


THE
PANDAS
WHO PROMISED



Rachel BRIGHT

Jim FIELD

For River and Sky, may you always follow your truth (as long as it doesn't involve being chased by snow leopards). I love you x – R B 

In loving memory of Uncle Nobby.
Who is now painting the stars above us. – J F

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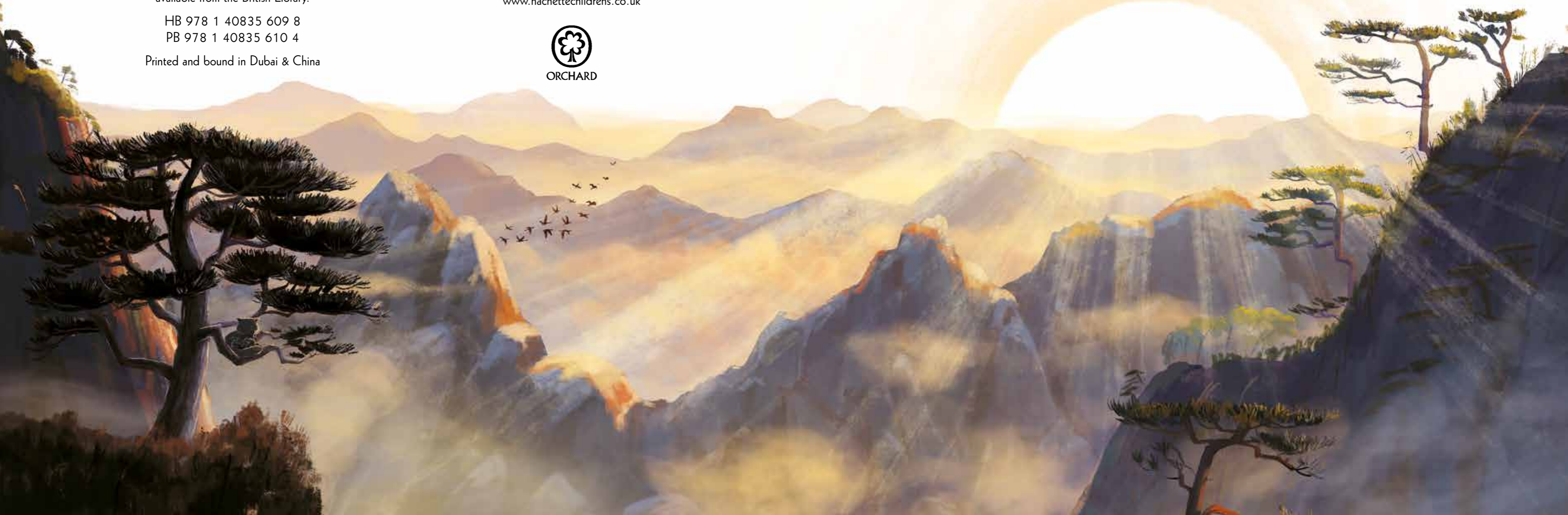
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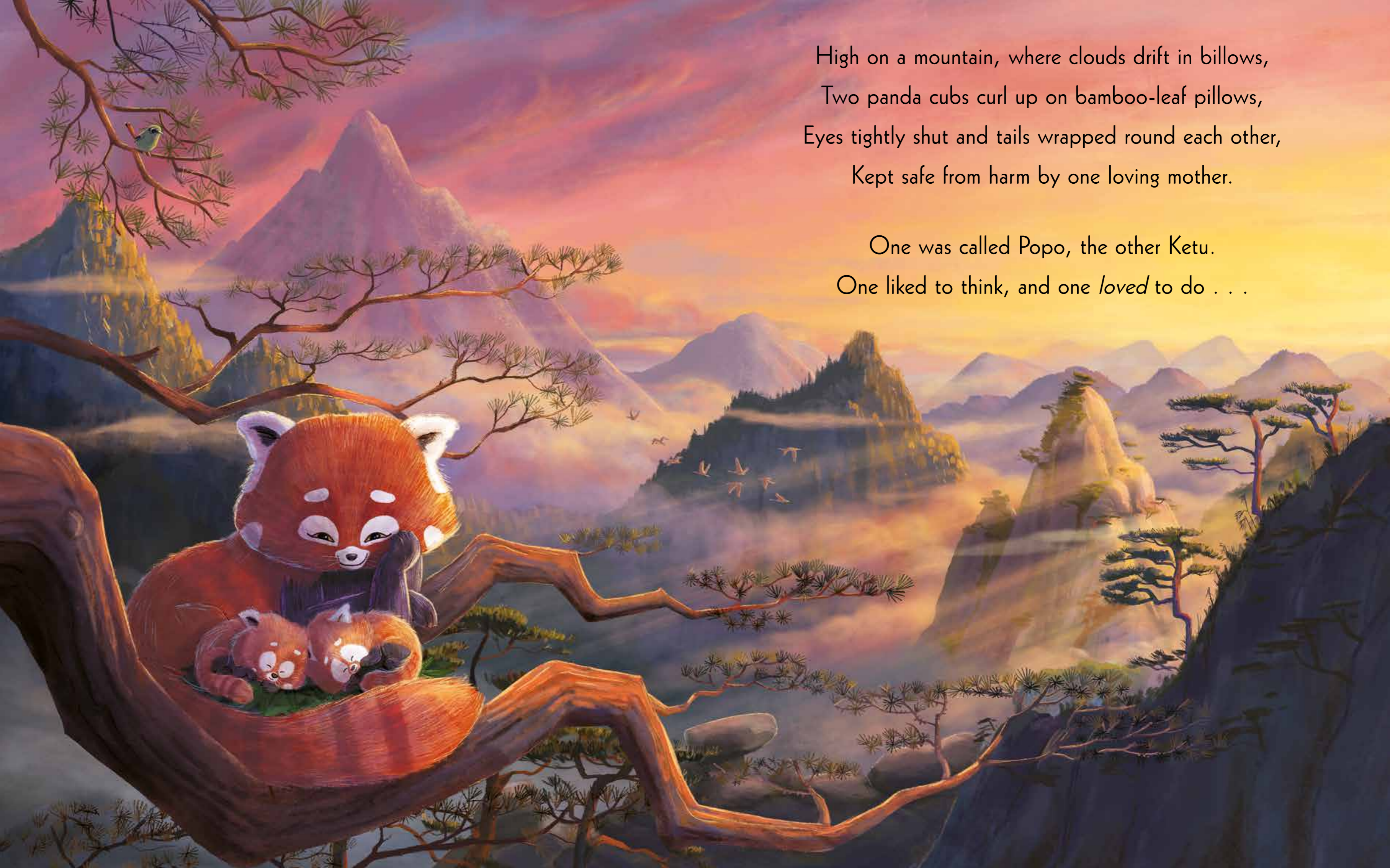


