

**BENNY CARROT
AND
THE HAPPY SHOPPER**

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This is a tale of a boy and his Mom.
It's a story that could happen to anyone.
It should make you happy, so please don't feel down,
I'm sure there's a Food Bank right here in your town.

“Good morning Danny,” Mom said to her lad.
Danny snapped “There’s no breakfast! I’m hungry. I’m sad.”
He drained the milk carton of its final drop,
Then poured in the last cornflakes – plop, plop, plop!

Danny complained: “We’ve so little to eat!
Could we go to the Food Bank that’s just down the street?
Mrs Friedman goes there every Tuesday at ten.
She gets bags of food, and spends time with her friends.”

“I can’t go there, Danny”, Mom moaned in a mood.
“I’m not like Mrs Friedman who lines up for food.
I don’t want to take help. I’ve worked all these years.
To think we need free food! It brings me to tears.”

But next day Mom told Danny: "You've no need to fear.
I called the Food Bank and said we'll volunteer.
Their yard will be filled with farm produce in crates.
We'll help sort and pack it. We mustn't be late.

The Food Bank opens for its Shoppers at ten,
And food that's donated is given to them.
If no one is looking we'll take what we crave.
When we see Mrs Friedman, we'll make sure to wave."

The day is Tuesday. Food Bank day has arrived.
Team Leader Sarah has been there since five.
Danny watched as the big trucks delivered fresh fare,
And volunteers sorted and bagged it with care.

Danny picked up a pepper that fell on the ground,
When he heard voices sing a melodious sound.

*We've been planted, we've been grown.
Pack us, cook us, take us home!
Enjoy us any way you choose.
We're your Happy Shopper food!*

The song was coming from some empty containers
Where carrots and onions lay in the remainders.
Benny Carrot call out: "Take me home someone!"
Mrs Onion screamed: "My Little Onions have gone!"

Then Danny heard squeals from a packed bag of food.
"They've put us in here!" yelled Mrs Onion's brood.
"Here are your Little Onions!" Danny shouted, excited,
So Mrs Onion and her kids reunited.

Benny Carrot said: "Danny, give this bag to your Mum.
Take us to your home when the Food Bank is done.
We'll all be so happy to cook in your pot.
You could make orange soup that's delicious and hot!"

Whilst Danny helped pack, with kindness and pride,
Team Leader Sarah watched on from the side.
She guessed he and Mom had no food on their shelves,
And wanted to make sure they took some for themselves.

Sarah picked up that bag, and she gave it to Mom.
“Your Danny’s so helpful. A wonderful son!
Please take this food home. Please cook and enjoy!
What else can I give you, for you and your boy?

There’s pita. There’s pasta. There’s oil. There’s rice.
Some salt and some pepper. Some sugar and spice.
Some flour. Some eggs. Some potatoes to fry.
Just take what you want. There’s no need to buy.”

Danny and Mom walked back home with a smile,
Looking forward to eating their lunch in a while.
Mom no longer cared if somebody would see them.
Then who should they meet in the street? Mrs Friedman!

"Danny, thanks so much for packing our wares!
Can you please help me carry my bags up the stairs?
I've got chocolate to give you, my dear volunteer.
Thank God our Food Bank and its donors are here!"

Danny and Mom unloaded their food,
Excited to use it to cook something good.
Their favorite dish was a fresh pasta sauce.
(It had also been Danny's dad's favorite, of course!)

"Snip snip" went the knife. "Scrape scrape" went the grater.
They noshed as they cooked. They could not wait til later!
"I love cooking together," Danny said, full of joy.
Mum replied "You're a big help, my dear Danny boy!"

A delicious smell floated up into the air-
Fried onions and carrots for them both to share.
Whilst the spaghetti boiled Benny Carrot exclaimed:
“Danny, there’s something I want to explain:

**Whether fruit or vegetable, picker or packer,
Volunteer or Shopper, it just doesn’t matter.
People give money. We all play our part.
We care for each other. We give from our heart.**

**In our wonderful country - rich with milk and honey-
No one should go hungry because they’ve no money.
Together. One family. We all are agreed.
Our Food Bank will give you the food that you need.**

We've been planted, we've been grown.

Pack us, cook us, take us home!

Enjoy us any way you choose.

We're your Happy Shopper food!

About the Benny Carrot project

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