ALSO BY SWAPNA AND SHEENA

Dave Pigeon

Dave Pigeon (Nuggets!)

Dave Pigeon (Racer!)

Dave Pigeon (Royal Coo!)



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For Ockie, with love and smooshy kisses

S. H.

For Jane and Emily, with squishy panda hugs x

S. D.

Are **YOU** sick of being utterly adorable?

Tired of being cuddled and hugged?

Fed up of having your head confused for your **bottom** because you just so happen to be SOOOOPER-DOOOOOPER fluffy?



Are you making plans to build a bamboo hut, with bamboo windows, bamboo shutters and a reinforced bamboo-laser door with bamboo cannons and catapults so you can fire panda poo at the next ranger who comes along and does those schmoopy-loopy-wubbie-schnubbie-gooey-heart eyes at you because they find you **'too cute, just too darn cute'?**





1

Being Good Is Boring

Up past the gift shop and along from the monkeys, there lives a panda.

Her name is Lin, because that's what her mum called her. Actually, her mum named her

'Grrrrr-AHHHHH-RRRR-rrrrrr' but the panda keepers heard 'Lin' so that's what stuck.



That's Lin there.

Lin is an absolute rotter of a panda.

You might be wondering why a panda that cute would be a rotter? Pandas are super-duper sweethearts, right? With their super-duper kind eyes and their super-duper fluffy heads? Isn't that why everyone **loves** pandas?

Well, that's exactly why Lin was a rotter. She hated being cute. She hated it so much. In fact, Lin hated most things you would've thought a panda would love. She hated being cuddled.



She hated all the ooohhhhhs and ahhhhhhs and the drippy heart eyes visitors gave her as they passed by her enclosure.

She also hated a bunch of other stuff you might think a panda had no idea about.



She hated playgrounds. She hated ice cream, even the jelly-tipped ones. She hated bubbles.





She hated snow days. She hated sand days. She hated Sundays. She even hated cosy socks. She hated fluffy blankets. She hated unfluffy blankets. She hated unbluffy flankets. She hated pizza and chips. She hated chips and pizza.



And you reading this book right now? Well, she'd probably hate that too.

She was the sort of panda who would tell you to pull your baby sister's pigtails, steal your best friend's sweets, knock over your granddad's bike and push in front of your granny in a queue.

She was a total grotter of a rotter of a panda. And this is her story.

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But Lin hadn't always been a rotter of a panda.

She'd been born on a fine day at a fine hour.



The panda elders had commented on this in a fine manner, at the time, especially as her big brother had been born on a stormy, icy day at the unpandaly hour of three forty-eight in the morning and had come out looking like a bag of potatoes that had been spun too fast in a washing machine.



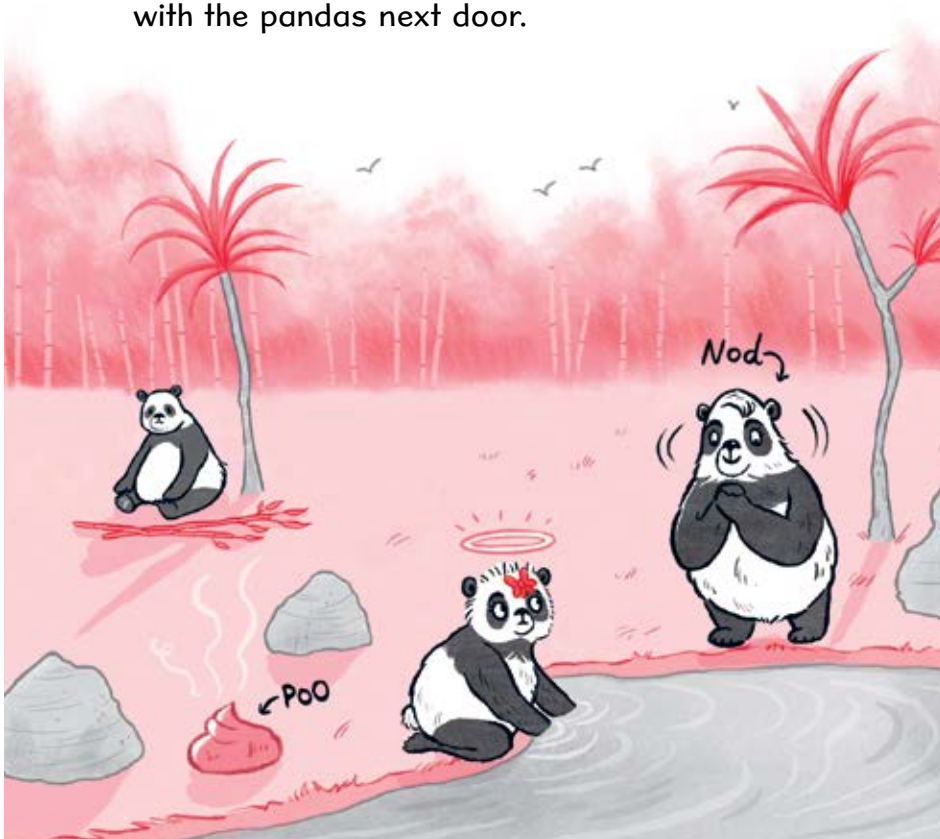


Lin's adorable face soon became the centre of attention at the panda sanctuary where her family lived.

