

Who's Afraid of The Big Bad Book?



with
HERB
*the Boy
Who
Fell Into
a Book*

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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

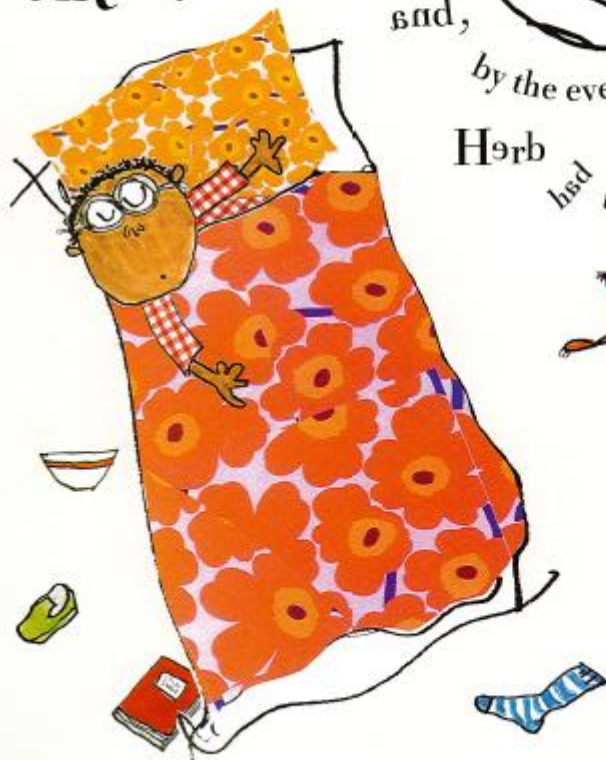
untidying things

and,

by the evening,

Herb

had trouble even finding his bed.



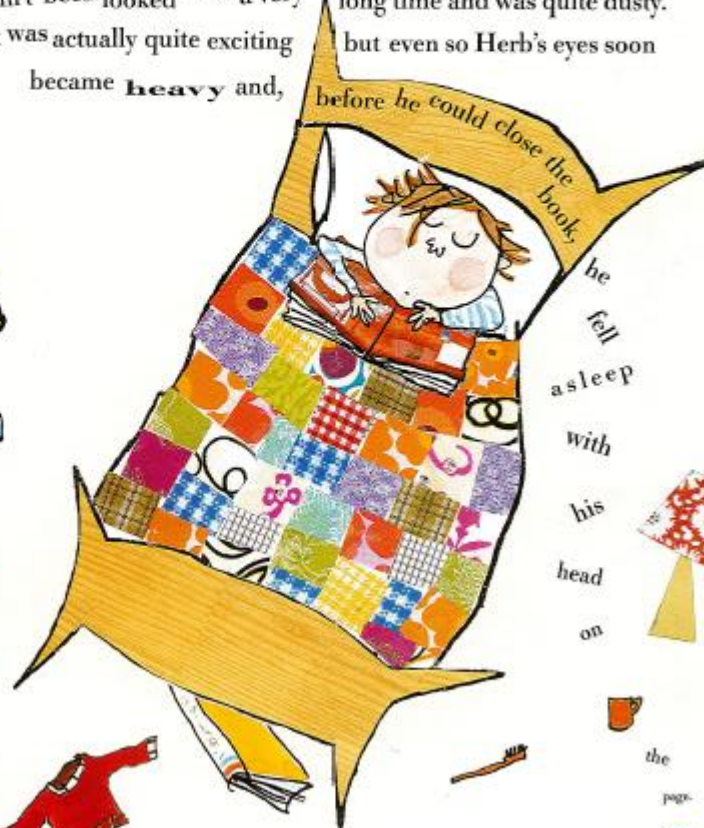
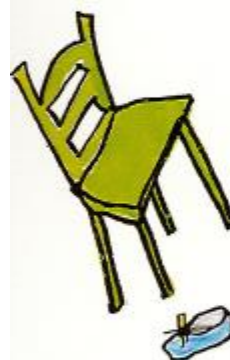
By the time he had, Ezzie was already slightly snoring.
So Herb searched around for a book to amuse him until he
dozed off but the only one he managed to find was

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.

