

The Postmodern Picture Book

PART 2

These books shatter readers' expectations,
demand active coauthoring, and raise
questions about what is real.

Voices in the Park

Anthony Browne

FIRST VOICE

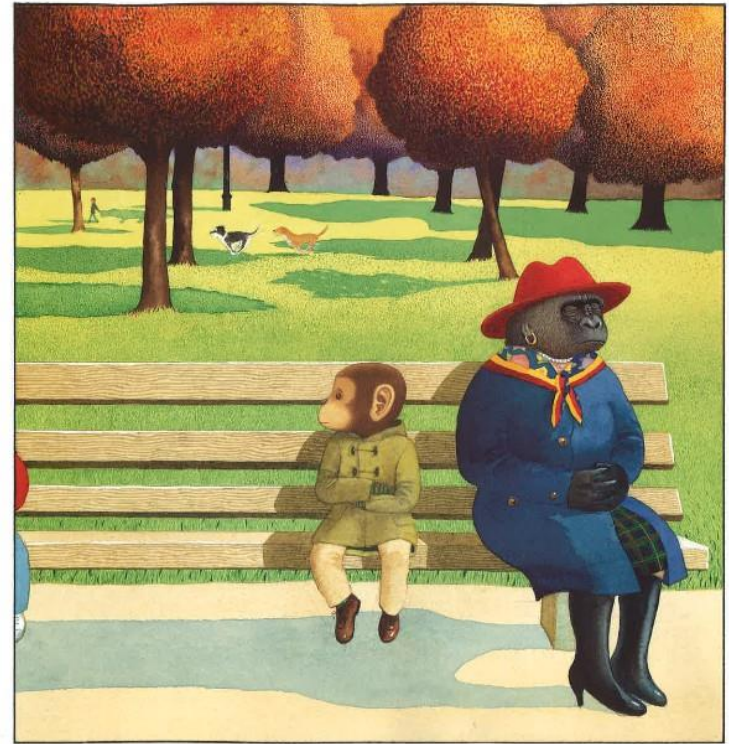


It was time to take Victoria, our pedigree Labrador, and Charles, our son, for a walk.



When we arrived at the park,
I let Victoria off her lead.

Immediately some scruffy
mongrel appeared and started
bothering her. I shooed it off,
but the horrible thing chased
her all over the park.



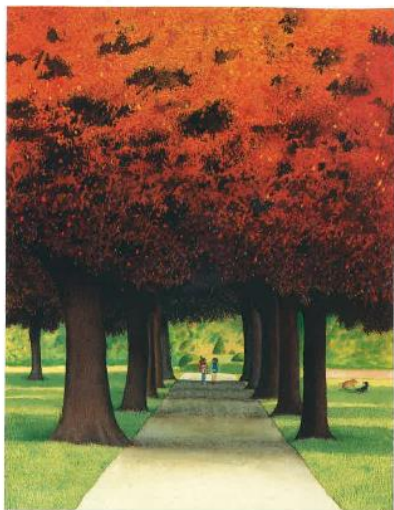
I ordered it to go away, but it took no notice of
me whatsoever. "Sit," I said to Charles. "Here."



I was just planning what we should have to eat that evening when I saw Charles had disappeared. Oh dear! Where had he gone?



You get some frightful types in the park these days! I called his name for what seemed like an age.



Then I saw him talking to
a very rough-looking child.
“Charles, come here. At
once!” I said. “And come
here please, Victoria.”

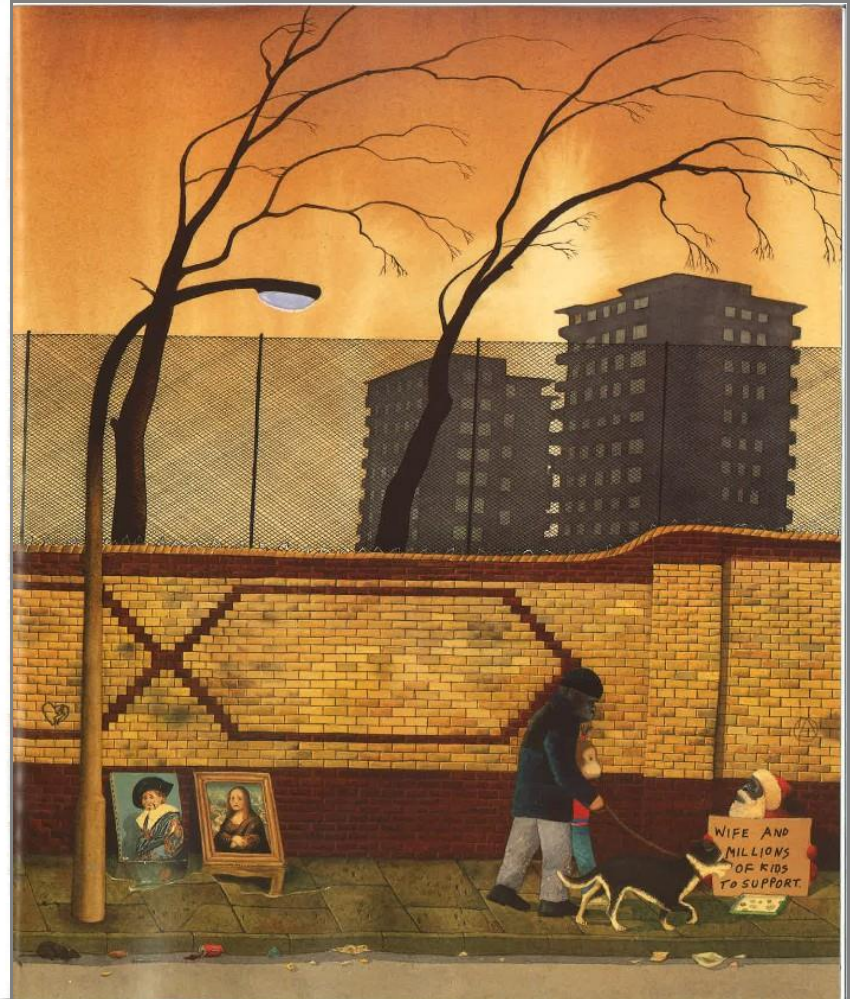
We walked home in silence.



SECOND VOICE

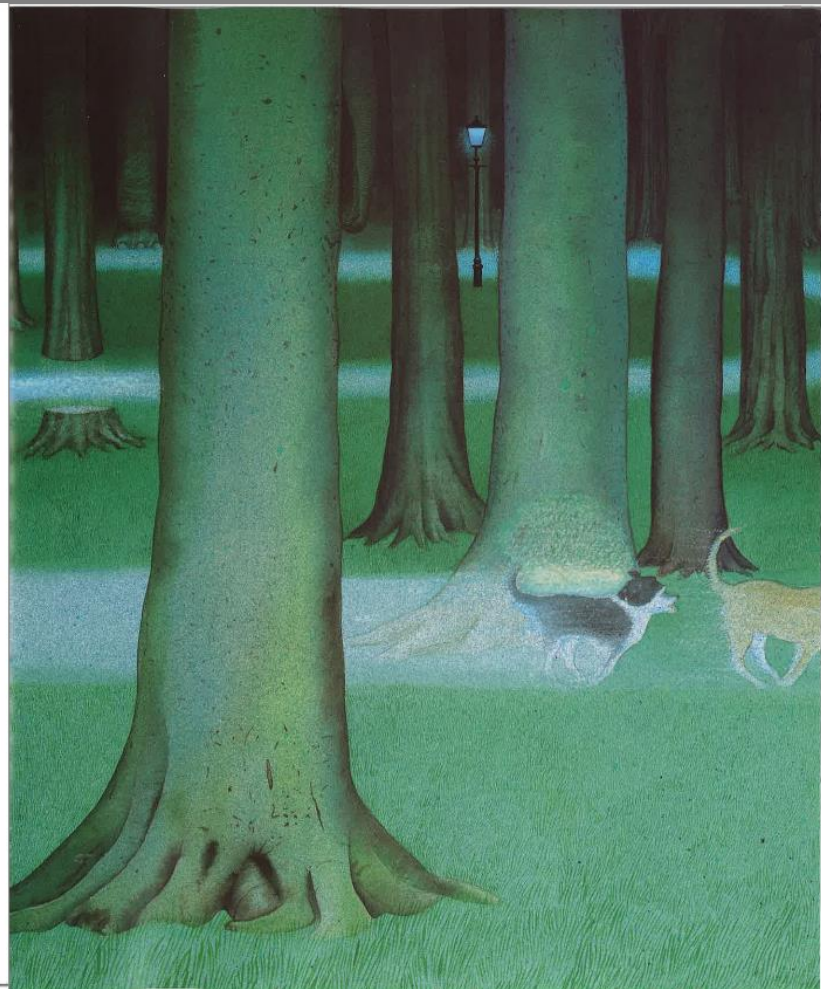


I needed to get out of the house, so me and Smudge took the dog to the park.





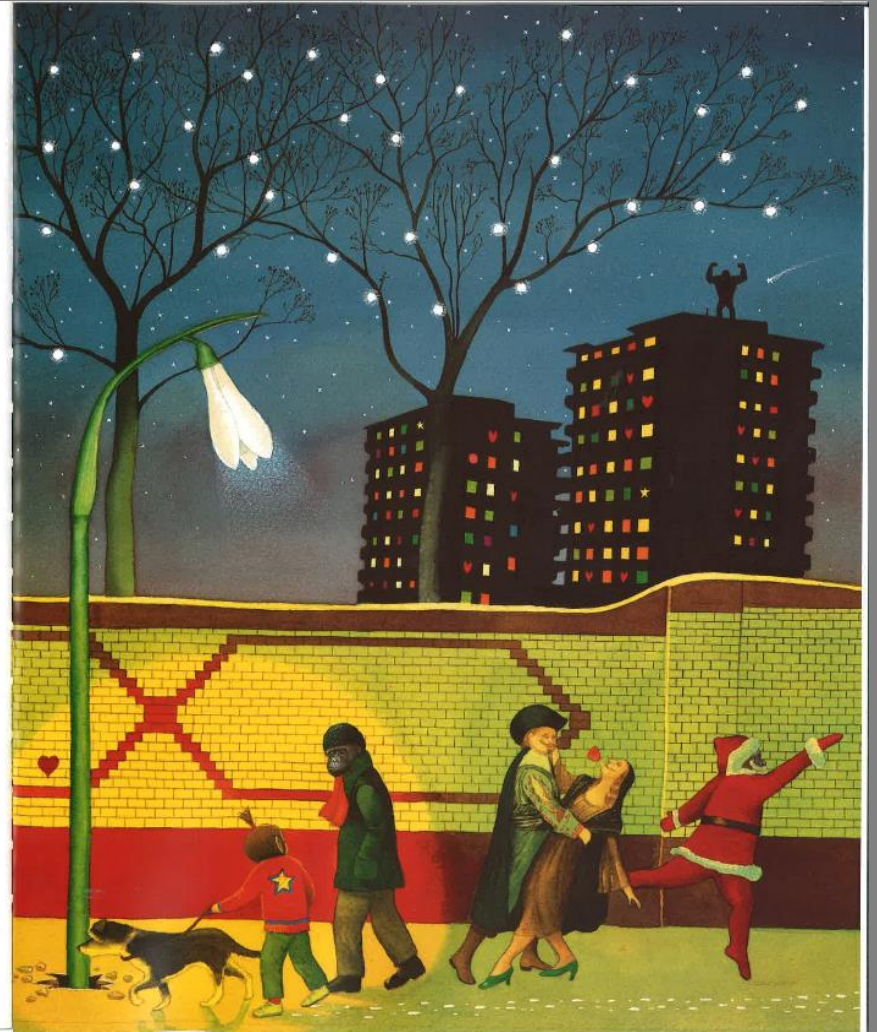
**He loves it there. I wish I
had half the energy he's got.**



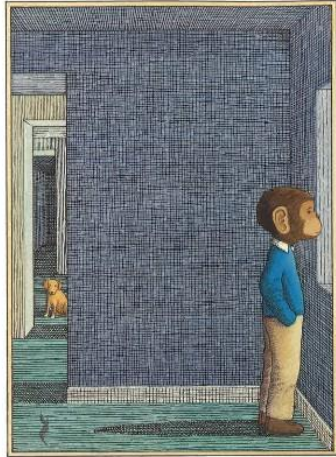
I settled on a bench and looked through the paper for a job. I know it's a waste of time really, but you've got to have a bit of hope, haven't you?



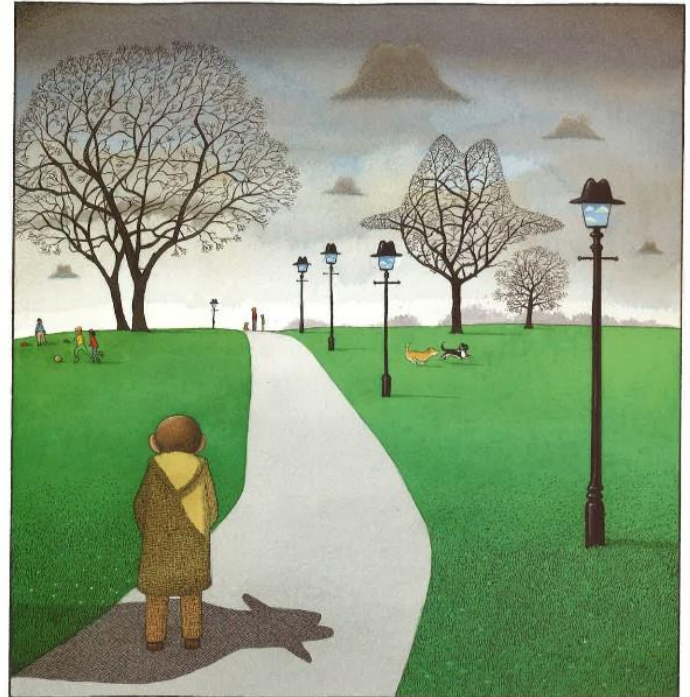
Then it was time to go. Smudge cheered me up. She chatted happily to me all the way home.



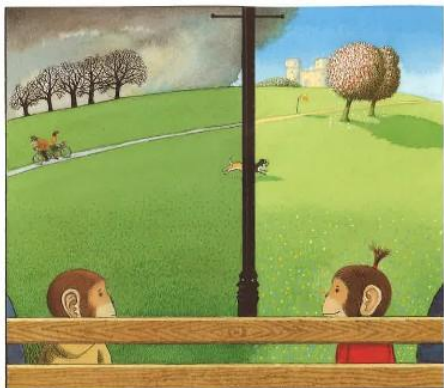
THIRD VOICE



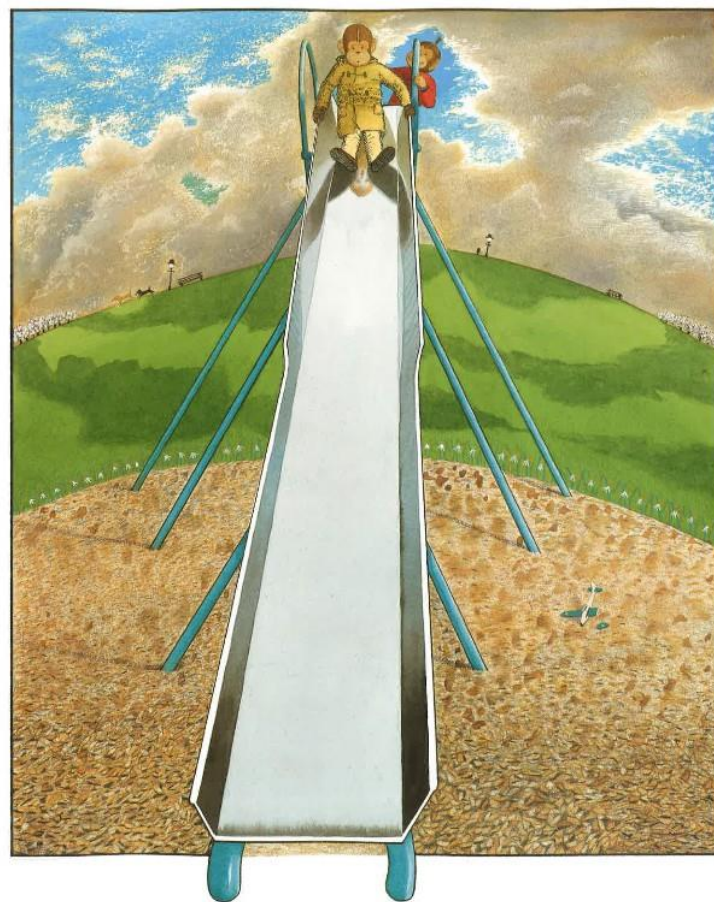
I was at home on my own again.
It's so boring. Then Mummy said
that it was time for our walk.



