Choking on an orange peel, Bogdanina slipped on a banana skin.

-Oh, sorry banana, I didn't mean to, - she asked.

Suddenly banana was offended and silent.

-Well, how to forgive such idiots, -he asked.

A few minute later he asked:

By the way, you mean that at the end of the 19th century it was the habitat of Sichuan. Banana skins, in the USA, were lying everywhere and everyone did not slip on them.

At the moment she asked:

-Yes, yes, yes, it was a universal snack, don't teach a banana a banana story, -shoelace grumbled in displeasure.Wait, you're not a banana!

-As you can say, and what is happening in general, I am again in the history of these madmen, they again have a task from the literary club. Stop, stop, write stories, you don't know how to do it. Just stop it. Thanks !

// I didn't smoke drugs, this is a real text that we wrote with friends

