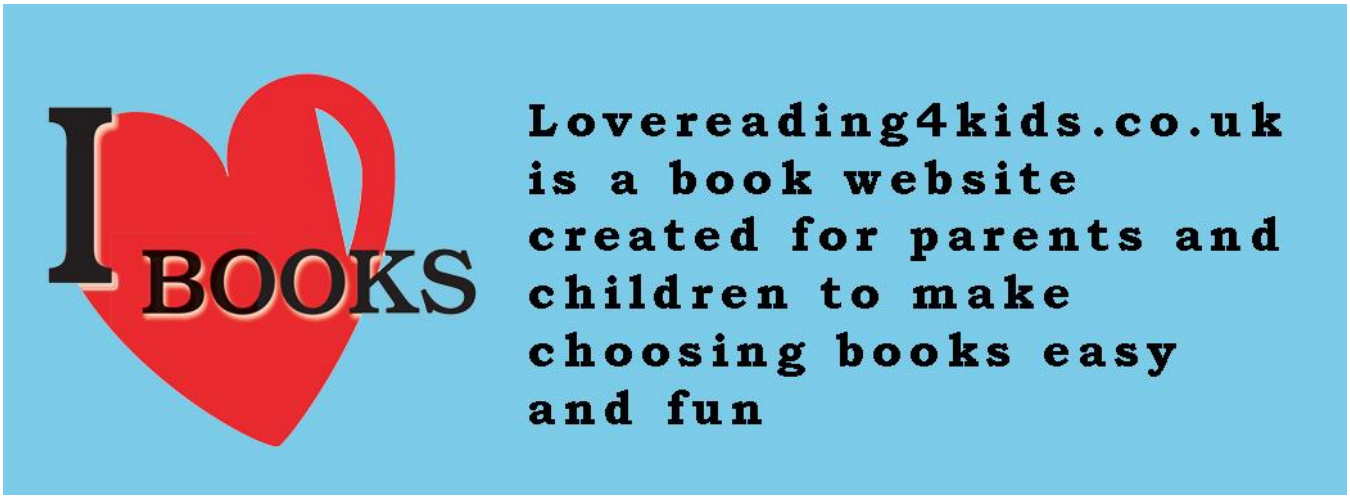


Opening extract from

Mango & Bambang: Tiny Tapir Trouble (Book 3)

Written by

Polly Faber

Illustrated by

Clare 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

Mango Allsorts
Loving and level-headed; Bambang's favourite medicine.



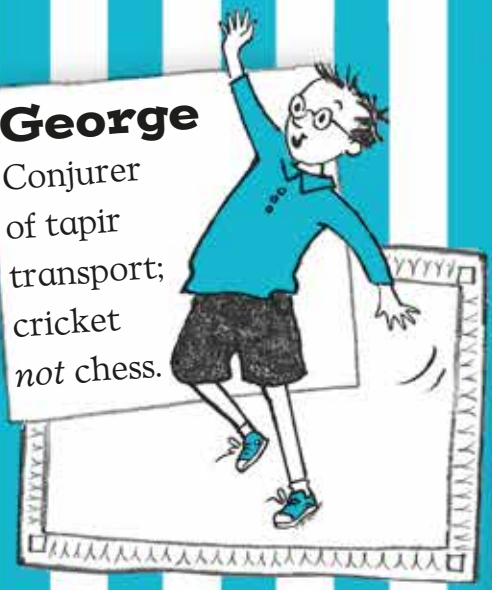
Guntur
Fluffy-eared cutie-pie; appearances may be deceptive.



Bambang
Curious and courageous; Mango's best flag-waver.



George
Conjurer of tapir transport; cricket *not* chess.



Rocket
Happy-go-lucky traveller; expert on fleas and doughnuts.



Minty Verbena
No introduction required; Hollywood's starriest star!



For Elliott, and all who were lucky enough to call him family, with love. P. F.