There was a very friendly dog in the park and
Victoria was having a great time. I wished I was.



"D'you wanna come on the slide?"
a voice asked. It was a girl,
unfortunately, but I went anyway.
She was brilliant on the slide, she
went really fast. I was amazed.

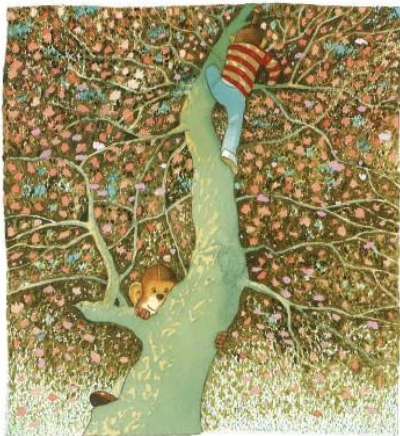




The two dogs raced round like old friends.



The girl took off her
coat and swung on
the climbing frame,
so I did the same.

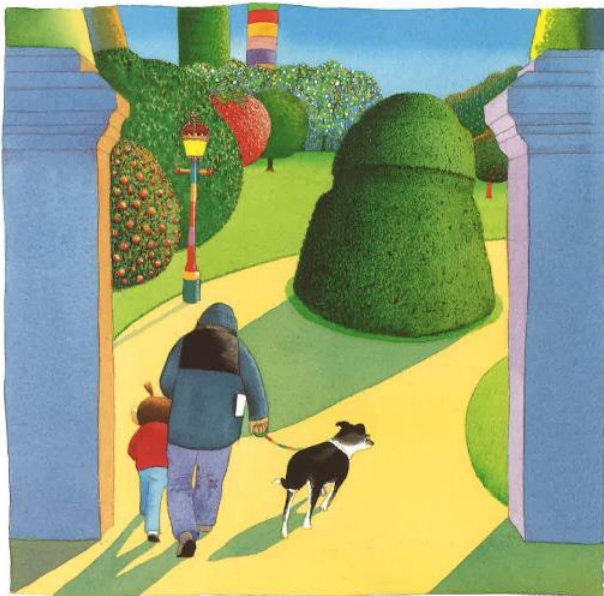


I'm good at climbing trees,
so I showed her how to do it.
She told me her name was
Smudge - a funny name, I know,
but she's quite nice. Then
Mummy caught us talking
together and I had to go home.

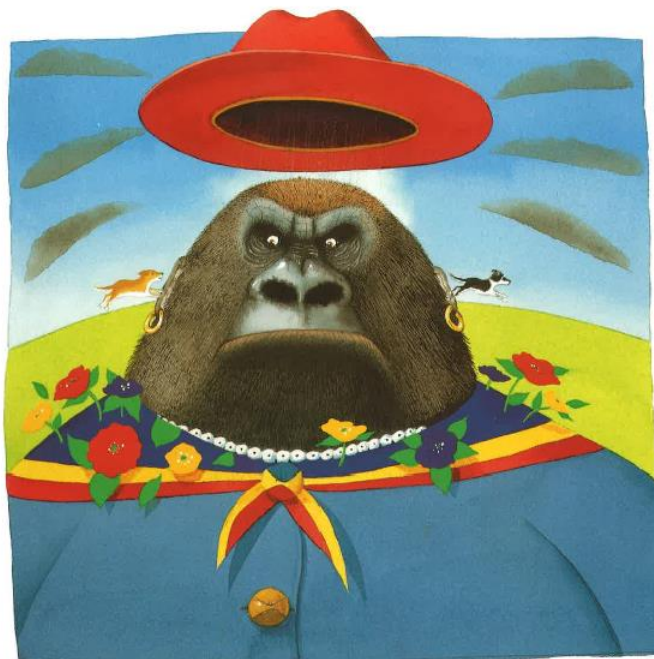


Maybe Smudge will be there next time?

FOURTH VOICE



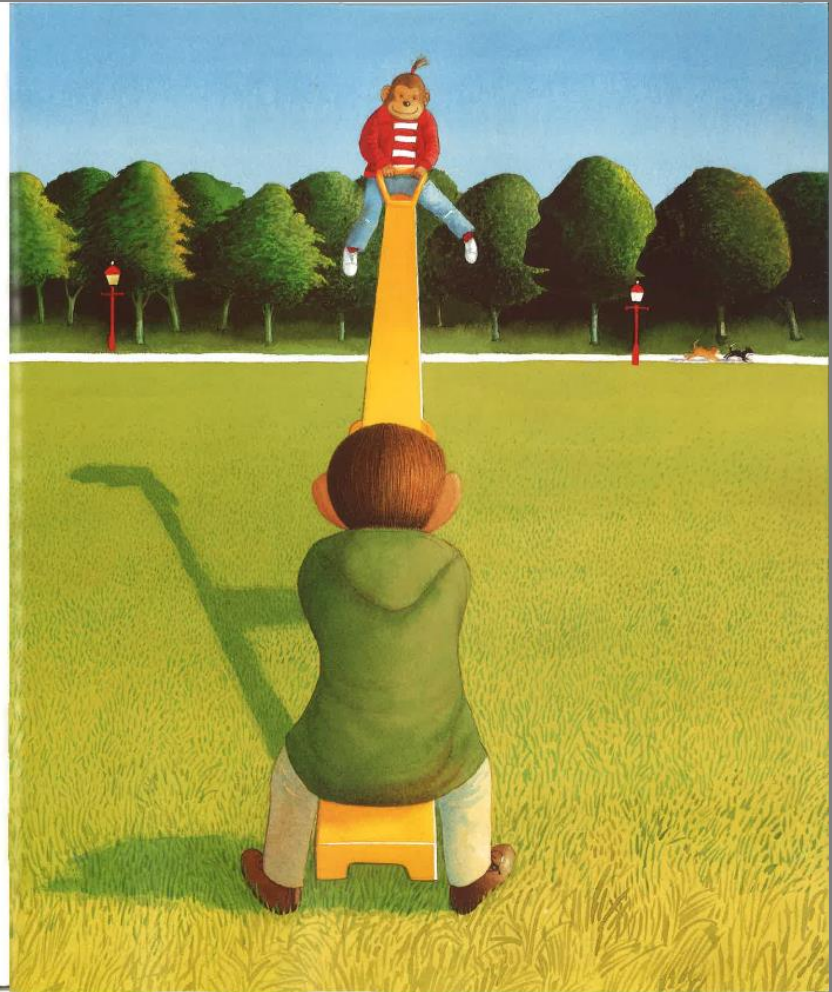
Dad had been really fed up, so I was pleased when he said we could take Albert to the park.



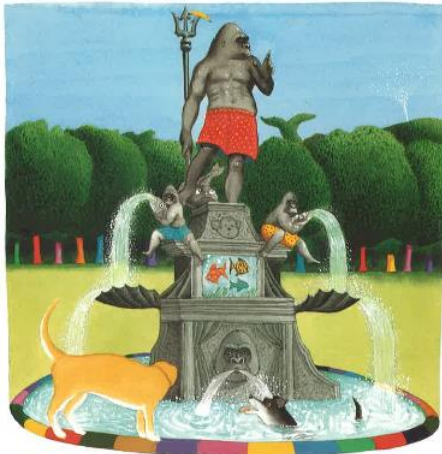
Albert's always in such a hurry to be let off his lead. He went straight up to this lovely dog and sniffed its bum (he always does that). Of course, the other dog didn't mind, but its owner was really angry, the silly twit.



I got talking to this boy. I thought he was a bit of a wimp at first, but he's okay. We played on the see-saw and he didn't say much, but later on he was a bit more friendly.



We both burst out
laughing when we saw
Albert having a swim.



Then we all played on
the bandstand, and I felt
really, really happy.

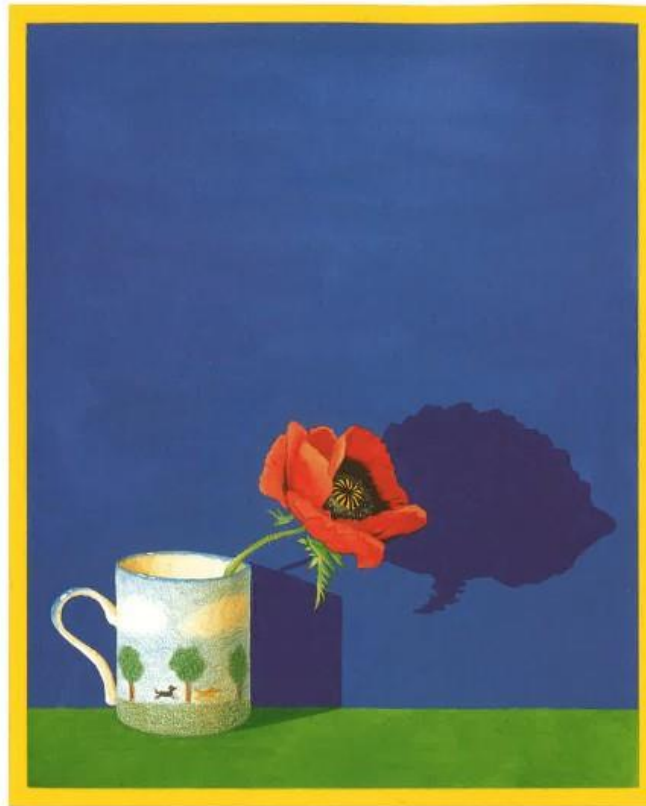


Charlie picked a flower
and gave it to me.



Then his mum called
him and he had to go.
He looked sad.





When I got home I put the flower in some
water, and made Dad a nice cup of tea.



THE STINKY CHEESE MAN and other FAIRLY STUPID TALES



- *Chicken Licken*
- *The Really Ugly Duckling*
- *The Tortoise and the Hair*
- *Cinderumpelstiltskin*
- *Little Red Running Shorts*
- *Jack's Bean Problem*
- and much, much, more!

BY JON SCIESZKA & LANE SMITH

"I have found a kernel of wheat," said the Little Red Hen. **"Now who will help me plant this wheat? Where is that lazy dog? Where is that lazy cat? Where is that lazy mouse?"**

"Wait a minute. Hold everything. You can't tell your story right here. This is the endpaper. The book hasn't even started yet."

"Who are you? Will you help me plant the wheat?"

"I'm Jack. I'm the narrator. And no, I can't help you plant the wheat. I'm a very busy guy trying to put a book together. Now why don't you just disappear for a few pages. I'll call when I need you."

"But who will help me tell my story? Who will help me draw a picture of the wheat? Who will help me spell 'the wheat'?"

"Listen Hen, forget the wheat. Here comes the Title Page!"



Title Page.

(for The Stinky
Cheese Man & Other
Fairly Stupid Tales)

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—J.S. & L.S.
(your name here)
This book is
dedicated to our
close, personal,
special friend:

I know. I know.
The page is upside down.
I meant to do that.
Who ever looks at that
dedication stuff anyhow?
If you really want to read
it—you can always stand
on your head.



INTRODUCTION

A long time ago, people used to tell magical stories of wonder and enchantment. Those stories were called Fairy Tales.

Those stories are not in this book. The stories in this book are almost Fairy Tales. But not quite.

The stories in this book are Fairly Stupid Tales.

I mean, what else would you call a story like “Goldilocks and the Three Elephants”? This girl walking through the woods smells Peanut Porridge cooking. She decides to break into the Elephants’ house, eat the porridge, sit in the chairs, and sleep in the beds. But when she gets in the house she can’t climb up on Baby Elephant’s chair because it’s too big. She can’t climb up on Mama Elephant’s chair because it’s much too big. And she can’t climb up on Papa Elephant’s chair because it’s much much too big. So she goes home. The End. And if you don’t think that’s fairly stupid, you should read “Little Red Running Shorts” or maybe “The Stinky Cheese Man.”

In fact, you should definitely go read the stories now, because the rest of this introduction just kind of goes on and on and doesn’t really say anything. I stuck it on to the end here so it would fill up the page and make it look like I really knew what I was talking about. So stop now. I mean it. Quit reading. Turn the page. If you read this last sentence, it won’t tell you anything.

Jack

Up the Hill
Fairy Tale Forest
1992

SURGEON GENERAL’S WARNING: It has been determined that these tales are fairly stupid and probably dangerous to your health.

CHICKEN LICKEN

Once upon a time Chicken Licken was standing around when a piece of something fell on her head. She wasn't the brightest thing on two legs, so she started running around in circles clucking, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!"

Chicken Licken ran to her friend Ducky Lucky and clucked, "Ducky Lucky! Ducky Lucky! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!"

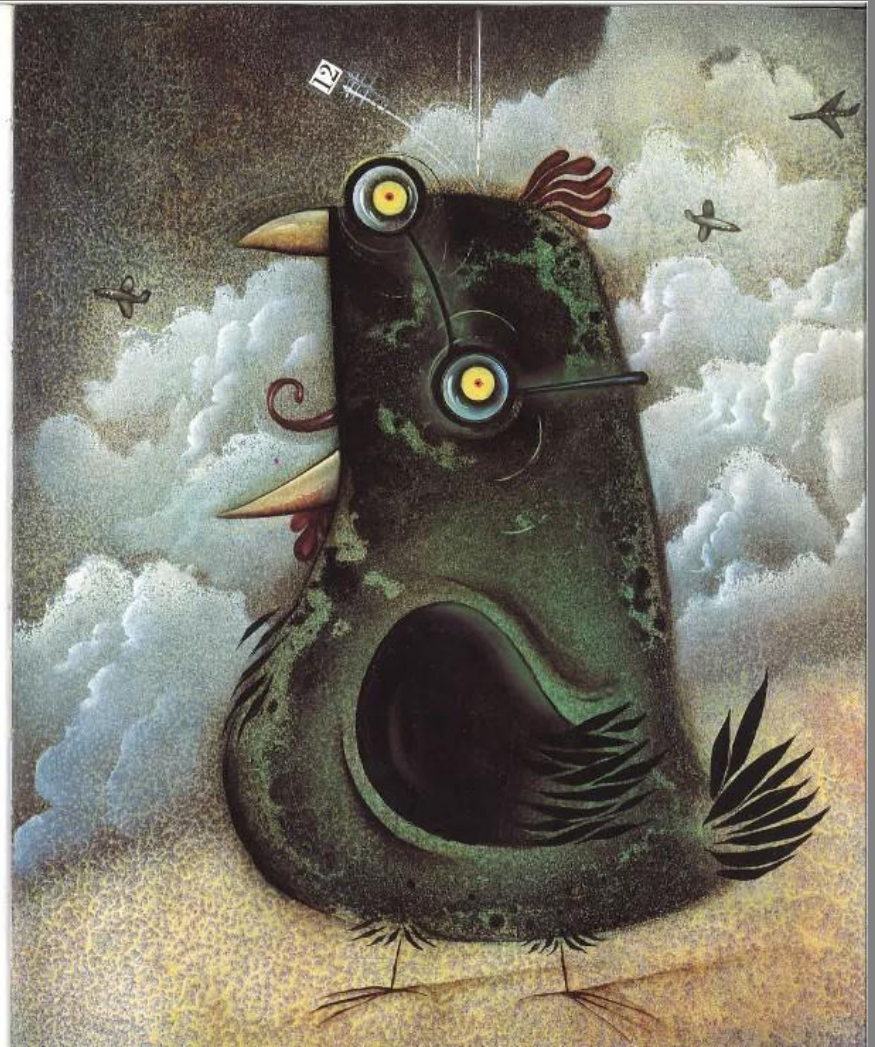
"Let's go," quacked Ducky Lucky.

