

ALSO BY SWAPNA AND SHEENA

Dave Pigeon

Dave Pigeon (Nuggets!)

Dave Pigeon (Racer!)

Dave Pigeon (Royal Cool!)



Swapna Haddow SHEENA DEMPSEY

faber

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-schubbie-gooey-
heart eyes at you because they find you
'too cute, just too darn cute'?

A cartoon illustration of a panda standing in a bamboo forest. The panda is holding a bamboo stalk in its right hand and a small book in its left hand. The book cover features a panda and the text 'DAD reads'. A large speech bubble above the panda contains the text: 'If you answered yes to any of those questions, then you're in the right book.' The background shows bamboo trees and a path.

If you answered
yes to any of those
questions, then you're
in the right book.



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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 oohhhhs and ahhhhhs 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.

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

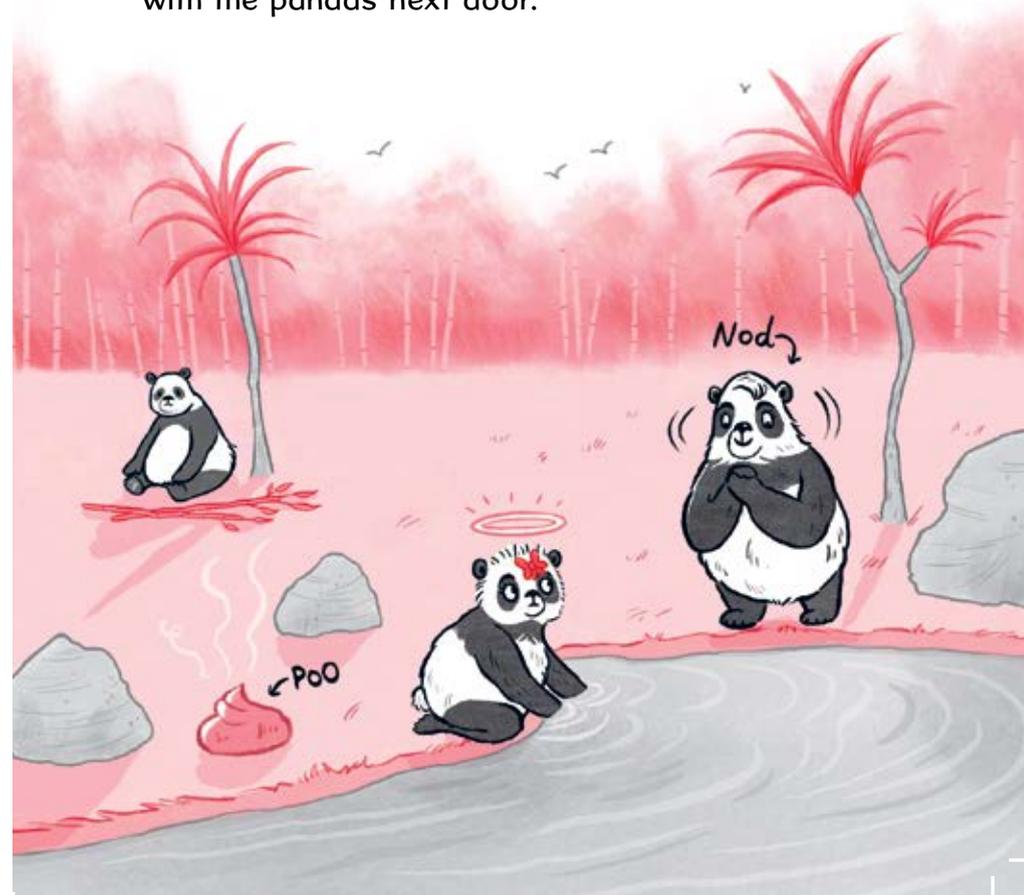
panda sanctuary where her family lived.

'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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SWAPNA HADDOW is the award-winning author of the Dave Pigeon and Bad Panda series. She lives in New Zealand with her husband, son and their dog, Archie.

SHEENA DEMPSEY is the award-winning illustrator of the Dave Pigeon and Bad Panda series. She lives in Kent with her partner, Mick, and their greyhound, Sandy.

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For Ockie, with love and smooshy kisses

S. H.

For Jane and Emily, with squishy panda hugs x

S. D.

PRAISE FOR SWAPNA AND SHEENA

‘Hilarious! Wonderfully warm illustrations . . .
full of surprises.’

Sarah McIntyre



‘A winner.’

Guardian

‘Every page is **packed with laughs.**’

Michelle Robinson

‘Children will undoubtedly **love** this . . .
will have them **giggling** throughout.’

Bookbag

‘Full of laughs.’

Tom Fletcher

‘Perfect for fans of Pamela Butchart
and Alex T. Smith.’

Book Lover Jo