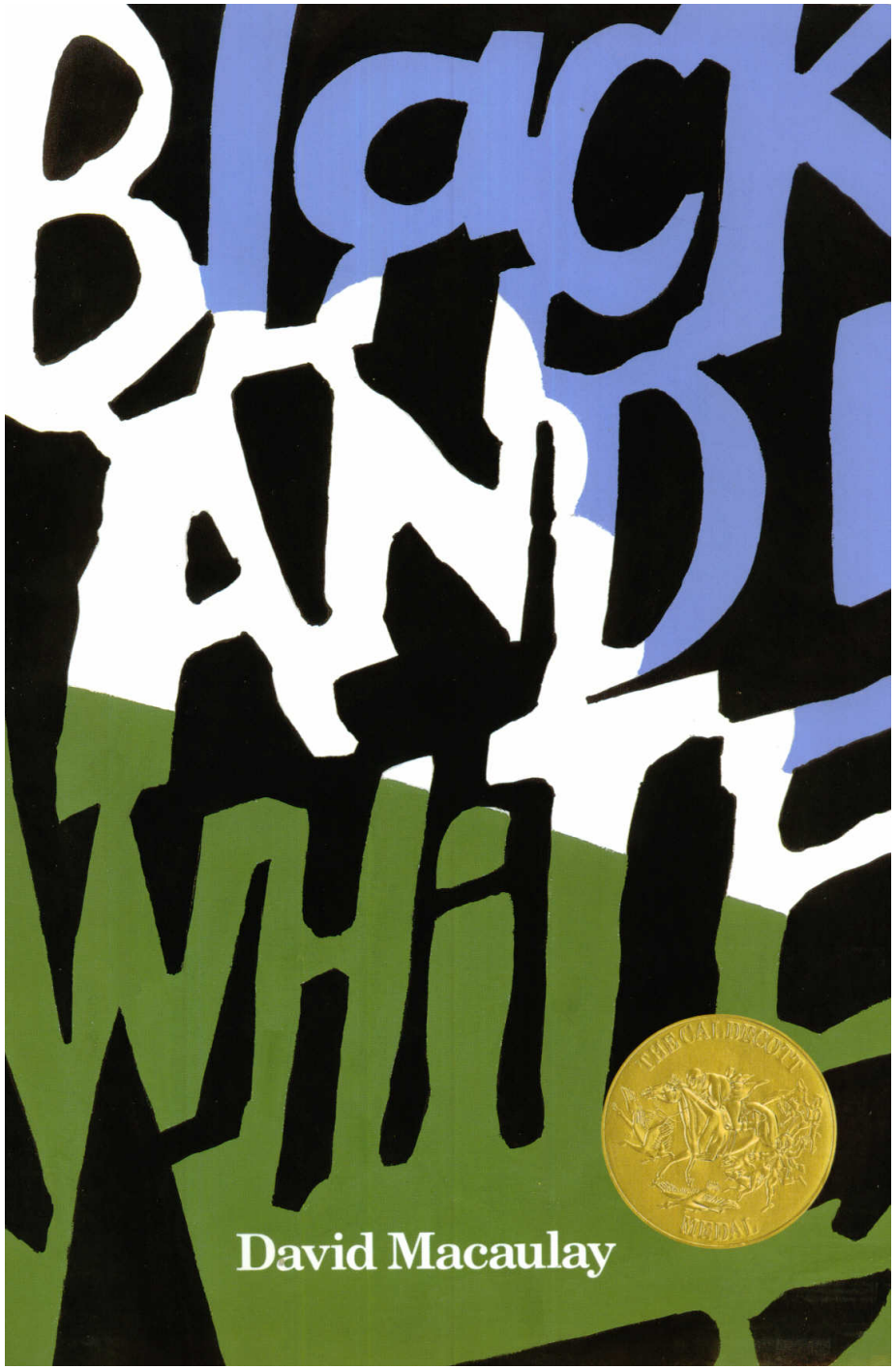
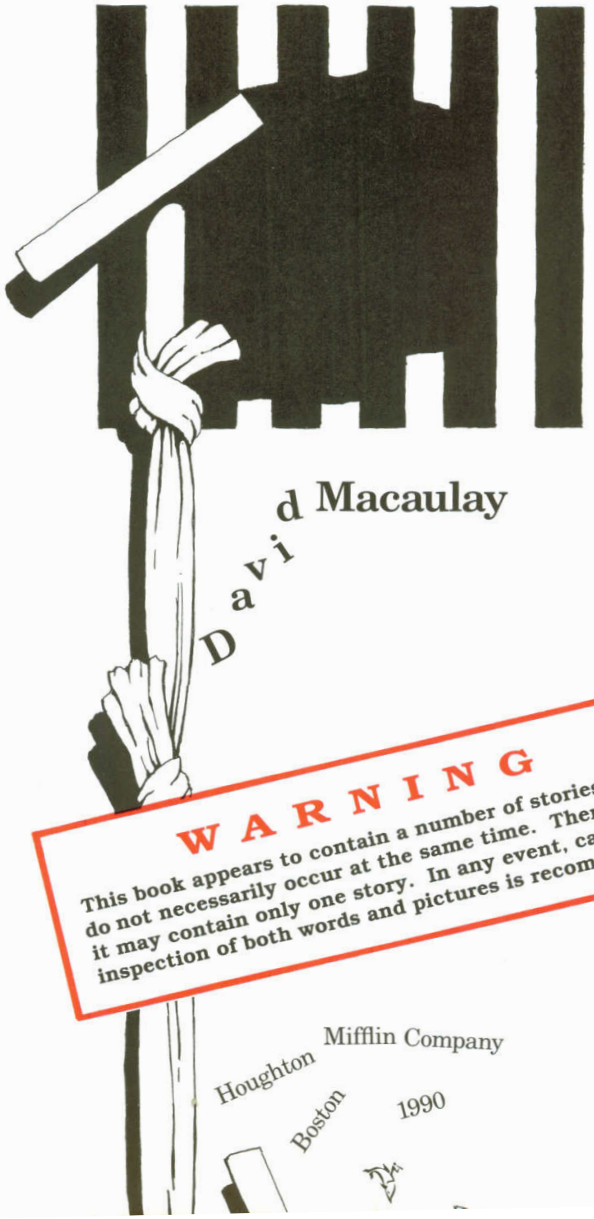
The Postmodern Picture Book


David Macaulay

Black and White



David Macaulay

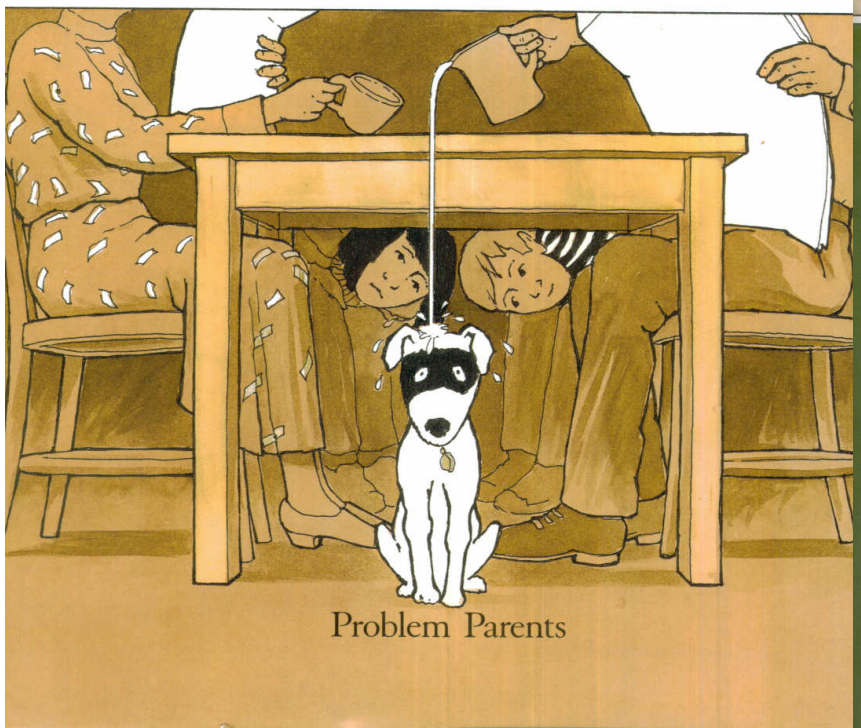
WARNING

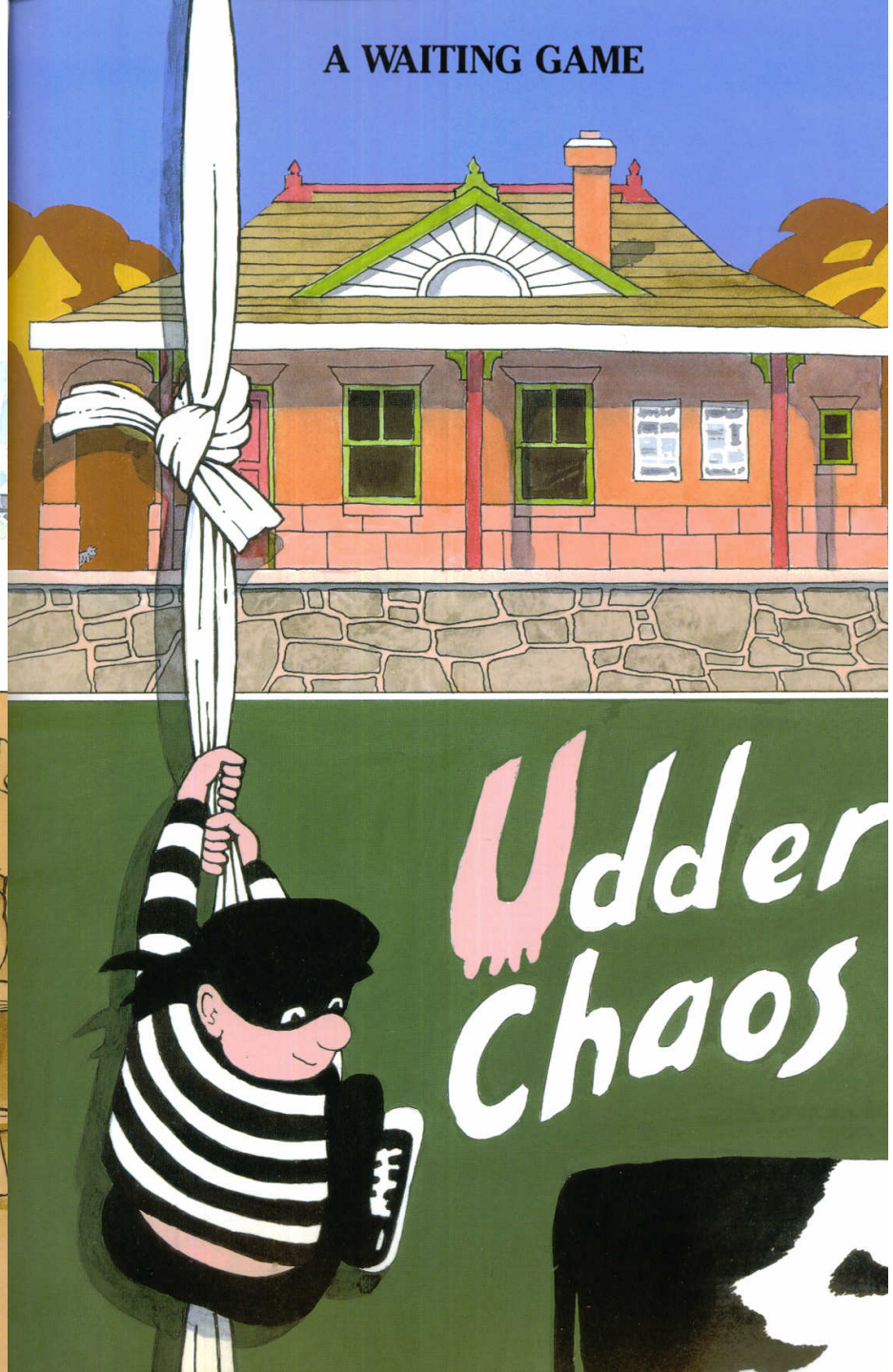
This book appears to contain a number of stories that do not necessarily occur at the same time. Then again, it may contain only one story. In any event, careful inspection of both words and pictures is recommended.

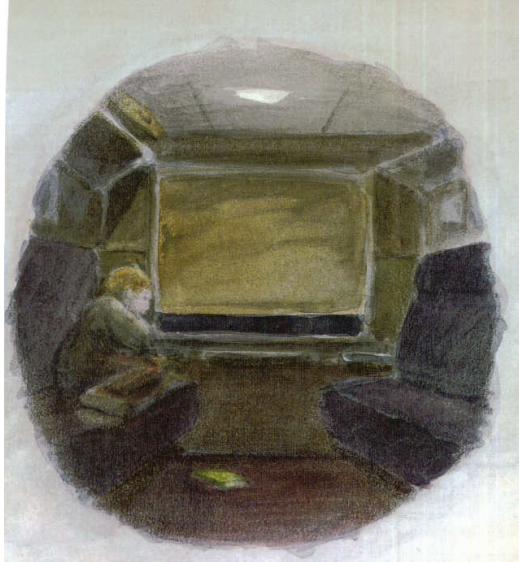
Houghton Mifflin Company

Boston 1990

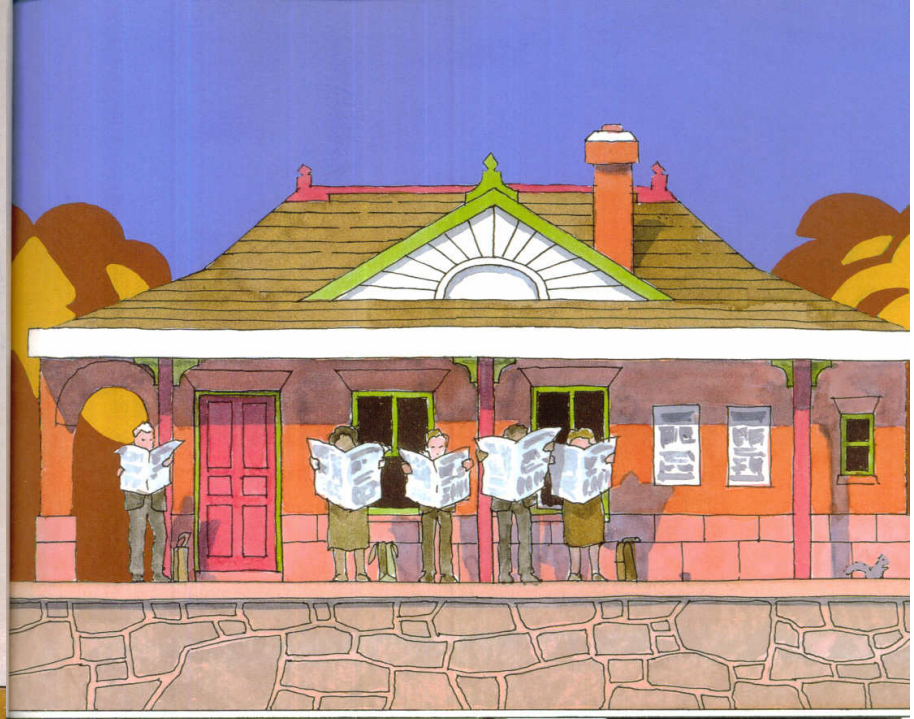

Seeing this


Problem Parents


A WAITING GAME
Udder Chaos



It is the boy's first trip alone. He can hardly wait to see his parents again. Even on the fast train, the journey will take all night. He sleeps curled up at one end of the seat.



