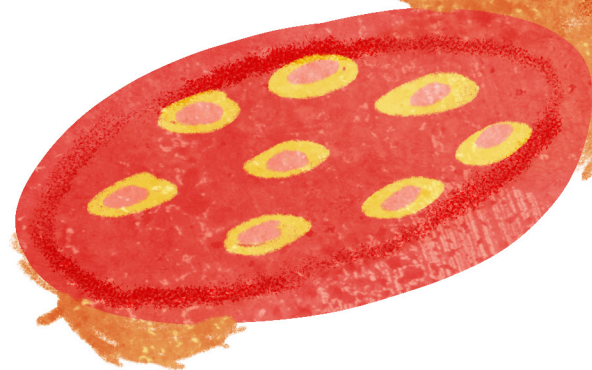




O L L I E

**the Chef
and the
Delicious
Banana**

There was gossip in the air around the Big Tree. “Apparently, he trained with the best chefs in France” said the robin. “Well I heard that his chocolate cake is served to the Queen every year on her Birthday” added the tree frog. Both stood in an enormous line that stretched half way across the forest towards the grand opening of a bright, shiny café. Everyone was lined up to buy something from ‘Pierre’s’ because it was run by the famous, charming Orangutan chef Jean-Pierre. “Welcome, everyone! I am honoured that you are here to taste my food” Jean-Pierre announced to the giant queue.





Ollie the monkey was happily swinging around the Big Tree. He had heard about 'Pierre's' grand opening and shook his head in amazement at the number waiting to get into the cafe.

Jean-Pierre surveyed the line and smiled. His life was food, and he loved it when others loved his food. Jean-Pierre noticed Ollie because he was the only creature in the forest that wasn't lined up. Jean-Pierre pursed his lips and went back into his café.

The next day when Jean-Pierre looked over his enormous snake like line of customers he again spied Ollie the monkey swoop by without a second glance at his wonderful cafe. Jean-Pierre's eyes narrowed and he felt a pang of annoyance. Why didn't that monkey want to eat his food? He decided that he would need to do something about it.



That night, Jean-Pierre got out his most beloved cookery books from around the world and set about inventing his best-ever recipe. He would win over that monkey if it was the last thing he did. He worked late into the night, mixing ingredients, chopping, boiling, tasting, and then throwing them all away and starting again. Finally he was satisfied he had made the most delicious soup anyone anywhere had ever tasted.



As the café opened the next morning, the line for food was even longer. Word had gotten out about the new soup. Jean-Pierre stood at the café entrance with his chest puffed out and a broad smile on his face. He straightened his bow tie and greeted customers as they piled through the door. He stood there all day, only to shut the door behind the last customer feeling crushed. There had been no monkey in the queue that day.



