

One little guinea-pig and a whole lot of mischief!

OLGA da POLGA

Written by Michael Bond
creator of
Paddington Bear

Illustrated by
Catherine Rayner





Chapter 1

Olga Sets Out

From the very beginning there was not the slightest doubt that Olga da Polga was the sort of guinea-pig who would go places.

There was a kind of charm about her, something in the set of her whiskers, an extra devil-may-care twirl to the rosettes in her brown and white fur, and a gleam in her eyes, which set her apart.

Even her name had an air of romance. How she had come by it was something of a mystery, and Olga herself told so many fanciful tales about moonlit nights, castles in the air, and fields awash with oats

and beautiful princesses—each tale wilder than the one before—that none of the other guinea-pigs in the pet shop knew what to believe.

However, everyone agreed that it suited her right to the very tips of her fourteen toes, and if some felt that it wouldn't come amiss if Olga was taken down a whisker or two it was noticeable none of them tried to do it, though many of them talked of the dangers of going out



into the world alone, and without the protection of the humans who normally looked after them.

‘You can’t do without the *Sawdust People*,’ warned one old-stager known as Sale or Return, who’d lived in the shop for as long as anyone could remember and was always listened to with respect because he’d once been away for two whole days. ‘It’s a cold, hard world outside.’

But Olga would have none of it. ‘You can stay here if you like,’ she would announce, standing in the middle of the feeding bowl in order to address the others. ‘But one of these days *I’m* going. Wheeeee! Just you wait. As soon as I see my chance I shall be away.’



Olga was never quite sure whether she really believed her words or not, but she liked the sound of them, and secretly she also rather enjoyed the effect they had on the others.

Each night, before she settled down in the straw, she would look at her reflection in the water bowl, puffing out her cheeks and preening herself so that she would look her best if any likely looking customers came along.

And then it happened.
Quite unexpectedly, and not at all in the way Olga had always pictured it.

There were no grand farewells.
There was no battle royal.
No wild dash for freedom.
There were no cheers whatsoever.
In fact it was all over in a flash.