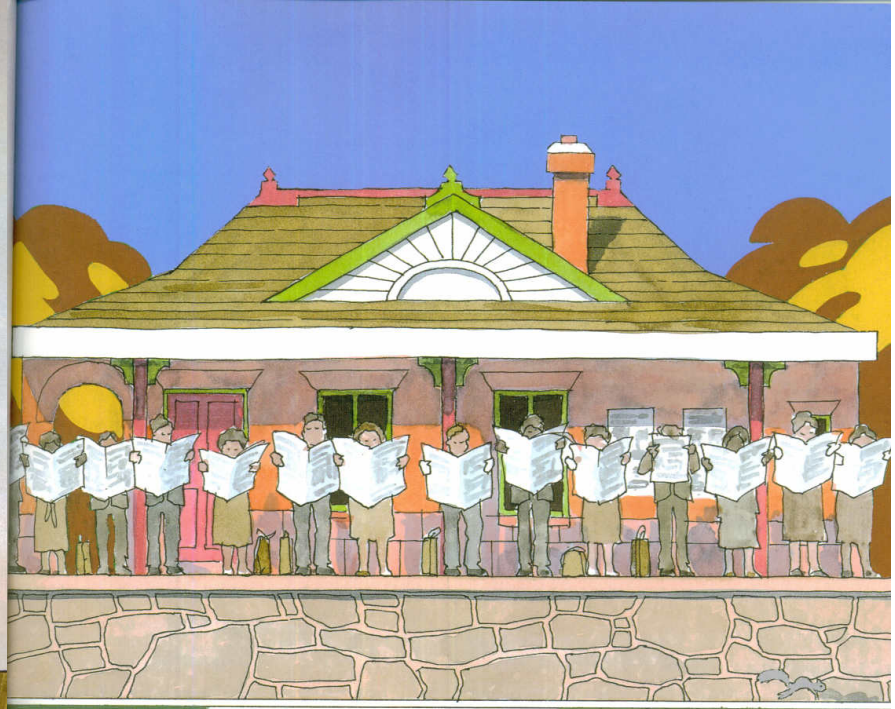
One thing about parents is that you're supposed to be able to count on them, even when they don't understand you.





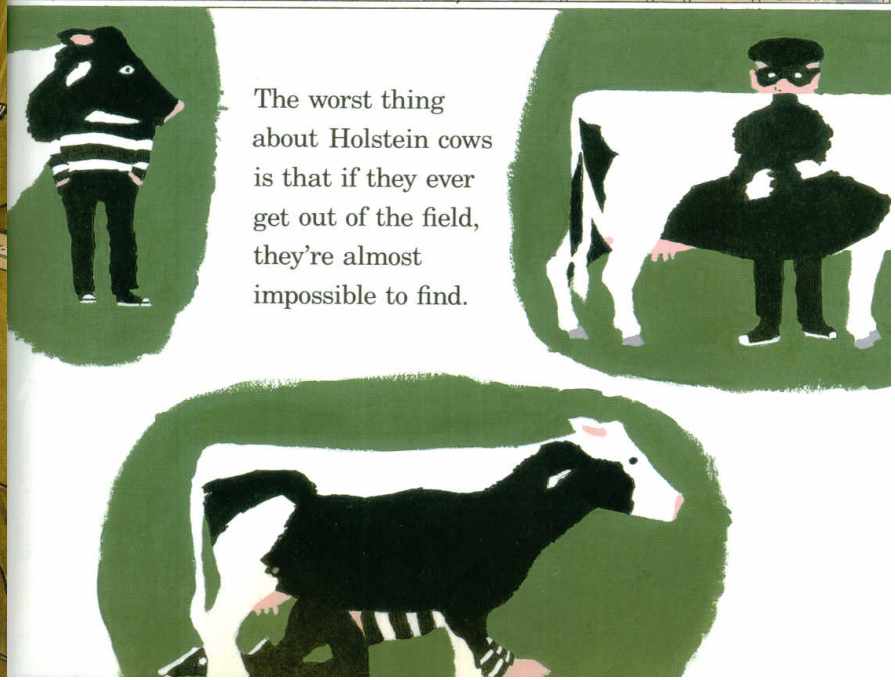


Sometime in the early morning hours, the train comes to rest. All is quiet. Suddenly, the door of the compartment slides open. The conductor leans in, announces that something is blocking the tracks, and disappears. A few minutes later, an old woman enters the compartment and sits down opposite the boy. She says nothing.



Every morning at seven o'clock they leave for their offices in the city.

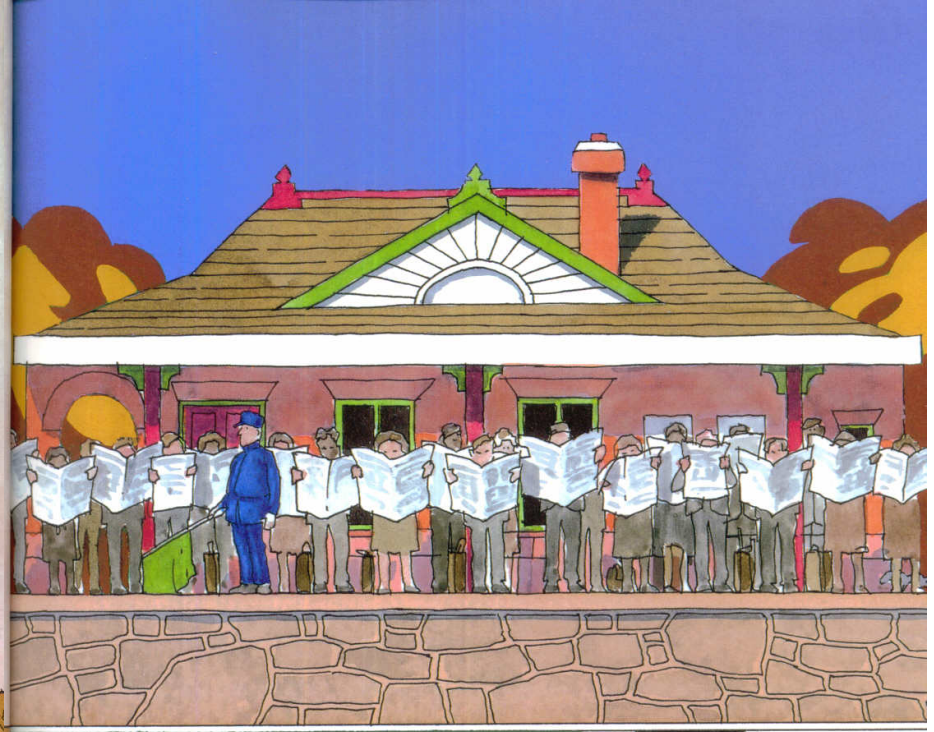




The worst thing about Holstein cows is that if they ever get out of the field, they're almost impossible to find.



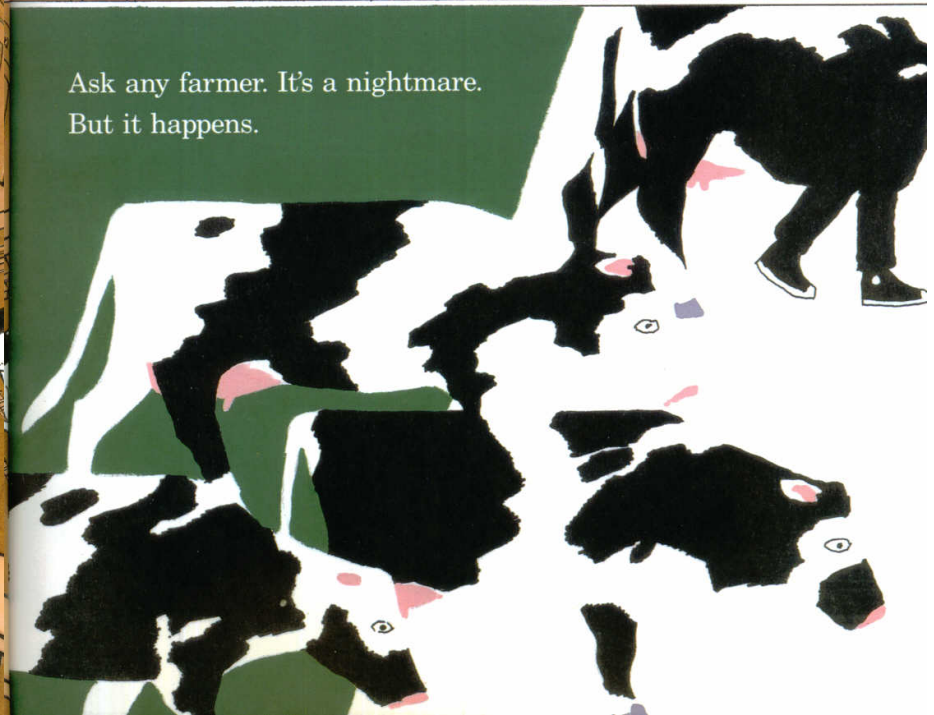
Leaning out the window, the boy can just make out what looks like a row of boulders in front of the train. He wonders if it's an avalanche. But where from? Even in the poor light, there is no sign of a mountain or even a hill.





And every evening at seven o'clock they come home, sort through the mail, ask about homework, and send us to bed.

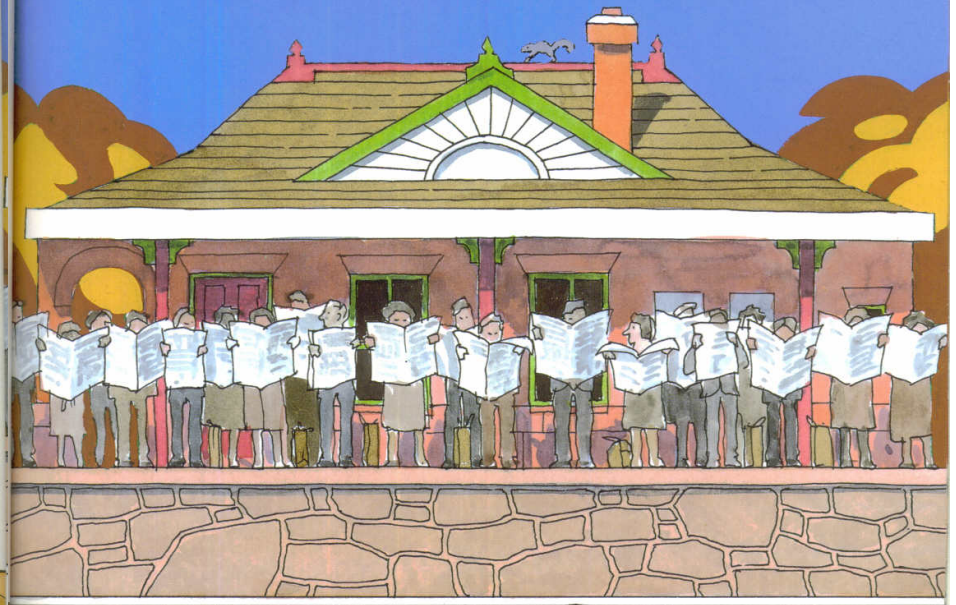
Ask any farmer. It's a nightmare. But it happens.





He sees the driver jump down from the engine and approach the boulders. The man is shouting and waving his fists. The boy grins. He's helped his parents in the garden often enough to know that you can't move rocks just by shouting at them.

Your attention please. Passengers awaiting the arrival of the eight-thirteen to the city are advised that that train will be slightly delayed. Southern Rail regrets any inconvenience.



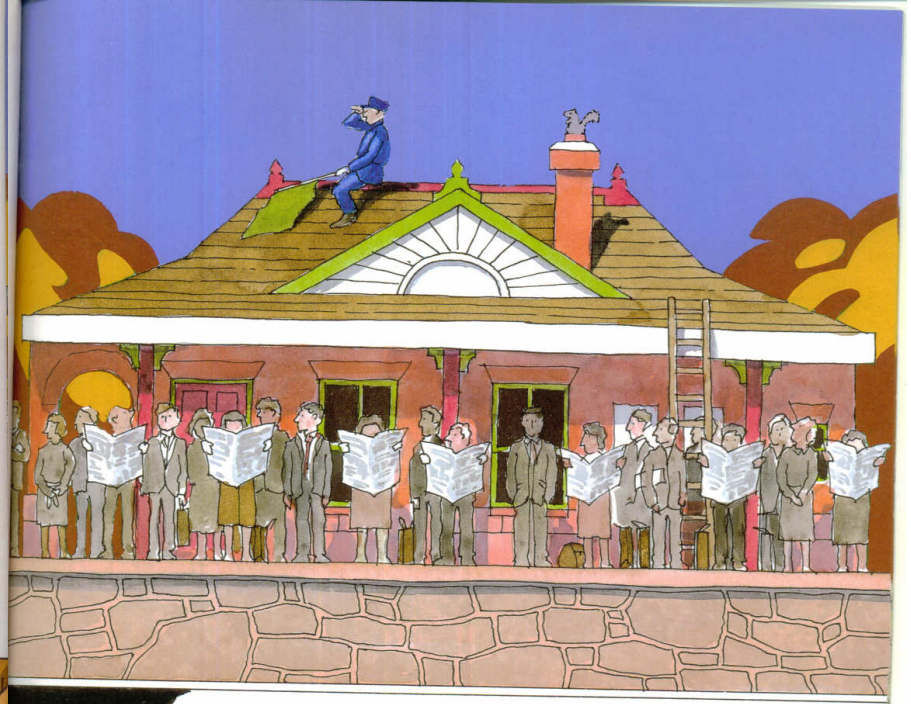
But from the moment they came through the door that night, my brother and I knew something was wrong.