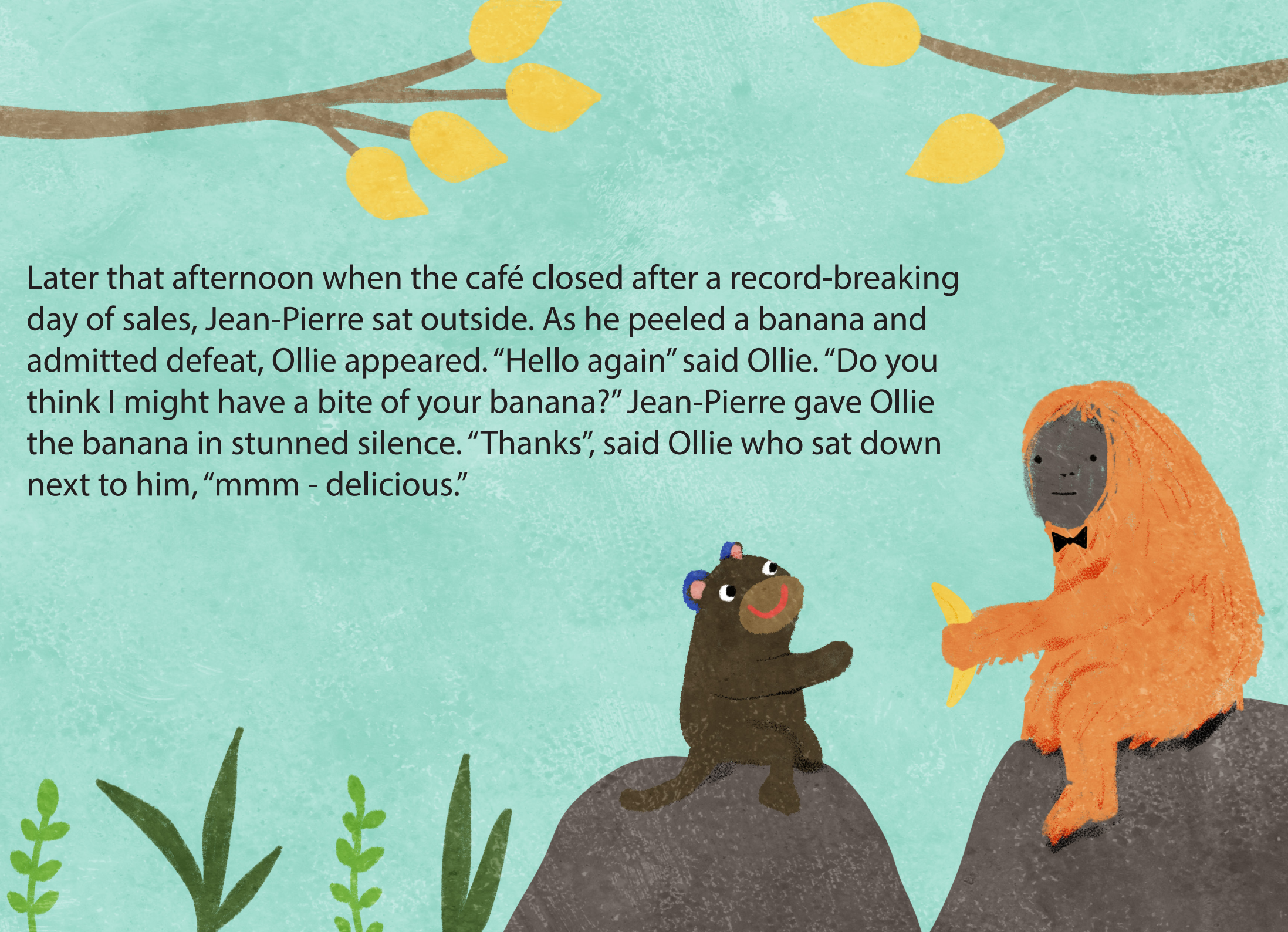
Now, Jean-Pierre was not a quitter. He had not worked very long hours for little pay in the best restaurants around the world to be defeated by a monkey. He was sorting his spices when the solution occurred to him. He must order higher quality ingredients. Jean-Pierre hunched over his computer and ordered an express delivery of the best ingredients from around the world. He was delighted with himself.



The following week, Jean-Pierre posted his improved menu in the front window. He looked up and saw Ollie. Jean-Pierre called him over. "Good morning, fine sir. Have you noticed our new and improved menu? Might we interest you in a pastry or a slow cooked eggplant perhaps?" Jean-Pierre purred. Ollie looked at the new menu. "It's wonderful" he said. Jean-Pierre beamed. "Good luck with it all," said Ollie as he turned and left. Jean-Pierre steadied himself in the doorframe and let out a little squeak. He took a deep breath, walked into his big fridge at the back of his café and jumped up and down in frustration until he cooled off.



Later that afternoon when the café closed after a record-breaking day of sales, Jean-Pierre sat outside. As he peeled a banana and admitted defeat, Ollie appeared. "Hello again" said Ollie. "Do you think I might have a bite of your banana?" Jean-Pierre gave Ollie the banana in stunned silence. "Thanks", said Ollie who sat down next to him, "mmm - delicious."



Jean-Pierre shook his head. "That's what you like to eat, bananas? Not double decker chocolate soufflé with chantilly crème and marinated cherries?" Ollie looked at the chef and shrugged. "I'm a monkey. I like bananas." "Don't you like other foods as well?" questioned Jean-Pierre. "Sure" said Ollie. "Well why don't you line up to eat my food with all the others?" asked Jean-Pierre, exasperated. "I'm not hungry then. I like to eat in the evenings" said Ollie. Jean-Pierre began to laugh. Ollie liked it, he laughed too. From that day on Jean-Pierre's café stayed open into the evenings. He also added bananas to the menu. Ollie stops there now, nearly every day.

Pierre's





What is your favourite thing to eat and drink?

If you could add something to Jean-Pierre's menu what would it be?

What did Jean-Pierre learn about the best way to get Ollie to come to his café?

How well do you think adults listen to children like you?

Do you have any ideas about how adults might do a better job at listening to children?