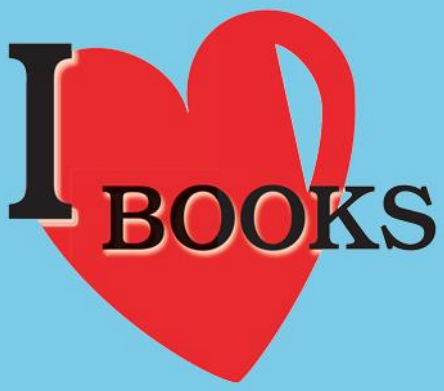


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Opening extract from

Mango & Bambang: Superstar Tapir

Written by

Polly Faber

Illustrated by

Clara Vulliamy

Published by

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Mango Allsorts

Calm and clever;
Bambang's sun and moon.



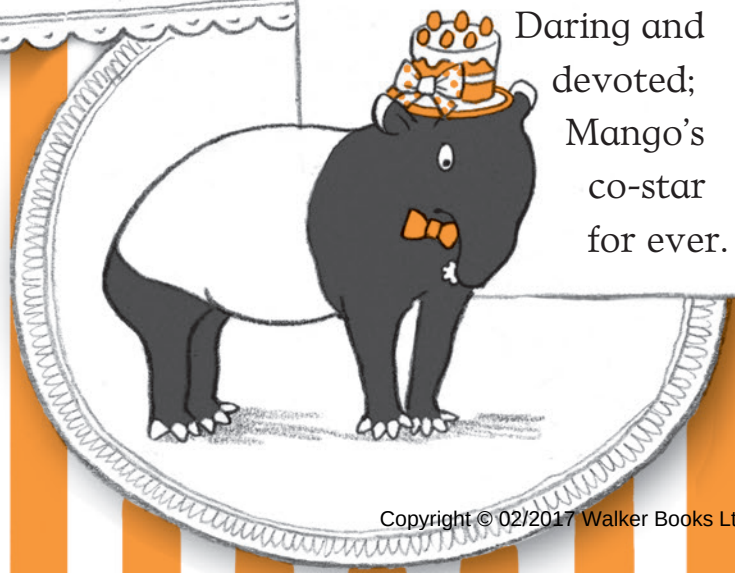
Rocket

Stellar sausage-seeker;
ready for lift off.



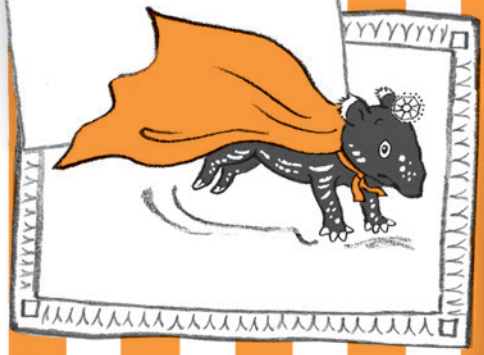
Bambang

Daring and
devoted;
Mango's
co-star
for ever.



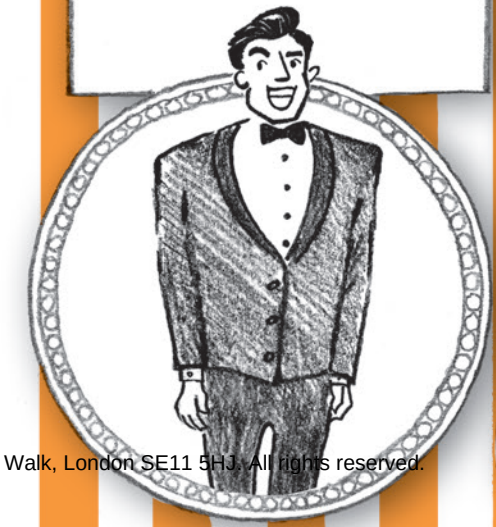
Guntur

The hottest tapir
talent in town.



Tuxedo McCoy

Chisel-jawed man
of action.



The Mummy

Unusual sideshow
attraction.



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For Clara; who drew me a tapir, with love. P. F.

For Louise, with love. C. V.

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Mango & BAMBANG

Superstar Tapir



POLLY FABER
CLARA VULLIAMY

WALKER BOOKS

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Snow Day

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Mango lay propped up on her elbows in bed, chewing a pencil and puzzling over her maths homework. She kept being distracted by Bambang, who was trying out new flamenco poses in her mirror. Mango wasn't sure whether the pose he was aiming for was "Tapir of Mystery" or "Tapir Full of Pie". Bambang must have been uncertain too; he stopped sticking out his tummy and turned his attention to Mango's shelf of treasures.

