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regulations of the country of origin.

For Kaya Flora, I hope you grow to see the beauty in the brightest of forests, and the darkest of caves.

Between NIGHT and DAY

Sean Julian

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Pongo opened her eyes and smiled. She felt safe in the morning sunshine.

‘Time for breakfast,’ she thought, stretching out her long orangutan arm to pluck a juicy mango.

She did not notice the fruit bat clinging to it.



But just as Pongo was about
to take a big, toothy bite,
there was an . . .

'EEEK!'

Pongo gasped. 'Who are you?'

'I'm Bulu,' said the little bat, 'and
I'm lost. Please don't eat me.'



'I'd rather eat the mango!' laughed Pongo.
'Would you like some?'



But before Bulu could answer there was a loud . . .

SCREECH!

. . . as an eagle swooped through the forest.

Bulu clung tightly to Pongo. ‘I don’t like the daytime,’ he said. ‘I want to go home to my dark cave!’

Pongo felt Bulu’s little body shaking. ‘I think we should find your cave together,’ she said. ‘Come with me.’