



Too Many Bananas

By Noni

Sringeri Srinivas was having a very bad day. Nobody wanted the sweet, ripe bananas he was growing on his farm. Not his family. Not his neighbour. Not his friends. Not the traders who could sell the bananas in far away markets. And not even his cows!

“No, thank you,” they all said. “The bananas are very Sweet but we have had too many. We cannot eat any more!” Poor Sringeri Srinivas! What was he to do now with his rich harvest of bananas?

He decided to seek help from the Farmer’s Centre in Doddooru, a big town near his village. Off he went carrying the best crop of bananas. Surely someone there would have a good idea for him.

A few days later, Sringeri Srinivas returned home looking very happy. He went back to growing bananas on his farm. But he did not offer the fruits to anyone anymore. Not to his family. Not to his neighbour. Not to his friends. Not to the traders who could sell the bananas in far away markets. And not even to his cows!



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“I’m sorry for saying no to you before, but now I need 108 ripe bananas. Can you help me, please?” Sringeri Srinivas tapped his chin. “Well, my crop has just been cut but let me see what I can do. You may start your pooja. I will surely come.”

The pooja started. The whole village came to watch. The priest began chanting. Soon it became time to offer bananas to the gods. Just then, in came Sringeri Srinivas carrying a big bag. From the bag, he carefully took out 27 packets and laid them out before the holy fire.

Each packet was carefully wrapped in banana leaf. On each one was written - “High Quality Banana Halwa, S.S. Farms.” Sringeri Srinivas offered one to the priest. “Each one has the pulp of 4 bananas. There are 27 packets. So here are your 108 ripe bananas!”

The priest was so surprised that he forgot to chant. In the silence, one child began to laugh. Soon the whole village was laughing and clapping. Now we know what Sringeri Srinivas does with all the bananas that he grows!

THE END

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