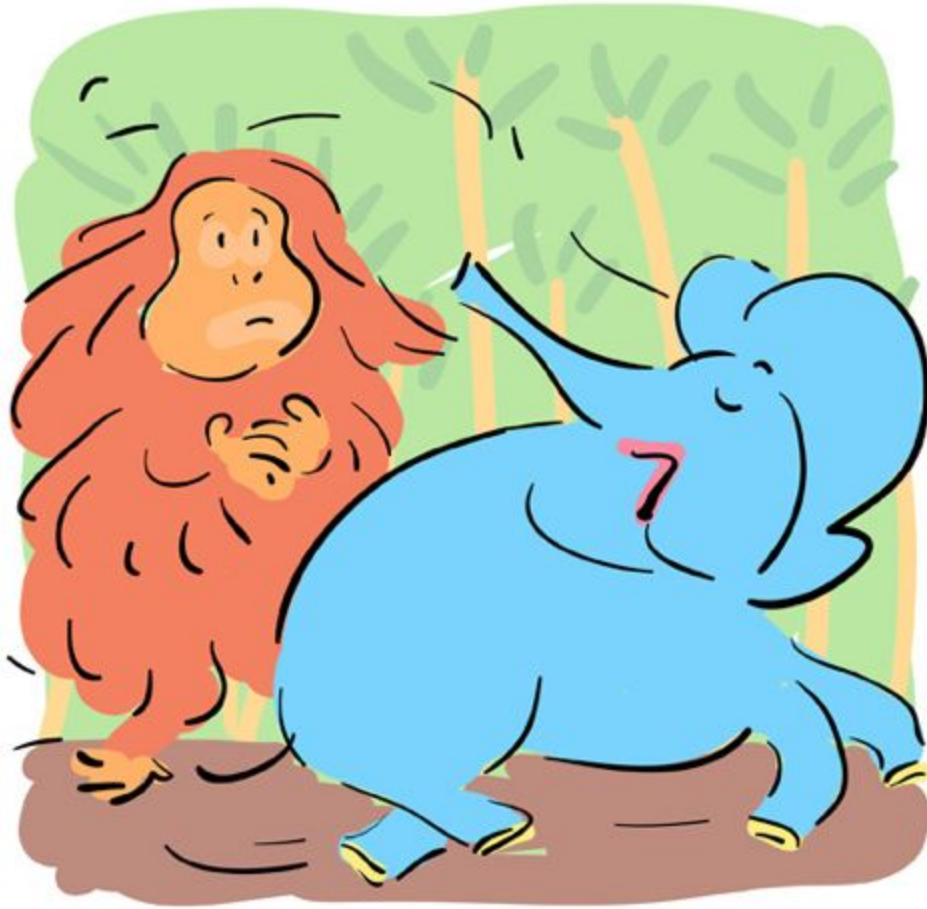
“Thanks,” said the orangutan, moving along a lane on the forest floor.



*A banana and peanut butter sandwich is tasty and good,
But right now I could eat a banana any way that I could.*



An elephant was on her way to a watering hole.
“Did you take my banana?” she shouted out to the elephant.