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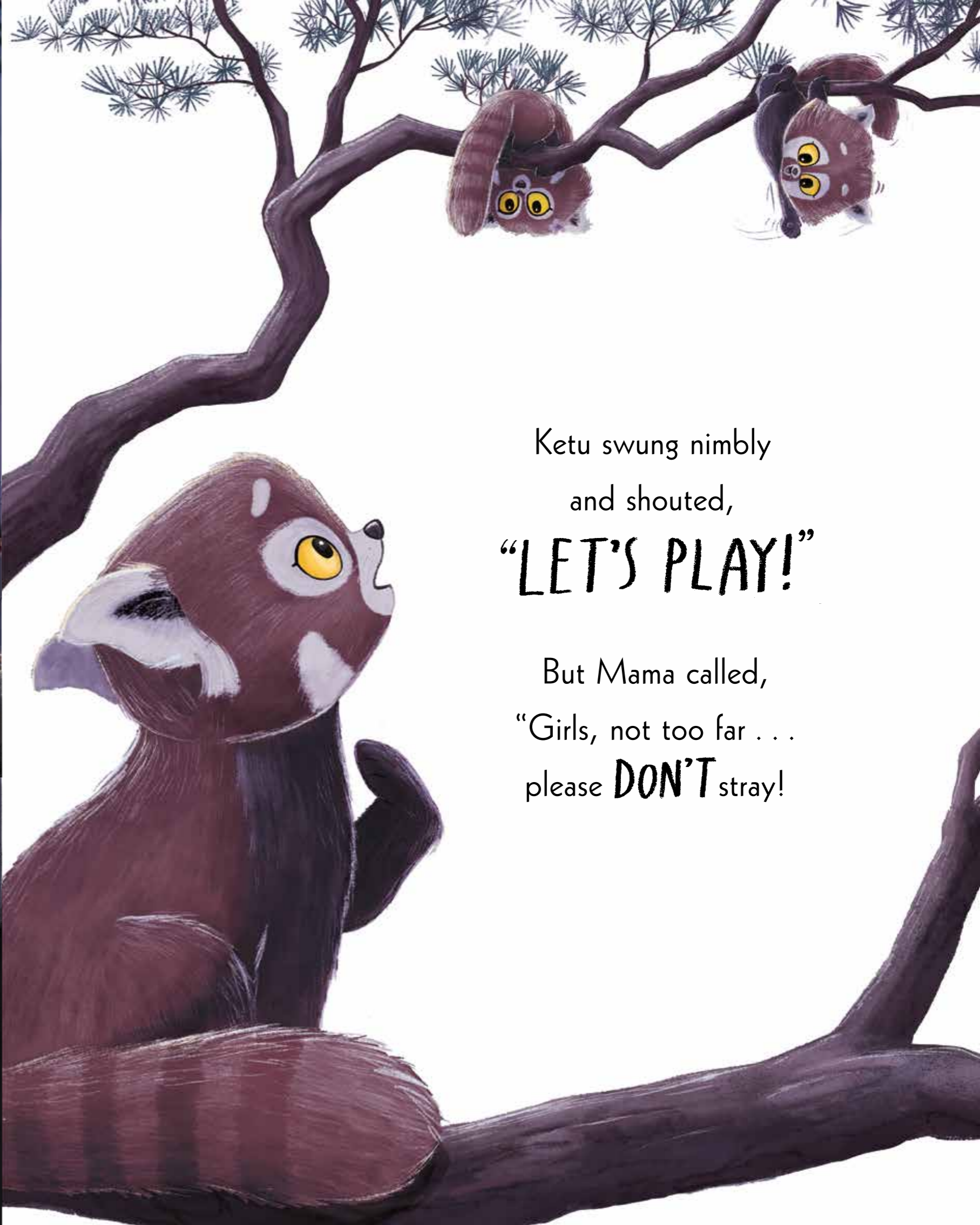
THE PANDAS WHO PROMISED





High on a mountain, where clouds drift in billows,
Two panda cubs curl up on bamboo-leaf pillows,
Eyes tightly shut and tails wrapped round each other,
Kept safe from harm by one loving mother.

One was called Popo, the other Ketu.
One liked to think, and one *loved* to do . . .



When the moon rose aloft and the stars twinkled through,
And sun-dusky pink bowed to dark-inky blue,
The cubs stretched awake with a long, squeaky yawn,
Excited at what lay ahead before dawn!

Ketu swung nimbly
and shouted,
“LET’S PLAY!”

But Mama called,
“Girls, not too far . . .
please **DON’T** stray!”

“You **MUSTN’T** rove past
the tall, gnarly pine.
If you don’t go beyond it,
then all will be fine.



NEVER climb down to the
mountain, you hear?



And when it is daylight,
MAKE SURE to be near.

And, my beautiful cublings,
LOOK AFTER EACH OTHER.
Promise me, will you?
Promise your mother?”



“We promise!” they shouted.
“We promise! We do!
NO daytimes. **NO** mountains.
We stay as a **TWO.**”