For Polly, 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 2016 by Walker Books Ltd
87 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HJ

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Text © 2016 Polly Faber
Illustrations © 2016 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 978-1-4063-6148-3

www.walker.co.uk

Mango & BAMBANG

Tiny Tapir Trouble



POLLY FABER
CLARA VULLIAMY

WALKER BOOKS

Contents

Seaside Rescue
8–41



Jungle in the City
42–77



A Parcel for Bambang
78–111



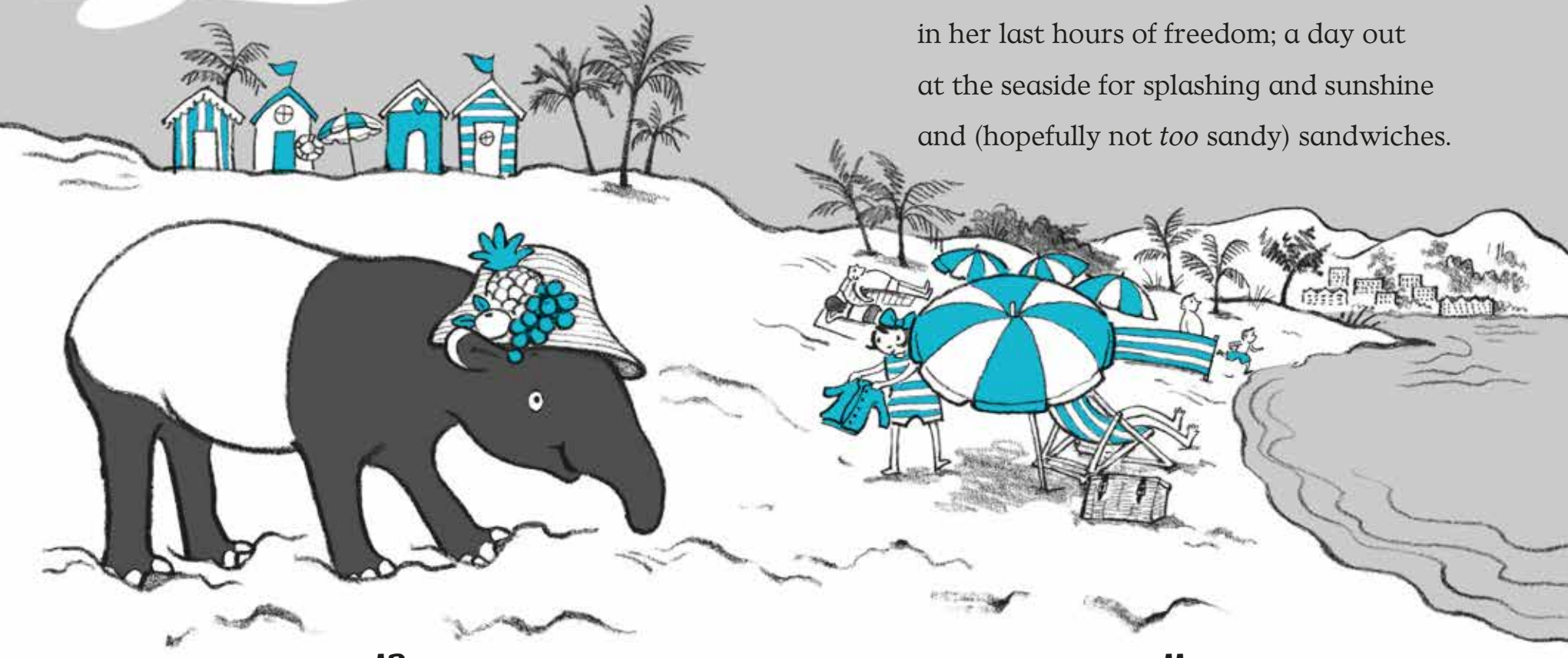
Park Games
112–143





Seaside Rescue

Bambang stood in the middle of the sand, squidged his toes into the warm white grains and looked around happily. He'd never been to the beach before.



It was the very last day of Mango's summer holidays. New shoes had already been bought and pencils freshly sharpened. Mango's papa had decided that they should all have a proper treat in her last hours of freedom; a day out at the seaside for splashing and sunshine and (hopefully not *too* sandy) sandwiches.

Mango's papa settled himself on a deckchair under an umbrella and Mango changed into her swimsuit. The beach was dotted with groups of people sunbathing and playing games. Bambang, feeling rather proud of his jaunty new sunhat, went for a wander along the sand. He spotted an enormous castle being constructed by a family and trotted towards the shoreline to admire it more closely. A girl was adding turrets, while her father dug a deep moat and her brother stuck on shells and seaweed. It was very fancy. The smallest of the family sat near by,



inside a large picnic cool box. He was pretending it was a boat and using his spade as an oar in the sand.