Amusement quickly turns to amazement. He rubs his eyes again and again but still can't believe what he sees. The boulders are moving.



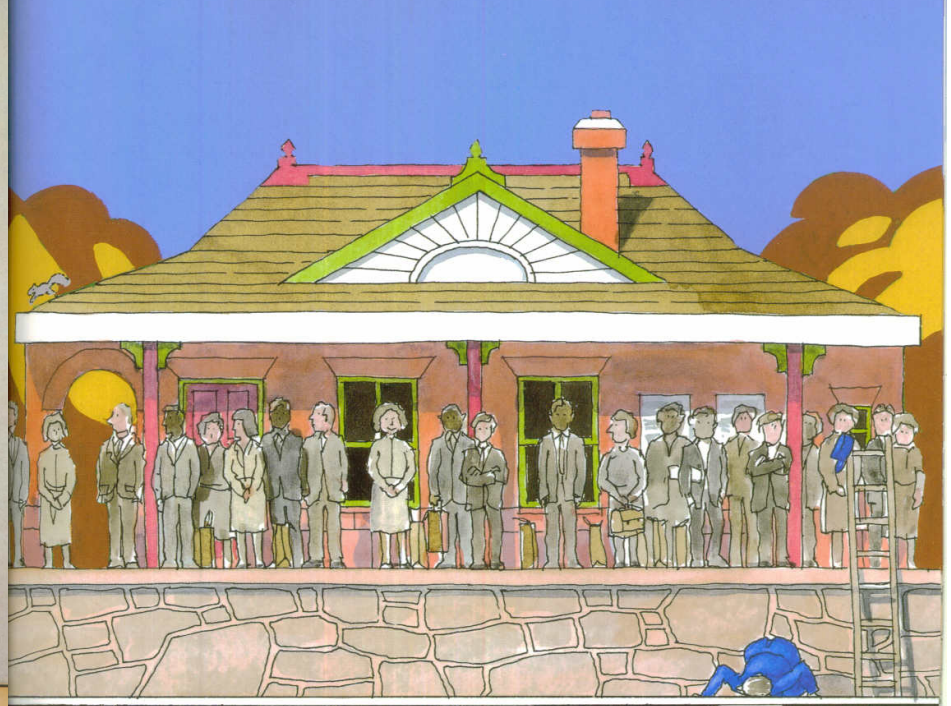
That was the night they came home wearing newspapers. I couldn't believe it. They came in laughing, ignored the mail, and started marching around the living room singing, "She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes." I mean, you expect parents to be weird, but this was scary.







Slowly, they float off the tracks, down the embankment, and into the bushes that border the railway line.



The next thing I knew, Dad had lugged in a pile of old newspapers from the garage. He and Mom were looking us up and down and whispering.



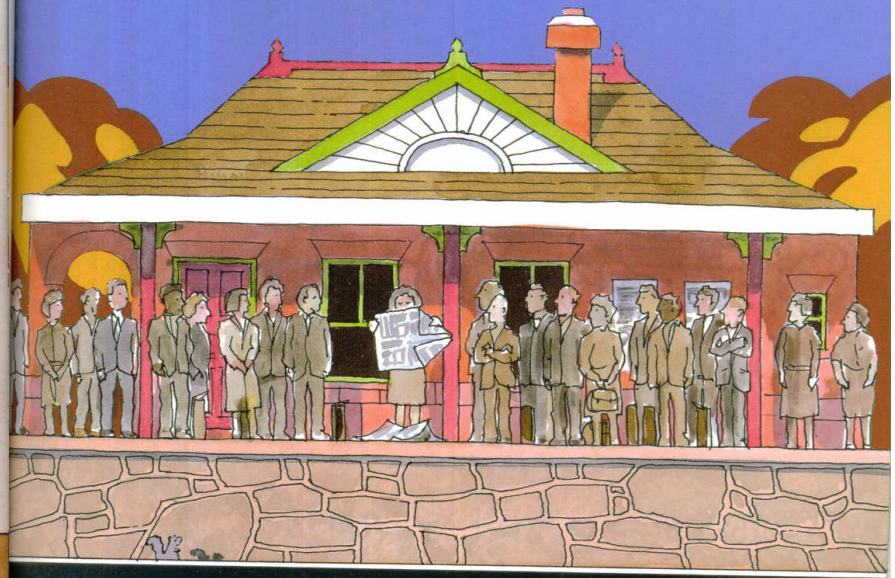




When the last one is gone, the driver clambers back into the cab and the train lurches forward. Lighter-than-air boulders tumble around the boy's mind until the steady rhythmic clicking of the rails sends him back to sleep.

Screeching brakes. Hissing steam. Singing. Singing?! Reluctantly, he opens his eyes. The old lady has vanished.

Your attention please. Passengers awaiting the arrival of the eight-thirteen to the city are advised that that train is still temporarily delayed. Southern Rail regrets any inconvenience.



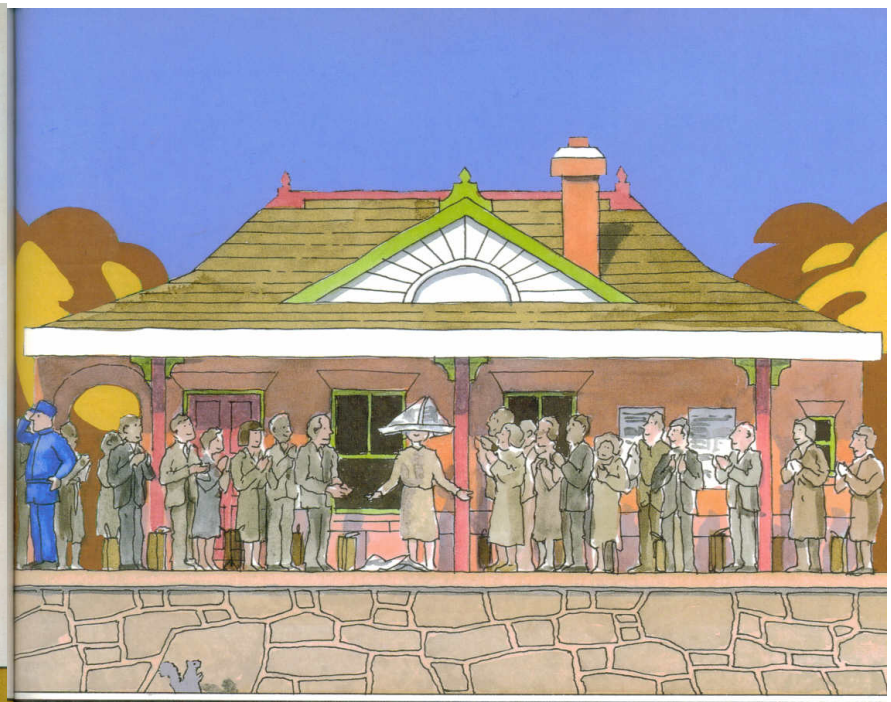
I asked if they wanted to check my homework. Mom just tore the Leisure section into strips and asked if I wanted to be a turkey!



And they're no easier to find at night…



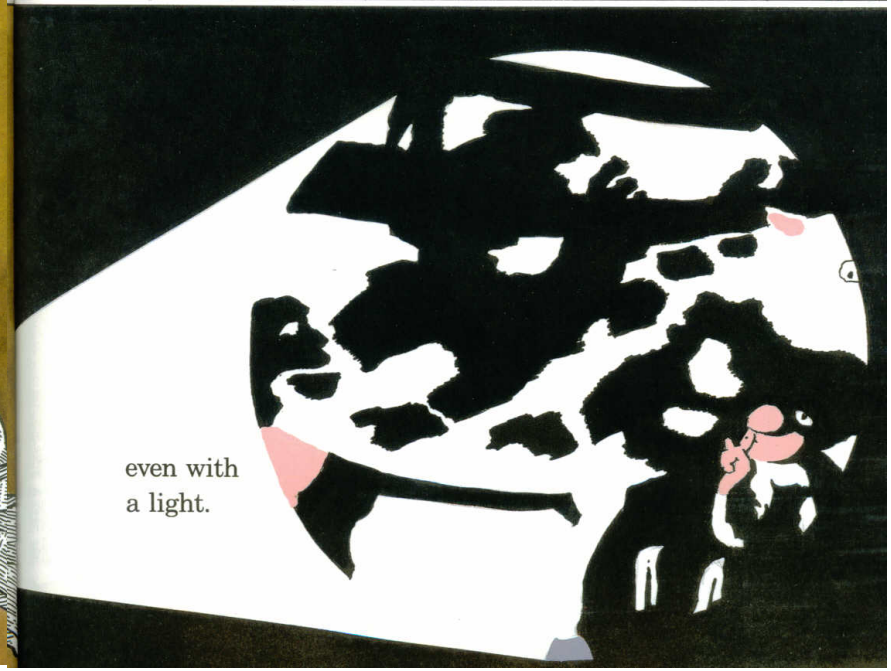
With his sleeve, he clears some mist from inside the window. Where he expects a platform, he sees only smoke or steam or cloud. He stares and wonders. Is that really cloud out there?



I looked at my brother. We played along—for the moment. But pretty soon both of us looked like rejects from some origami zoo. I was thinking, "Who *are* these people?"



even with a light.





And something else is
drifting by. Snow?
The boy is thrilled.
He opens the window.
The singing gets louder.



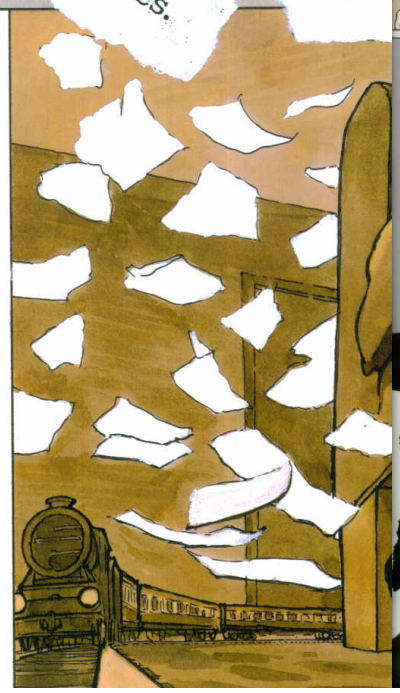
Then they started
marching again and,
by the fourth trip
around the living
room, my brother
was really getting
into it. The little
traitor.





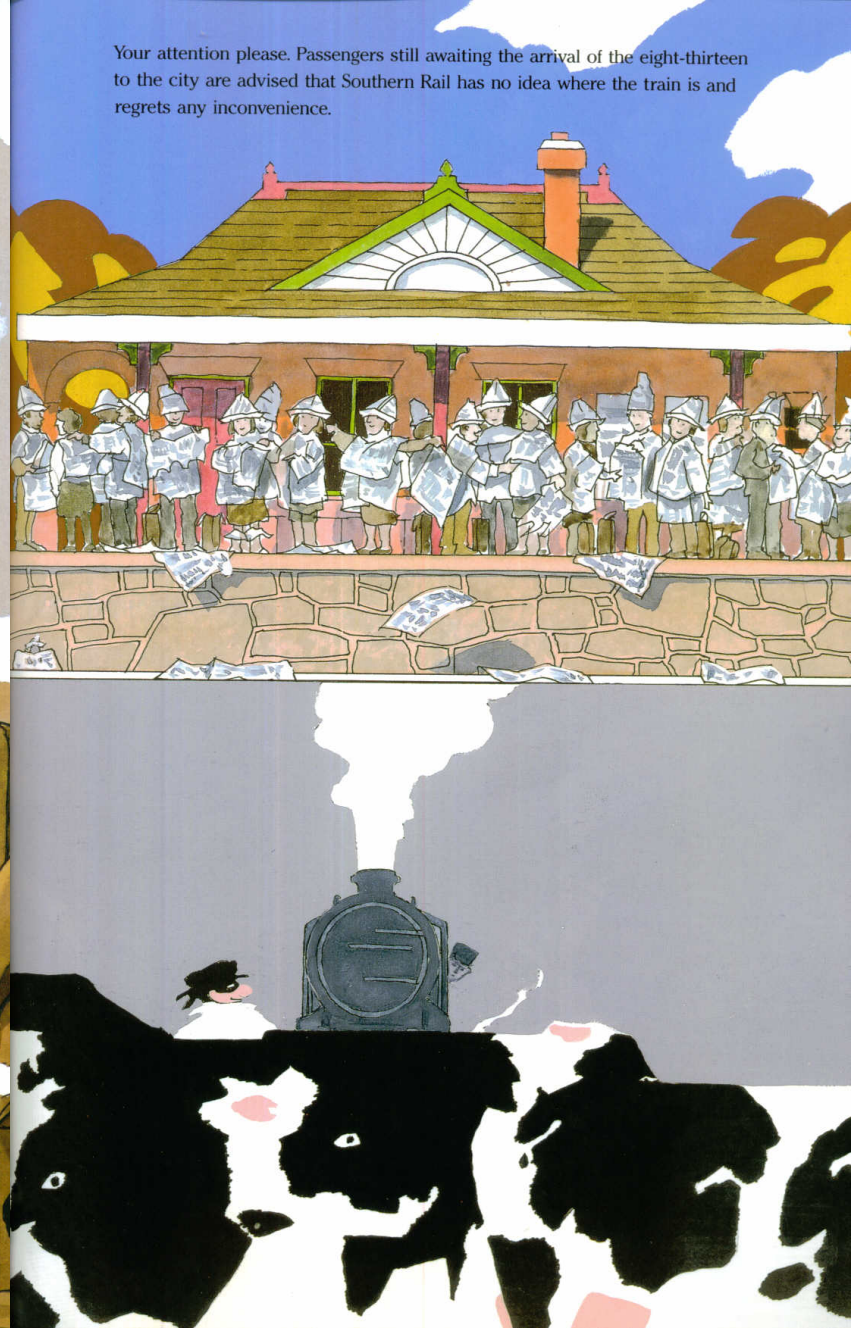
He opens the window.
The singing gets louder.

