

POLLY FABER



Manga
&
BAMBANG
The Not-a-Pig



CLARA BULLIAMY

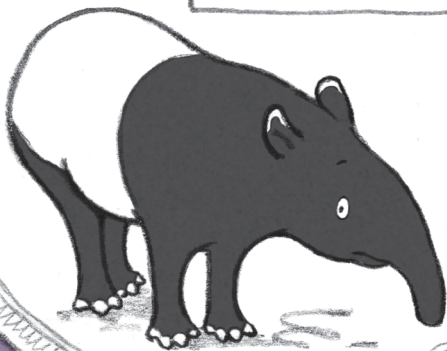
Mango Allsorts

Brave and helpful; a very
good friend indeed.



Bambang

Completely *not*-a-pig;
new to the busy city.



Mango's papa

Mostly in his study; welcomes
visitors from overseas.

VERY busy—
please do not
disturb!

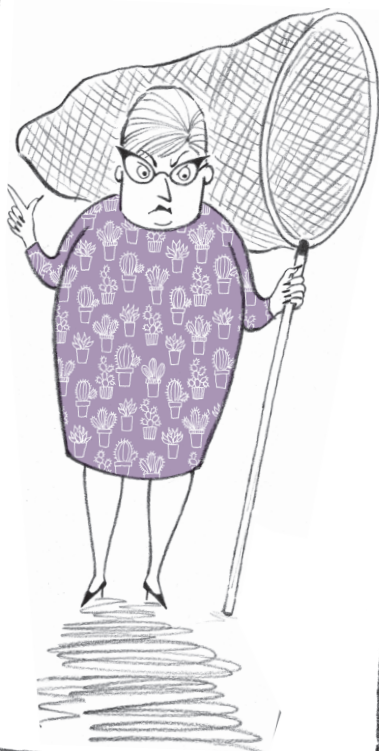
George-from- the-Tree-in- the-Park

Keeper of caramels;
avoider of baths.



Dr. Cynthia Prickle- Posset

A neighbor with
a net; doesn't like
sweets or children.



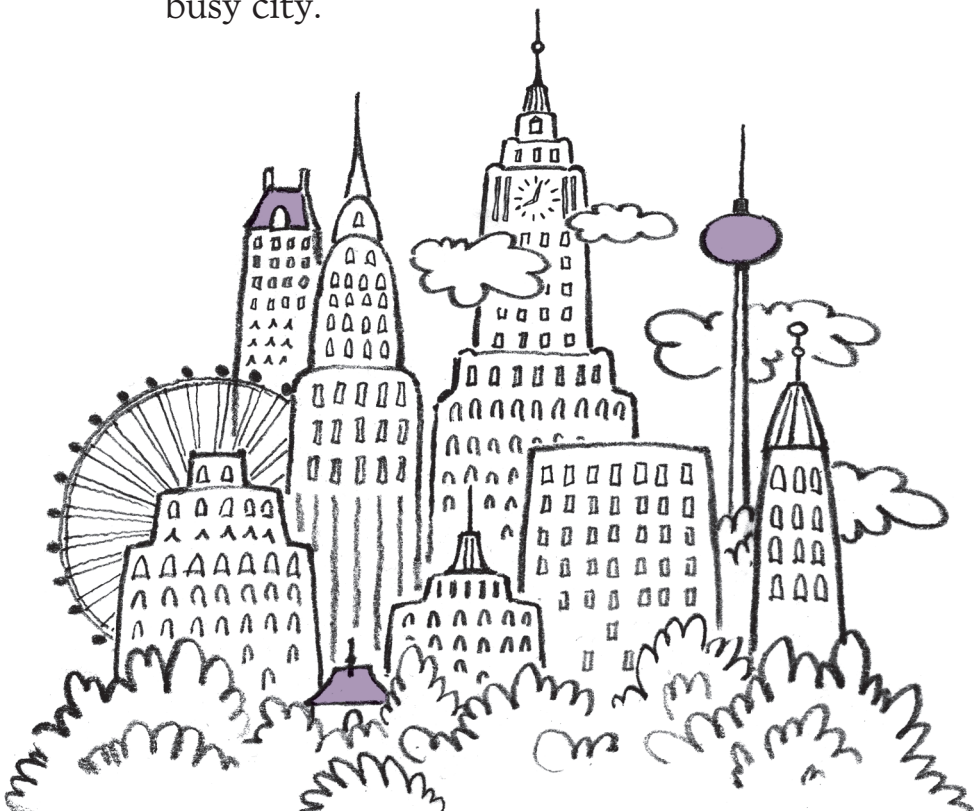
• PART ONE •



Mango and the Muddle

Mango Allsorts was good at all sorts of things. That was not the same as being good, but she was that, too. Most of the time.