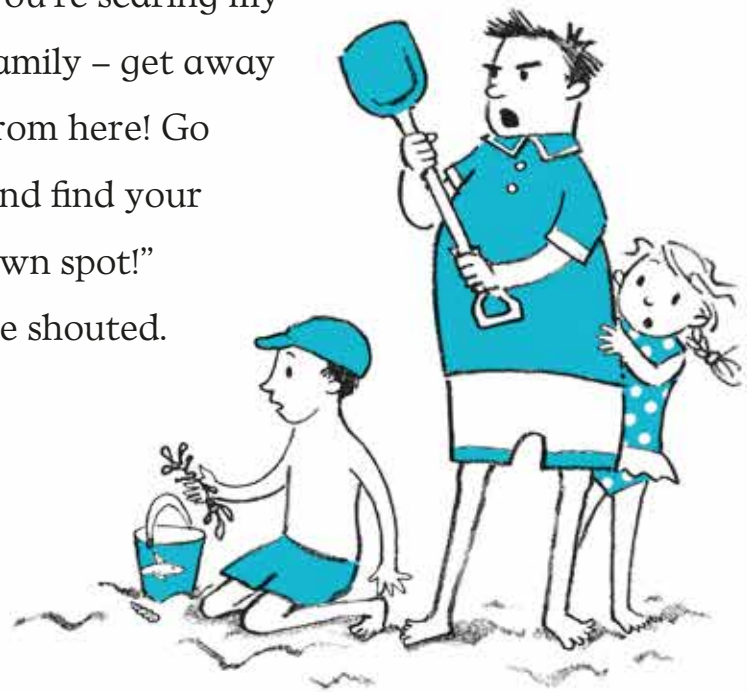


It was unfortunate that when the smallest of the family saw Bambang smiling at him, he burst into surprised tears. "MONSTA! PIGGY-MONSTA!" he wailed, pointing a stubby finger.



His brother looked up. "What IS that, Dad?" he asked. The whole family stopped building and stared hard at Bambang.

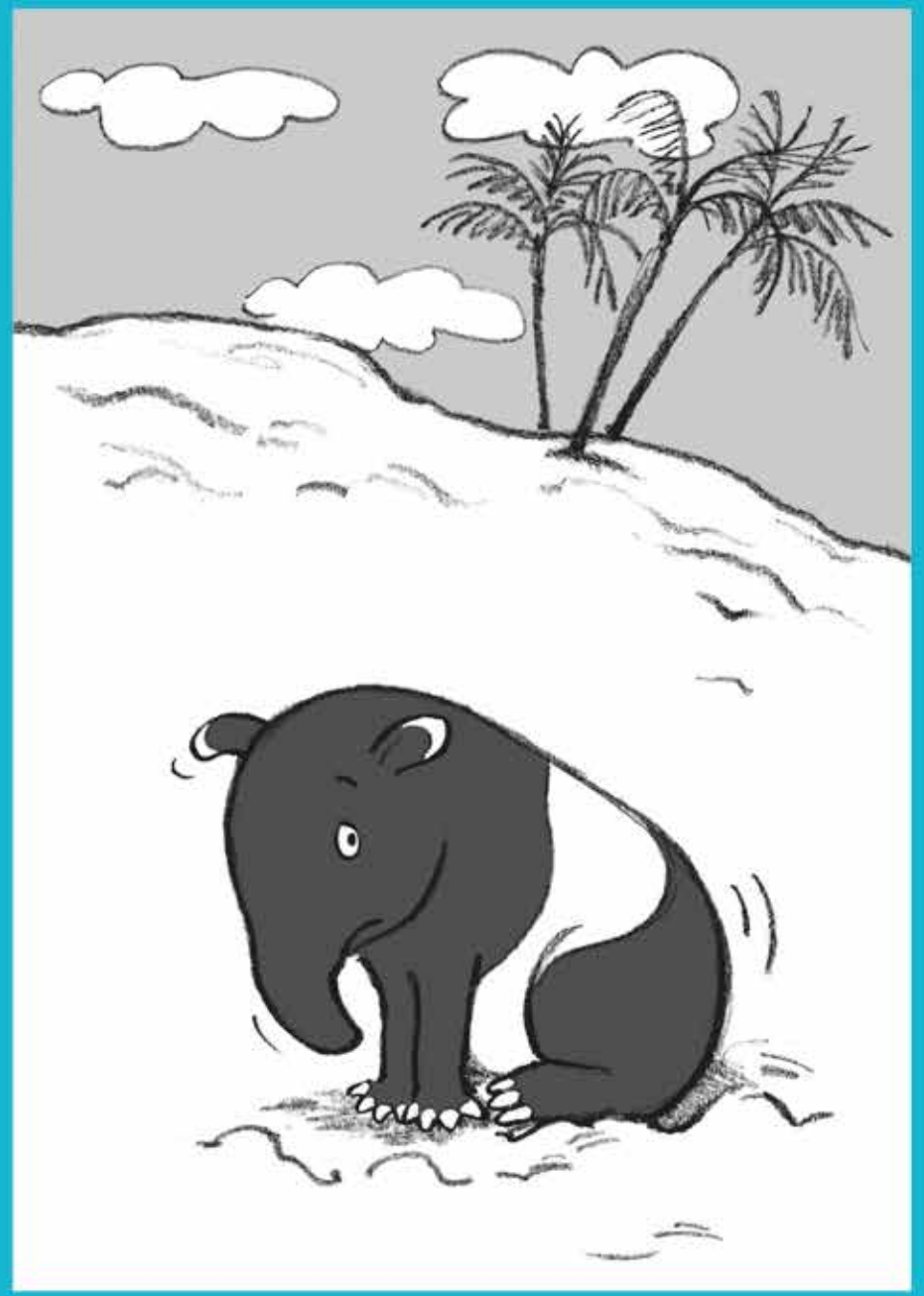
"Don't know what it is, son. Could be something nasty washed in by the tide. Could have escaped from a zoo. Could be *dangerous*," said the father. He brandished his spade at Bambang in a threatening way. "Here you – shoo! You're scaring my family – get away from here! Go and find your own spot!" he shouted.