He sticks out his hand to catch a few flakes.



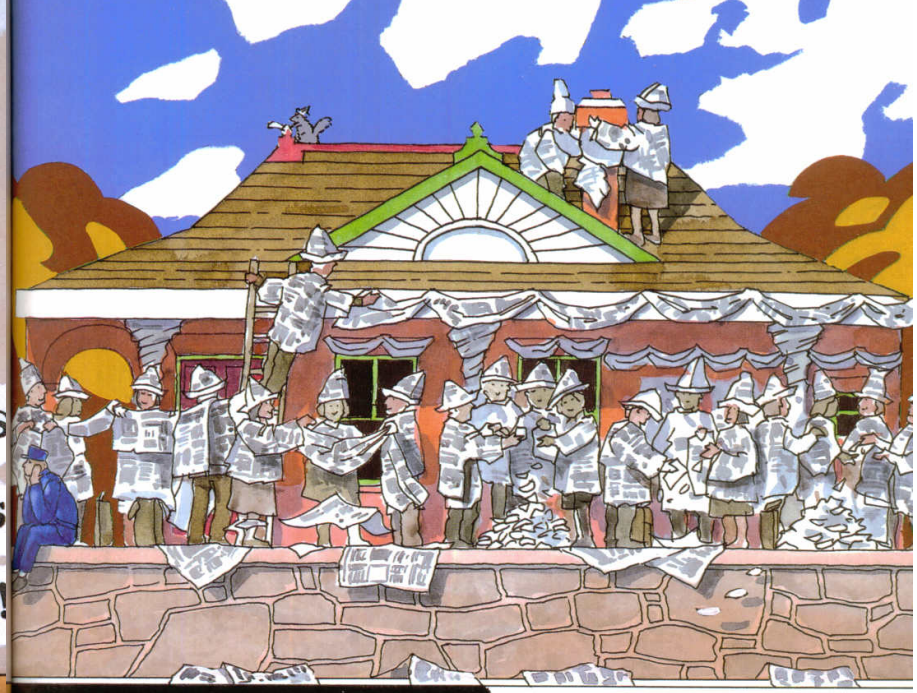
I knew I was the only one who could save them now! I grabbed the mail and stuffed it into my father's hand. He stopped. I held my breath. He shuffled through it. I crossed my fingers. He shuffled again and then ripped it into a million pieces and I was standing in the middle of a blizzard.

Your attention please. Passengers still awaiting the arrival of the eight-thirteen to the city are advised that Southern Rail has no idea where the train is and regrets any inconvenience.



He's about to melt them on his tongue when he notices that each flake is decorated with words and numbers

It isn't snow. It's newspaper!



I was about to give up when my brother suddenly shouted, "Let's go out for dinner."

"Good idea," said Mom. "I know just the place."

I panicked. I mean, I was still dressed like a turkey! In the house was bad enough—but outside?!



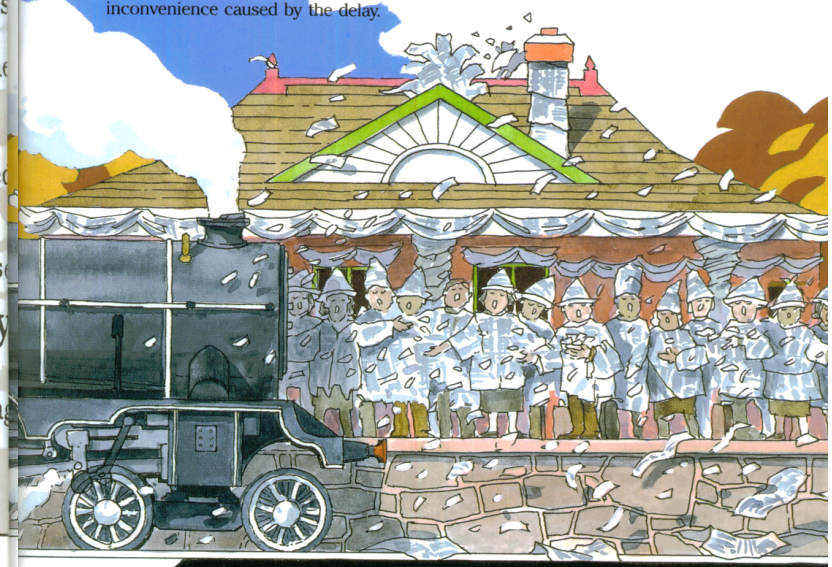


Then he sees them standing
beside the train. Strange creatures
tossing torn paper into the
air and singing.
He must have missed
them at first because
their clothes are as gray
as the swirling
cloud.

I tried one last thing. "But it's a school night! What about my homework?" (I was really desperate!) "Just give me a second to brush my hair," said Mom. Then Dad looked at me with this grin and said, "Maybe we should leave our costumes at home." I couldn't believe it. Sanity! My brother, of course, insisted on wearing his stupid hat.



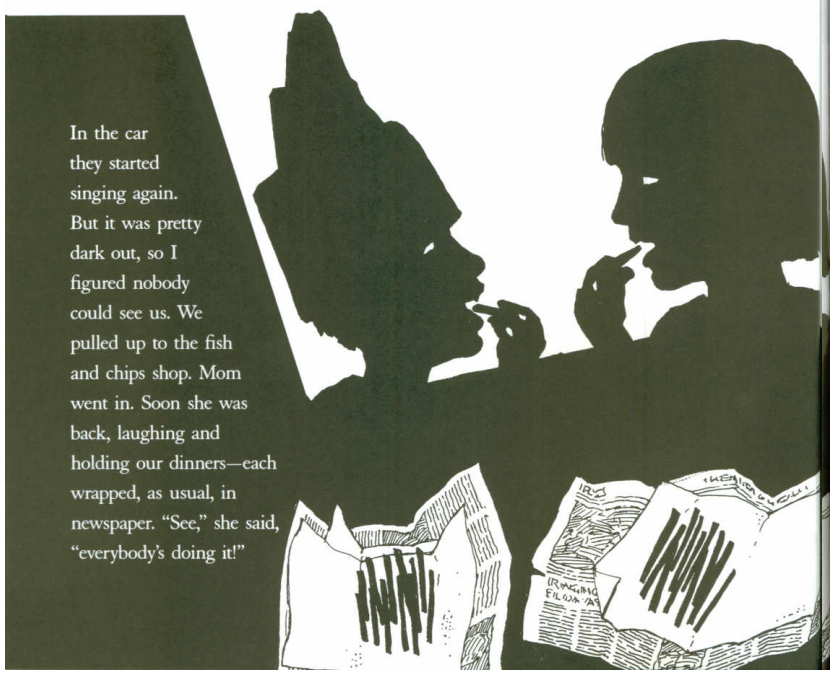
Your attention please. Passengers awaiting the eight-thirteen to the city are advised that that train is now arriving on platform one. Southern Rail regrets any inconvenience caused by the delay.





A piercing whistle
suddenly interrupts
the celebration.

With a jolt, the train begins to move.
Quickly, the boy draws his hand inside,
letting the flakes slip away.
He yawns and settles once more
into the warmth of his seat.



In the car
they started
singing again.
But it was pretty
dark out, so I
figured nobody
could see us. We
pulled up to the fish
and chips shop. Mom
went in. Soon she was
back, laughing and
holding our dinners—each
wrapped, as usual, in
newspaper. "See," she said,
"everybody's doing it!"



But the best thing
about Holstein cows...



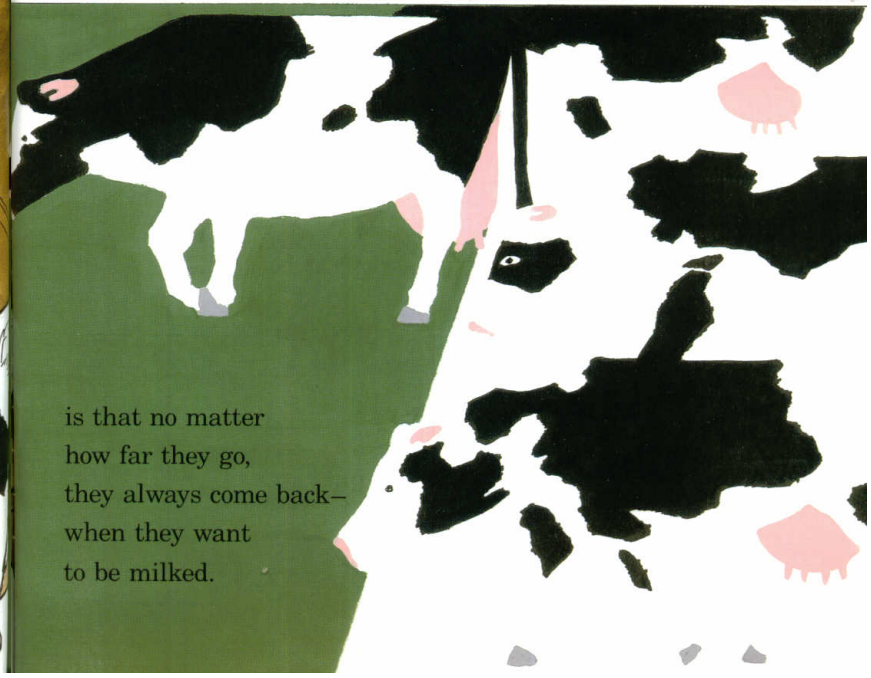


When the boy awakens, the train is drawing alongside a platform beneath an enormous glass roof. He puts his nose up against the window. No cloud. No snow. No singing. Instead, two figures approaching the train. There's something familiar about them. The boy steps onto the platform and they move quickly toward him. "Hello, my angel," his mother says. "What a journey you must have had."

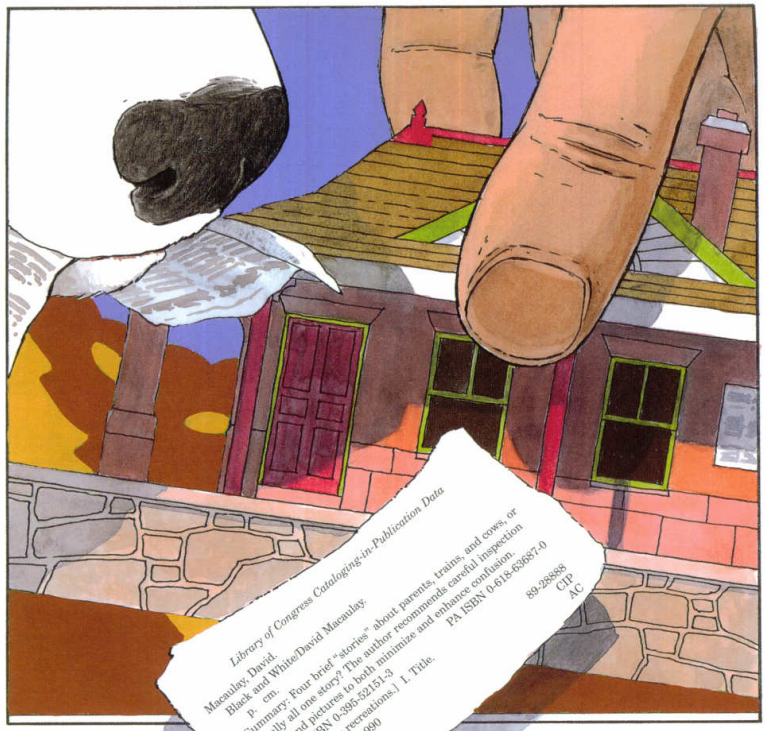


I've got to admit, it was kind of fun in the end—even cleaning up all the papers around the house. But just as I was heading for bed I heard, "Hey, kiddo. What about that homework?" You've got to watch those parents. It's exhausting.





is that no matter
how far they go,
they always come back–
when they want
to be milked.