Chicken Licken and Ducky Lucky ran to their friend Goosey Loosey and yelled, "Goosey Loosey! Goosey Loosey! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!"

"Let's go," honked Goosey Loosey.

Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey ran to their friend Cocky Locky and yelled, "Cocky Locky! Cocky Locky! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!"

"Let's go," crowed Cocky Locky.



“Wait a minute! Wait a minute!” cried Jack the Narrator. “I forgot the Table of Contents! I forgot the Table of Contents!”

“Hey, you’re not in this story,” said Chicken Licken.

“I know,” said Jack the Narrator. “But I came to warn you. The Table of Contents is—”

“The sky is falling! The sky is falling!” clucked Chicken Licken. “We must tell the President!”

So Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Cocky Locky ignored Jack the Narrator and ran off to catch a plane to Washington.

Just outside the airport they met Foxy Loxy.

“Foxy Loxy! Foxy Loxy! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!” yelled Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Cocky Locky.

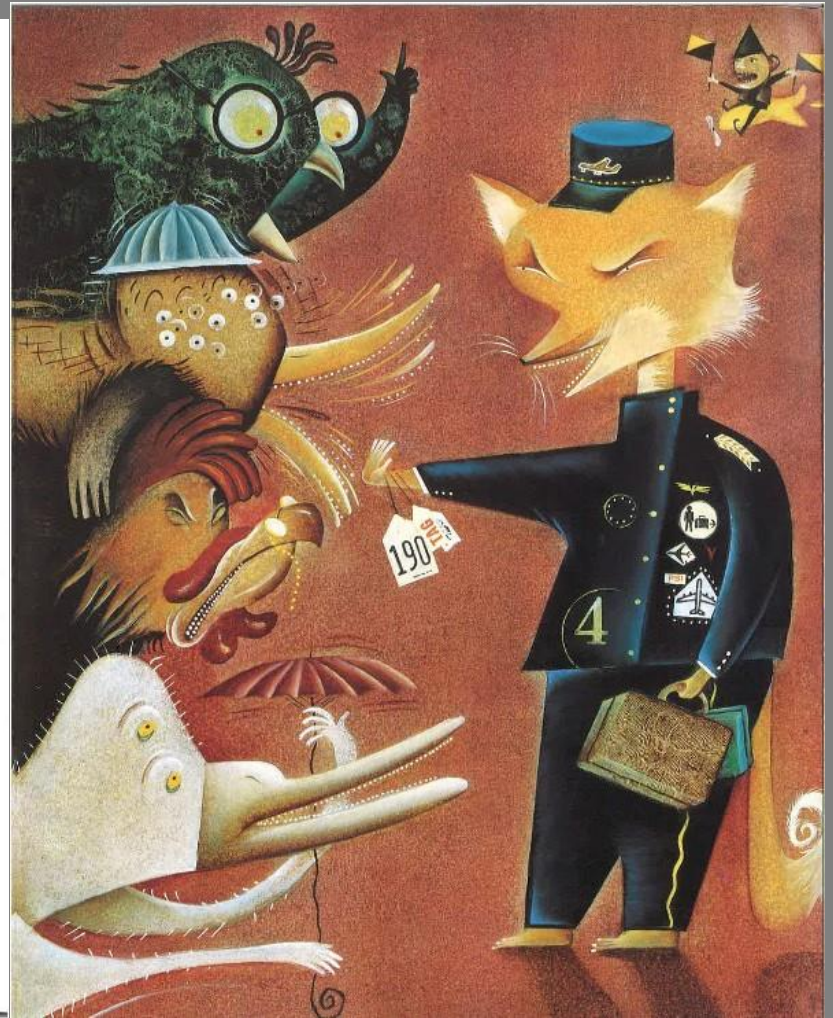
“Well, come with me,” said Foxy Loxy.

“I know a shortcut to the airport.”

Foxy Loxy led Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Cocky Locky to his cave.

He didn’t get to eat them though, because Chicken Licken was almost right.

The sky wasn’t falling.



The Table of
Contents was.
It fell and
squashed
everybody.
The End.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

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THE PRINCESS AND THE BOWLING BALL

Once upon a time there was a Prince. And this Prince's dad and mom (the King and Queen) somehow got it into their royal heads that no Princess would be good enough for their boy unless she could feel a pea through one hundred mattresses.

So it should come as no surprise that the Prince had a very hard time finding a Princess. Every time he met a nice girl, his mom and dad would pile one hundred mattresses on top of a pea and then invite her to sleep over.

When the Princess came down for breakfast, the Queen would ask, "How did you sleep, dear?"

The Princess would politely say, "Fine, thank you."

And the King would show her the door.

Now this went on for three years. And of course nobody ever felt the pea under one hundred mattresses. Then one day the Prince met the girl of his dreams. He decided he better do something about it. That night, before the Princess went to bed, the Prince slipped his bowling ball under the one hundred mattresses.

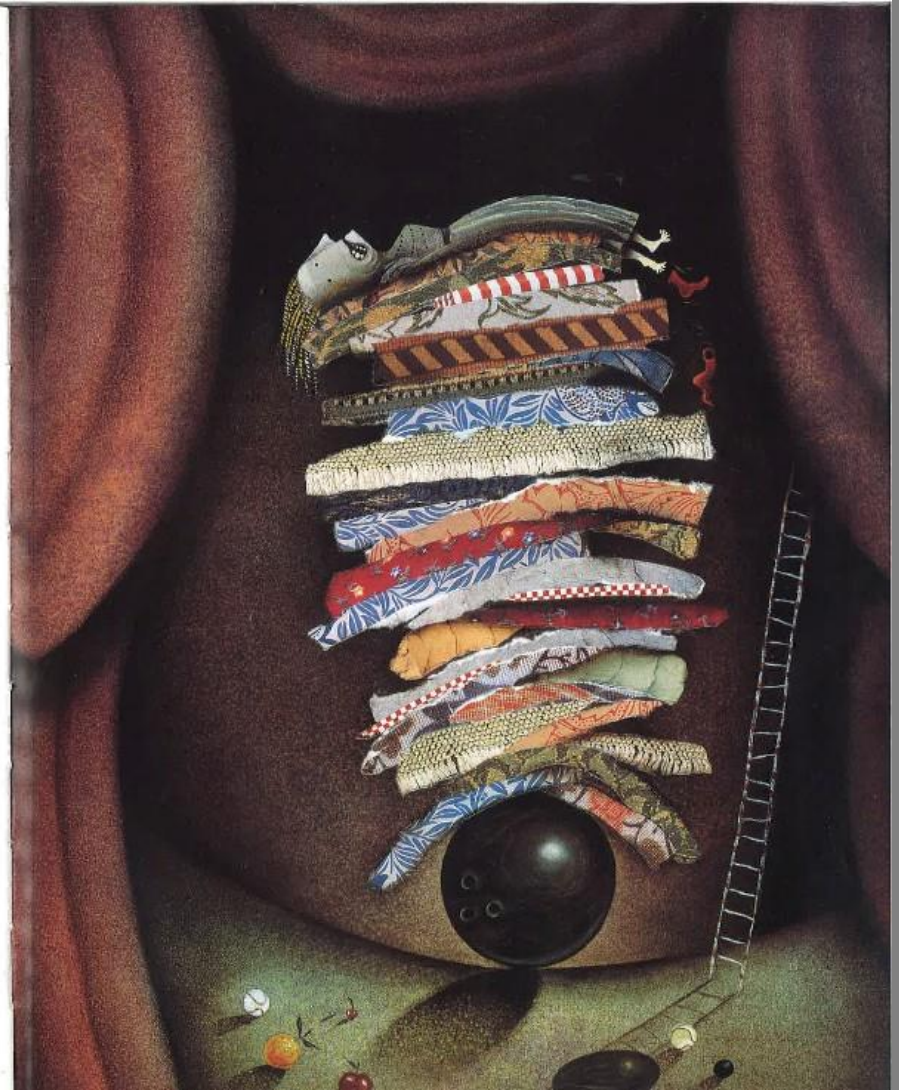
When the Princess came down for breakfast the next morning, the Queen asked, "How did you sleep, dear?"

"This might sound odd," said the Princess. "But I think you need another mattress. I felt like I was sleeping on a lump as big as a bowling ball."

The King and Queen were satisfied.

The Prince and Princess were married.

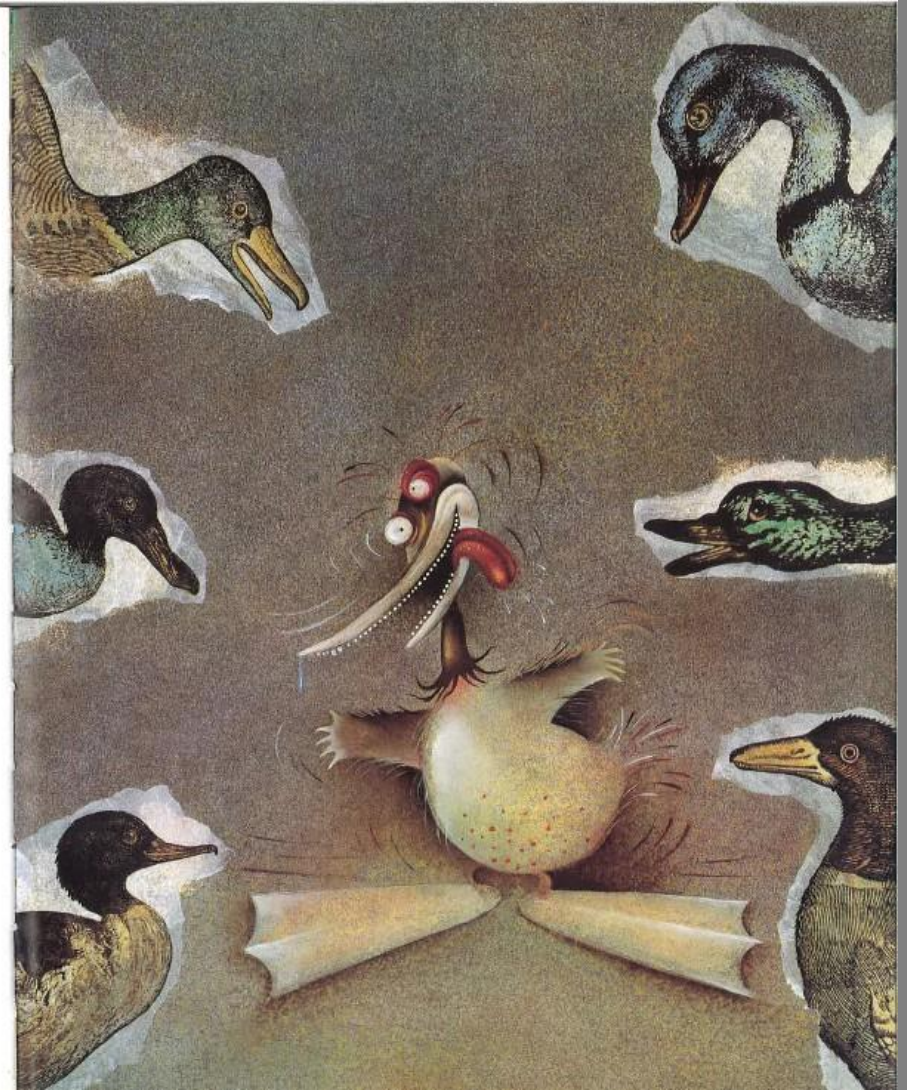
And everyone lived happily, though maybe not completely honestly, ever after. *The End.*



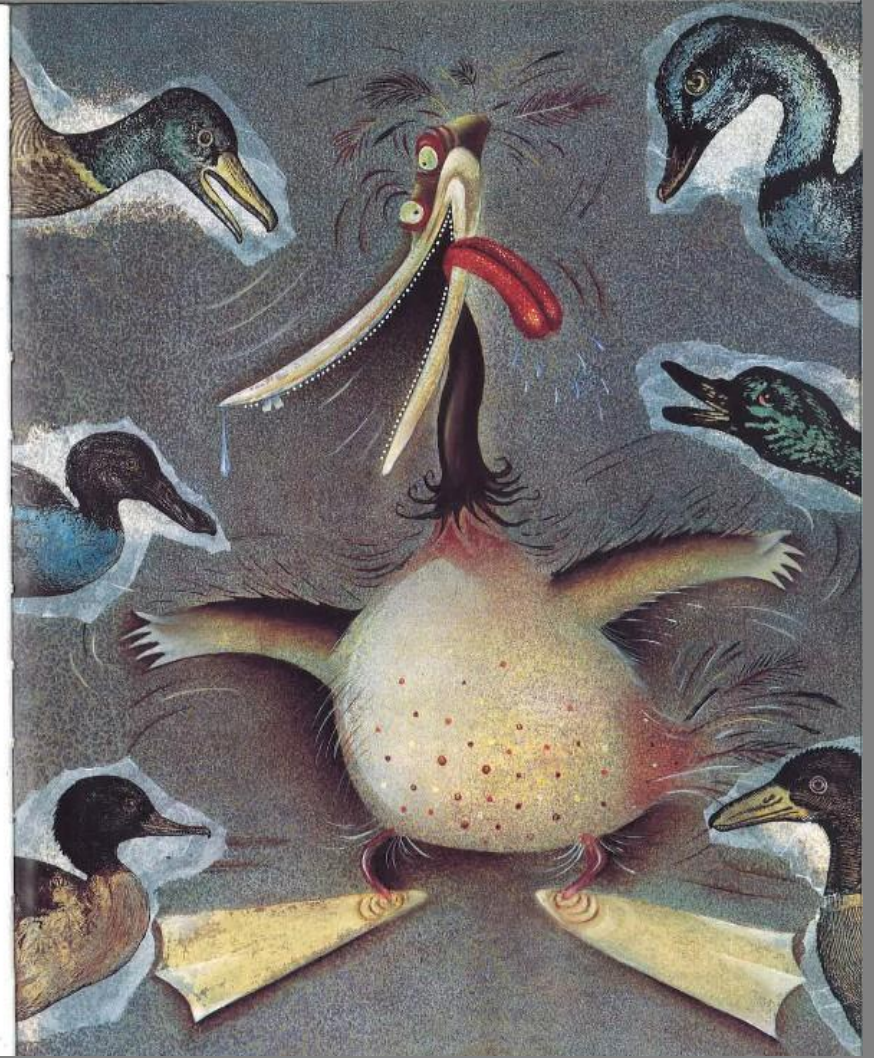
THE REALLY UGLY DUCKLING

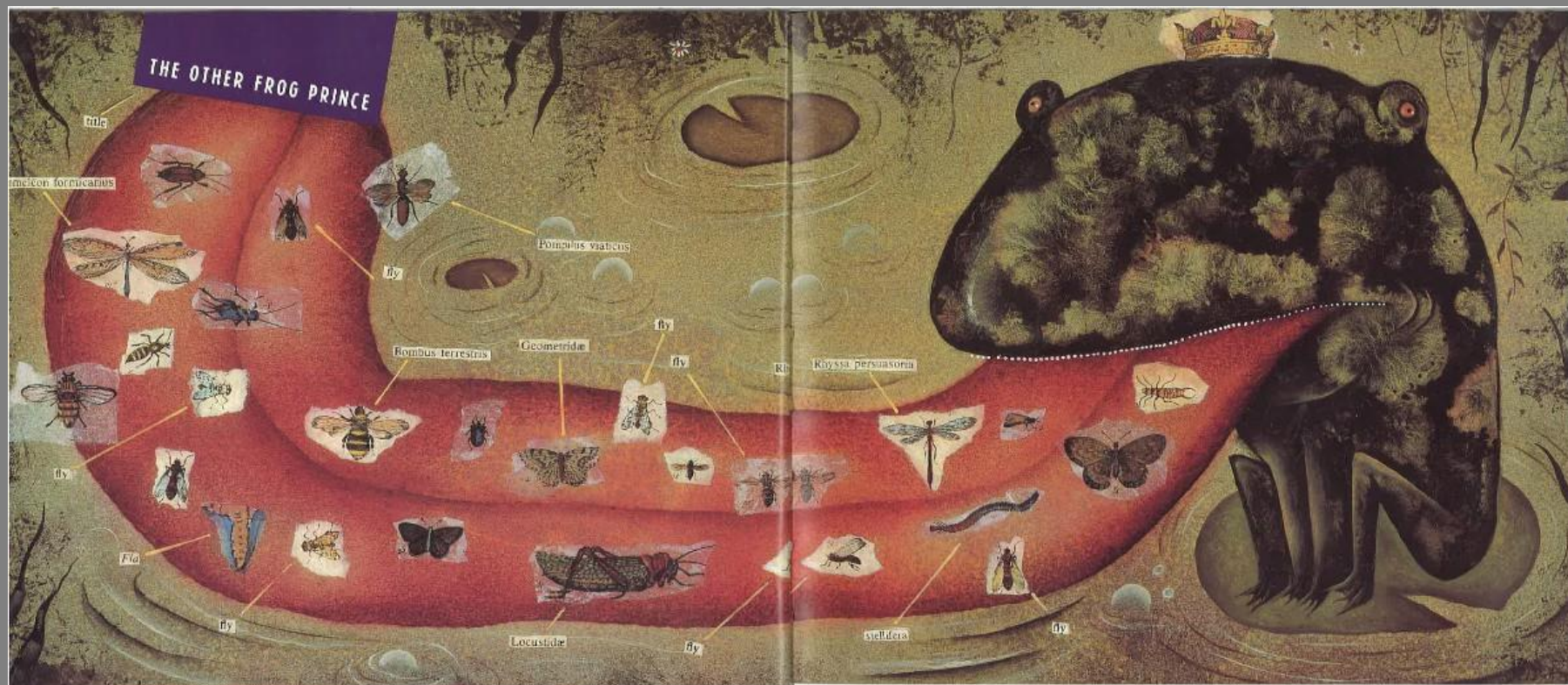
Once upon a time there was a mother duck and a father duck who had seven baby ducklings. Six of them were regular-looking ducklings. The seventh was a really ugly duckling.

