



*F*AR AWAY ON THE PINK SAND BEACH at the edge
of a wild jungle grew a Pepperoni Palm Tree.

Plump, juicy, red pepperoni dangled from its branches.
And the tree was tall and proud.

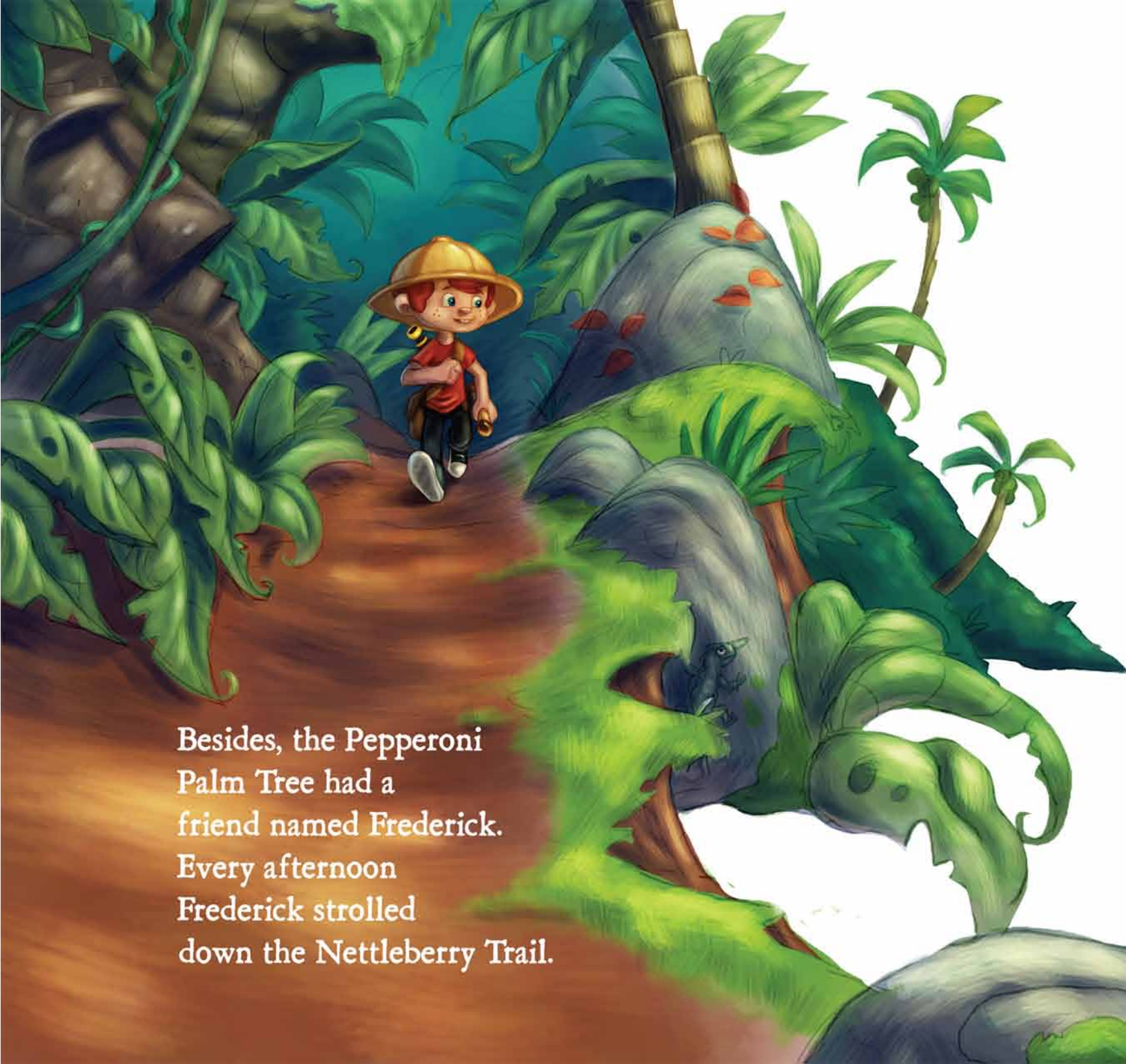


The other palm trees snickered, "Where are your coconuts?
Palm trees around here grow coconuts."

The Pepperoni Palm Tree pretended not to hear.
He was certain there were more trees like him.
On some other island... someplace...

somewhere.





Besides, the Pepperoni Palm Tree had a friend named Frederick. Every afternoon Frederick strolled down the Nettleberry Trail.

The tree stooped down to serve a snack of pepperoni.

“Deee-licious!”

Frederick said, smacking his lips.

“I have a hundred books about everything in the universe,” he told the Pepperoni Palm Tree.



“Soon, I will find the book that’s all about you.” And this promise made the Pepperoni Palm Tree very excited.

“Pepperoni,” sneered the prickly papaya plants, “does not belong on a palm tree.”

But the Pepperoni Palm Tree remained cheerful. Frederick loved him, and he was sure to find out there were many more trees like him.

On some other island... someplace...

somewhere.

