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Opening extract from
Mango & Bambang: The Not-a-Pig

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*For my "papa" Tom; who was good at puddings and
stories and kindness and who would have been happy
to share pancakes with a tapir. P. F.*

For Hilary, with love. C. V.

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Manga & **BAMBANG** *The Not-a-Pig*



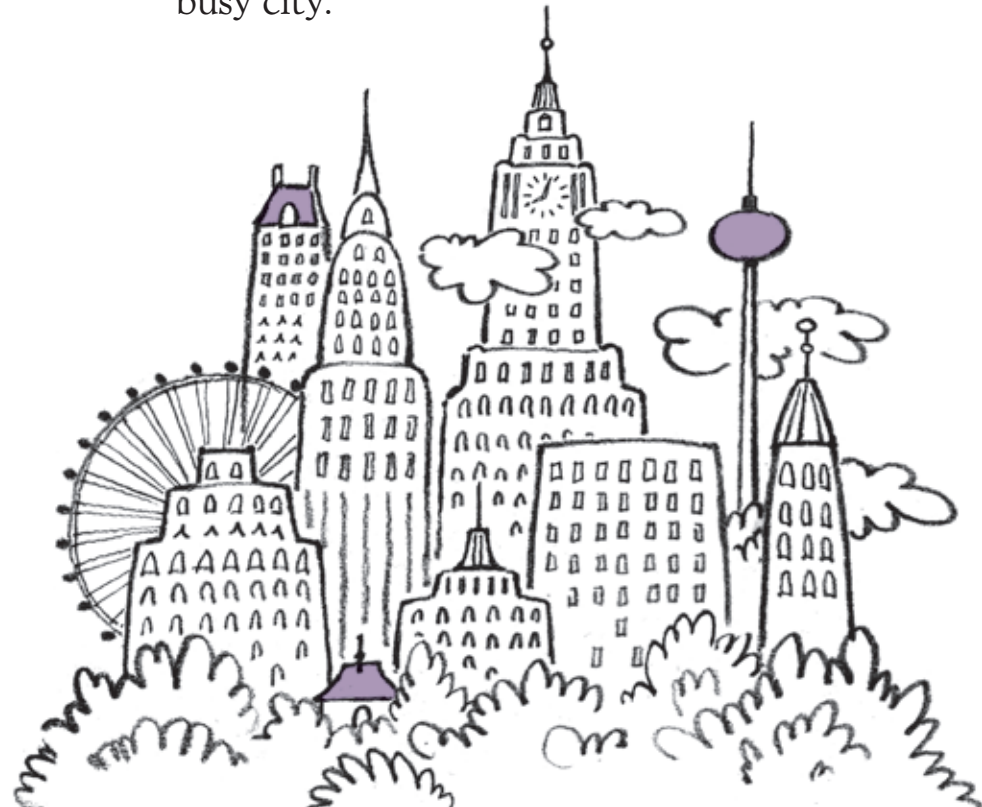
POLLY FABER
CLARA VULLIAMY



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Mango Allsorts was a girl good at all sorts of things. That was not the same as being a good girl, but she was that, too. Most of the time.

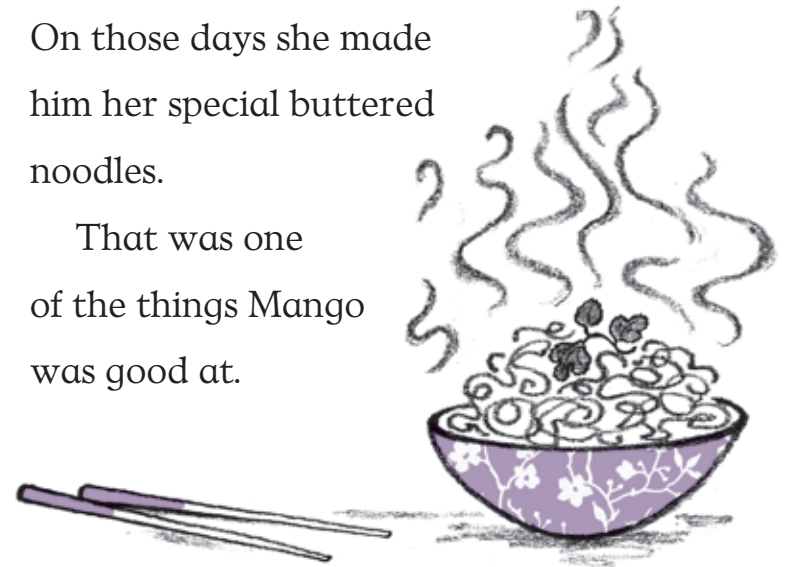
She lived at the very top of a tall building in the middle of a very, VERY busy city.



