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, Sprisingi 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!
Everyone became very curious.
Where were all the bananas going?
One day, neighbour Shivanna arranged a very big pooja.
The priest asked him to get 108 ripe bananas as an offering to the gods.
Shivanna ran to Sringeri Srinivas.

“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 Srinigeri Srinivas does with all the bananas that he grows!
The word banana is derived from the Arabic word for 'finger'.

India is the largest producer of bananas in the world. There are over 120 edible varieties of bananas grown here.

The National Research Centre on Bananas in Trichy has a collection of 1120 banana varieties!

Bananas are high in minerals that help increase brain power. Bananas make students more active and alert.

Many Indian sweets are made out of bananas - Banana Payasam in Kerala, Banana Rasayana in Karnataka, Banana Halwa, Rawa Kela-Gur Mithai. Do you know some more?
My name is Gopalji Srivastava. I am in class 5 and never miss a movie by Amitabh Bachchan and Kajol. I also enjoy badminton and the bhangra.

Thank you for buying this book. My friends and I will get to read many more books in our library because you bought this book.

Noni is the pen name of a writer residing in Bangalore.
She works in the field of education.

Angie is a graphic designer and in her spare time loves to keep busy with ceramic. Upesh is an animator who collects graphic novels and catches up with odd films in his spare time. Together they form ‘The Other Design Studio’.
No one wanted to buy the sweet bananas that Sringeri Srinivas grew on his farm. Find out what he did with them in this cute story.

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