'Wuwhere am I?'
stammered Herb.

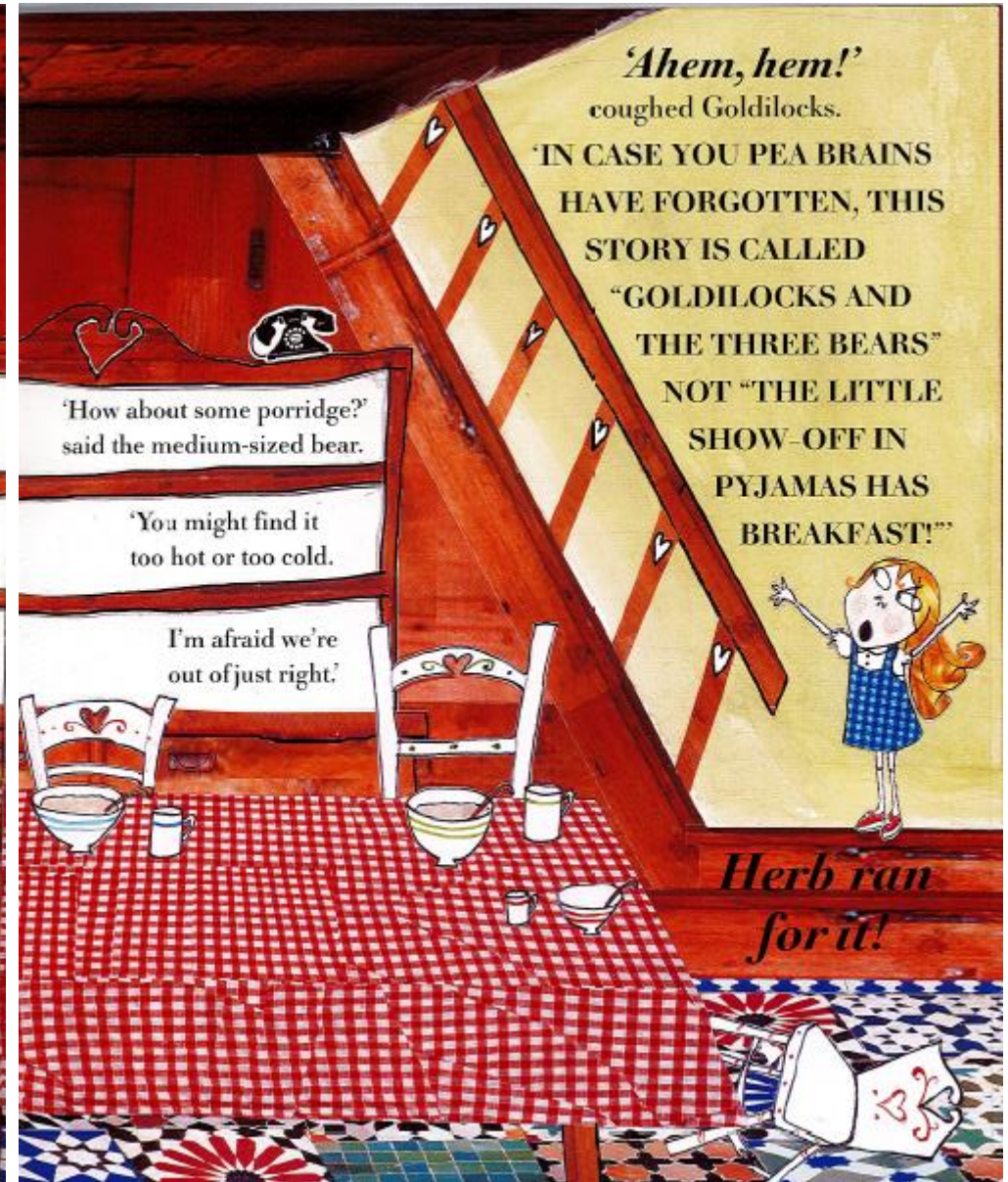