She lived with her papa, who was also tall and very busy. He

spent every day shut up in his study, trying to make books balance. This often took a long time. When, even *after* a long time, the books still wouldn't be balanced, Mango's papa got rather tired. On those days she made him her special buttered noodles.

That was one of the things Mango was good at.





She had a nearly black belt in karate, could jump off the highest board at the swimming pool without holding her nose, use the Sicilian Defence when playing chess and



wiggle her ears while sucking a lollipop.



She was also learning to play the clarinet.

Sometimes the sounds

that came out of the bottom were not exactly the sounds Mango had meant when she blew into the top,



but Mango knew that she just needed to keep practising and soon she would be good at that, too.



Mango had a lot of time for practising; her papa's long hours balancing meant she had to find her own things to do. Becoming good at those things kept her busy. And being busy was important, living in a very busy city, full of other busy people being good at things.

Because otherwise Mango might have been a little lonely.

It was on a Wednesday that everything changed. It's important to note that it was a Wednesday. A Wednesday can seem a bit of a humpish, nothingish sort of day, but even humpish sorts of days can hold the unexpected.

In this case the unexpected WAS a hump.

Mango was on her way back from her karate lesson, thinking about how to make her side-thrust kick more effective, when she came to a zebra crossing. She was used to having to wait on the edge of the kerb for all the traffic to stop.



In the very busy city,

drivers were always in a rush and it

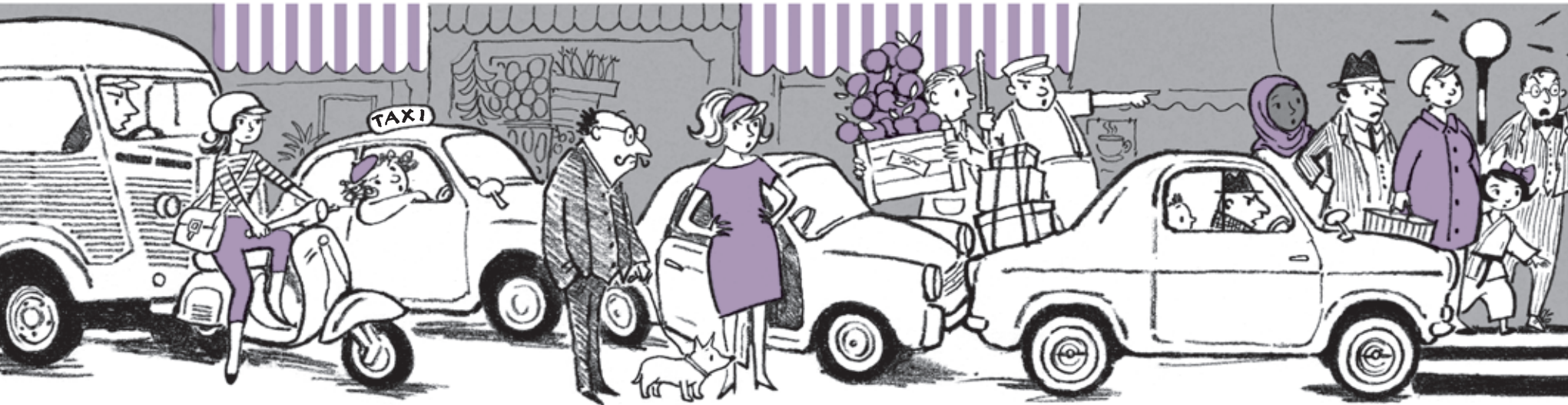
sometimes took them a while to notice

a girl wanting to cross.

But today the traffic was already stopped. In fact it was VERY stopped. Cars were jammed bumper to bumper up either side of the road, horns were being honked and some people had even got out of their vehicles and were shouting words they shouldn't have been shouting. It was all a bit of a muddle.

Sorting out a muddle was another thing Mango was good at.

In the middle of the crossing a small crowd had gathered round an obstruction. Mango couldn't see exactly what the obstruction was, but with a bit of wriggling and a few polite *Excuse me, please*s, she managed to squeeze through the forest of legs and find out.



You'll know that a zebra crossing is normally a perfectly flat affair of thick painted white lines. But on this particular Wednesday a small hill had sprouted unexpectedly in the middle.

Two black stripes and one white one had risen out of the ground to create an obstacle the cars couldn't get past.