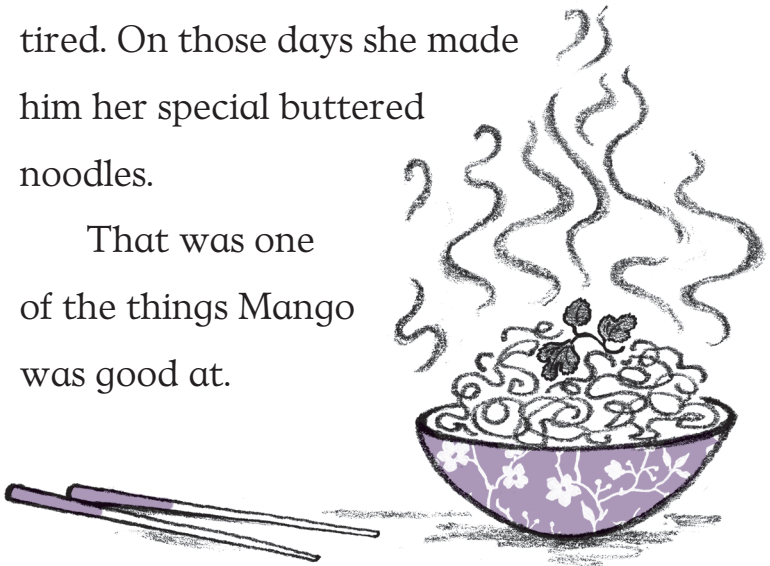
She lived at the very top of a tall building in the middle of a very, *very* busy city.





She lived with her papa, who was also tall and very busy. He spent every day holed 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, and she could jump off the highest diving board at the swimming pool without holding her nose, use the Sicilian Defense when playing chess, and wiggle her ears



while sucking on 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 practicing
and soon she would
be good at that, too.



Mango had a lot of time
for practicing; 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, nothing-y 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 crosswalk. She was used to having to wait at the curb for all the traffic to stop.



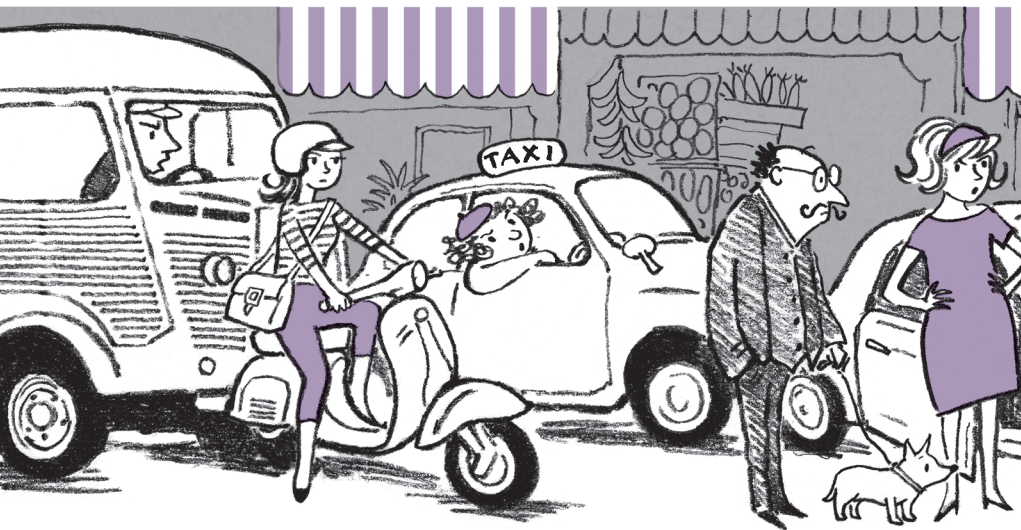
In the very busy city,

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 on either side of the road, horns were being honked, and some people had even gotten out of their vehicles and were shouting words they shouldn't have been shouting. It was all a bit of a muddle.