Poor Bambang turned away, his happiness quite gone. He tended to forget he didn't exactly belong. When people made him remember, it was a miserable feeling. It made him think of his brief time being stared at as an exhibit in Dr Cynthia Prickle-Posset's Museum of the Unusual. Bambang had been feeling quite relaxed since Dr Prickle-Posset had gone on the run. Now he shivered anxiously, wondering if he should always stay on his guard.



He took off his jaunty sunhat.



"I'm ready for you now, sea!" Mango ran past him. She charged into the waves. "Oooh! It's icy! Come on, Bambang! What are you waiting for? Bambang – what's wrong?"

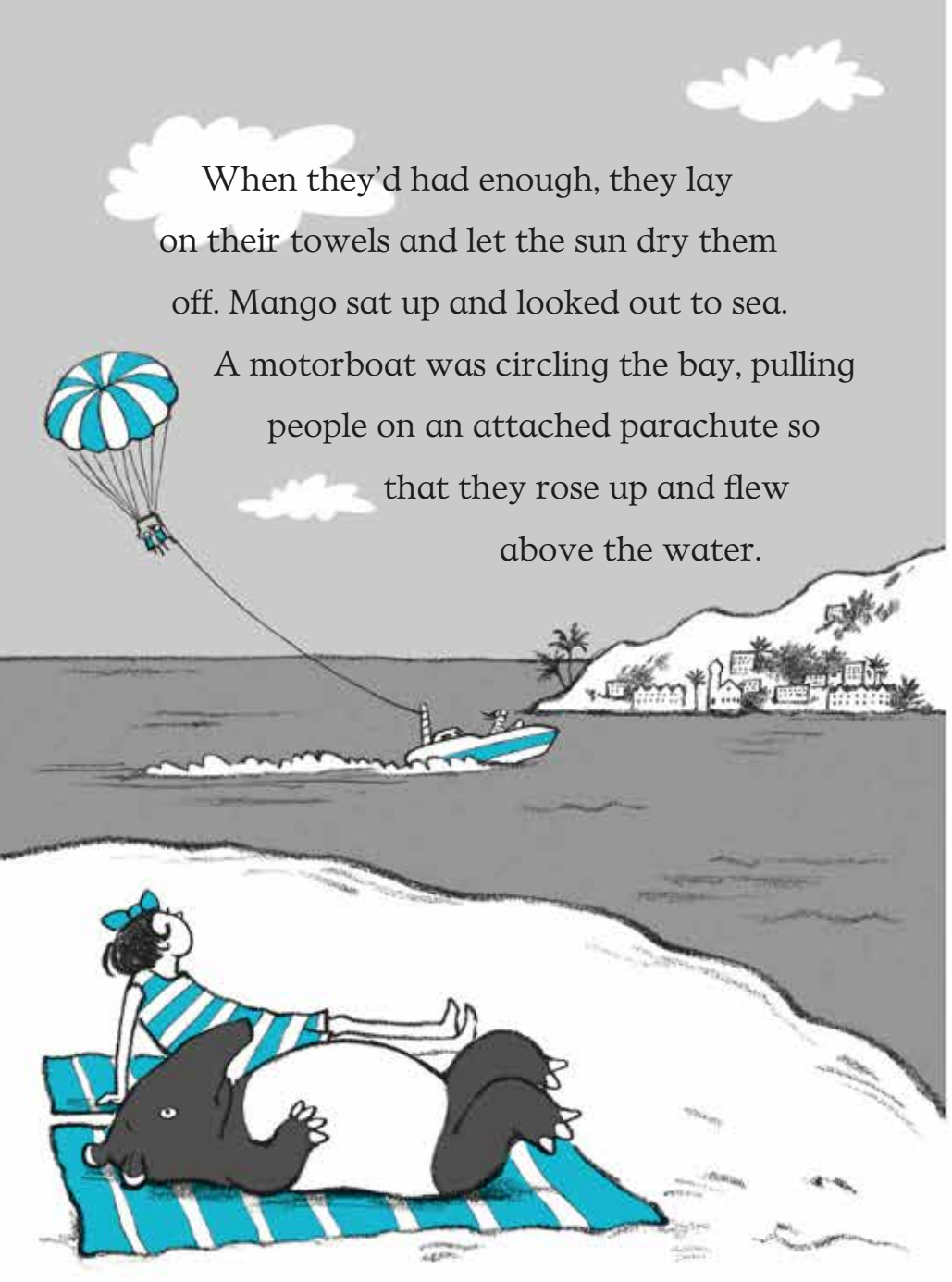
Bambang was about to tell Mango about the stares and the rudeness and his sudden worry. He knew she would make him feel better; even speak sternly to the starers. But a bit of him couldn't help thinking that maybe the family were right. He *didn't* fit in here the same way they did. He didn't quite match.