Everyone used to say, “What a nice-looking bunch of ducklings—all except that one. Boy, he’s really ugly.” The really ugly duckling heard these people, but he didn’t care. He knew that one day he would probably grow up to be a swan and be bigger and look better than anything in the pond.



Well, as it
turned out, he
was just a really
ugly duckling.
And he grew
up to be just a
really ugly duck.
The End.





Once upon a time there was a frog.

One day when he was sitting on his lily pad, he saw a beautiful princess sitting by the pond. He hopped in the water, swam over to her, and poked his head out of the weeds.

"Pardon me, O beautiful princess," he said in his most sad and pathetic voice. "I wonder if you could help me."

The princess was about to jump up and run, but she felt sorry for the frog with the sad and pathetic voice.

So she asked, "What can I do to help you, little frog?"

"Well," said the frog. "I'm not really a frog, but a handsome prince who was turned into a frog by a wicked witch's spell. And the spell can only be broken by the kiss of a beautiful princess."

The princess thought about this for a second, then lifted the frog from the pond and kissed him.

"I was just kidding," said the frog. He jumped back into the pond and the princess wiped the frog slime off her lips. **The End.**

LITTLE RED RUNNING SHORTS

"Okay, I've got things running smoothly now," said Jack the Narrator. "And this next story is even better than the last three. See, it's about this girl who runs very fast and always wears red running shorts. That's where her name comes from, get it? So anyway, this girl is running to her granny's house when she meets a wolf. He tricks her into taking the long way while he takes the shortcut. Now this is the good part because Red runs so fast that she beats the wolf to granny's house. He knocks on the door. Red answers it. And guess what she says? 'My, what slow feet you have.' And that's it. *The End*. Is that great or what? So sit back, relax, and enjoy—'Little Red Running Shorts.'"

"And now, like I already said—'Little Red Running Shorts.'"

"You just told the whole story," says Little Red Running Shorts.

"We're not going to tell it again."

"You can't say that," says Jack. "You have to start with 'Once upon a time.'"

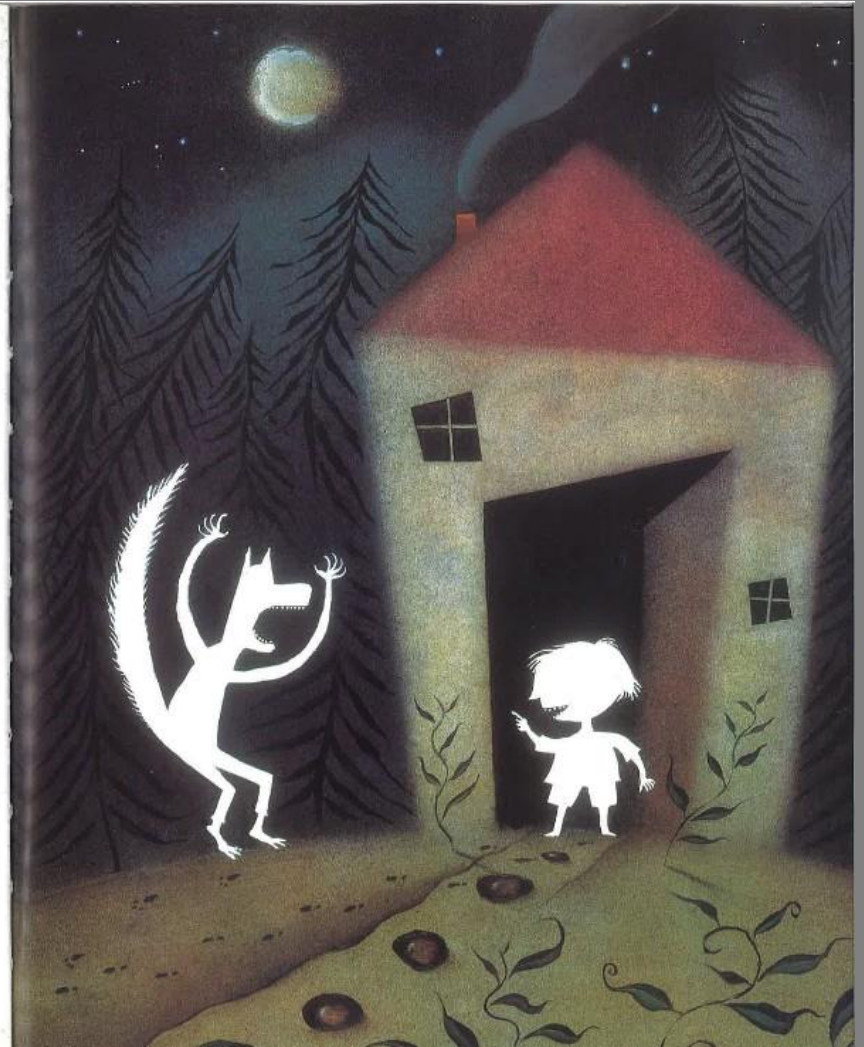
"No way," says the wolf. "You blew it."

"But you guys are next. Look at the title at the top of the page—'Little Red Running Shorts.' That's you."

"Let's go, Wolf."

"We're out of here."

"Wait. You can't do this. Your story is supposed to be three pages long. What do I do when we turn the page?"



A large, brown, leather boot with laces is shown from a top-down perspective, stepping onto a green beanstalk. The beanstalk has a spiral pattern on its side. At the bottom of the beanstalk, a small, orange, devil-like creature with horns and a mischievous grin is visible. The ground is covered with small, colorful, rectangular pieces of paper or gold coins.

JACK'S BEAN PROBLEM

“forget that **Hen**.”

Now it's time for the best story in the whole book—my story. Because **Once Upon a Time** I traded our last cow for three magic beans and... hey, Giant. What are you doing down here? You're wrecking my whole story.”

“I DON'T LIKE THAT STORY,” said the Giant.

“YOU ALWAYS TRICK ME.”

“That's the best part,” said Jack.

“FEE FI FUM FORY. I HAVE MADE MY OWN STORY.”

“Great rhyme, Giant. And I'm sure your story is just as good. But there's no room for it. So why don't you climb back up the beanstalk. I'll be up in a few minutes to steal your gold and your singing harp.”

**“I’LL
GRIND
YOUR
BONES TO
MAKE MY
BREAD.”**

“I knew you'd understand. And there's another little thing that's been bugging me. Could you please stop talking in uppercase letters? It really messes up the page.”

“I WILL READ MY STORY NOW,” said the Giant. And he did.



GIANT STORY

THE END
of the evil Stepmother
said "I'll HUFF and SNUFF and
give you three wishes."

The beast changed into

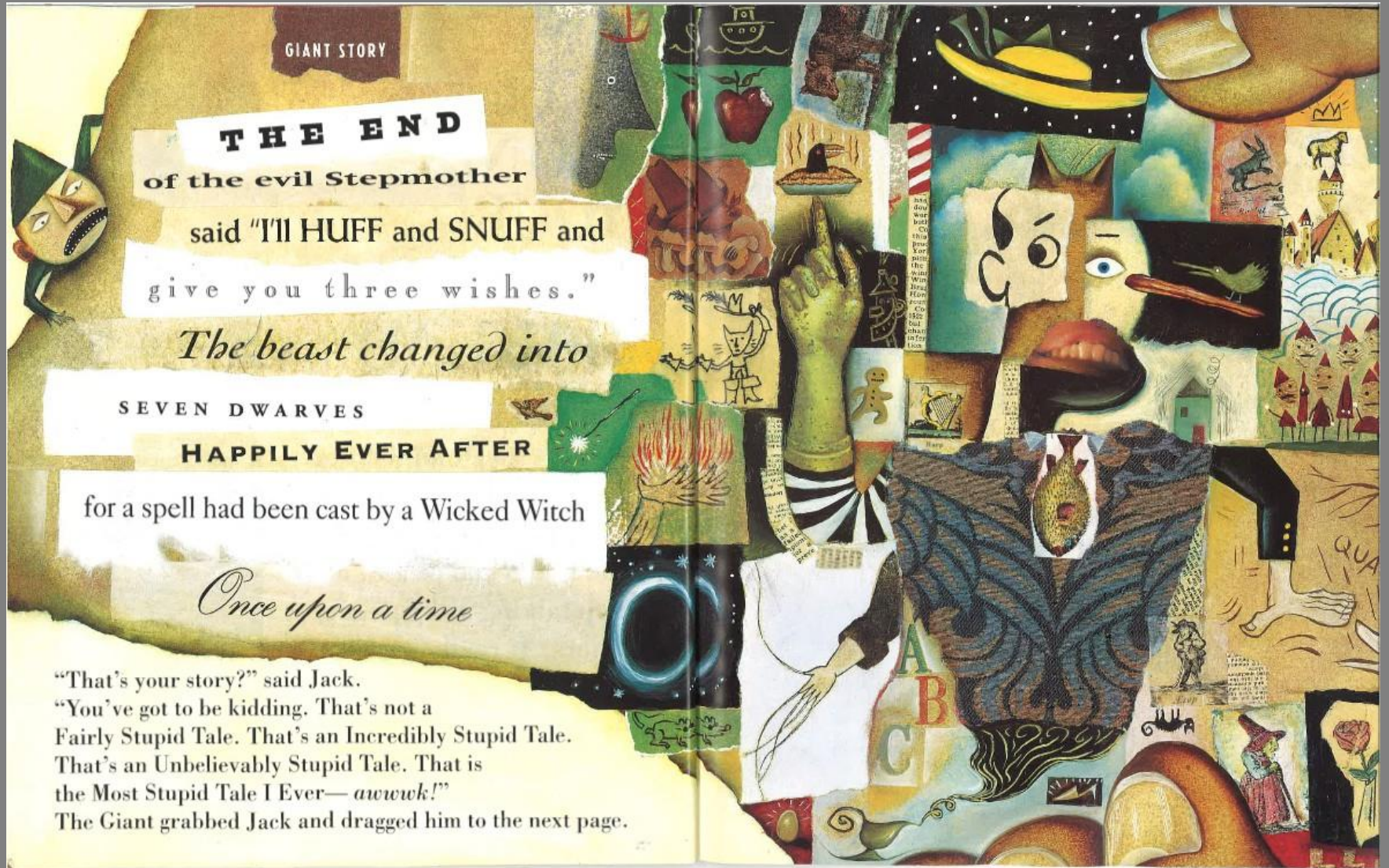
SEVEN DWARVES

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

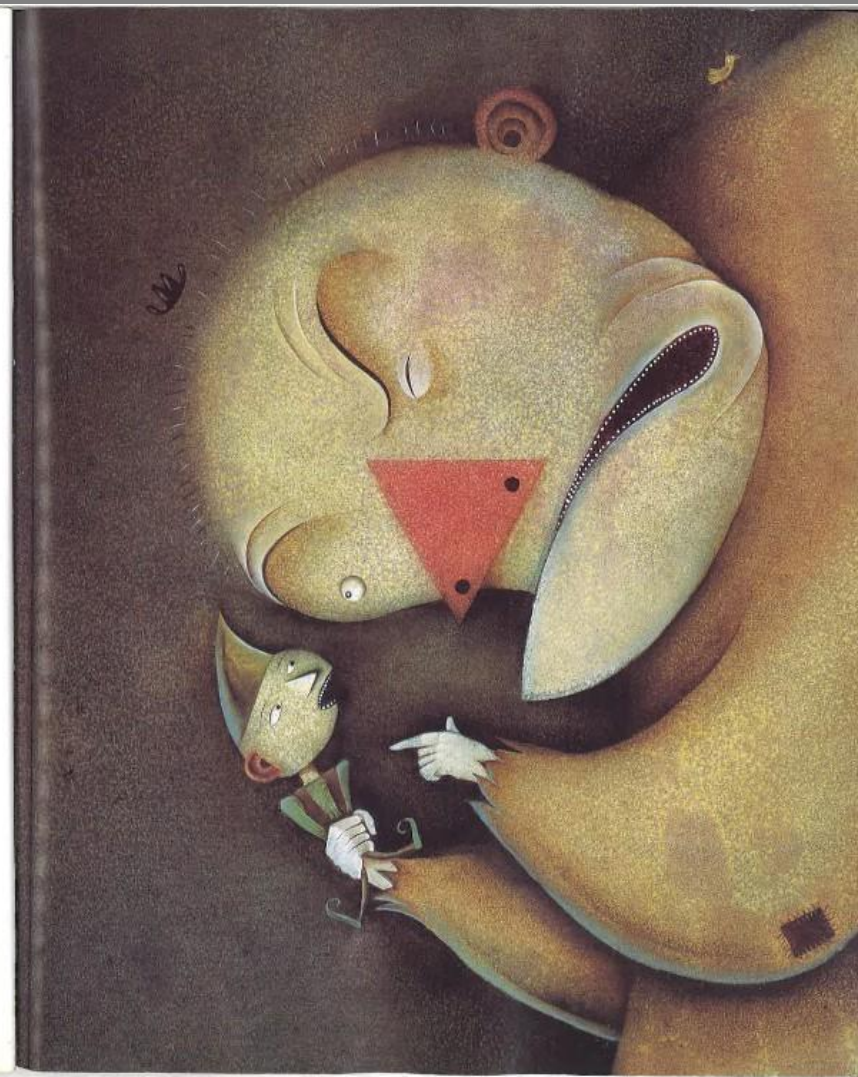
for a spell had been cast by a Wicked Witch

Once upon a time

"That's your story?" said Jack.
"You've got to be kidding. That's not a
Fairly Stupid Tale. That's an Incredibly Stupid Tale.
That's an Unbelievably Stupid Tale. That is
the Most Stupid Tale I Ever— *awwwk!*"
The Giant grabbed Jack and dragged him to the next page.



Once upon a time there was a Giant. The Giant squeezed Jack and said, “TELL ME A BETTER STORY OR I WILL GRIND YOUR BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD. AND WHEN YOUR STORY IS FINISHED, I WILL GRIND YOUR BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD ANYWAY! HO, HO, HO.” The Giant laughed an ugly laugh. Jack thought, “He’ll kill me if I do. He’ll kill me if I don’t. There’s only one way to get out of this.” Jack cleared his throat, and then began his story.

[illegible]

CINDERUMPELSTILTSKIN
OR THE GIRL WHO REALLY BLEW IT

Once upon a time there was a beautiful girl named Cinderella who lived with her wicked stepmother and two ugly stepsisters. These steprelatives were not only wicked and ugly—they also made Cinderella clean the house every day.