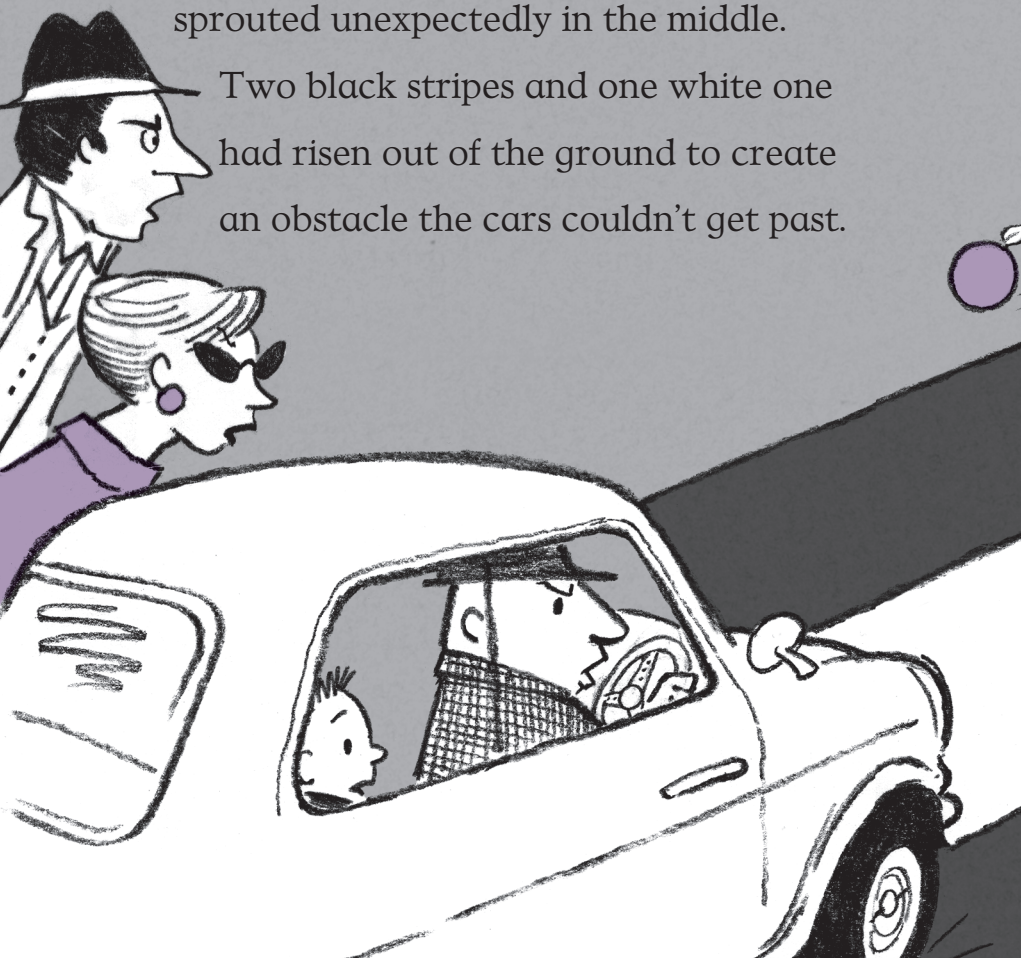
Sorting out a muddle was another thing Mango was good at.

In the middle of the crosswalk a small crowd had gathered around 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 crosswalk 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.







The small crowd was arguing about where the hill had come from and what should be done about it.



“This is a disgrace! I shall be late for my hair appointment,” said a stout man who didn’t seem to have any hair at all.

“It’s the underground pipework gone wrong! I’ve always said the sewers in this city are not fit for use. Someone should inform the authorities,” said a lady in an alarming hat.

“I say we dynamite it! Blow it up, I say. **Kaboom**, I say!” said an overexcited man who kept poking the hump with his umbrella.

Mango noticed the hump was quivering. She knelt down and put a gentle hand on it. It was warm and a little bit hairy. She gave it a comforting scratch and then whispered, “Hello, my name is Mango. Please don’t worry. Can I help you?”



Out of one of the black stripes a small, sad eye opened, peered at Mango, then blinked away a tear. The hump shifted a little, and a long black snout unfurled. It sniffled against Mango's open palm in a damp, whiskery sort of way. Very, very softly — so softly, in fact, that nobody but Mango could hear it — the hump whispered a warning:

"Tiger!"

Then the eye shut,
the snout tucked in,
and the hump curled
into a tight mound
once more.

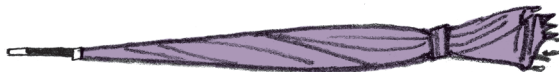


The quivering turned into violent shaking.

“Eek! It’s alive! It’s got NOSTRILS! It’s a mutant sewer pig! They’re surging up from the pipes! They’ll come out of our toilets and eat us in our beds at night!” shrieked the alarming-hat lady.

“I read about mutant pigs in the paper, I’m sure of it,” said the bald man, nodding in a definite way. “Shocking.”

“Send in the air force! Mobilize the army! Press the big red button that fires the big fat bomb!” The overexcited man was jumping from foot to foot and jabbing his umbrella in the air.



Mango & Bambang: The Not-a-Pig

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