Bambang took a deep breath and found a smile for Mango. This was supposed to be her special day and he didn't want to spoil it. He ran to join her in the sea, shouting, "I'm coming now!" The cold water was a good distraction and before long he felt calmer again. The two of them had a wonderful swim; splashing and dunking and surfing to the shore on their tummies.





When they'd had enough, they lay on their towels and let the sun dry them off. Mango sat up and looked out to sea. A motorboat was circling the bay, pulling people on an attached parachute so that they rose up and flew above the water.



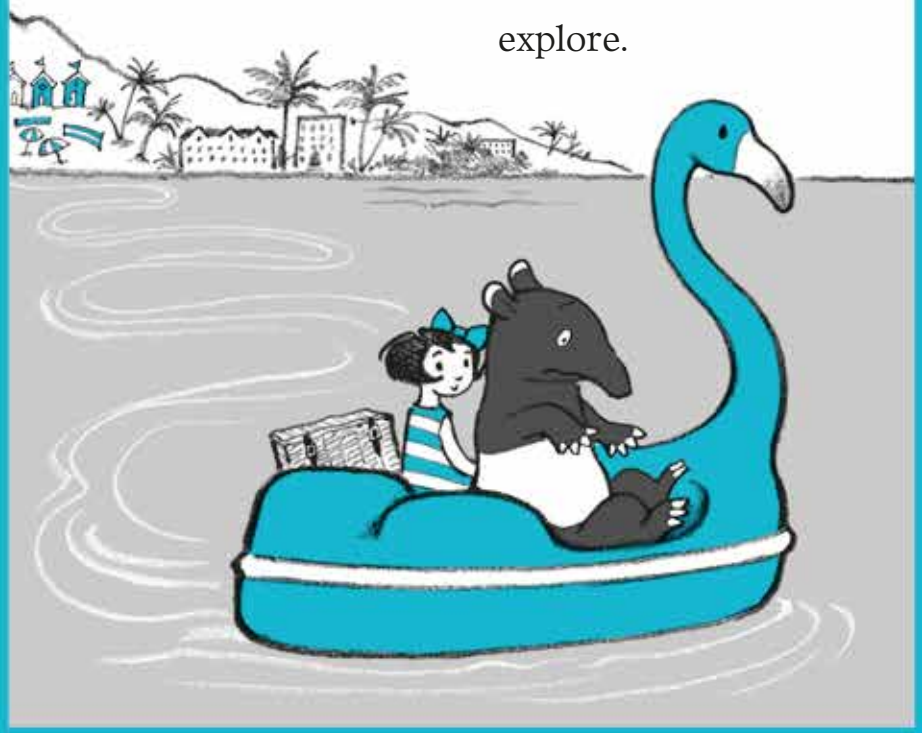
"Oh, look, Bambang! Wouldn't that be amazing? It would be like flying." Bambang did look. He felt doubtful. Tapirs didn't generally spend time dangling in mid-air and he felt there might be good reason for that.

