

Pablo is not a **PANDA**,
and he's not a **BADGER**...

HE'S BOTH!

But this makes the Pandas and the Badgers suspicious –
and leaves Pablo feeling lonely.
Will he ever discover where he truly belongs?

This first story from CBeebies presenter Ben Cajee, illustrated by
Brie Schmida, is a heartwarming celebration of the strengths
and possibilities that come from embracing our differences.

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THE PANDA-BADGER

Ben Cajee

Brie Schmida

PUFFIN



The **PANDA-BADGER**

Can one small hero bring
two worlds together?

Ben Cajee

Brie Schmida

The Pandas looked very much like pandas.



Pablo was different, because . . .



And the Badgers – well, they looked like badgers.



Pablo was a **PANDA-BADGER**.

The Pandas spoke *Pandu*. The Badgers spoke *Badgeroon*.

Pablo spoke **both**, so he could speak to the Pandas and the Badgers.

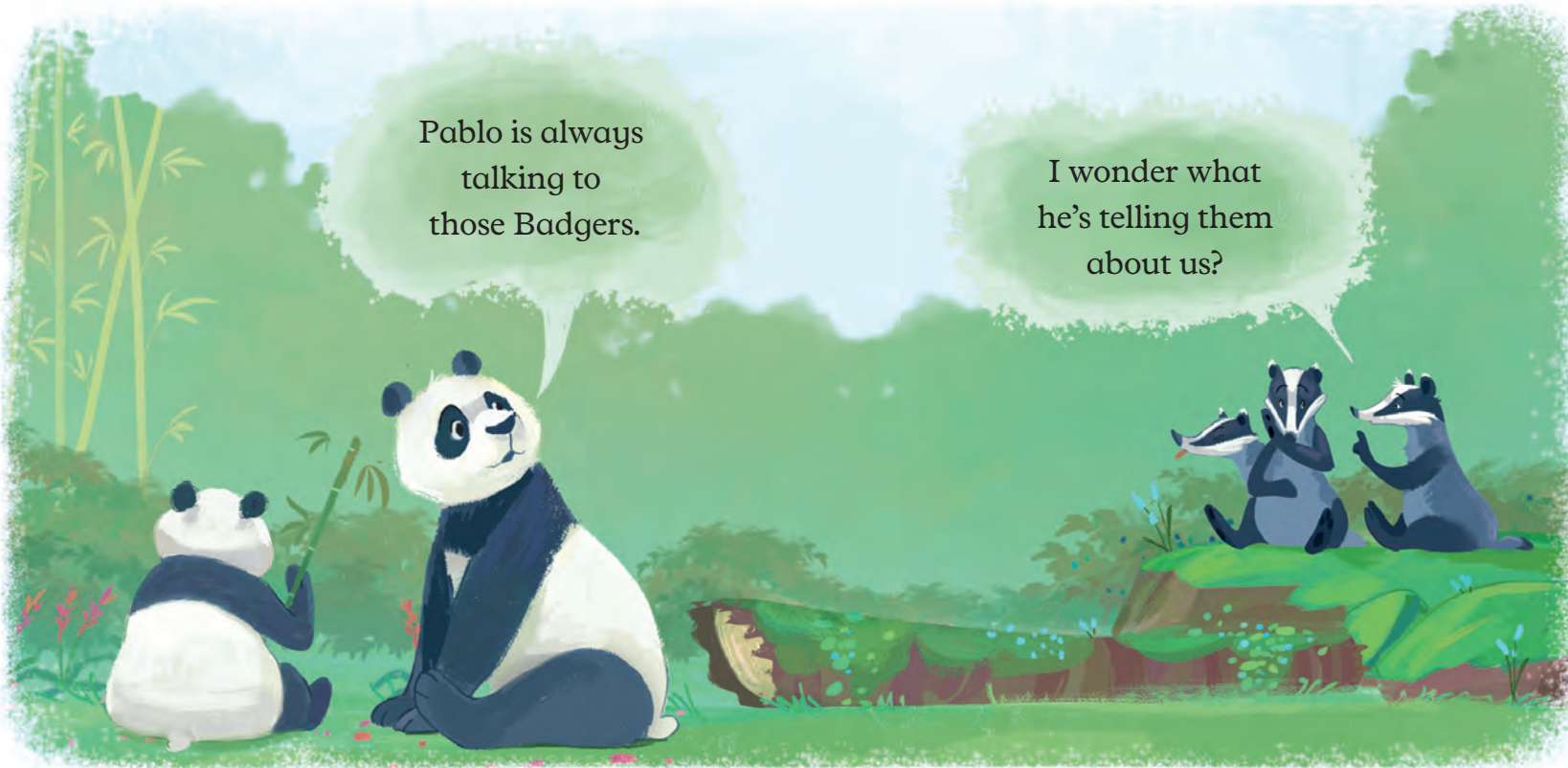


On a hot day, Pablo would cool off with the Badgers by taking an afternoon swim. Sometimes, the Ancient Badgers would sit by the water and tell tales of a *mythical golden glow* reflecting on the surface.