'Remember, you represent pandas everywhere,' her mother would tell her, and Lin knew she had to do her best to be polite and kind and smile for the visitors.



Lin washed her paws after every poo. She finished all her homework on time at Panda School and she even shared her panda cake with the pandas next door.

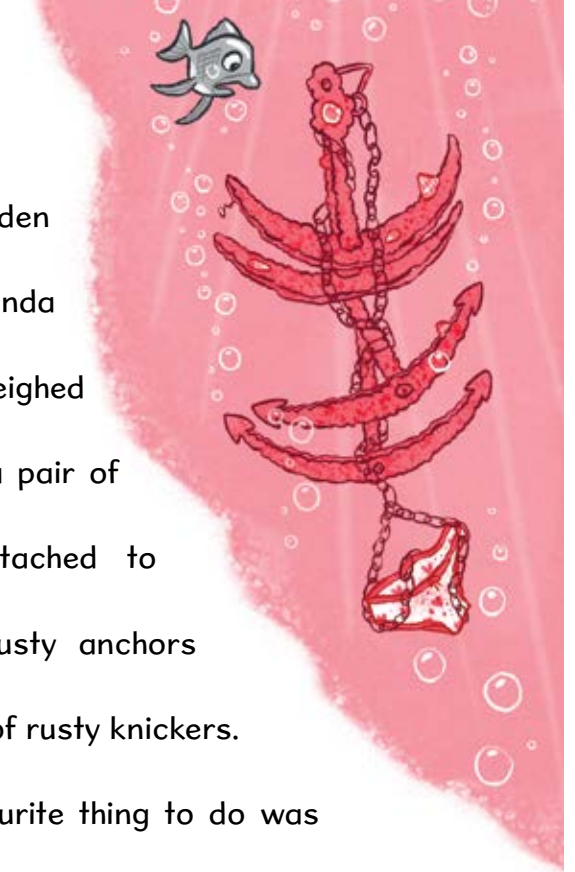




At first it was fun. Her face was on all the panda posters. People would bring her gifts of bamboo and carrots just for a glimpse of her lovable fluffy face or a chance to watch her do a cute roll off her hammock.

But what came easy to the other cubs was a **huge** effort for young Lin. There was absolutely nothing fun about washing your paws, handing in your homework and sharing cake with the pandas next door. (You know what is fun? Washing your homework, handing in your poo and eating all

the cake.) The burden to be the best panda in the sanctuary weighed heavy on Lin like a pair of rusty anchors attached to another pair of rusty anchors attached to a pair of rusty knickers.



Lin's most favourite thing to do was to play with her big brother, Face-Like-A-Bag-Of-Potatoes. They rolled around in the dirt for hours and hours, whacking each other over the head

with bamboo stems, talking about the important things like whether a panda is black and white or whether a panda is white and black and whether Dalmatian dogs were pandas who hadn't eaten enough bamboo and whether zebras were Dalmatian dogs who had eaten too much dog food.