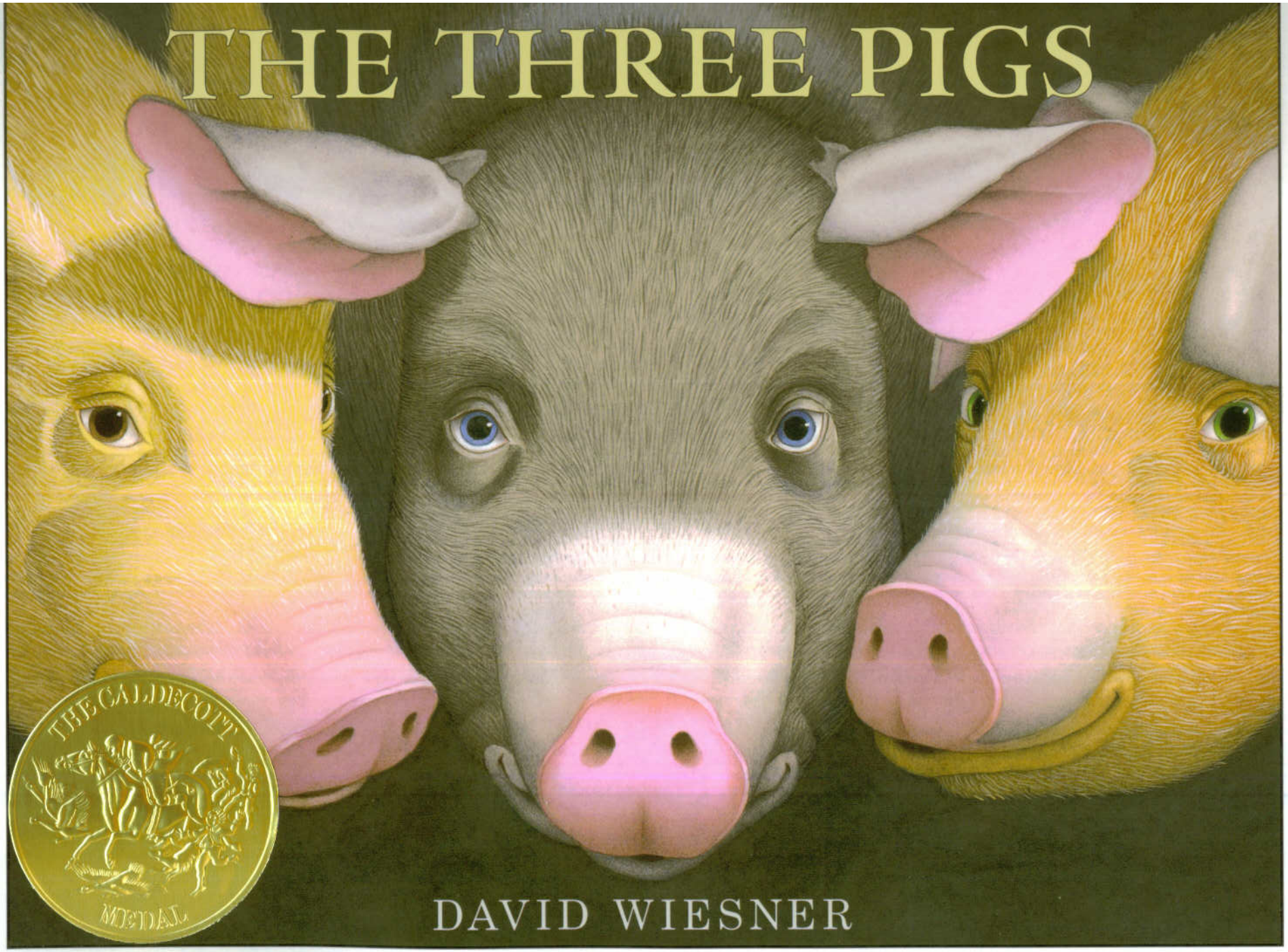
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Macaulay, David.
Black and White/David Macaulay.
p. cm.
Summary: Four brief "stories" about parents, trains, and cows, or is it really all one story? The author recommends careful inspection of words and pictures to both minimize and enhance confusion.
RNF ISBN 0-395-52151-3
PA ISBN 0-618-636857-0
[1. Literary recreations.] I. Title.
PZ7.M1197Bl 1990
[Fic]—dc20
89-28888
CIP
AC

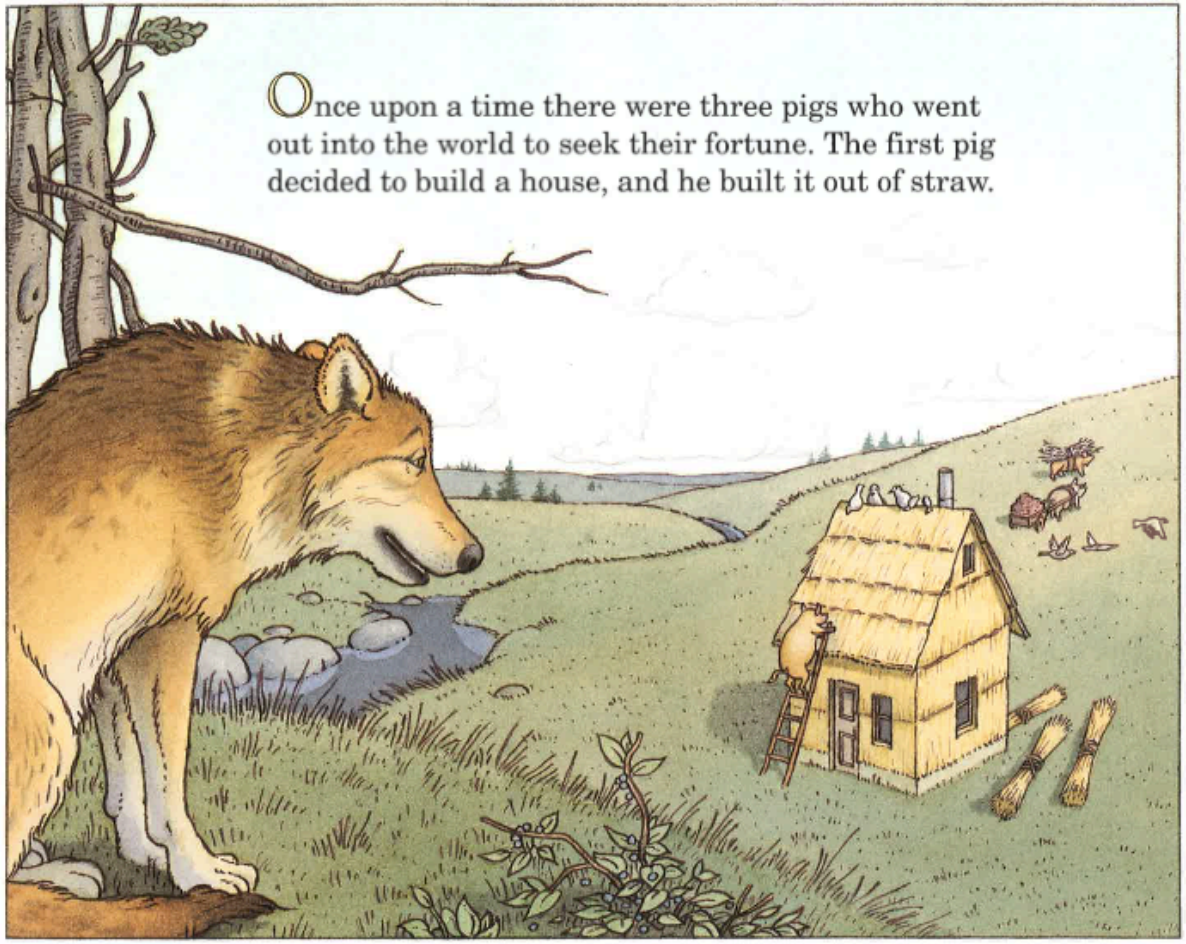
To Charlotte Valerie

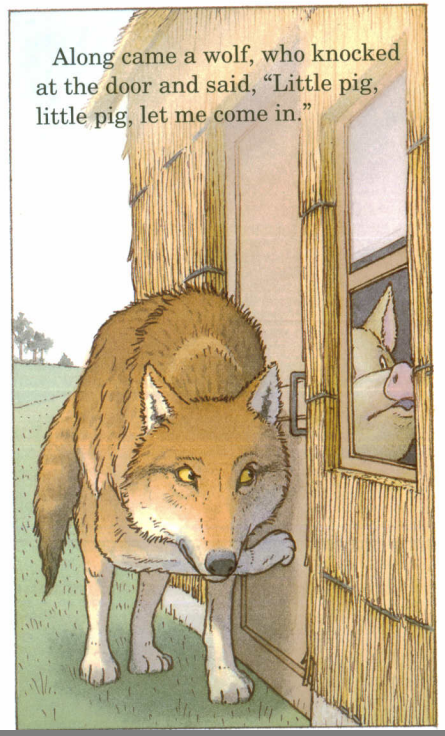
Copyright © 1990 by David Macaulay
All rights reserved. For information about permission to reproduce selections from this book, write to Permissions, Houghton Mifflin Company, 215 Park Avenue South New York, New York 10003.
www.houghtonmifflinbooks.com

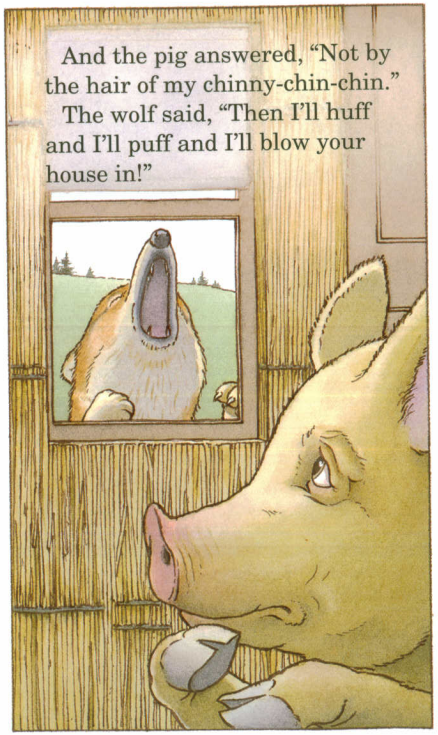
Printed in the United States of America
WOZ 20 19 18 17 16 15

Authors and illustrators are playing with multiple story lines, narrators, and perspectives to create books that are exciting because of their unpredictability.


THE THREE PIGS
THE CALDECOTT
MEDAL
DAVID WIESNER


Once upon a time there were three pigs who went out into the world to seek their fortune. The first pig decided to build a house, and he built it out of straw.


Along came a wolf, who knocked at the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."


And the pig answered, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."
The wolf said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

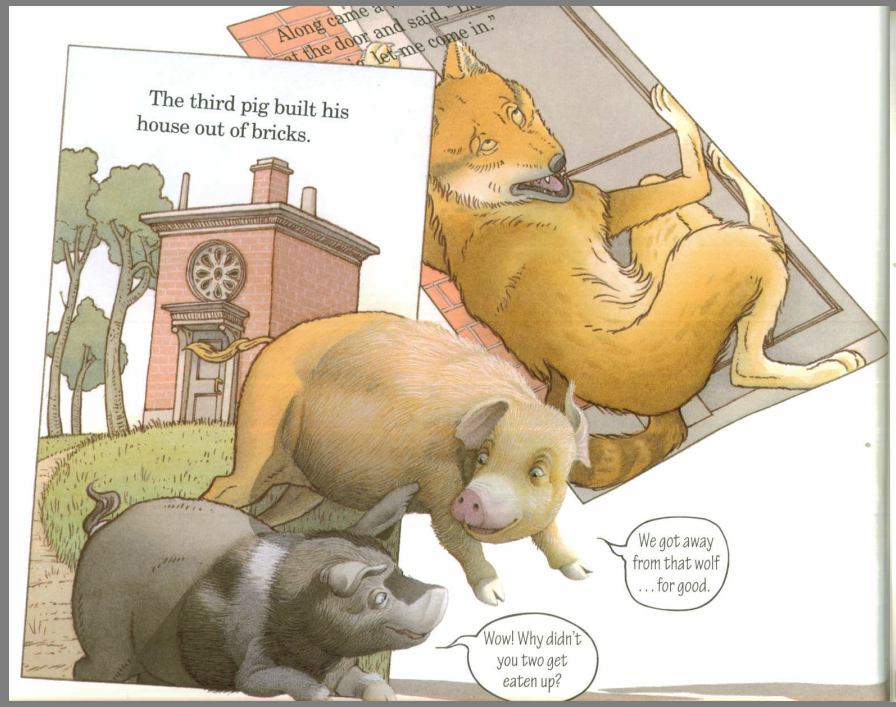

So the wolf huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in . . .
Hey! He blew me right out of the story!

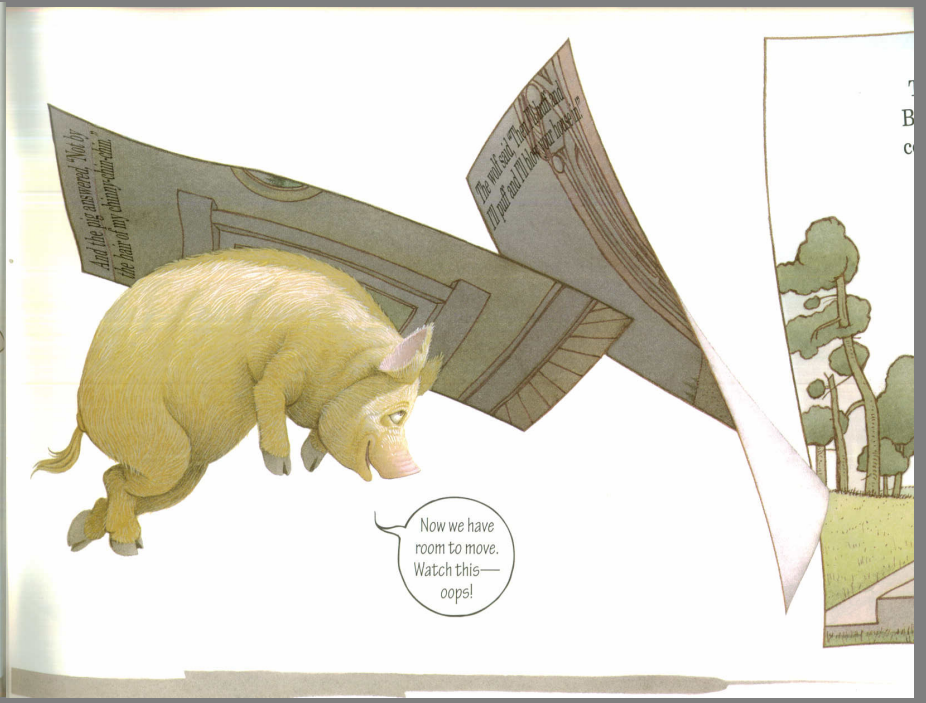

. . . and ate the pig up.