One day the local prince announced that he was holding a fabulous ball at his castle. Everyone was invited.

The stepmother and stepsisters got all dressed up to go. But, as usual, they made Cinderella clean the house, so she didn't have time to get ready. After the stepmother and stepsisters left for the ball, Cinderella sat down and began to cry.

Just then a little man appeared.

"Please don't cry," he said. "I can help you spin straw into gold."

"I don't think that will do me much good," said Cinderella. "I need a fancy dress, glass slippers, and a coach."

"Would you like to try to guess my name?" said the clever little man. Cinderella looked at him. "No. Not really."

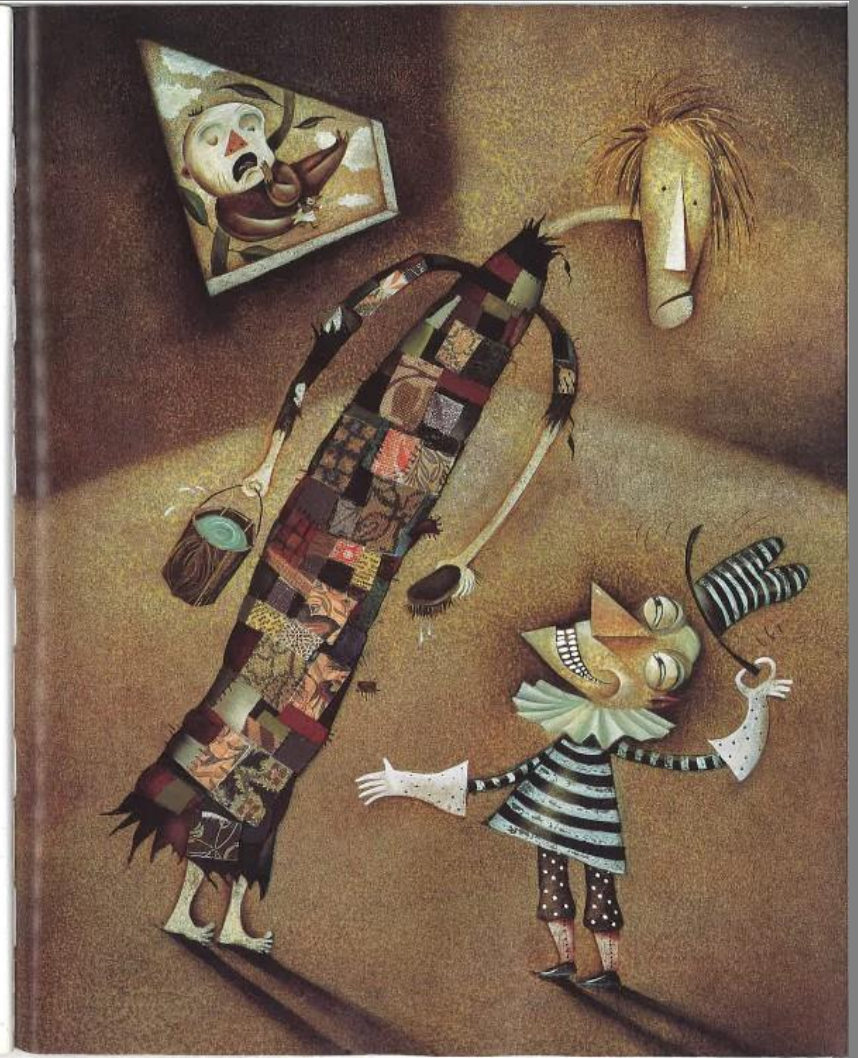
"Come on. Do you think it's 'Chester'?"

"If you don't have a dress, it doesn't really matter."

"Oh, just guess a name, any name."

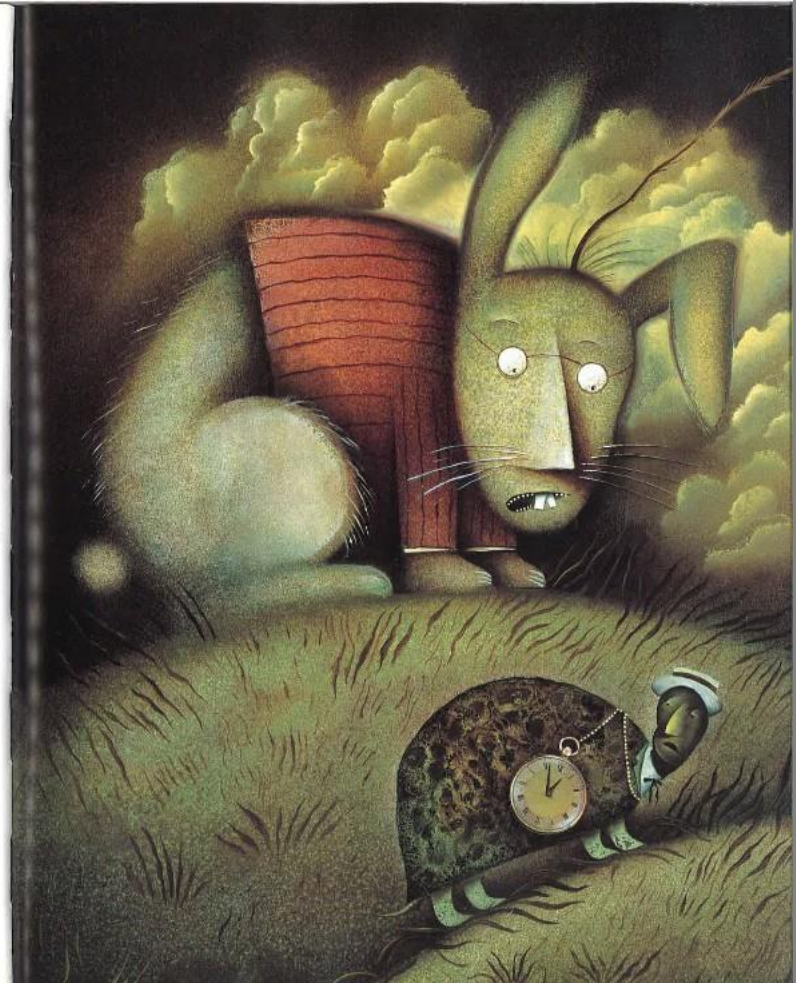
"I'm not supposed to talk to strangers," said Cinderella. Then she closed the door and left the little man standing outside screaming, "RUMPELSTILTSKIN! RUMPELSTILTSKIN! RUMPELSTILTSKIN!"

When the stepmother and stepsisters got home from the ball, Cinderella told them about the strange little man. They still made her clean the house. And meaner still, they changed her name to Cinderumpelstiltskin. *The End.*

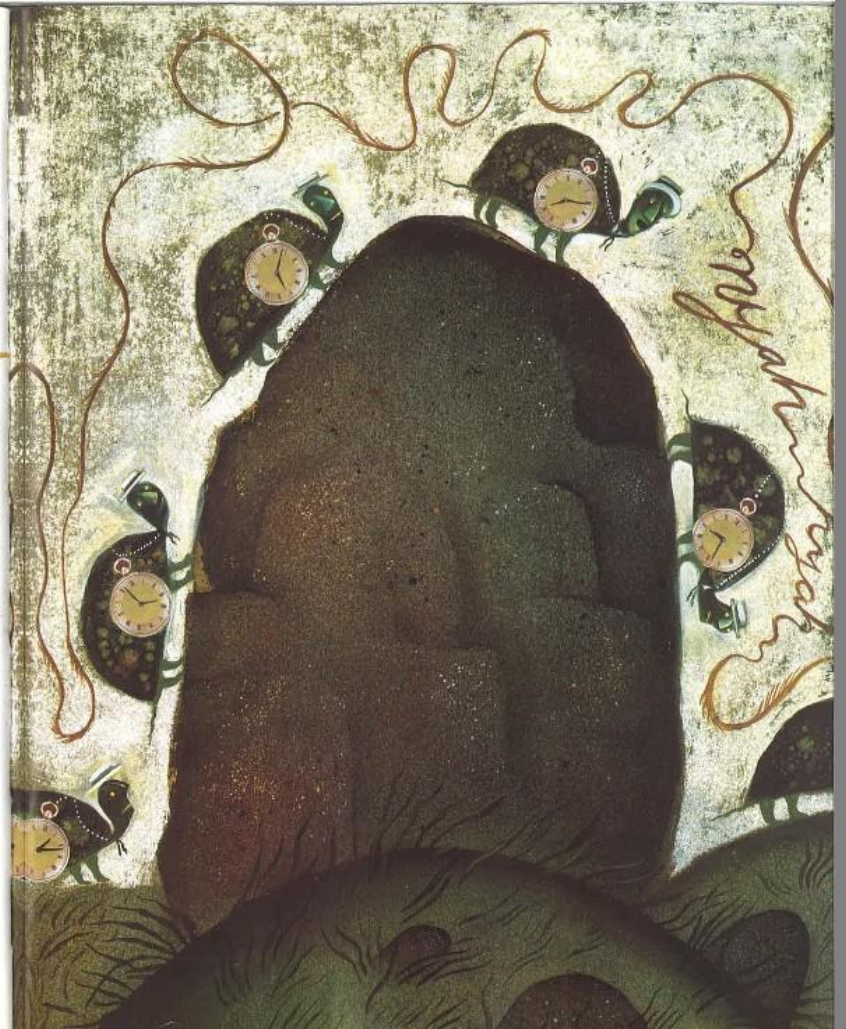


THE TORTOISE AND THE HAIR

Once upon a time there was a Tortoise who was very slow but very dependable. He would always get where he set out to go. It just took him longer than most people. One day Rabbit saw Tortoise walking slowly but surely down the road and said, "Tortoise, you are so slow. I could probably grow hair faster than you run." "Oh yeah?" said Tortoise slowly. "Yeah," said Rabbit. So they decided to race. On the day of the big race Tortoise and Rabbit lined up at the starting line. Owl said, "On your mark. Get set. Grow!" Tortoise started to run. Rabbit started to grow his hair.



Tortoise ran. Rabbit grew
his hair. Tortoise ran.
Rabbit grew his hair.
Tortoise ran. Rabbit grew
his hair. Tortoise ran.
Rabbit grew his hair.
Tortoise ran. Rabbit grew
his hair. Tortoise ran.
Rabbit grew his hair.
Tortoise is still running.
Rabbit is still growing
his hair. *Not* The End.



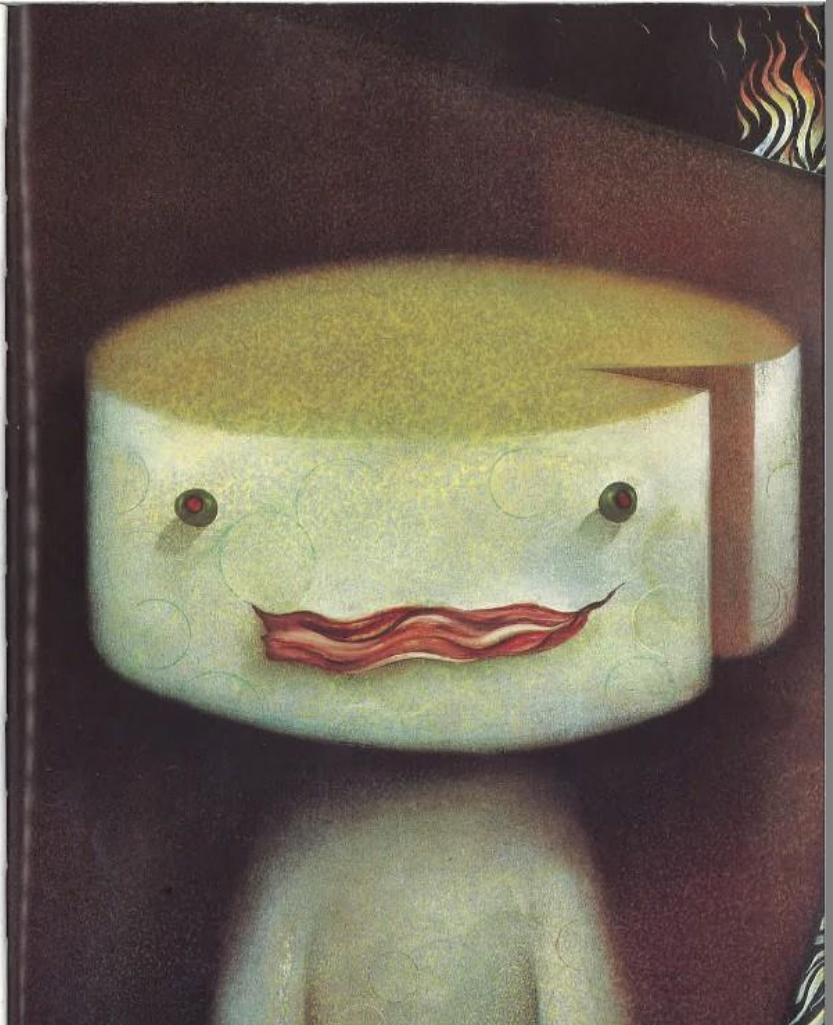
THE STINKY CHEESE MAN

Once upon a time there was a little old woman and a little old man who lived together in a little old house.



They were lonely.
So the little old lady decided to make a man out of stinky cheese.

She gave him a piece of bacon for a mouth and two olives for eyes and put him in the oven to cook.

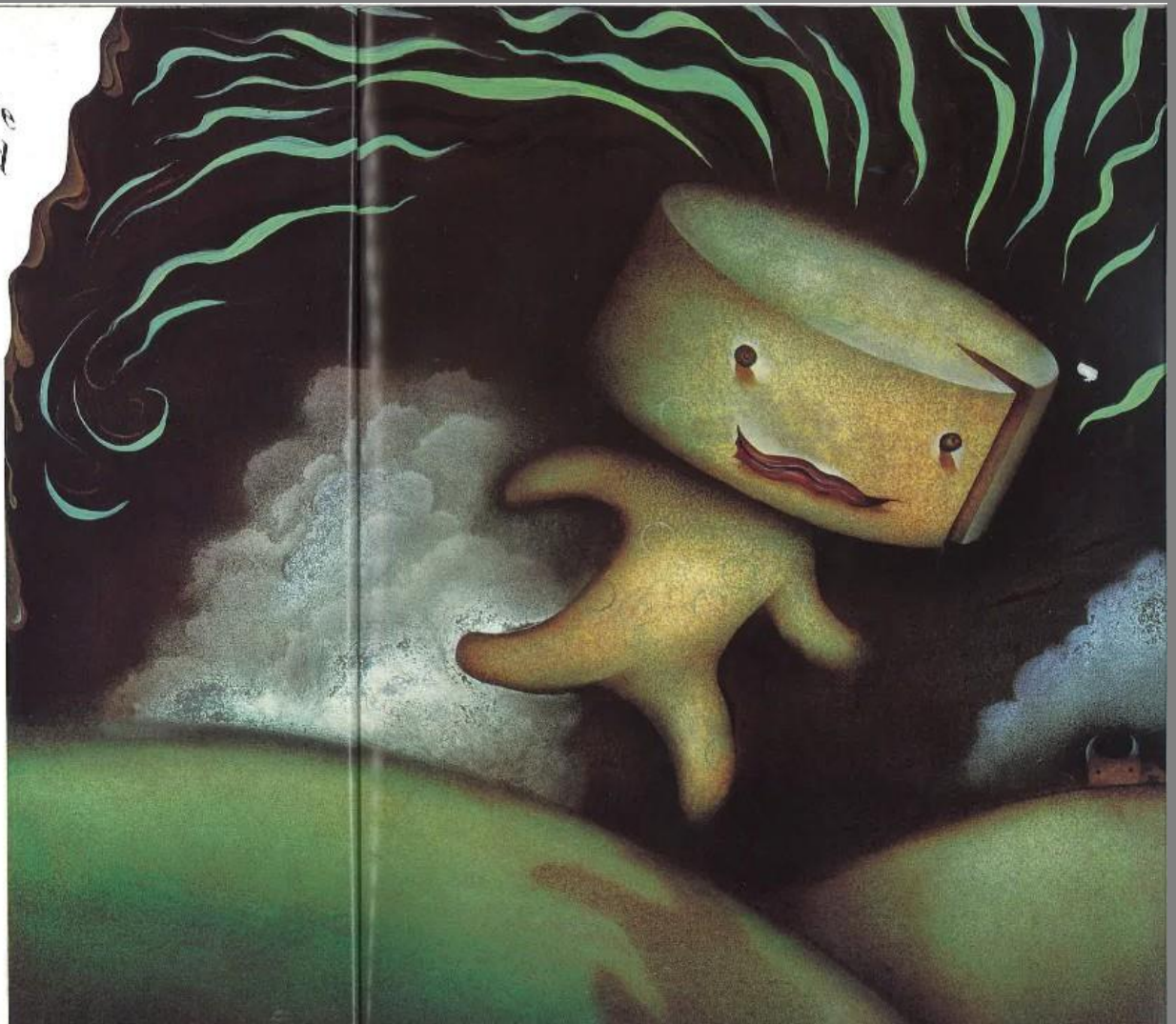


When she opened the oven to see if he was done, the smell knocked her back. "Phew! What is that terrible smell?" she cried. The

Stinky Cheese Man
hopped out of the
oven and ran out
the door calling,
"Run run run as
fast as you can.

