

BANANA BOAT BOB

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Dedicated to Gramma and her great-grandson

ISBN 978-1-927006-01-6

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BANANA BOAT BOB



Banana Boat Bob hoisted his sail to begin his trip back to Blacknest Bay. Banana Boat Bob shipped bananas. He sailed a small sailboat between Blacknest Bay and Banana Island three times a week. He had been in the banana shipping business for years, and he really enjoyed what he did.

As he began to sail his boat, he looked over at the young boy he had brought with him for the day. The young boy's name was Bill. "What's wrong Bill?"

"I'd like to know how your got your nickname, Banana Boat Bob."

"Well, let me see ... I guess the name stuck with me the night



I got back from one of the worst boat trips I had ever taken."

"Were you shipping bananas then, Banana Boat Bob?"

"I sure was Bill. I had just bought his boat, and I was about your age when it happened."

"What happened?"

"Something bad and scary, but it's a long story. I don't want to bore you with it."

"You won't, Banana Boat Bob. Please, will you tell me?"

"Oh, all right. It all started way back when I was young, like I told you, and I was just starting to ship bananas. On this one particular day I had left Blacknest Bay far too late in the morning, and had arrived on the beaches of Banana Island late in the afternoon. By the time I had loaded the boat with bananas, the sun was low in the sky. The boys on the island told me to wait and stay overnight, but I didn't listen to them.

Now there's a reef, Breakman's Reef. You may have heard about it. In some places you can see it sticking out of the water at low tide; even at high tide, Breakman's Reef can rip a gash in your boat, and can sink you like a boulder."

"Where is Breakman's Reef, Bob?"

"We're sailing over it right now Bill, but don't worry. Now I know this reef like the back of my hand, but back then I had to learn about Breakman's Reef the hard way. I shoved off from Banana Island at low tide, and just before the sun set, I struck the reef! I thought it was just a scratch, but the hole was big enough to sink my boat in no time. I had to hurry because the water was gushing in. I was going down and I didn't know what to do. Suddenly, it struck me. Bananas! Plug the hole with bananas!



As quick as I could, I tore open a box of bananas and jammed about six of them into the hole. Let me tell you, it wasn't water tight, but the bananas kept the boat from filling up, and I floated into Blacknest Bay that night, knee-deep in water, shaking, and dog tired, but I made it."

"Wow, Banana Boat Bob!"

"The next morning I showed the boys my boat. They couldn't believe what they saw. From that day on I became known as Banana Boat Bob."

Crunch!



"What was that, Banana Boat Bob?"

"Sounds like we hit something ... We did hit something! There's water gushing in the front of the boat. We're going down Bill!"

Bill ripped open a box of bananas, and went straight to the front of the boat where the water was gushing in.

"Bill come back here! Those bananas aren't going to work. I was just telling you a story."

Bill couldn't hear a word Bob was saying. He was too busy stuffing bananas into the hole. By the time Banana Boat Bob made it up to the front of the boat, the water had stopped gushing, and was down to a trickle. Bill had a big smile on his face.



"I stuffed the hole Banana Boat Bob! I got about twelve bananas in there!"

Banana Boat Bob couldn't believe it. The bananas were really working! How would he be able to tell Bill the truth now? Banana Boat Bob could hardly believe it himself!