"Ye-es," he said. "But perhaps those boats that keep you *on* the water would also be fun?" He pointed to a collection of pedalos tied up against a small wooden jetty.



"Oh, don't worry, Bambang. I wasn't really thinking *we* should go parasailing. But if you'd like to try a pedalo, I'm sure Papa wouldn't mind."

There were different sorts of pedalo. Mango and Bambang chose one in the shape of a flamingo. They set off to explore.





But the boat wasn't as easy to steer as they'd hoped. Bambang's legs turned out to not really be made for pedalling. Either Mango had to pedal by herself or Bambang had to do it with his snout. This made his bottom stick out awkwardly and he couldn't see where they were going.

"Why don't we just drift?" Mango suggested sensibly after struggling for a while. So they stopped pedalling and bobbed in the wide, calm blue. Mango had very brilliantly brought their picnic out on the boat with them, which meant

they could eat it without getting it sandy at all. Bambang felt perfectly content.

They were washing the last mouthfuls down with lemonade when they heard a strange noise.

"Was that a seagull or somebody crying?" wondered Mango. They were too far from the shore for noises to reach them from there. She stood up and scanned the water. In the distance, some way out to sea, something was bobbing away.

"Oh, my goodness! Quick, Bambang! I think there IS somebody – look! There's a head sticking out of that box in the water!" Bambang looked and saw it was the smallest member of the rude family, the one who'd been startled by him earlier. His pretend boat had somehow floated out to sea. It didn't look like it would *stay* floating for long.

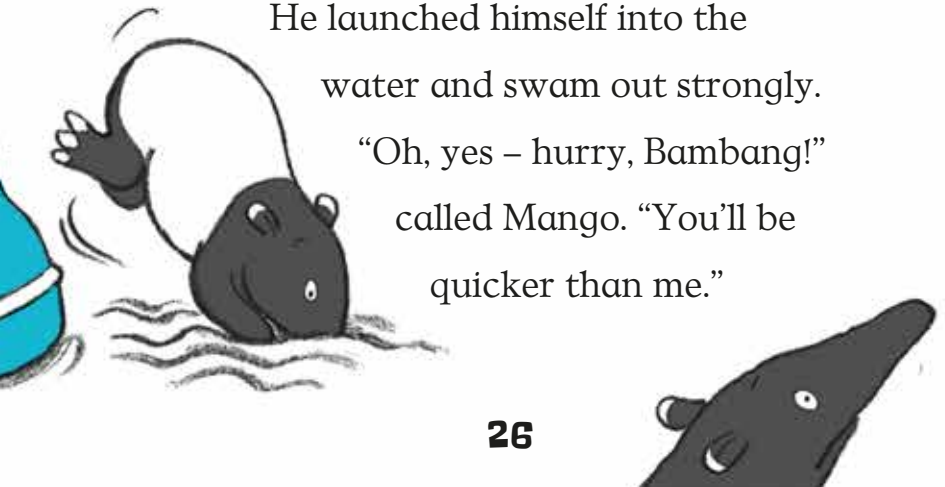






Mango started pedalling furiously, but the pedalo was as stubborn and as slow to move as ever. They both glanced back towards the shore. A crowd of people had gathered and they were all pointing and waving frantically. Bambang didn't hesitate. He launched himself into the water and swam out strongly.

"Oh, yes – hurry, Bambang!" called Mango. "You'll be quicker than me."



Water was lapping over the edges of the bobbing vessel as Bambang reached it. There was no doubt it was close to sinking. The toddler was already crying, but he started to yell properly, scarlet-faced, when he saw Bambang.