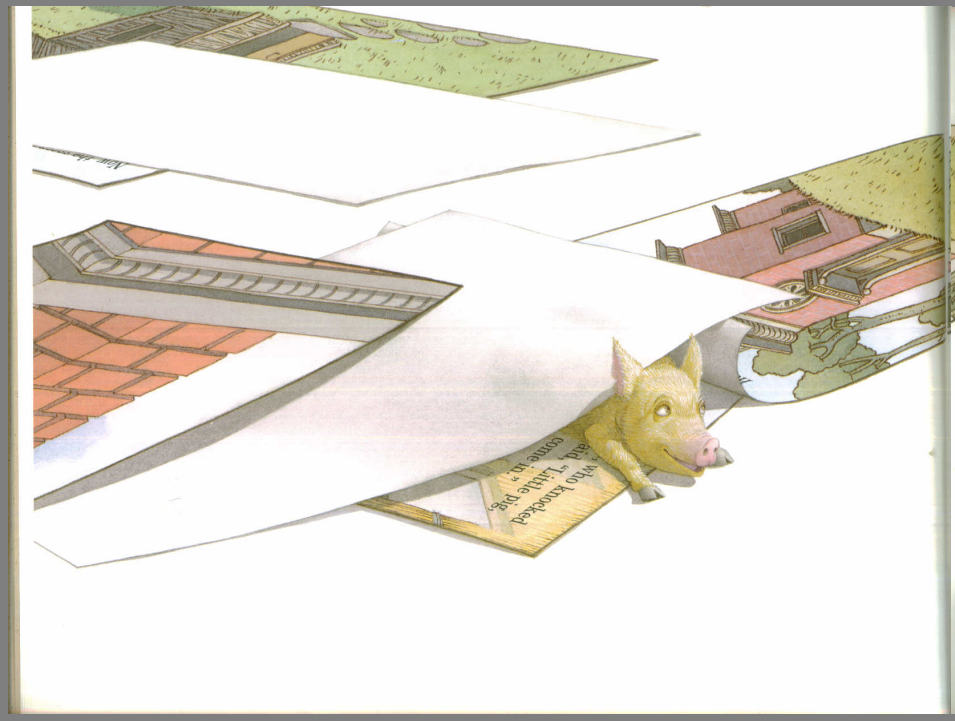

Now, the second pig built his house out of sticks. Along came the wolf, who knocked at the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

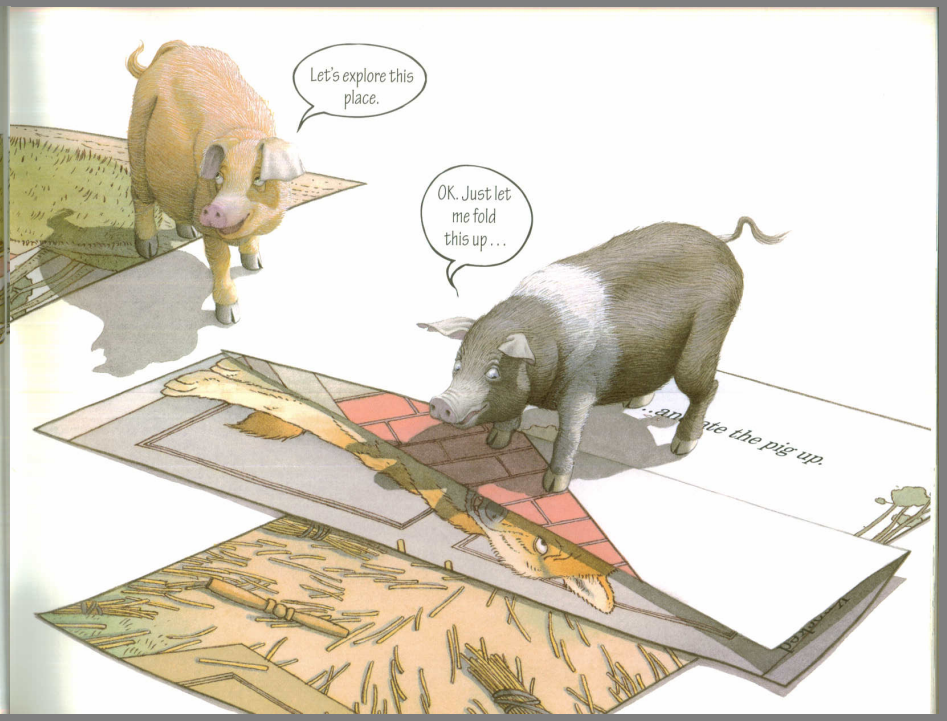

And the pig answered, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin." The wolf said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"
Come on—it's safe out here.

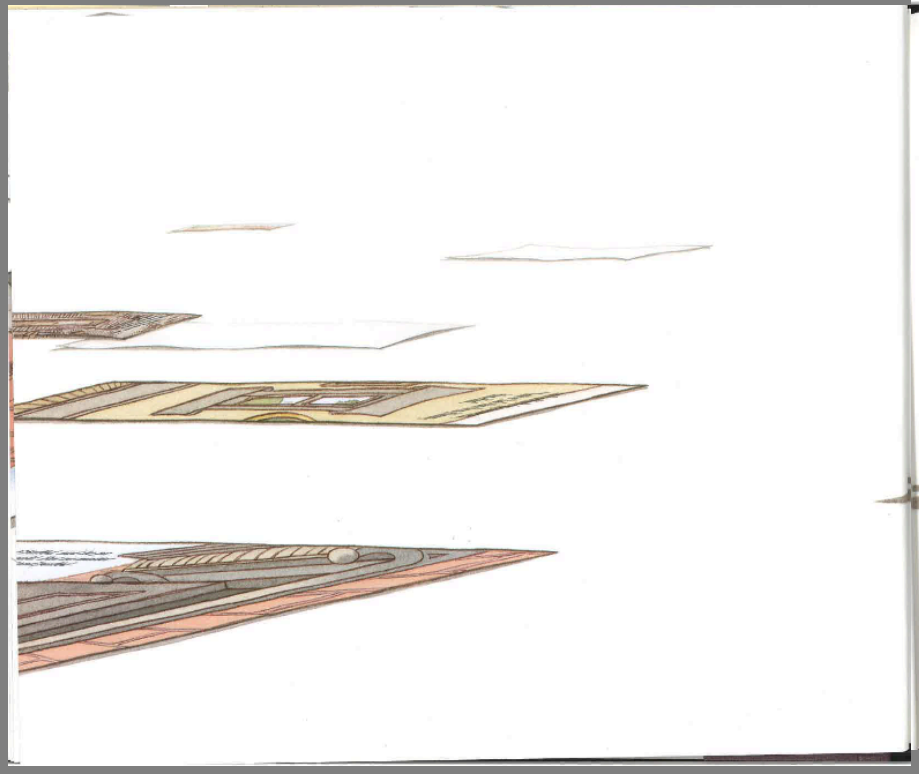

So the wolf huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in . . . and ate the pig up.


Along came a
the door and said, "Li
let me come in."
The third pig built his house out of bricks.
We got away from that wolf . . . for good.
Wow! Why didn't you two get eaten up?

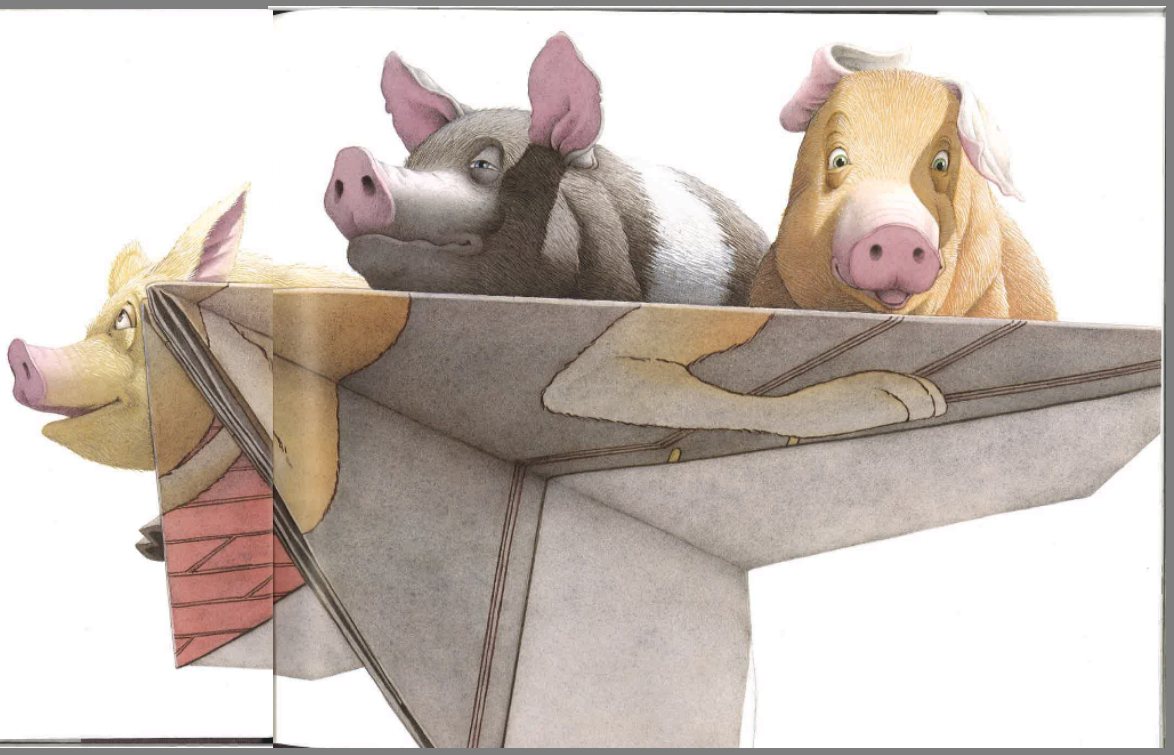

And the pigs answered, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."
The wolf said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"
Now we have room to move. Watch this— oops!


who knocked
and "Little Pig,
come in."

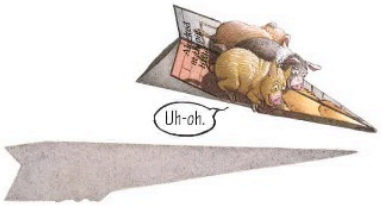

Let's explore this place.
OK. Just let me fold this up . . .
. . . and the pig up.



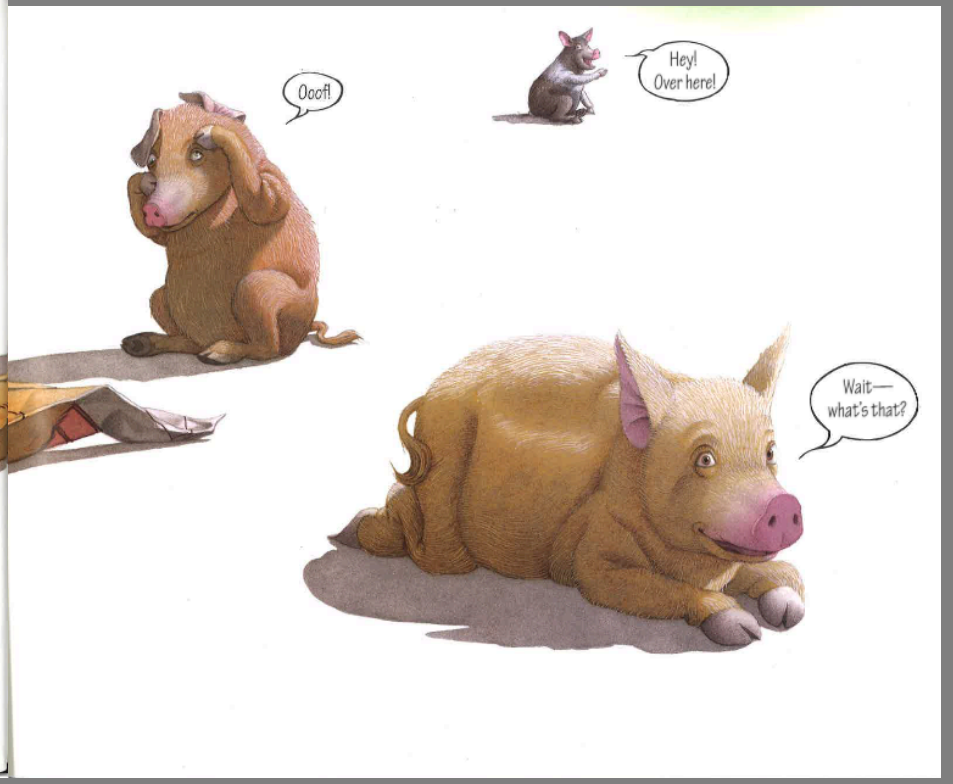

Wheeeeeee!