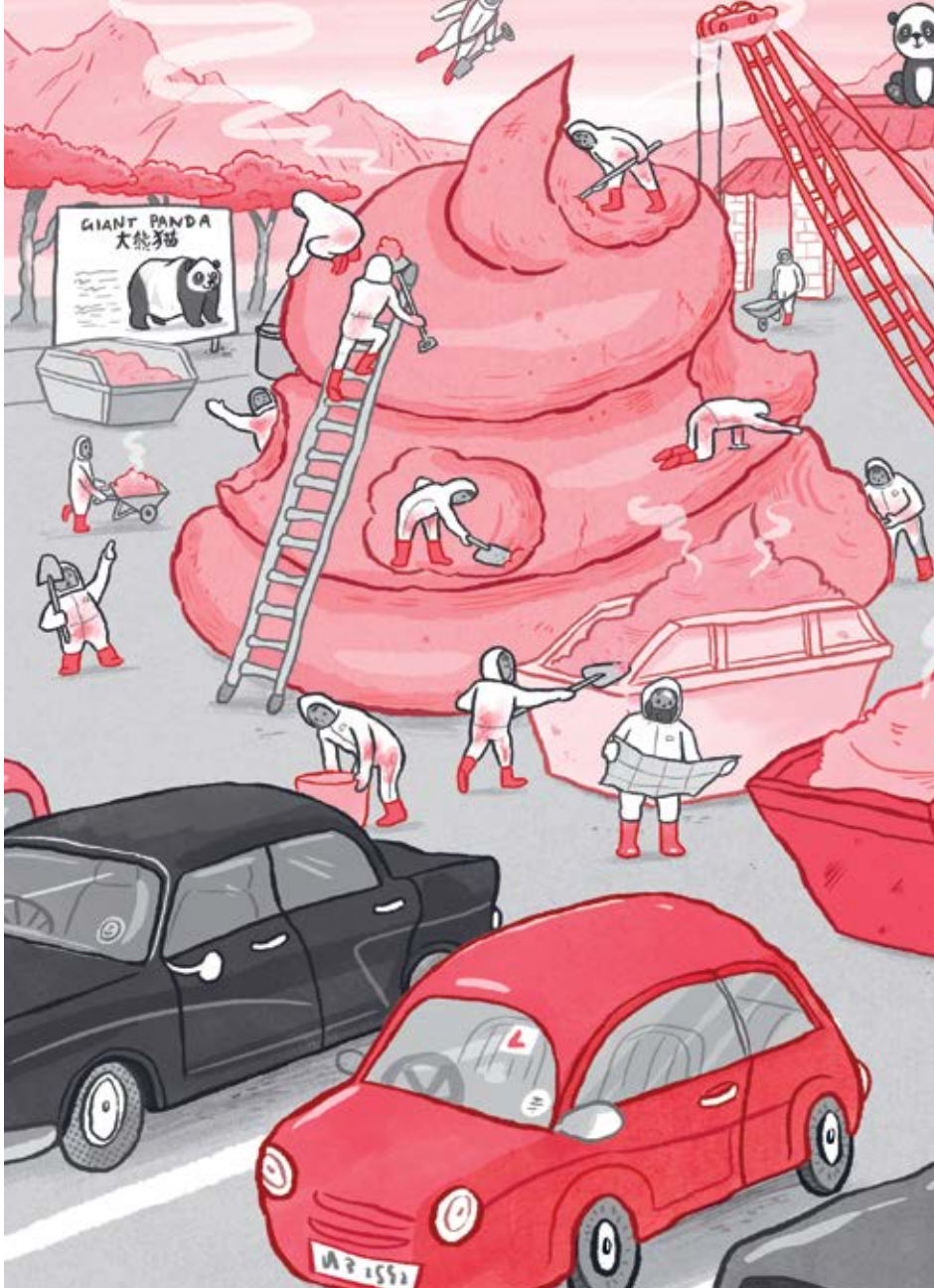
'Let's always whack each other over the head with bamboo,' Lin said.

'Always,' Face-Like-A-Bag-Of-Potatoes replied.

But when Face-Like-A-Bag-Of-Potatoes took

a whopper panda dump in the visitor car park, the decision was made by the panda elders to keep him away from his little sister on the far side of the sanctuary, where Lin could only see him if she jumped up on the shoulders of two other pandas to peer past the bamboo trees.

(The poo was massive, just so you know. Colossal in fact. It was so gigantic that it took ninety-eight people sixty-three hours to clean it up and there is still a bit of a strange smell when you walk past the car park today.)



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Lin watched from afar as her beloved big brother swung on tyre swings all day long and broke as much bamboo over his head as he wanted. He'd become quite the champion bamboo breaker as he spent hours and hours mastering the art. Lin felt like one thousand tiny shuai jiao wrestlers were pulling her heart apart, bit by bit.

Lin loved her brother. He was her hero. She wanted more than ever to enjoy a life like his and to be free of the pressures of being a



panda celebrity. As Face-Like-A-Bag-Of-Potatoes flourished in his life of peace, Lin's fame grew and grew. People visited from far and wide to take pictures of the world's cutest panda and Lin was no longer in control of her own life.


Mama, can I go play with Face-Like-A-Bag-Of-Potatoes?
Not today, dear.


I don't mind, Mama.
Perhaps play another day, Lin.


When, Mama?
Well, Face-Like-A-Bag-Of-Potatoes is playing in the dirt and you don't want to get your fur messy, do you?


Right now you have to look your fluffiest and sparkliest because the people from the zoo have come to visit you.

The people from the zoo?

Just like all the other panda cubs, Lin had been told on the very first day of Panda School that going to the zoo was like eating a chocolate sundae with pizza-flavoured sprinkles. It was the greatest gift any panda could ask for and only the best-behaved pandas got to go.



'I'm going to the zoo?' Lin exclaimed.

'You've been such a good panda,' Mama replied. 'You deserve it.'

'But what about Face-Like-A-Bag-Of-Potatoes?'

'Don't worry about your brother,' Mama said. 'He'll be just fine without you.'

Lin knew **she** wouldn't be fine without him. She pleaded with her mother and then with her father and then with the elders and then with anyone who would listen, including a flock of



chickadee birds who were sympathetic but quite busy and on their way to a family wedding.

But Lin's fate was sealed.

'Be a good panda,' the elders told Lin before packing up her bamboo suitcase and sending her on her way. 'The world wants a cute panda and this is your path.' This turned out to be the worst mistake they'd ever make after the last worst mistake they ever made which was a mistake so bad it has been removed from the panda history books.

'I don't want to leave you,' Lin howled to her beloved brother, who was clambering up the bamboo border fence to try and reach her.