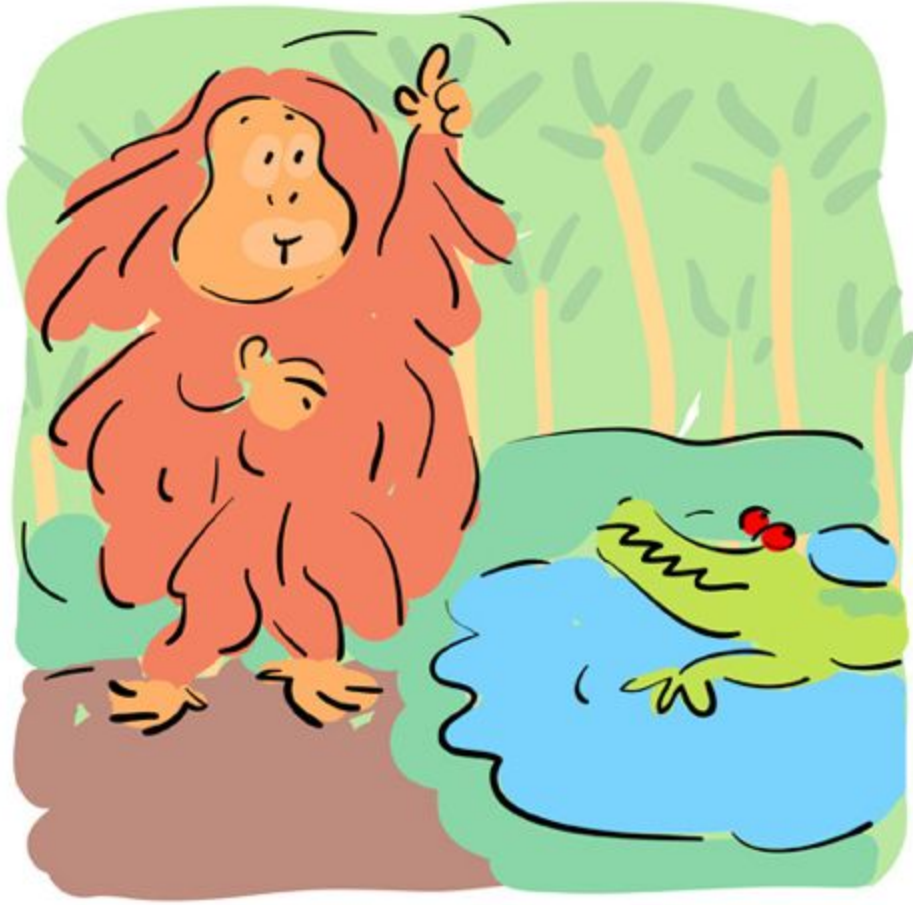
“Are you kidding? What would I do with one little banana? I’d need a whole truckload full. I am very fond of bananas, but I’d need more than even a bunch.”



“Sorry,” said the orangutan, feeling that she had insulted the elephant. Still hungry and hoping to find her banana, she moved on to the watering hole.



*A banana shake is delicious. Banana bread is nutritious.
But a plain, simple banana right now would satisfy my wishes.*



At the watering hole she spotted a crocodile.

“Did you take my banana?” she asked rather timidly. She knew better than to anger a crocodile.



“I have no use for a banana,” said the croc, but if you come a little closer I could tell you what I do like to eat.”



“No. That’s fine. I’m only interested in finding my banana.” She knew better than to get too close to the croc.



*I've eaten a banana salad and even banana soup
And when I've had banana ice cream, I've needed an extra scoop.*



Across the pond, the orangutan spotted a spotted leopard. “Yoohoo,” she yelled. “Did you take my banana?”



“Are you asking ME if I took your banana? Why would I do that? I like to eat those things that eat bananas. Do you eat bananas?” the leopard inquired.



“Well, not at the moment,” replied the orangutan, now hungrier than she could ever remember.



*Bananas make a great snack in the middle of the day,
But morning is my favorite time to eat one, I really must say.*



Heading back into the rainforest, the orangutan noticed a chameleon sitting on a twig. “Did you take my banana?” she asked the shy, but colorful chameleon.



“My, my, no. I would be afraid it would change my color to yellow and then I wouldn’t be able to hide in the leaves. Good luck on finding it though.”

“Thanks,” answered the orangutan, who was now becoming quite depressed, as well as hungry.



*Nothing is more delicious than a banana muffin filled with a raisin or
two.*

If I had a doze, it would still be too few.



A band of monkeys was flying through the trees. The orangutan called up to them, “Did any of you take my banana?”



“I wish we had. We love bananas. But, no, we didn’t. When you find it, will you share it with us?”

“No! I’m starved! I need to eat the whole thing myself, if I can just find it.”



*Banana cookies and banana tea,
Anything made with bananas would please me.*



“Sqwak. Sqwak,” a toucan bellowed from a high perch. “What’s all the commotion?” he asked.

“I’m looking for my banana. Did you take my banana?”



“I wish I had. I love bananas, especially with ice cream. I love everything with ice cream – insects, berries, lizards, and bananas. No, I didn't take your banana.”



*A plain banana, a banana in punch,
A banana stew, dried bananas to crunch –
There is nothing as good to eat or to drink.
That's how delicious a banana is. That's what I think!*



The orangutan had made a complete circle of the rainforest and now returned to her nest, tired and very, very hungry. As she lay down on her nest to rest again, she heard the smacking of lips and smelled the sweet fragrance of banana floating through the air.



She sat up...



... then got up and looked at the branch above her where her baby had been sleeping on his own nest of leaves.