"What's this?" he asked, taking down a small glass bauble.

"It's my snow globe," said Mango, closing her book. "You shake it to make the snow fall." She showed Bambang what to do and they both watched as soft white flakes swirled around the miniature scene.



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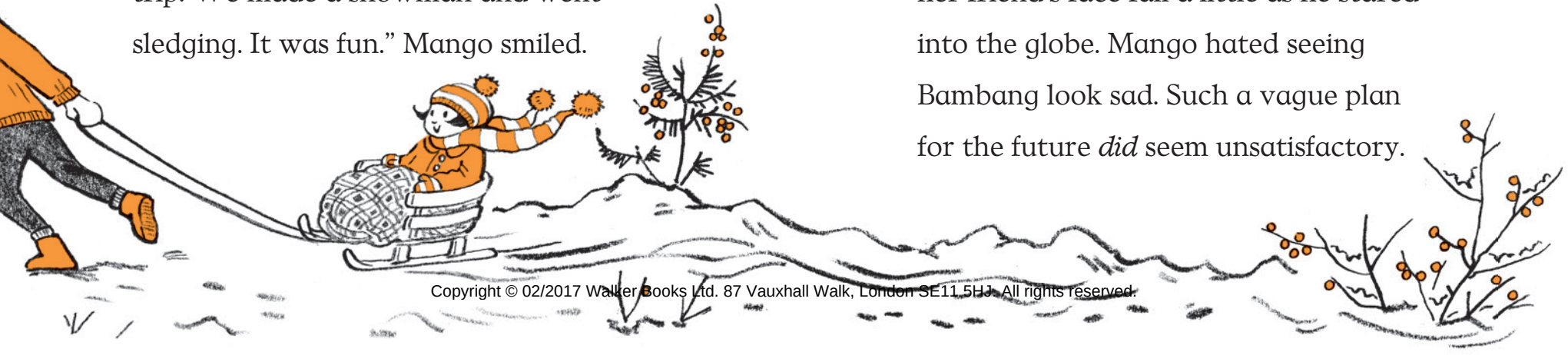
"Ah!" said Bambang, wide-eyed. "It's wonderful." He paused, and then asked, "But what *is* snow, Mango?"

Mango thought. "That's difficult to answer," she said. "It doesn't get cold enough here to snow. Snow is frozen rain, but much better than that. It's cold and soft *and* crunchy. Everything feels fresh and different when it snows. I've only seen it once before, when I was quite little. Papa took me away on a special trip. We made a snowman and went sledging. It was fun." Mango smiled.

Bambang shook the snow globe again, watching the slow drifting flakes. "I'd like to see snow one day," he said. "I'd like to make a snow-tapir and go sledging and know just what it feels like."



"I'm sure Papa will take us both on his next trip," said Mango. "Only I don't know when that will be. There aren't many days when *all* of Papa's books are balanced." She saw her friend's face fall a little as he stared into the globe. Mango hated seeing Bambang look sad. Such a vague plan for the future *did* seem unsatisfactory.



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Slowly an idea came to her. If she couldn't take the tapir to the snow, *might* there be a way of bringing snow to the tapir?

"Wake up, Bambang! Wake up! It's Saturday and it's a *special* Saturday, look!"

Bambang opened his eyes a crack and found Mango sitting on her bed, grinning at him, wearing her woolly hat and mittens. The light in the room seemed different somehow. And when Bambang looked out of the window, instead of the usual clouds and buildings, he could only see white. It was all *very* strange.

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"I wanted to surprise you! I thought we'd have our very own snow day," explained Mango. "It won't be *quite* the same thing; I made the snowflakes on the window out of cotton wool and paper. But even if it isn't proper snow, we can still have fun. When you've got your warmest hat on, come to the living room."

Bambang raced to get up and ready. He stepped through the bedroom door and found another surprise waiting for him: all the floor and furniture in the living room had become white. Sheets had been draped over everything, creating interesting mounds. It was difficult to tell what was a sofa or table.

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Bambang paused for a moment, taking in the magical transformation.

"Come on in!" Mango stood in the middle of it all in her wellies, mittened hands outstretched.