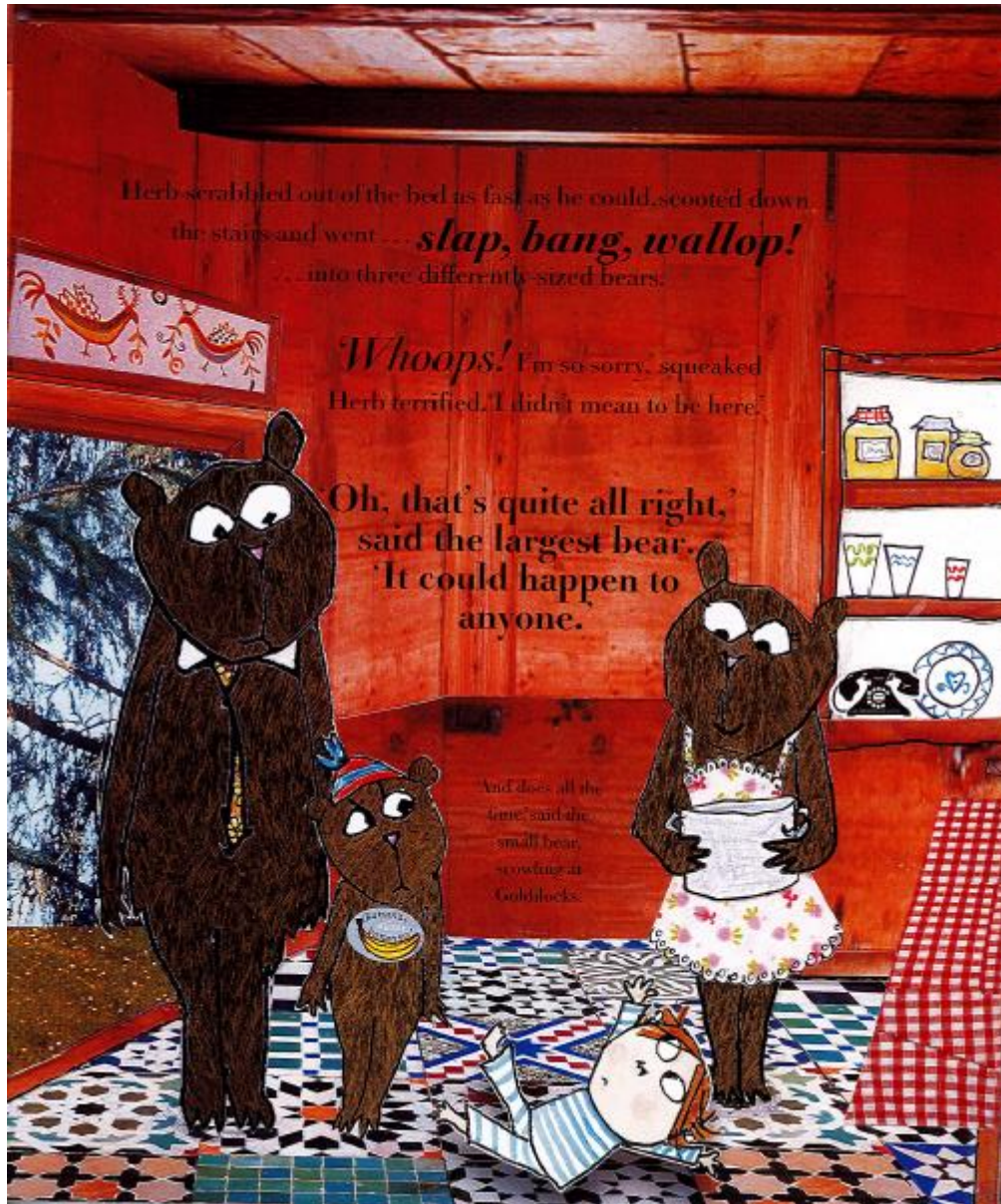
'ON MY PAGE!'
screached the girl.

