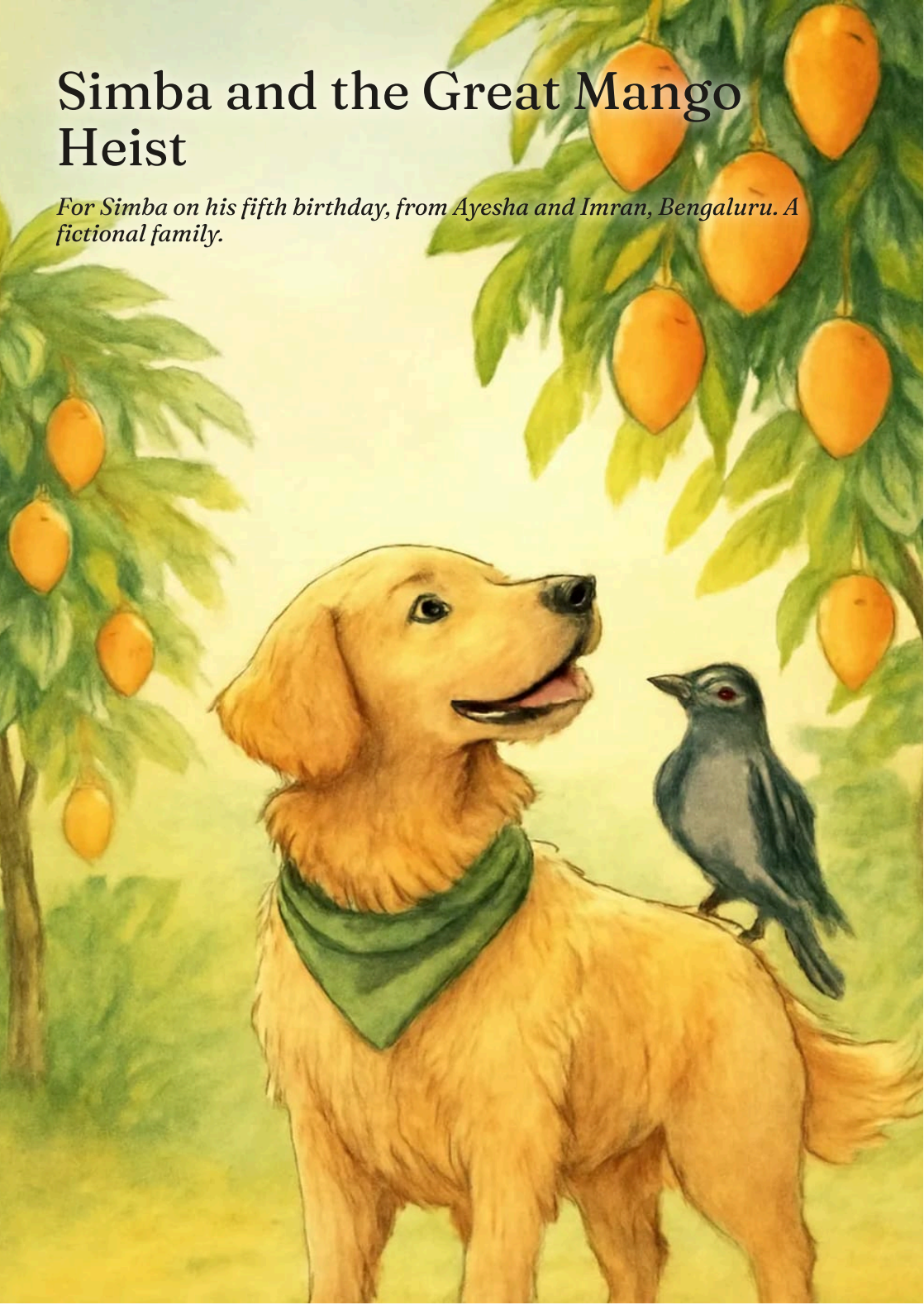
Simba and the Great Mango Heist

For Simba on his fifth birthday, from Ayesha and Imran, Bengaluru. A fictional family.





Simba could smell a ripe mango from three streets away. This summer, the smell led him all the way to Nanajaan's orchard, where the best mangoes hung just out of reach.

Kaalu the crow had a plan. 'I knock them down, you catch them,' he cawed. Simba caught one, two, three, and dropped every one, because his tail would not stop wagging.





Nanajaan found them under the tree, sticky and very sorry. He laughed, sliced the mangoes and shared them out: a small slice for Simba, the peel for Kaalu and the rest for the whole family.

The end

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