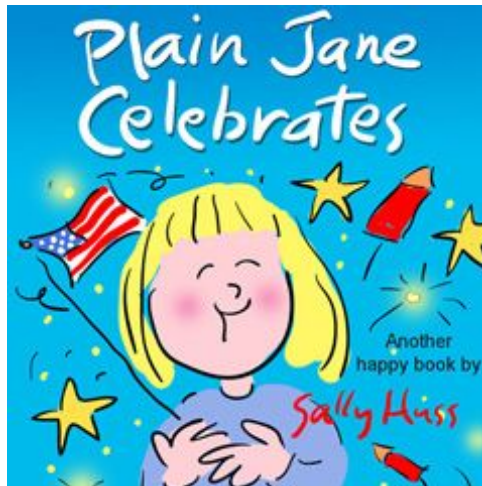
There he lay, snuggled up on his bed, munching on his mother's very own banana.



“Oh,” sighed his proud mother. “Now I know who took my banana and I couldn’t be happier.”

*Yes, a banana is something I truly love,
But it is even better when it is eaten by someone I love!*

The end,
but not the end
of a mother's love.💖



Here is an excerpt from PLAIN JANE CELEBRATES, another fun, rhyming book by Sally Huss.



One day on the outskirts of town a bus stopped and a little girl got off.
She was plain and her name was Jane.

She began to walk into town, not really knowing why she had come here,
but knowing why she had left where she had left...

She was plain and she didn't want to bring shame to her family name.



As she walked, the townspeople talked. “My, she’s plain!” they would exclaim.

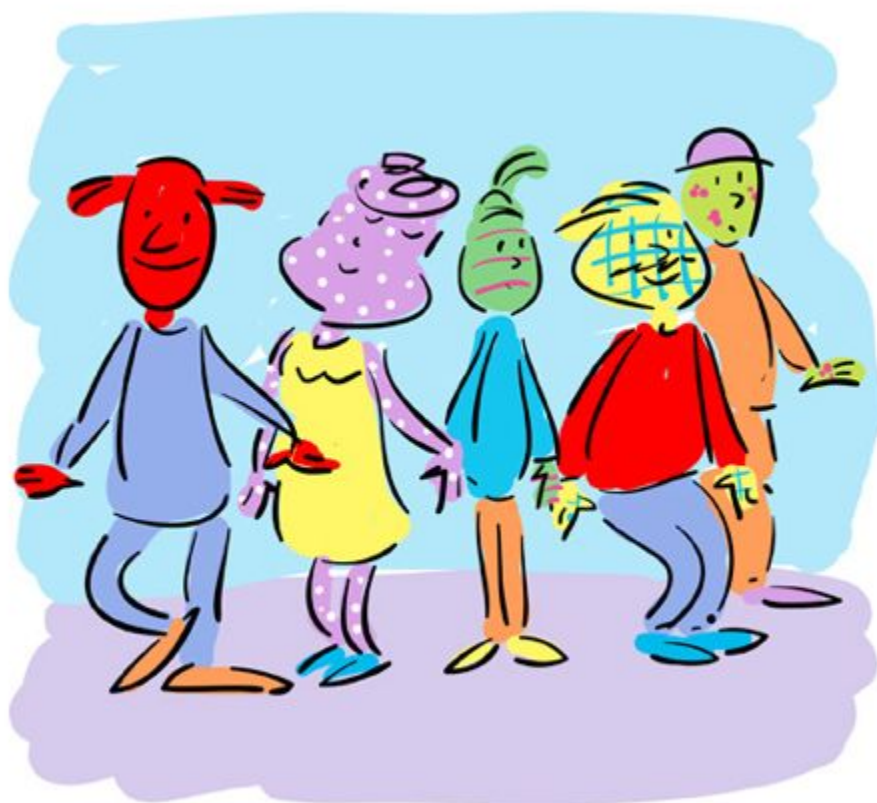
“She’s droopy and glum and doesn’t look like anyone.”

Jane hung her head.



But, of course, they were normal. They were colored folks like you'd find anywhere.

They were blue. They were green. They were orange.



They were red.

They were spotted and dotted on their bodies, hair, and heads.

They were striped and plaid and flowered and checked.



They were abstract and camouflaged and arrowed and flecked.
They were bright and colorful and full of spunk,
Just like Jane wasn't, which was why she was in a funk.

From PLAIN JANE CELEBRATES -- <http://amzn.com/B00L4CWCGI>



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WHO TOOK MY BANANA?

Written and Illustrated

By Sally Huss

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