You can't catch
me. I'm the Stinky
Cheese Man!"

The little old lady and the little old man sniffed the air. "I'm not really very hungry," said the little old man. "I'm not really all that lonely," said the little old lady. So they didn't chase the Stinky Cheese Man. The Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran until he met a cow eating grass in a field. "Wow! What's that awful smell?" said the cow.

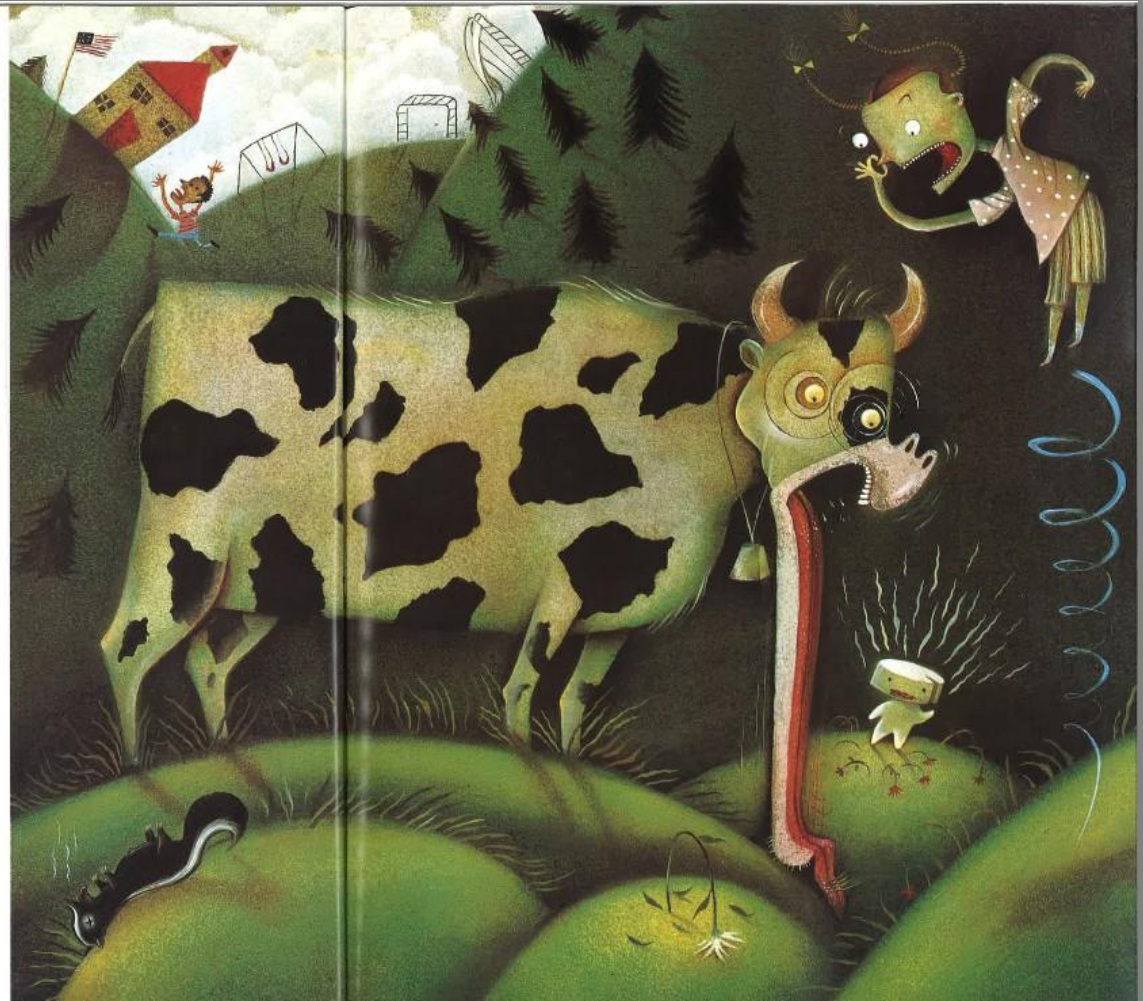


The Stinky Cheese Man said,
 "I've run away from a little old lady
 and a little old man and I can run
 away from you too I can. Run run run
 as fast as you can. You can't catch me.
 I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!"

The cow gave another sniff and said,
 "I'll bet you could give someone
 two or three stomachaches.
 I think I'll just eat weeds."
 So the cow didn't chase
 the Stinky Cheese Man either.
 The Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran
 until he met some kids playing
 outside school.

"Gross," said a little girl.
 "What's that nasty smell?"
 "I've run away from a little old lady,
 and a little old man, and a cow, and
 I can run away from you too I can.
 Run run run as fast as you can.
 You can't catch me.
 I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!"

A little boy looked up, sniffed the
 air and said, "If we catch him, our
 teacher will probably make us eat
 him. Let's get out of here."
 So the kids didn't chase
 the Stinky Cheese Man either.



By and by the Stinky Cheese Man
came to a river with no bridge.

“How will I ever cross this river?
It’s too big to jump, and if I try to swim
across I’ll probably fall apart,”
said You-Know-Who.

Just then the sly fox (who shows up in
a lot of stories like these) poked his head
out of the bushes.

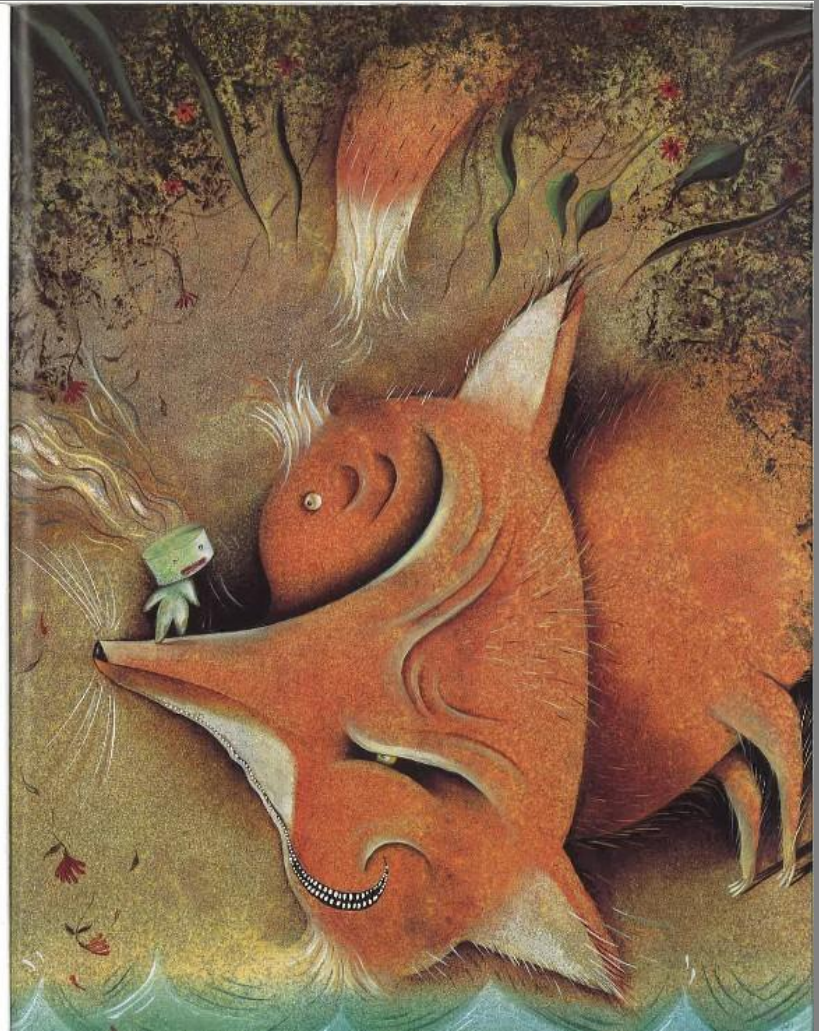
“Why, just hop on my back and I’ll
carry you across, Stinky Cheese Man.”

“How do I know you won’t eat me?”

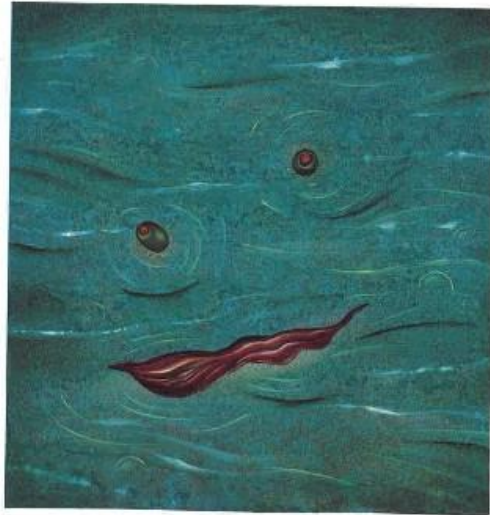
“Trust me,” said the fox.

So the Stinky Cheese Man hopped on
the fox’s back.

The fox swam to the middle of the
river and said, “Oh man! What is that
funky smell?”

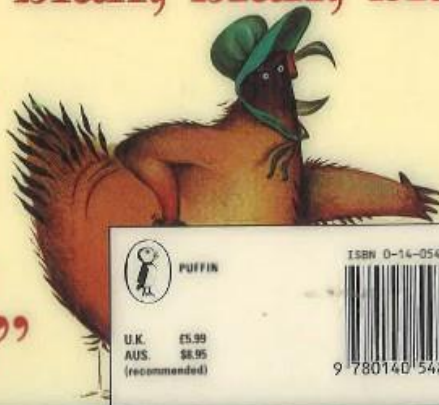


The fox coughed,
gagged, and sneezed,
and the Stinky Cheese
Man flew off his back
and into the river



where
he fell
apart.
The
End.

**“What is this doing here?
This is ugly! Who is this
ISBN guy? Who will buy this
book anyway? Over fifty
pages of nonsense and I’m
only in three of them. Blah,
blah, blah, blah, blah, blah,
blah, blah, blah, blah, blah,
blah, blah,
blah, blah,
blah, blah.”**



U.K. £5.99
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Who's Afraid of The Big Bad Book?



Lauren
Child

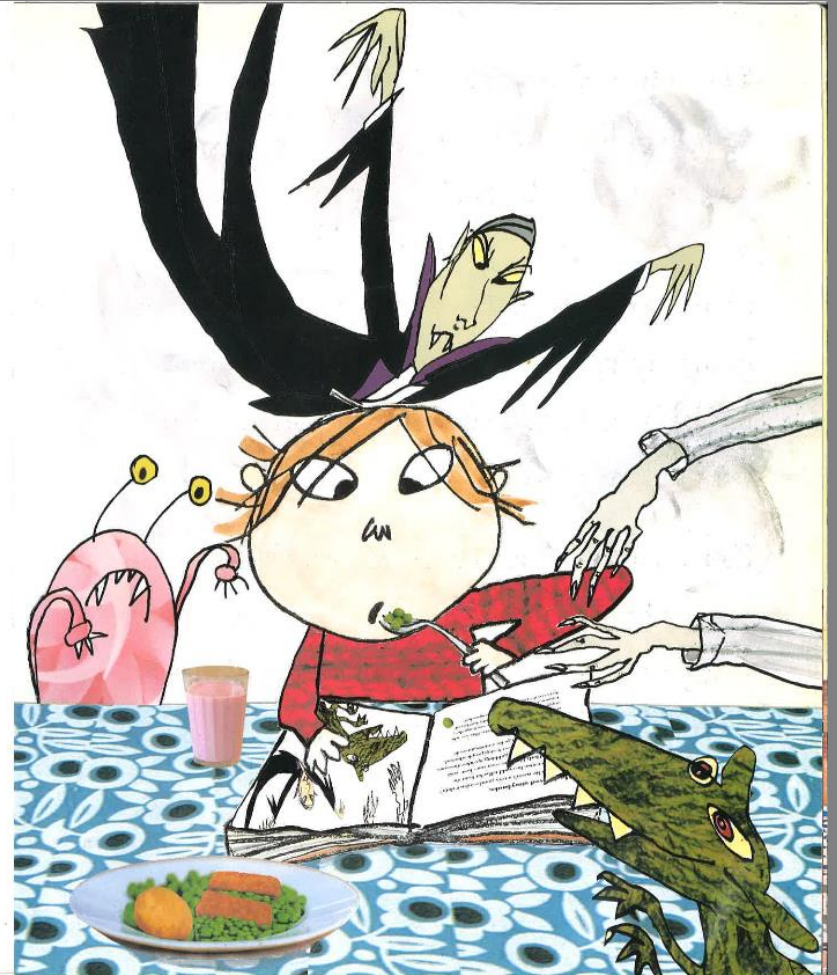
Smarties Prize Winner!



Herb loved storybooks.

Although he wasn't a very good reader, it didn't matter because he could tell a lot from the pictures. Herb liked the scary ones best with pictures of dinosaurs gobbling up other dinosaurs, or swooping vampires chasing people who had foolishly decided to go for a midnight stroll without any garlic.

Herb read his books everywhere. This was why many of the pages were stickily stuck together, soggy round the edges and usually had bits of banana, biscuit and the odd pea squashed between the pages.



On this particular night,

Herb's friend Ezzie was staying over.

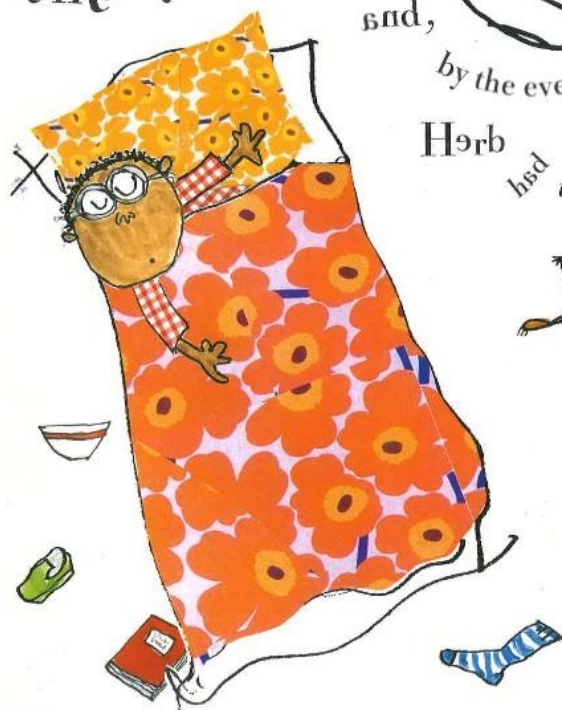
Earlier, the two of them had been playing
a game, involving a great deal of

untidying things
and,

by the evening,

Herb

had trouble even
finding his bed.



By the time he had, Ezzie was already slightly snoring.
So Herb searched around for a book to amuse him until he
dozed off but the only one he managed to find was



a book of **fairy tales.**

It hadn't been looked at in a very long time and was quite dusty.
It was actually quite exciting but even so Herb's eyes soon
became heavy and,

before he could close the book,

he fell
asleep
with
his
head
on



the
page.



