Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

Mango & Bambang: The Not-a-Pig

Written by

Polly Faber

Illustrated by

Clara Vulliamy

Published by

Walker Books Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

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.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or, if real, are used fictitiously. All statements, activities, stunts, descriptions, information and material of any other kind contained herein are included for entertainment purposes only and should not be relied on for accuracy or replicated as they may result in injury.

First published 2015 by Walker Books Ltd
87 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HJ

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Text © 2015 Polly Faber
Illustrations © 2015 Clara Vulliamy

The right of Polly Faber and Clara Vulliamy to be identified as author and illustrator respectively of this work has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

This book has been typeset in Veronan

Printed and bound in China

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, transmitted or stored in an information retrieval system in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, taping and recording, without prior written permission from the publisher.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data:
a catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-4063-6143-8

www.walker.co.uk

Mango & BAMBANG

The Not-a-Pig

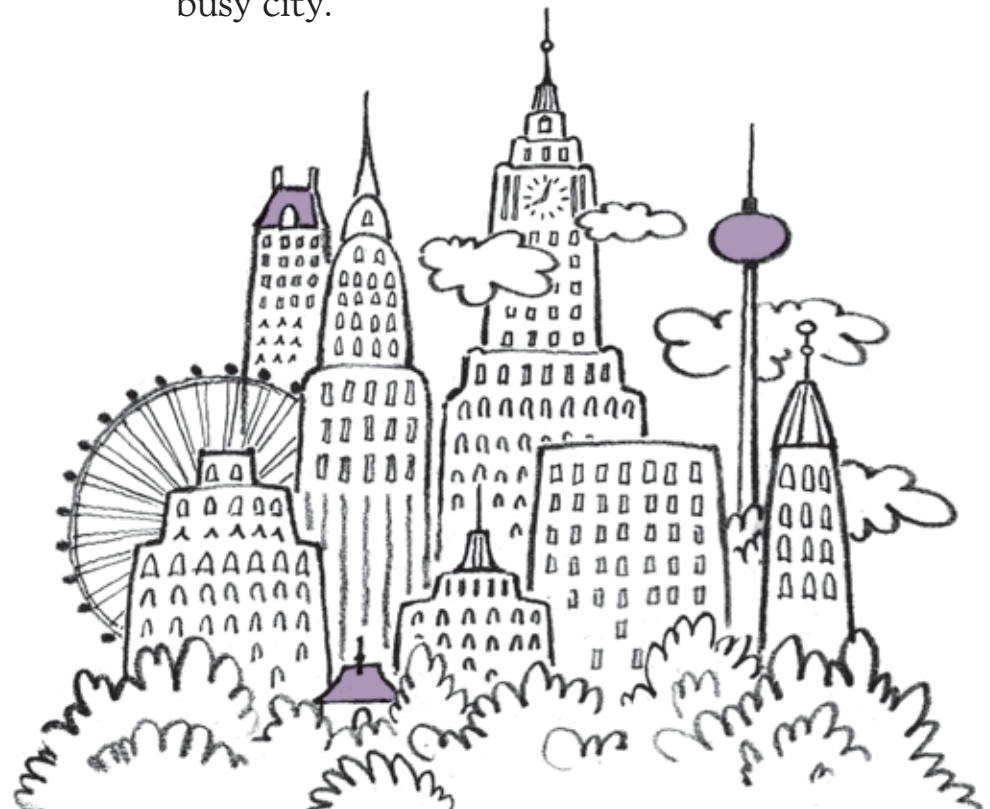


POLLY FABER
CLARA VULLIAMY

WALKER BOOKS

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.

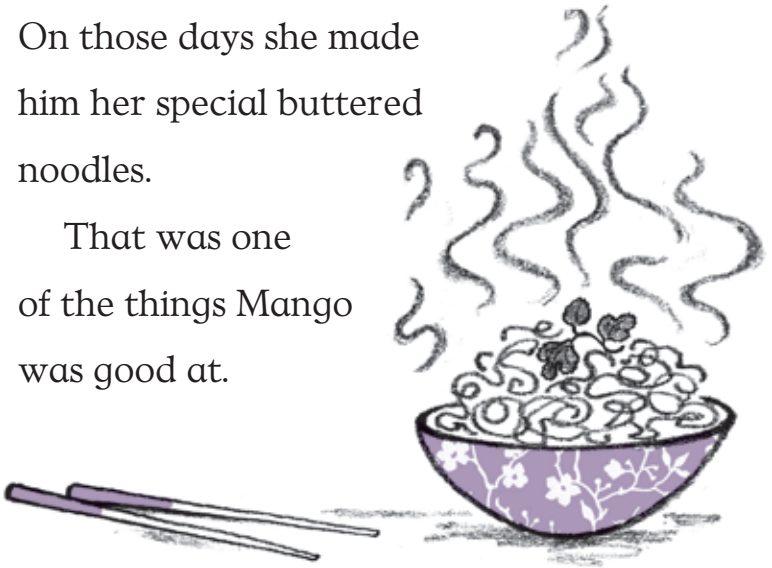
She lived at the very top of a tall building in the middle of a very, VERY busy city.





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.