The Pandas didn't like water and couldn't swim, so they watched from high up in their trees.

Pablo is always talking to those Badgers.

I wonder what he's telling them about us?



The Pandas ate bamboo.

The Badgers ate nuts and berries.

Pablo ate **everything**.

It's not fair – he
gets to eat more food
than all of us!

Pablo's already
had his breakfast
bamboo with
the Pandas!

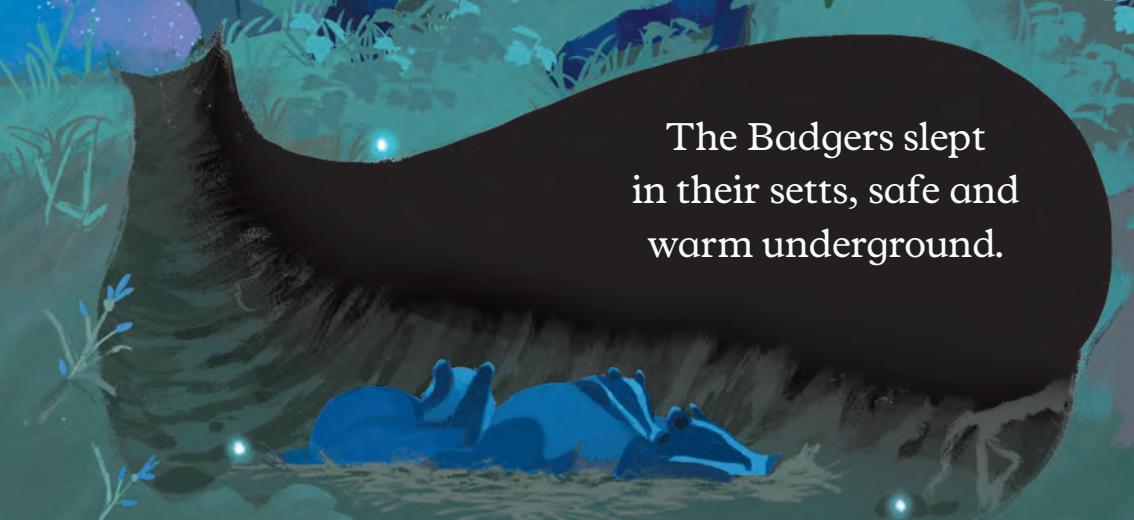


In the evenings, Pablo would climb up into the tallest trees and watch the setting sun with the Pandas. Sometimes, the Panda Elders spoke of *magical golden lights* that flew higher than the sun.

The Badgers didn't like heights and couldn't climb, so they watched from the forest floor.



The Pandas slept in the trees, under the twinkling stars.



The Badgers slept in their setts, safe and warm underground.



Pablo slept wherever he felt like sleeping.

Proper Pandas always sleep high up in the trees . . .

Real Badgers belong underground . . .

Pablo pretended not to hear their whispers, but as he lay awake under a cold blue moon, he wondered whether he'd ever truly belong.