Herb woke with a start to hear a strange high-pitched shrieking noise. He looked over to see if Ezzie was awake but there was no sign of him at all. Furthermore, his bed had become sort of lumpy and huge, which was funny because Herb had always found his bed to be just right.



**WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HOW DARE YOU BE ON THIS
PAGE? I AM THE STAR AND
I SAY YOU ARE NOT
ALLOWED IN THIS
STORY!**

shrieked the shrieking thing.

'Wow where am I?'
stammered Herb.

'ON MY PAGE!'
screeched the girl.

'But who are you?' asked Herb, not sure that he wanted to know. 'I,' said the little girl, somehow managing to raise her voice even higher,

**'I AM GOLDBLOCKS, OF COURSE!
AND THIS IS MY STORY!'**



And that's when it dawned on Herb that he had fallen into the book.

Herb scabbled out of the bed as fast as he could, scooted down the stairs and went ... ***slap, bang, wallop!*** ... into three differently-sized bears.

'Whoops!' I'm so sorry,' squeaked Herb terrified. 'I didn't mean to be here.'

'Oh, that's quite all right,' said the largest bear. ***'It could happen to anyone.'***

'And does all the time,' said the small bear, scowling at Goldilocks.

'How about some porridge?' said the medium-sized bear.

'You might find it too hot or too cold.'

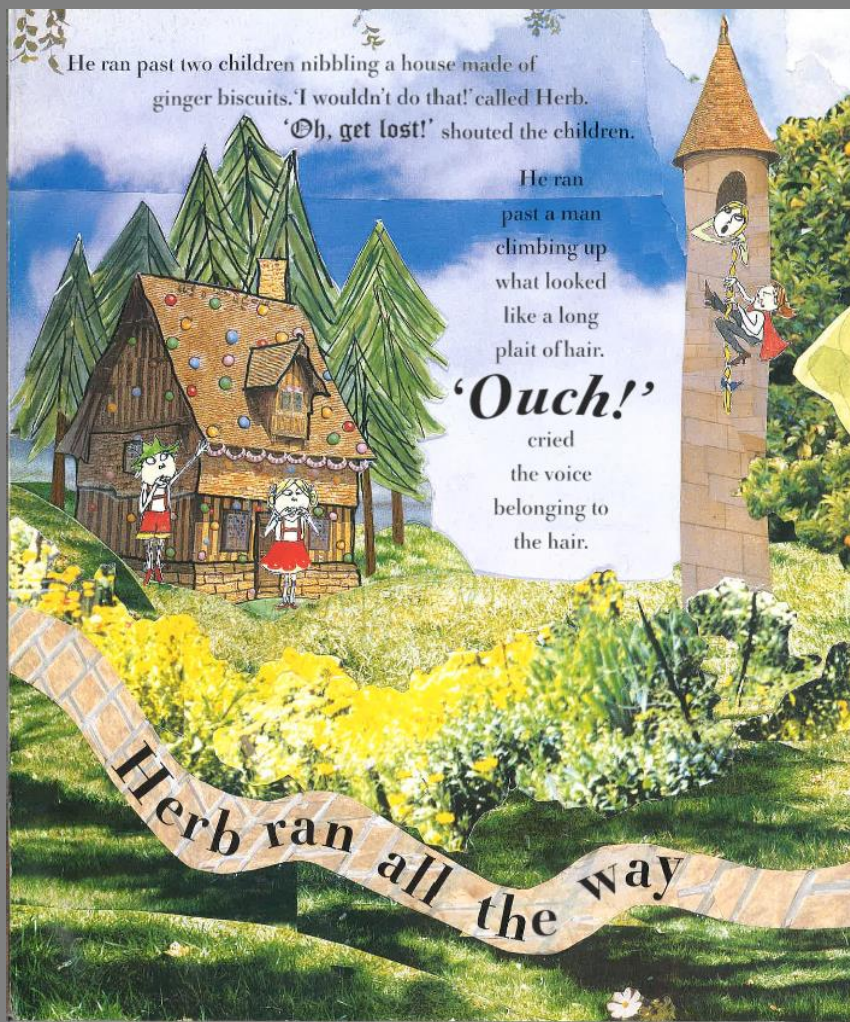
'I'm afraid we're out of just right.'

'Ahem, hem!' coughed Goldilocks.

'IN CASE YOU PEA BRAINS HAVE FORGOTTEN, THIS STORY IS CALLED "GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS" NOT "THE LITTLE SHOW OFF IN PYJAMAS HAS BREAKFAST!"'

Herb ran for it!



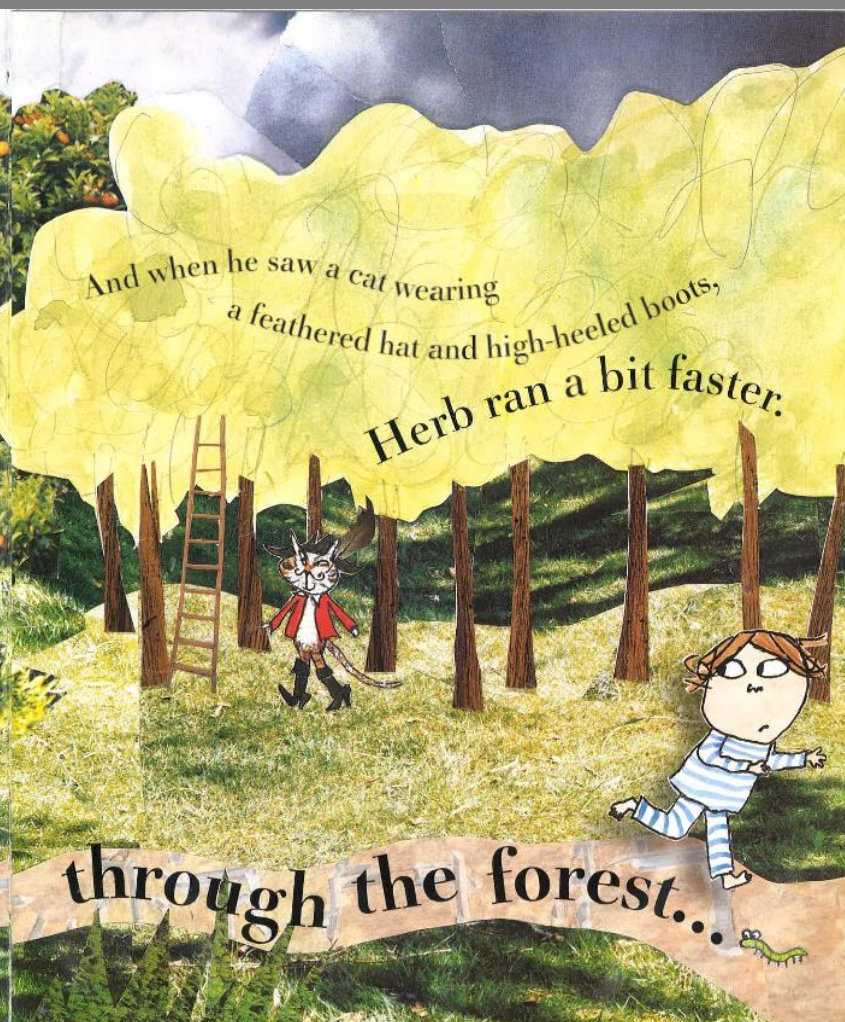


He ran past two children nibbling a house made of
ginger biscuits. 'I wouldn't do that!' called Herb.
'Oh, get lost!' shouted the children.

He ran
past a man
climbing up
what looked
like a long
plait of hair.

'Ouch!'
cried
the voice
belonging to
the hair.

Herb ran all the way



And when he saw a cat wearing
a feathered hat and high-heeled boots,
Herb ran a bit faster.

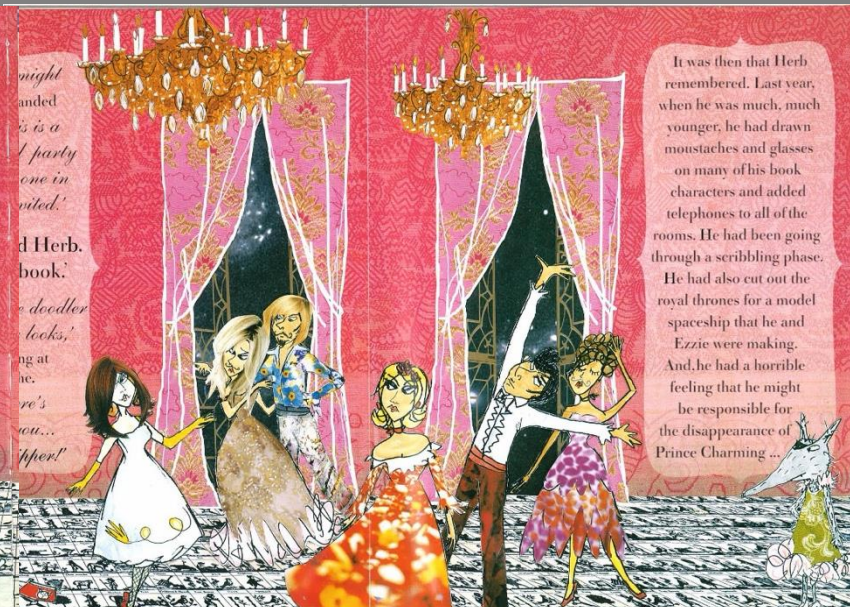
through the forest...

AT LONG LAST,
HE CAME TO AN
ENORMOUS DOOR.
IT WAS DIFFICULT TO
OPEN BECAUSE THE
ILLUSTRATOR HAD
DRAWN THE HANDLE
MUCH TOO HIGH UP
BUT, AFTER THREE
ATTEMPTS AT
JUMPING, HERB
MANAGED TO GRAB IT
AND SLOWLY CREAK
THE DOOR OPEN.



There seemed to be a party going on.

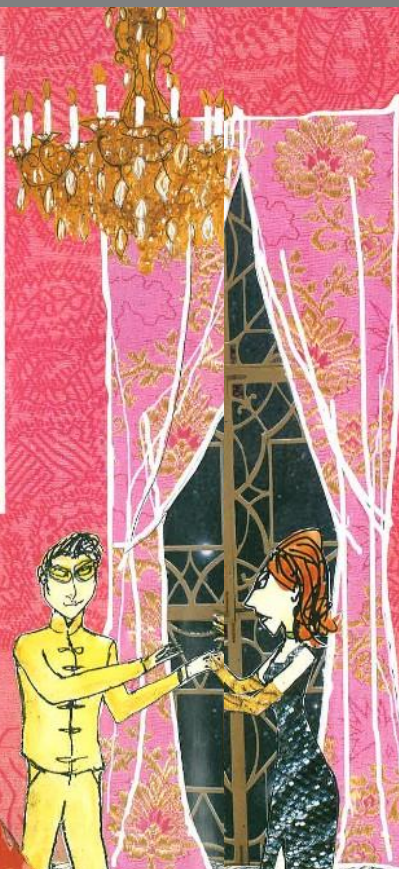
Everyone was dressed up to the nines and dancing in wigs. One by one the dancers noticed Herb and the music ground slowly to a halt. It was so quiet you could hear a flea drop, or was it a pin? Well, you could have heard something drop had it not been for the couple in circums having a furious discussion in loud voices.



There seemed to be a party going on.

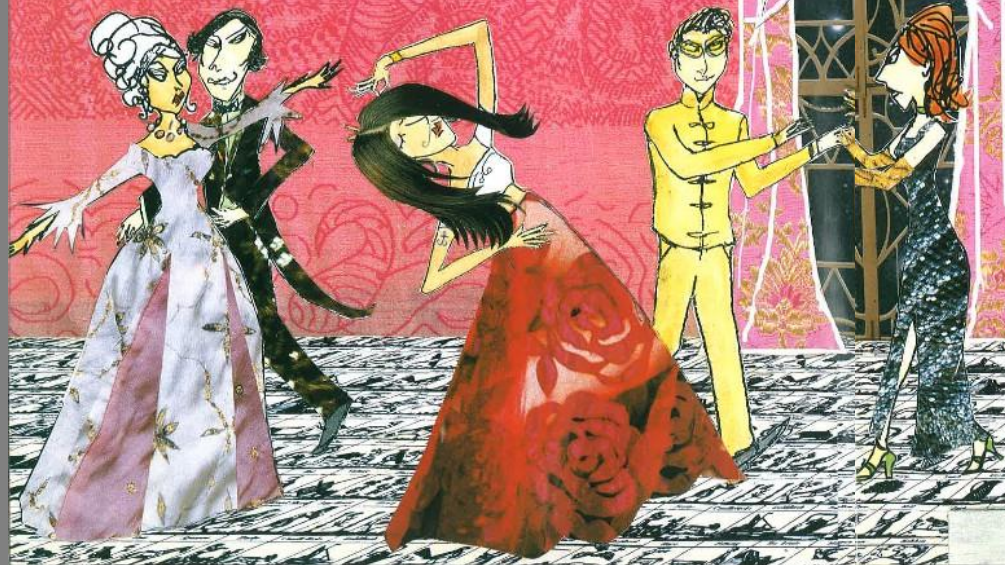


Everyone was dressed up to the nines and dancing in wigs. One by one the dancers noticed Herb and the music ground slowly to a halt. It was so quiet you could hear a pea drop or was it a pin? Well, you could have heard something drop had it not been for the couple in crowns having a furious discussion in loud voices.



'Where the dickens is that twerp Prince Charming?'

'Never mind him. Where the devil is my throne?'



Herb couldn't help noticing that the queen had a moustache drawn on in biro!

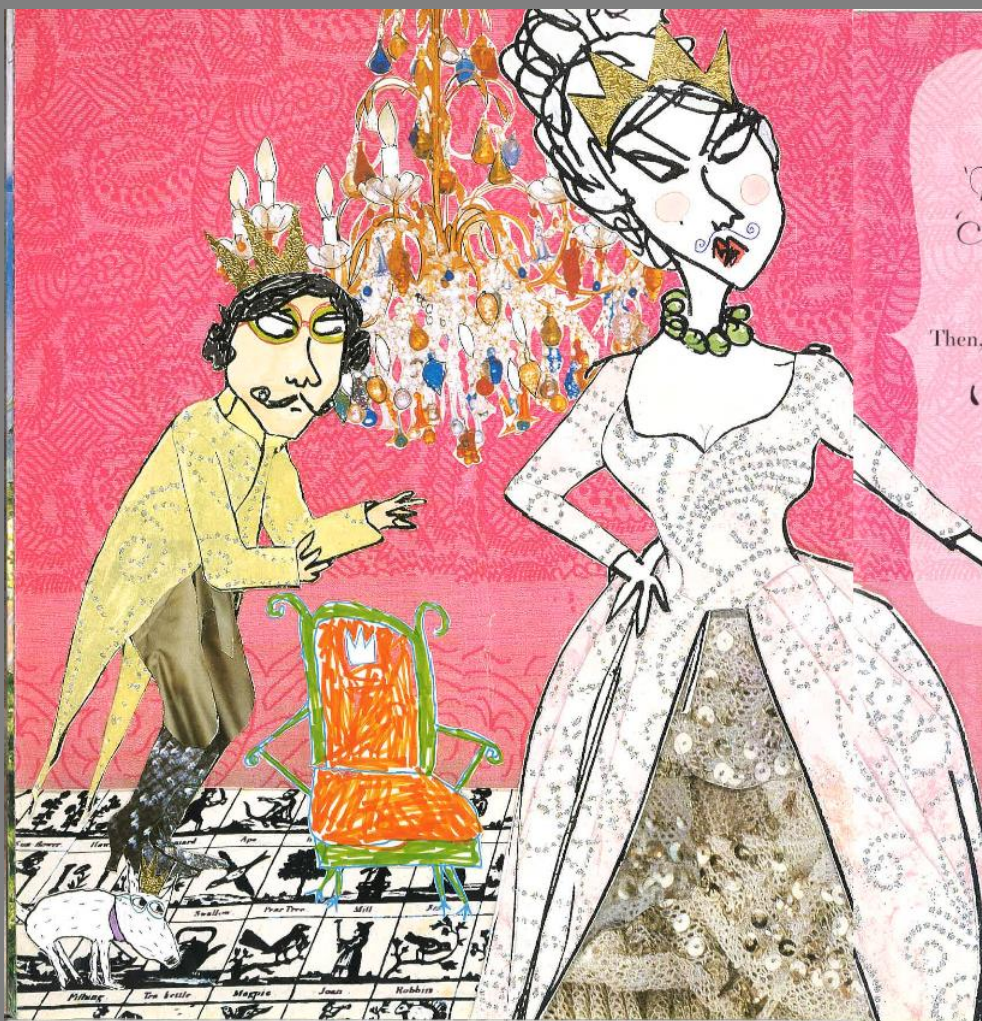
he might
demanded
'This is a
royal party
no one in
invited.'

said Herb.
his book.'

the doodler
my looks,'
ating at
ache.
here's
you...
nipper!