Bambang stepped into the snow. His four feet sank down, and when he moved them it was unexpectedly noisy. *SHH-KRINCH! SHH-KRUNCH!*



"You were right, Mango!" he said. "It *is* soft and crunchy! Your snow is wonderful. How clever you are! Only it doesn't feel cold. But maybe that's a good thing."





"It's newspaper under the sheet – that's the best I could manage. But I've planned the cold for later," said Mango. "Now come and see what you think of my snowy cushion mountain!"

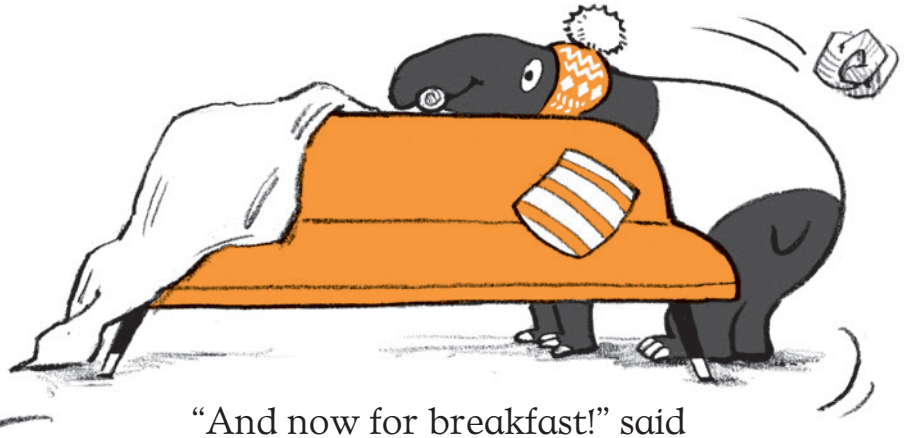
Mango and Bambang spent a while jumping and rolling off the sofa slopes. It didn't take long for the snowy sheet to get tangled and pulled off. Soon the familiar colours of the furniture and the scrunched-up newspaper on the floor emerged.

"I think our snow's melting," said Bambang sadly.



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"Never mind," said Mango. "How about a snowball fight?" She picked up a ball of the exposed newspaper, squished it up and threw it at Bambang. He ducked behind the sofa and started making balls of his own. They had a short but very satisfactory war.

"And now for breakfast!" said Mango when they'd both run out of ammunition. "Normally when it's snowy it's very cold outside, so you eat hot things to warm up. But I thought we'd do it the other way round, as playing in our snow has made us warm already." It was true that they were both feeling quite





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flushed in their woollens.

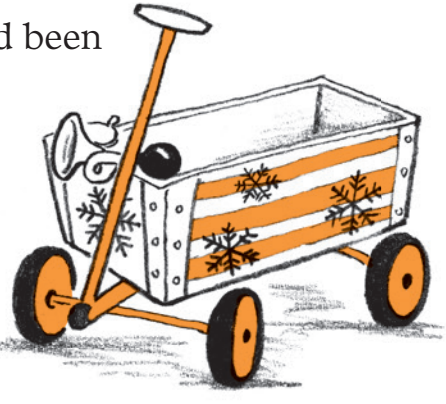
Mango filled two tall glasses with scoops of lemon sorbet and cream soda with extra crushed ice and topped with whipped cream. She then sprinkled on large chunks of meringue and white marshmallows. "It's not a very healthy breakfast," she admitted. "But Papa agreed it should be a special occasion. It's the snowiest meal I could think of."

"It's *very* good!" said Bambang, who was cooling down beautifully with every mouthful. "It's just how I imagined snow would taste."

"And when you've finished, we've got a date with George," said Mango a little mysteriously.

Outside, it was a lovely sunny day. Mango took Bambang up to the highest point in the park – the hill where people came to fly kites or look at the view. Their woolly hats and scarves got some curious looks.

George was waiting for them. Bambang saw he had his wagon with him. It had been an ambulance when Bambang was poorly. Now it had been repainted with go-faster stripes and silver snowflakes.



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"I'm calling her the Ice Queen," said George proudly. "Happy Snow Day, Bambang! Ready to go sledging?" He was also wearing a hat, scarf and gloves, teamed with shorts. But then George would have been wearing shorts even if it had been a *real* snow day.

"I *think* I am," said Bambang, feeling excited and nervous all at once.

They took it in turns to roll down the hill's gentle slope and then pull the Ice Queen back up. Just like with real sledging, the rolling down the hill took no time at all, but the pulling back up again took ages. They all got very hot.



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