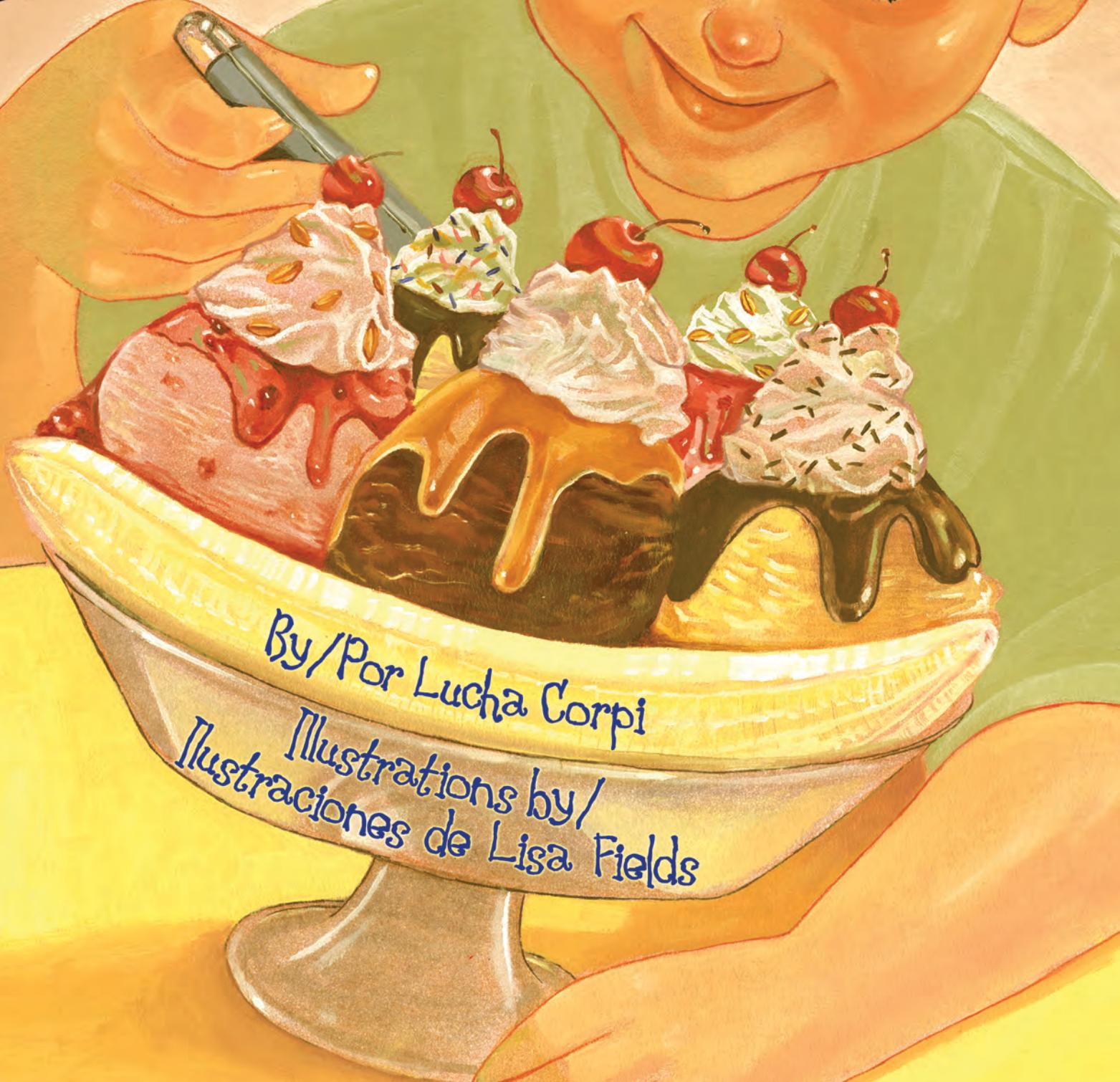


THE TRIPLE BANANA SPLIT BOY

EL NIÑO GOLOSO

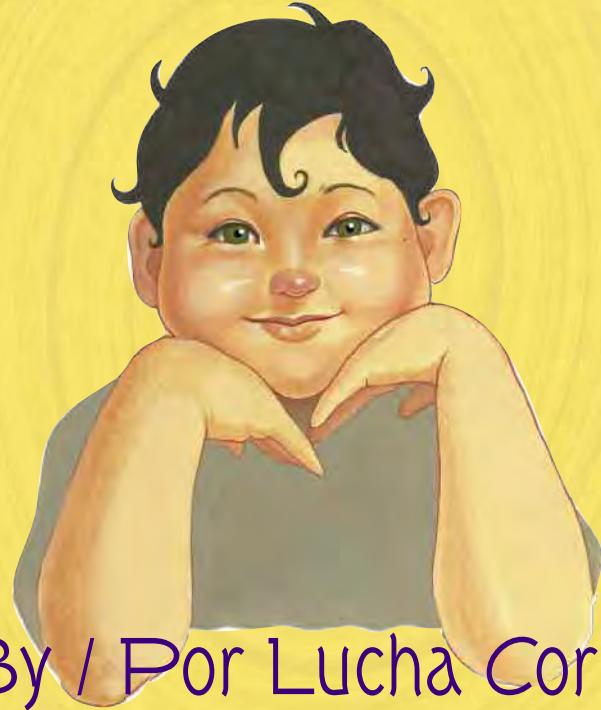


By/Por Lucha Corpi

Illustrations by/
Ilustraciones de Lisa Fields

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Piñata Books

Arte Público Press
Houston, Texas

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The triple banana split boy / by Lucha Corpi ; illustrations by Lisa Fields = El niño goloso / por Lucha Corpi ; ilustraciones de Lisa Fields.

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Summary: Young Enrique, who loves to eat desserts, learns how to control—and appreciate—his sweet tooth, with the help of his mother and El Coco, a fearsome creature with a huge mouth and sticky hair.

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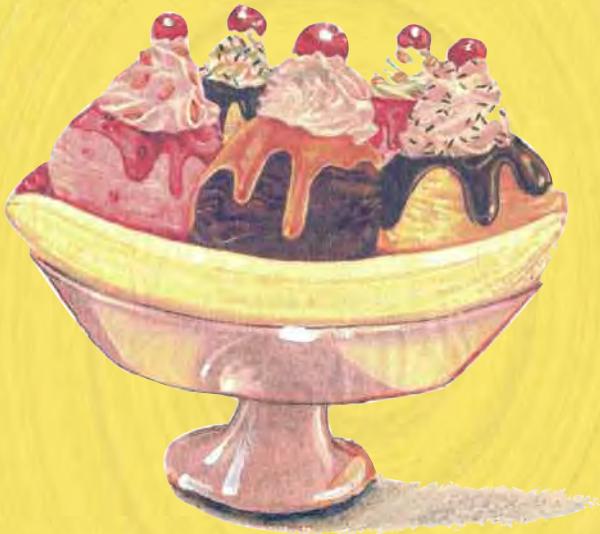
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With love and warm hugs to Kiara Alyssa and Nikolas Enrique Hernández for urging me to write this story; to the Red Rock Elementary School children, and in particular to Mrs. Margo Zaragoza and her class, who hosted my first reading of this manuscript; to Harriet Rhomer for reading my first draft; to Lisa Fields for her beautifully rendered illustrations; to Marina Tristán and Adelaida Mendoza for their encouragement and hard work on my behalf; to my editors Nicolás Kanellos and Gabriela Baeza Ventura for helping me shape the final draft; to my youngest, Kamille Elin Hernández and Quincy Emil Howard; and, of course, to my son Arturo, the original “triple banana split boy.”

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To my parents for their endless love and support.

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Para mis padres por su infinito amor y apoyo.

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Enrique sat on a patio bench watching his mother water the plants in the yard. Hummingbirds fluttered over the sage stalks, savoring their sweet meal.

"How come *you* can have sweets and I can't?" Enrique asked the hummingbirds.

"'No sweets at all,' Dad says. I can't even help Grandma with her baking. And my birthday is coming up. NOT FAIR!" he shouted.

The birds ignored him and continued feasting.



Enrique, sentado en una banca, miraba a su mamá regar las plantas del patio. Los colibríes aleteaban sobre las espigas de la salvia y saboreaban su dulce comida.

—¿Por qué ustedes *sí* pueden comer dulces y yo no?
—Enrique les preguntó a los colibríes.

—“Nada de dulces” dice Papá. Ni siquiera puedo ayudar a Abuelita a hornear. Y pronto voy a cumplir años. ¡NO ES JUSTO! —gritó.

Los pájaros lo ignoraron y continuaron con su banquete.