It was then that Herb
remembered. Last year,
when he was much, much
younger, he had drawn
moustaches and glasses
on many of his book
characters and added
telephones to all of the
rooms. He had been going
through a scribbling phase.
He had also cut out the
royal thrones for a model
spaceship that he and
Ezzie were making.
And, he had a horrible
feeling that he might
be responsible for
the disappearance of
Prince Charming ...



As Herb wondered desperately what to do next, he noticed his pencil case lying on the floor; he'd been looking for it for months.

'It's all right, I can draw you a new throne,' he said.

*'Make sure it's got lots of twirly bits,' blustered the king.
'And I want it gold, of course,' ordered the queen.*

Herb didn't have a gold crayon; it would have to be green.

The queen did not look impressed.

Then, finding the eraser, Herb started to rub away at the queen's moustache.

*'Ow, ow, OW! That really hurts!
Seize him!' she roared.*

Herb made a dash for it.

There wasn't time to get to the door but, by snipping a hole in the palace floor, Herb managed to wriggle through onto the next page. He could hear the queen shouting: *'Look, he's at it again!'*



Herb found himself in an oddly arranged room.

Looking up, Herb saw Cinderella's wickedly mean stepmother and her ugly daughters.

'I'm Herb,' called Herb. 'What are you doing up there?'

'Wonder... we are pretending to be flies...?' scoffed the woman, 'or could it be that some vile good-for-nothing child tore out our page and put it back upside down?'

'I wonder who would do that?' said Herb, slightly blushing.

Stupid little boy,
somebody

snarled the stepmother, fixing Herb with her beady eyes.



'Now we can't get to the ball and Prince Charming can't fall madly, utterly in love with us. It's so unfair,'

whined the pudgy sister.

'He wouldn't look twice at you,' snapped the skinny one.

'Oh do be quiet,' hissed the stepmother. 'I'm feeling queasy.'



Just then
the telephone
started to ring.

Sticking telephones in
fairy tales had seemed
funny at the time,
but Herb could
see that they could
turn out to be
rather a nuisance.

*'Hesse? Why hesse your majesty ...
Hesse ... as a matter of fact there is a little
pyjamaed boy here. He did what? ... Oh he did,
did he? Don't worry, I'll deal with the little
weasel ...' she said, giving Herb a shrivelling look.
'Oh, and by the way, if you see that nosy Goldlocks
but tell her to bring a ladder over.'*

'So this is your doing!'
she screamed, leaping onto her chair.

*'I'm going to make
you wish you'd never
opened a book!'*

Herb speedily drew a
door on the wall, ran through it
and slammed it shut.

*'Come back here
you little
horror!'*
she screeched.



Herb was in a very dusty kitchen. His feet were sticking to the floor and there were what looked like giant biscuit crumbs stuck all over the place.

'Sorry about the dirt,' said a bedraggled-yet-pretty girl.

'Aren't you meant to be at the royal ball?' asked Herb.

'Yes, but I had to come home because the prince, *achoo...*

was late and my party dress

dissolved into rags

and I really looked,

achoo...

a mess and then my carriage

turned back into a pumpkin,

which was sort of embarrassing.

Would you like a cup of, *achoo...* tea?

She really was very nice and Herb was beginning to feel extremely guilty,

because he had just remembered where Prince Charming was:

Herb had cut him out to make a birthday card for his mother.

'If only I could get out of this book I could find the prince for you,' he said.

'Ooh... I know who can help,' said Cinderella.

picking up her phone.



'Drat!
Absolutely
maddening!
I was just in the
middle of a spell.
This had better
be important!'

'It's an
emergency!
Absolutely
everybody's
after me.'

*You have to
help me get out
of this book!*' yelled Herb.



'Well let me see...

A. Are you my fairy godchild?

No, you are not. I don't do boys; only girls worst luck.

B. What do you expect when you go about scribbling
and snippering and generally causing mayhem?

This is no way to treat a book you know!

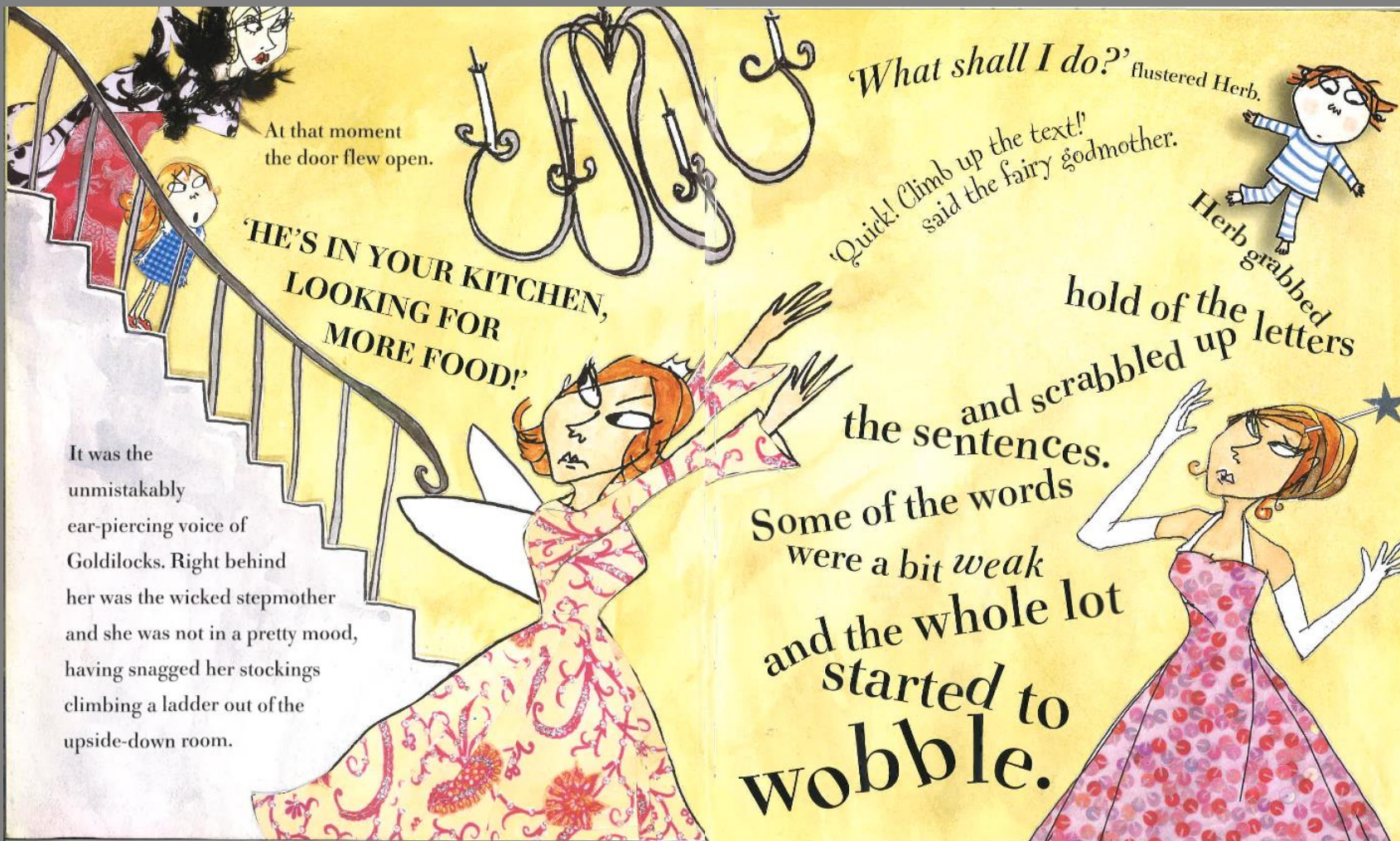
And C...

jumping into other people's stories, really is very rude.'

'But I can't find my
way out,' pleaded Herb,
near his wits' end.

'All right, all right,
keep your pyjamas on.
I suppose I'll have to
come to the rescue as
always. Now where
did I put my wand?'





At that moment
the door flew open.

**'HE'S IN YOUR KITCHEN,
LOOKING FOR
MORE FOOD!'**

It was the
unmistakably
ear-piercing voice of
Goldilocks. Right behind
her was the wicked stepmother
and she was not in a pretty mood,
having snagged her stockings
climbing a ladder out of the
upside-down room.

'What shall I do?' flustered Herb.

'Quick! Climb up the text!'
said the fairy godmother.

Herb grabbed
hold of the letters

the sentences.
Some of the words
were a bit *weak*
and the whole lot
started to
wobble.



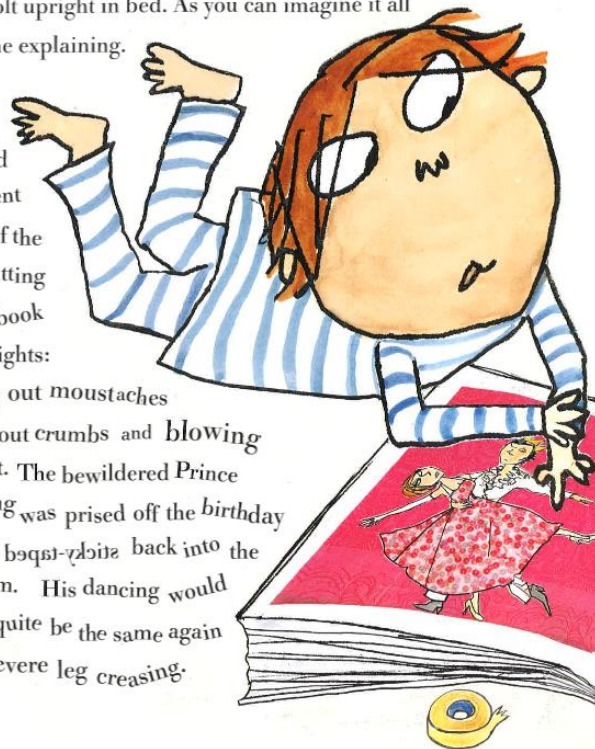
screamed Goldilocks so loudly that the whole book shook and slipped off the bed, sending Herb falling headlong through the air onto ...



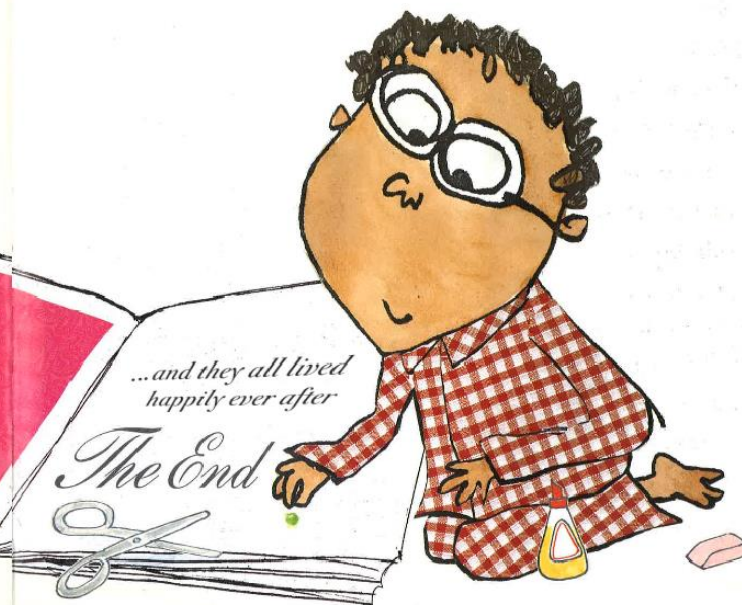
... his own bedroom floor.

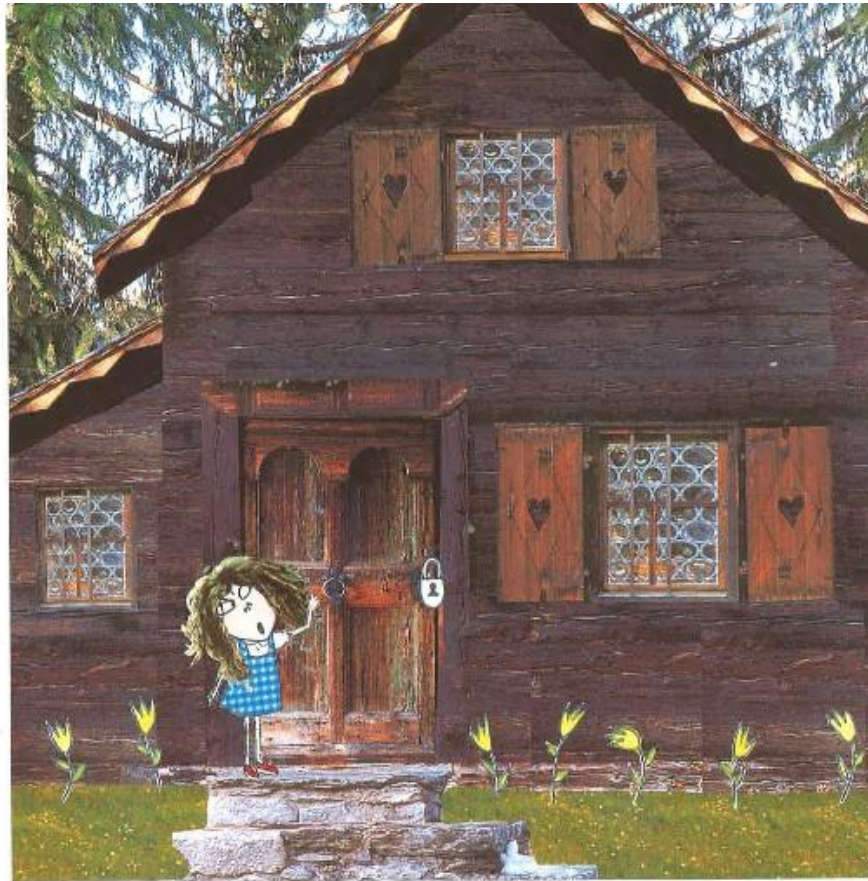
'Wh-what's happening?' squeaked a startled Ezzie, sitting bolt upright in bed. As you can imagine it all took some explaining.

Ezzie and Herb spent the rest of the night putting the storybook back to rights: rubbing out moustaches, cleaning out crumbs and blowing away dust. The bewildered Prince Charming was prised off the birthday card and *happily* back into the ballroom. His dancing would never quite be the same again due to severe leg creasing.



It was tempting to leave the wicked stepmother's room 'umop-apisdn' but Herb resisted. However, he just couldn't help drawing a padlock on the three bears' front door. And Ezzie just couldn't help sticking a wig on Goldilocks. Well, serves her right for being such a meany.





a very cross little girl with mousey brown hair.

*The
Story of A Boy
Who Fell into
A Book...*

Now if you were going to fall into a book,
a book of fairy tales probably would not
be your first choice. Because in every
story there is always a wicked this,
an evil that or a hungry
somebody.

*It could only
happen to Herb,
child star of that
thrilling tale,
**BEWARE OF THE
STORYBOOK WOLVES.***

Brought to you by *Medal Winner*
Kate Greenaway **Lauren Child**



*Starring
the divinely
talented
Miss Goldilocks*

*What the
critics said:*

*Lauren Child gives us another
totally unique and wonderful story.*

*One minute you'll be laughing your socks off,
the next you'll be hiding behind the sofa.*

Open it if you dare!

Guest appearance from:



...Beware