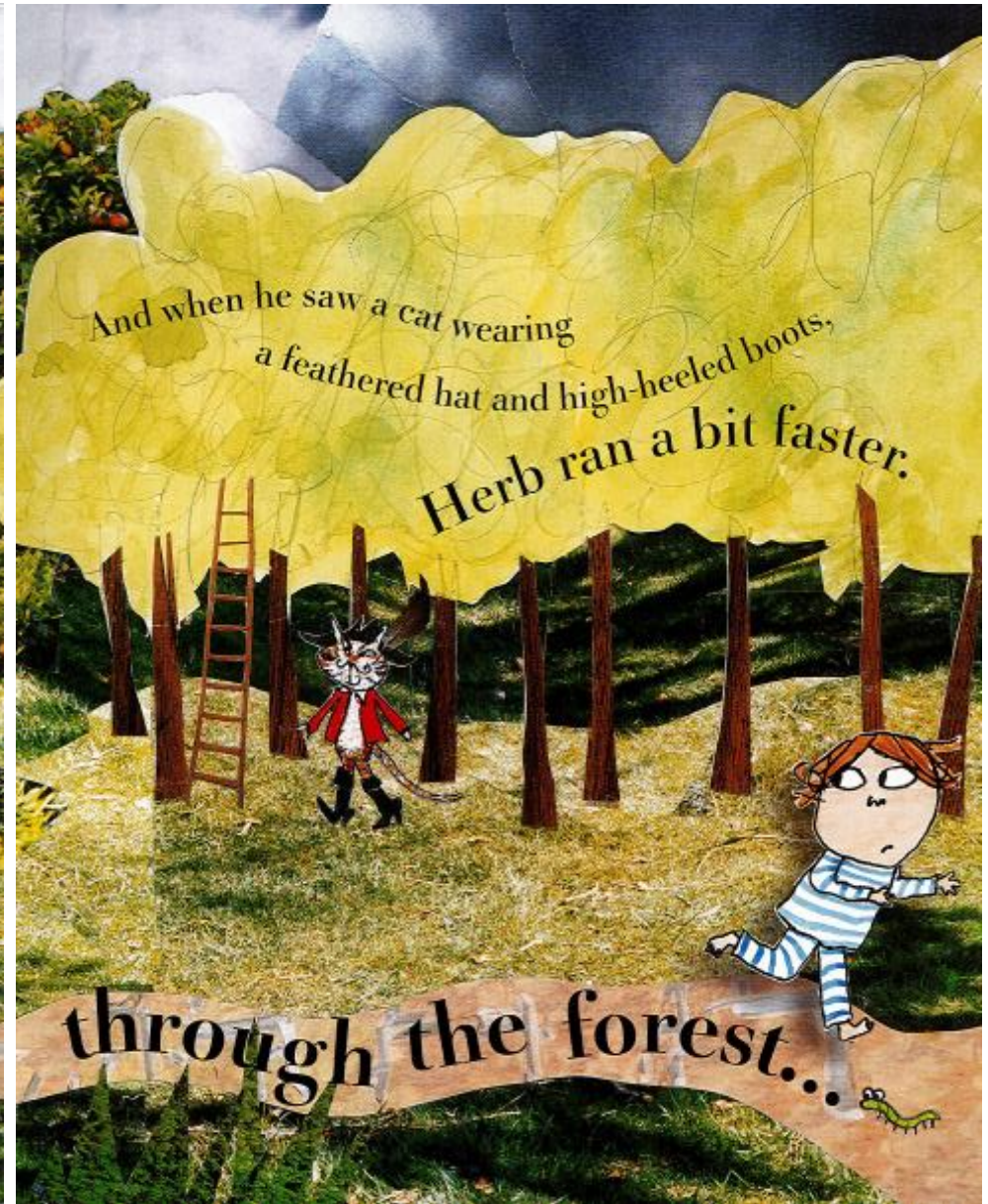
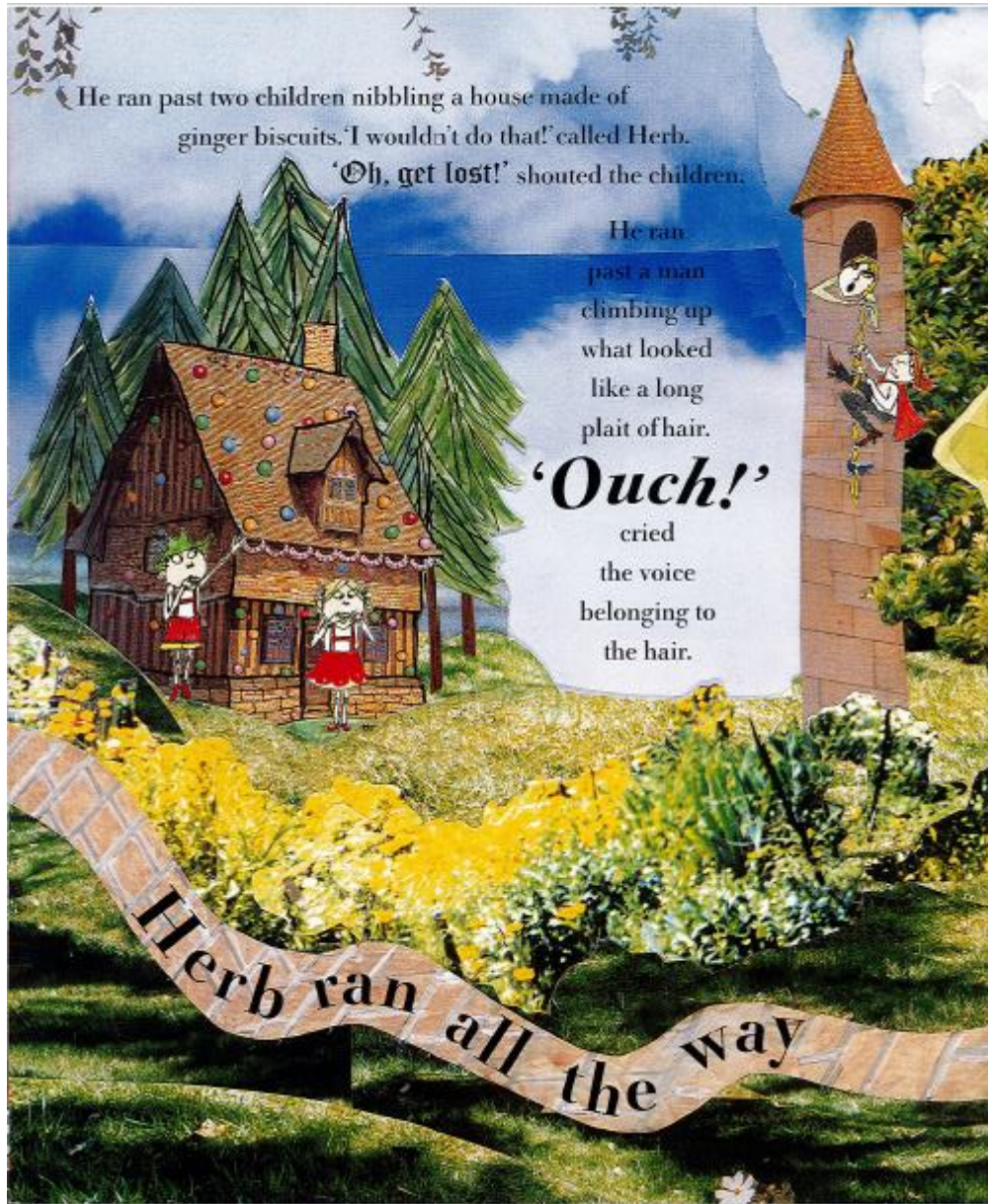
'But who are you?' asked Herb, not sure that he wanted to know. 'I,' said the little girl, somehow managing to raise her voice even higher.

**'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.





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.