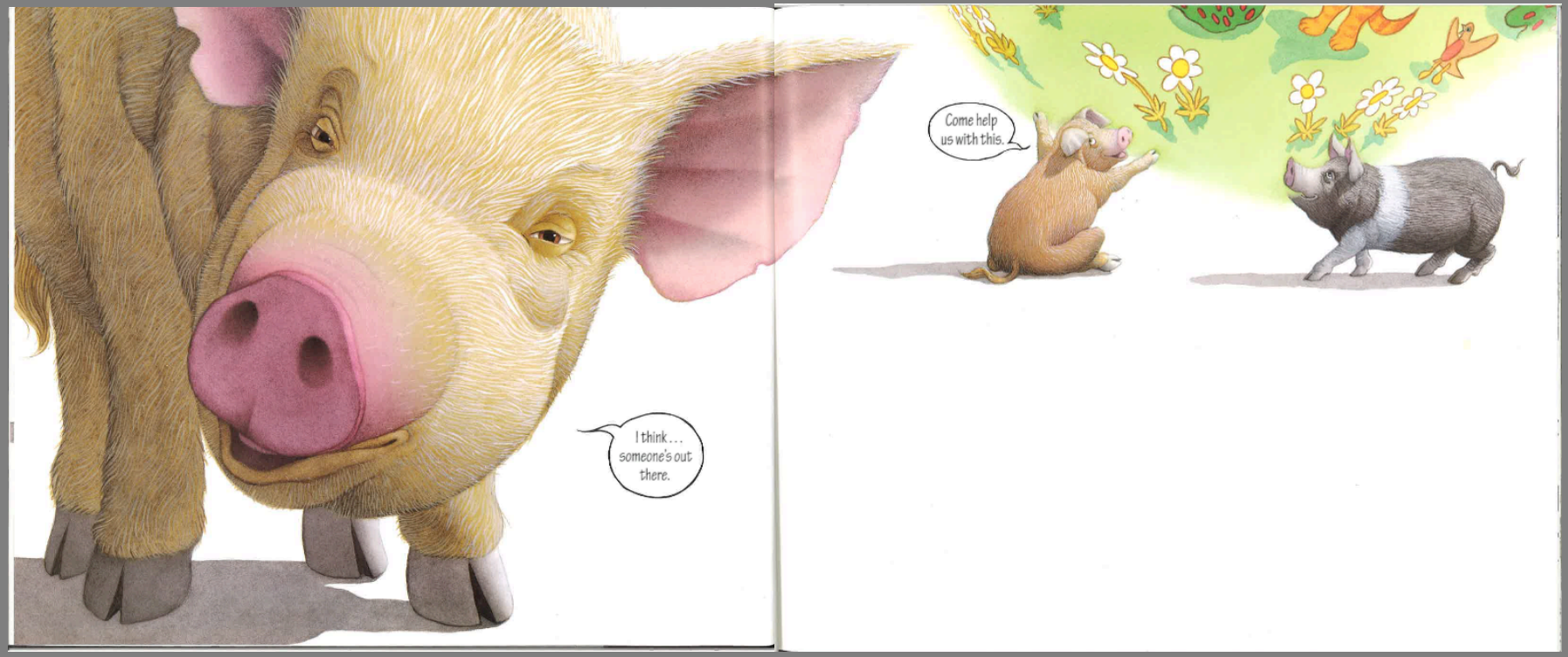


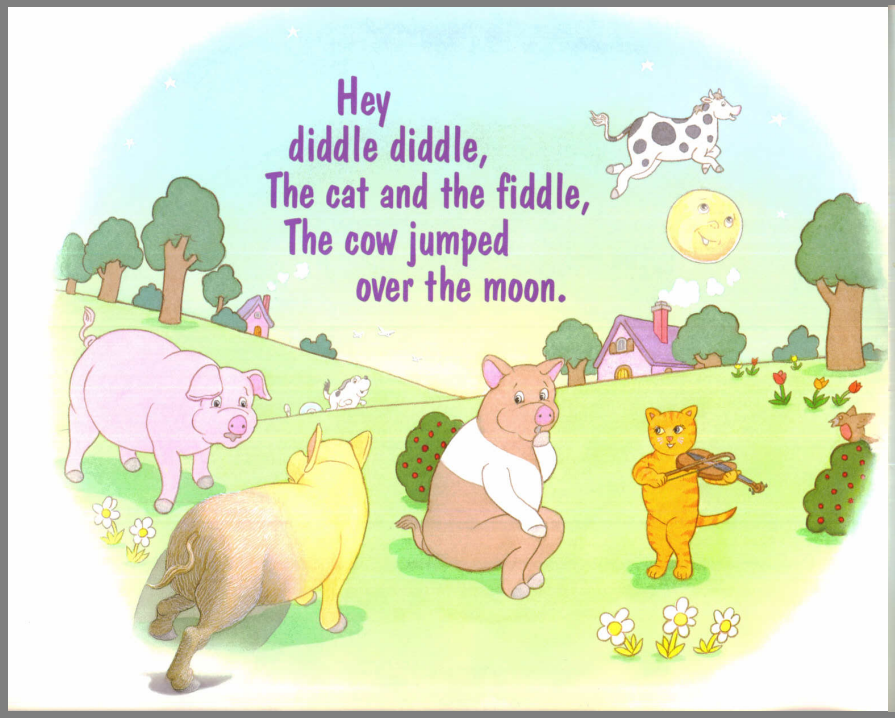


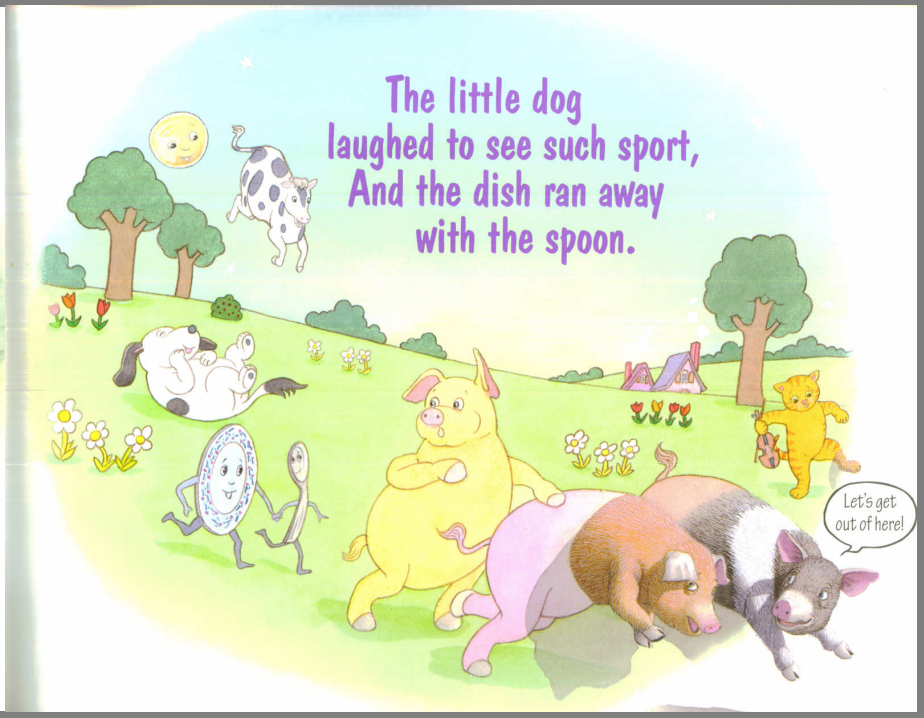

Uh-oh.

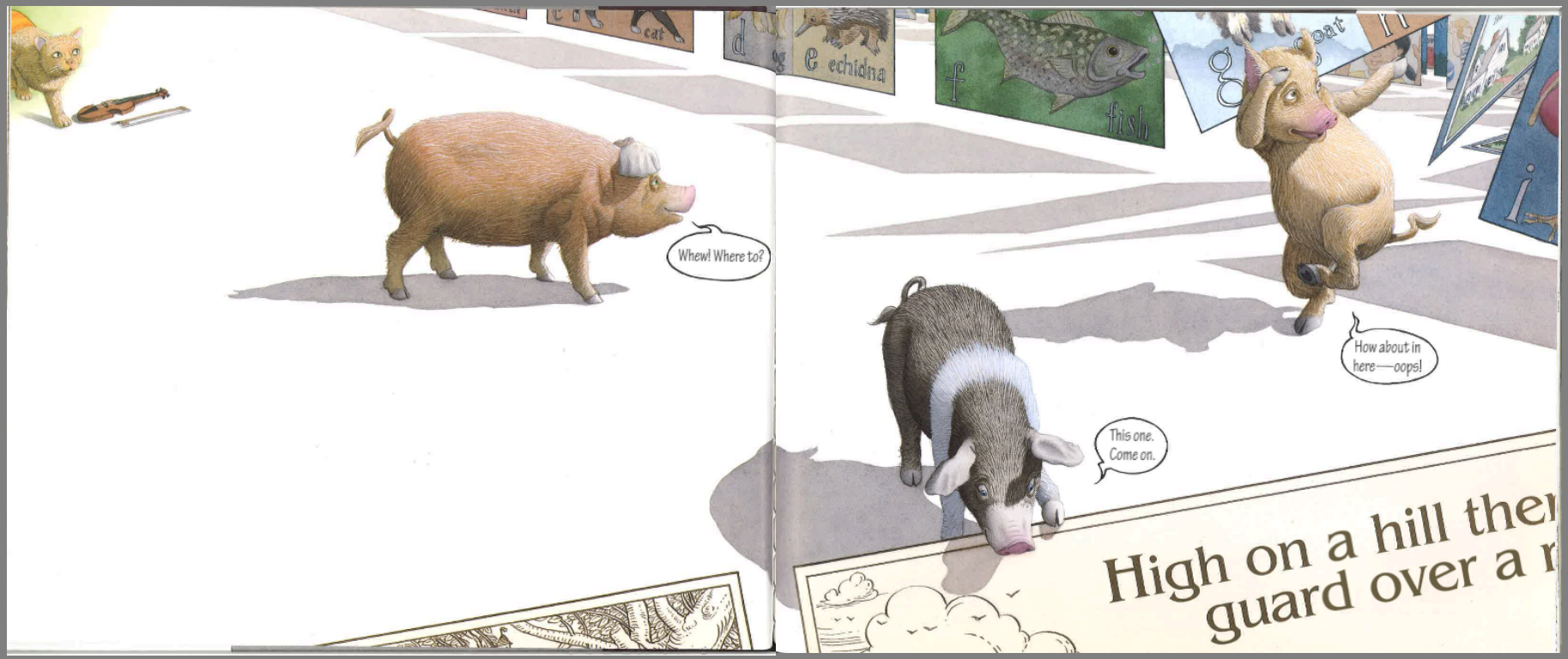

who knocked
"Little pig
A long
at the
little

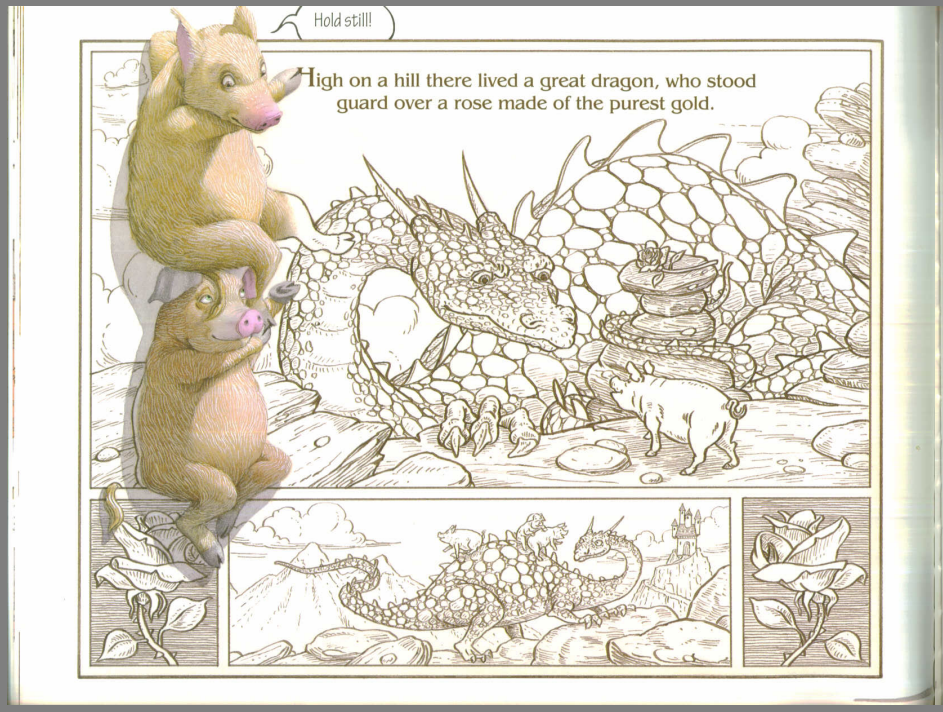

Ooof!
Hey!
Over here!
Wait—
what's that?


I think . . . someone's out there.
Come help us with this.

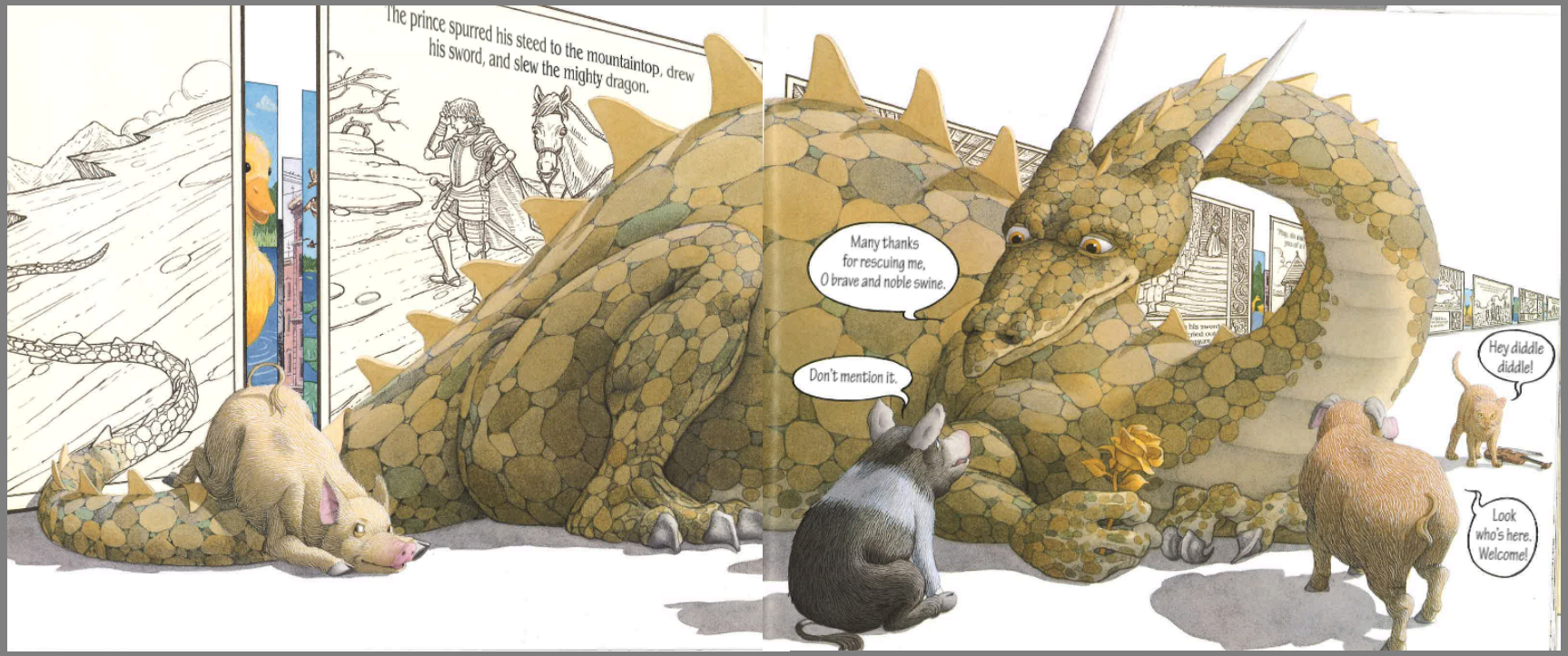

Hey
diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped
over the moon.

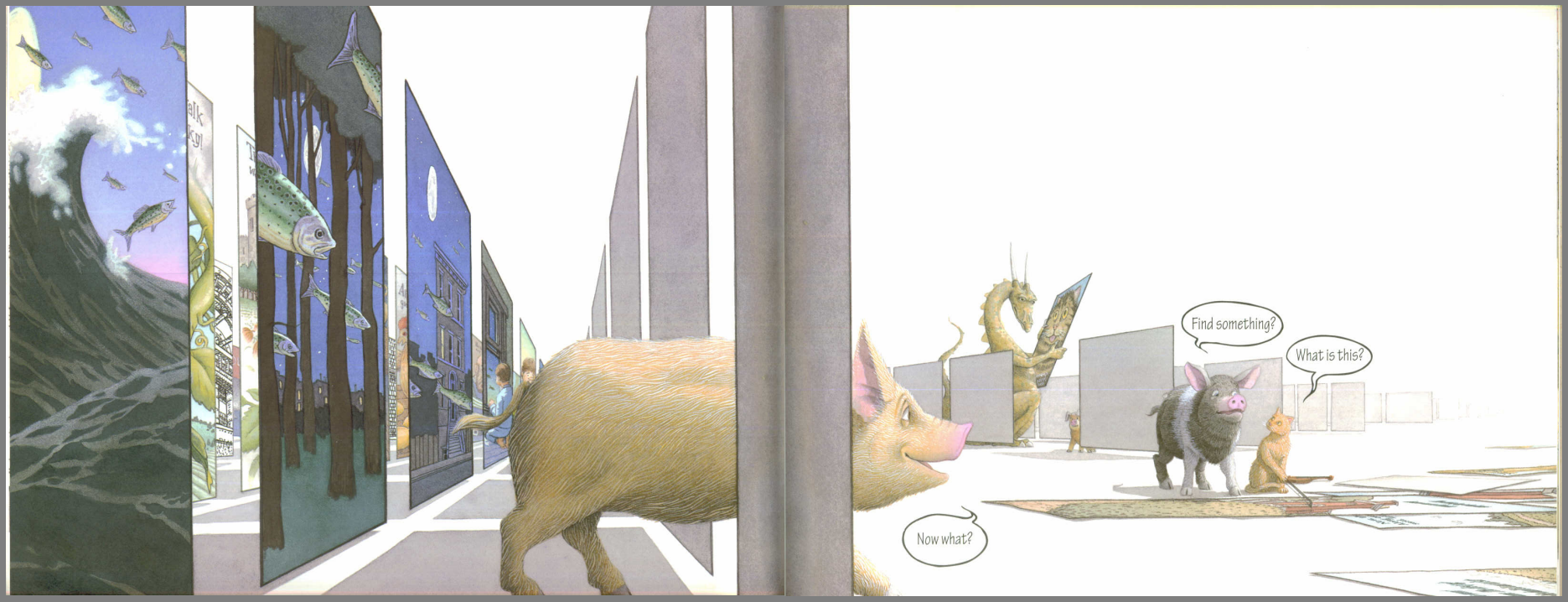

The little dog
laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away
with the spoon.
Let's get out of here!

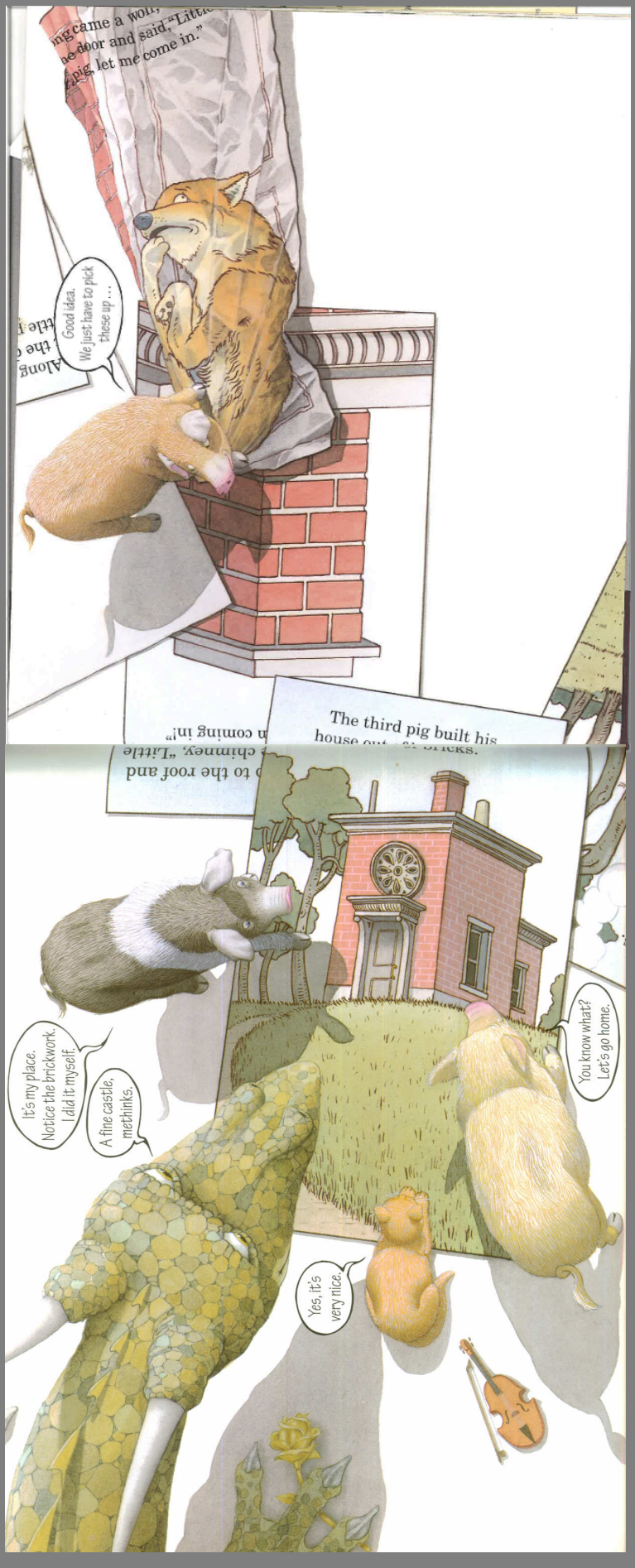

cat
echidna
fish
Whew! Where to?
How about in here—oops!
This one. Come on.
High on a hill ther
guard over a r


Hold still!
High on a hill there lived a great dragon, who stood guard over a rose made of the purest gold.

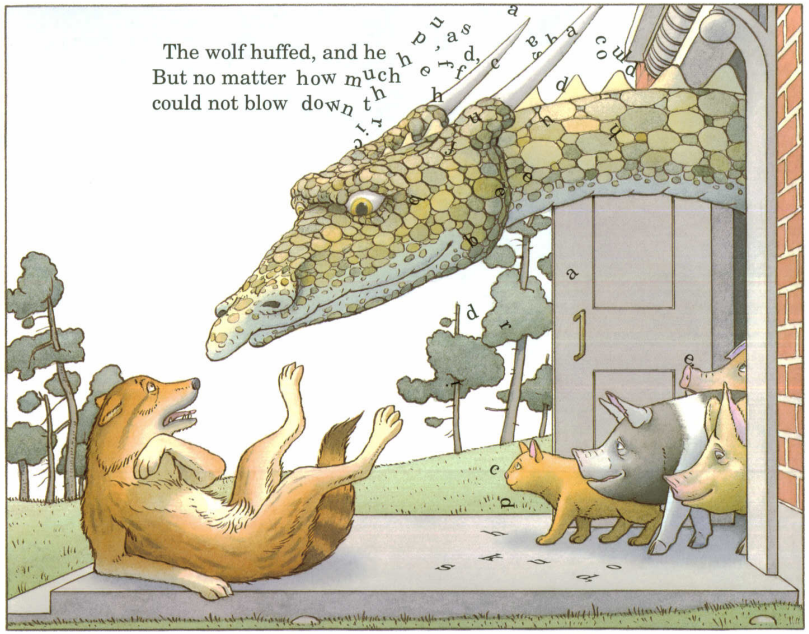

The king was determined to own this treasure. So he sent his eldest son to slay the dragon and bring back the golden rose.
Come with us —hurry!

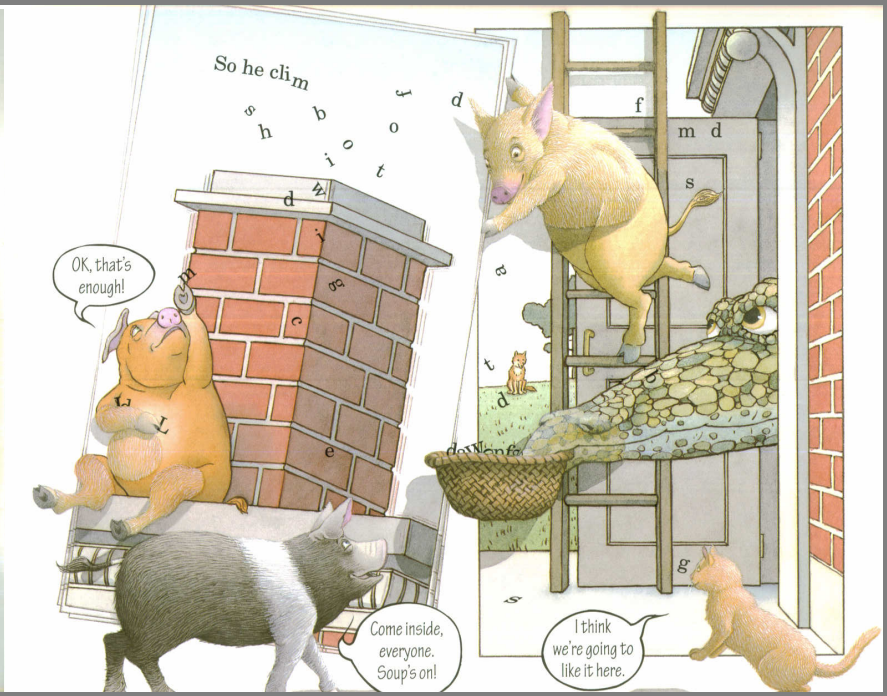

The prince spurred his steed to the mountaintop, drew his sword, and slew the mighty dragon.
Many thanks for rescuing me, O brave and noble swine.
Don't mention it.
Hey diddle diddle!
Look who's here. Welcome!

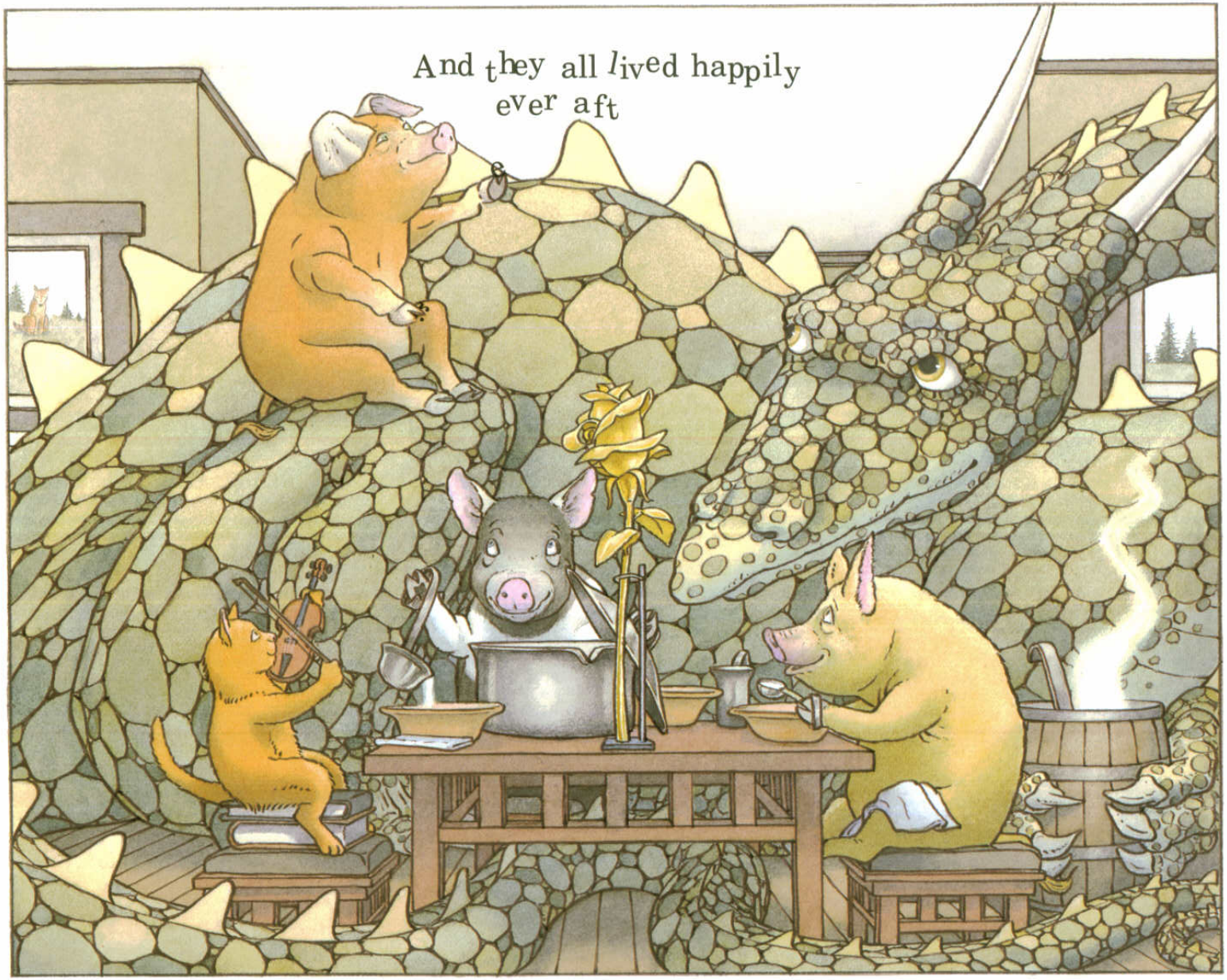

Find something?
What is this?
Now what?


came a wol
e door and said, "Little
pig, let me come in."
Good idea. We just have to pick these up ...
The third pig built his
house out
bricks.
to the roof and
chimney. "Little
coming in!"
It's my place. Notice the brickwork. I did it myself.
A fine castle, methinks.
You know what? Let's go home.
Yes, it's very nice.


ird pig built his
ut of bricks.
Along came a wolf, who knocked at the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."
And the pig answered, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."
The wolf said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"


The wolf huffed, and he
But no matter how much
could not blow down


So he clim
OK, that's enough!
Come inside, everyone. Soup's on!
I think we're going to like it here.


And they all lived happily
ever after

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