

# 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

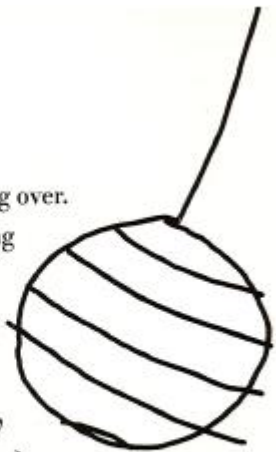
untidying things

and,

by the evening,

Herb

had trouble even finding his bed.

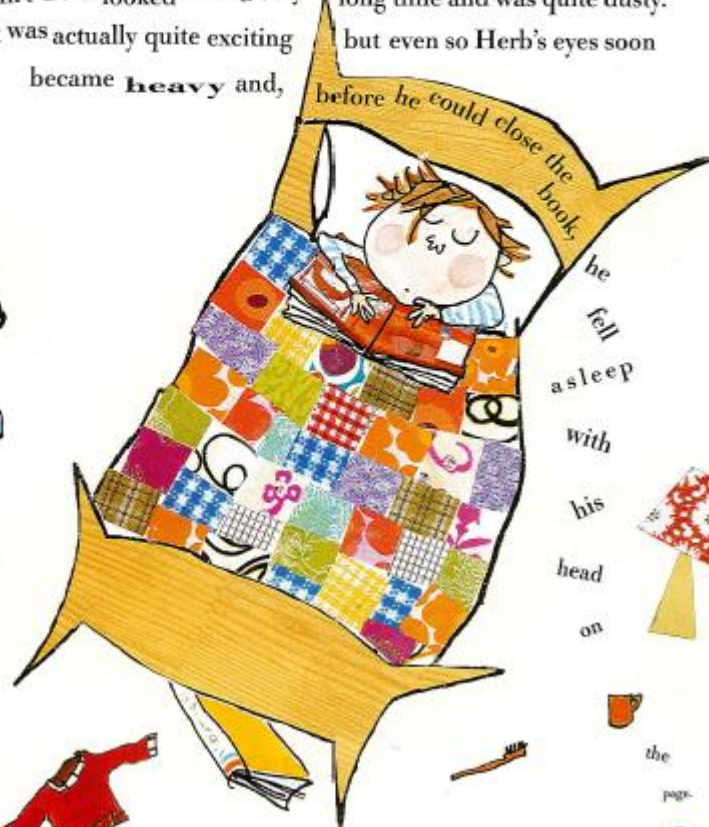


By the time he had, Ezzie was already slightly snoring.  
So Herb searched around for a book to amuse him until he  
dozed off but the only one he managed to find was

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





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.

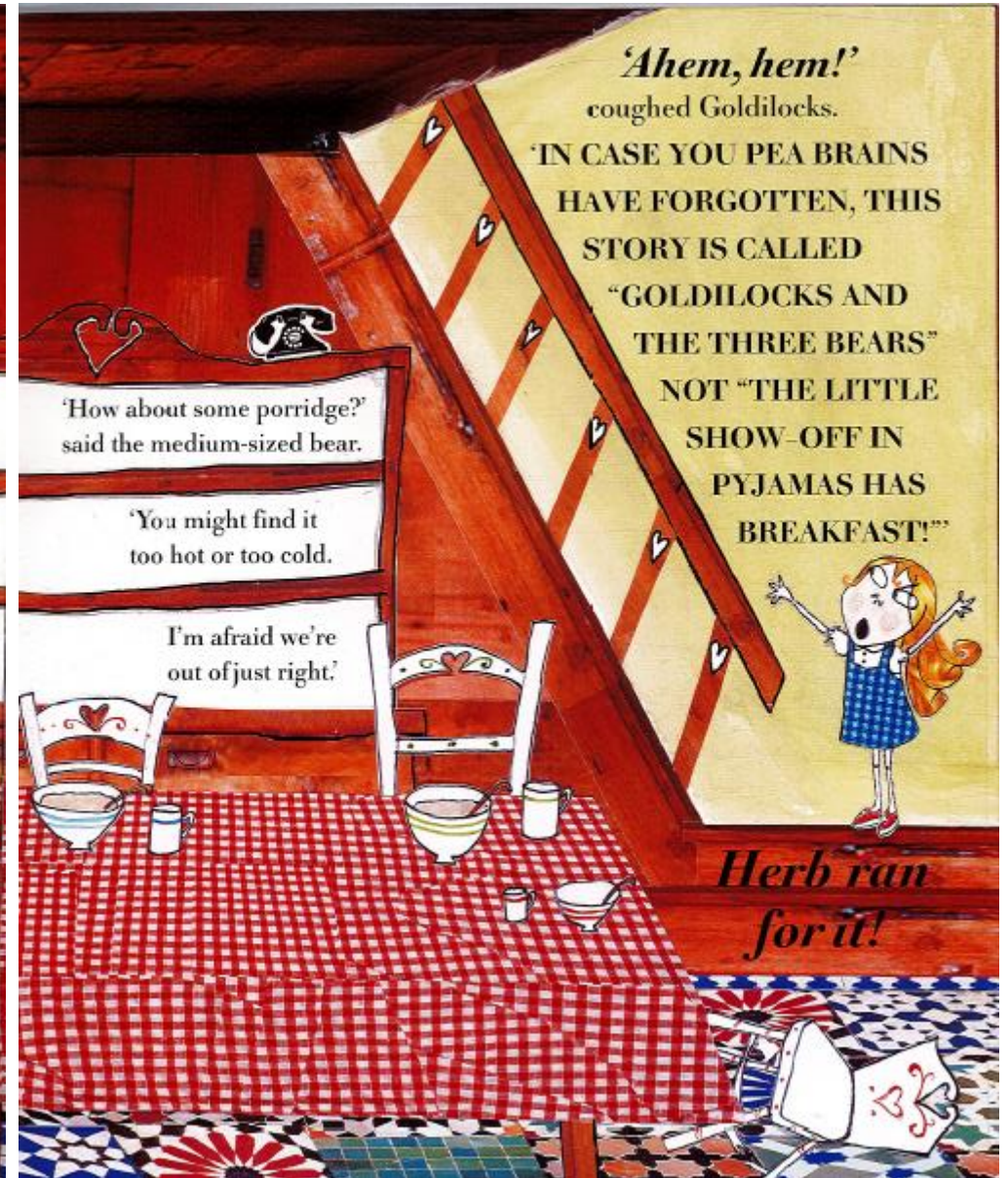
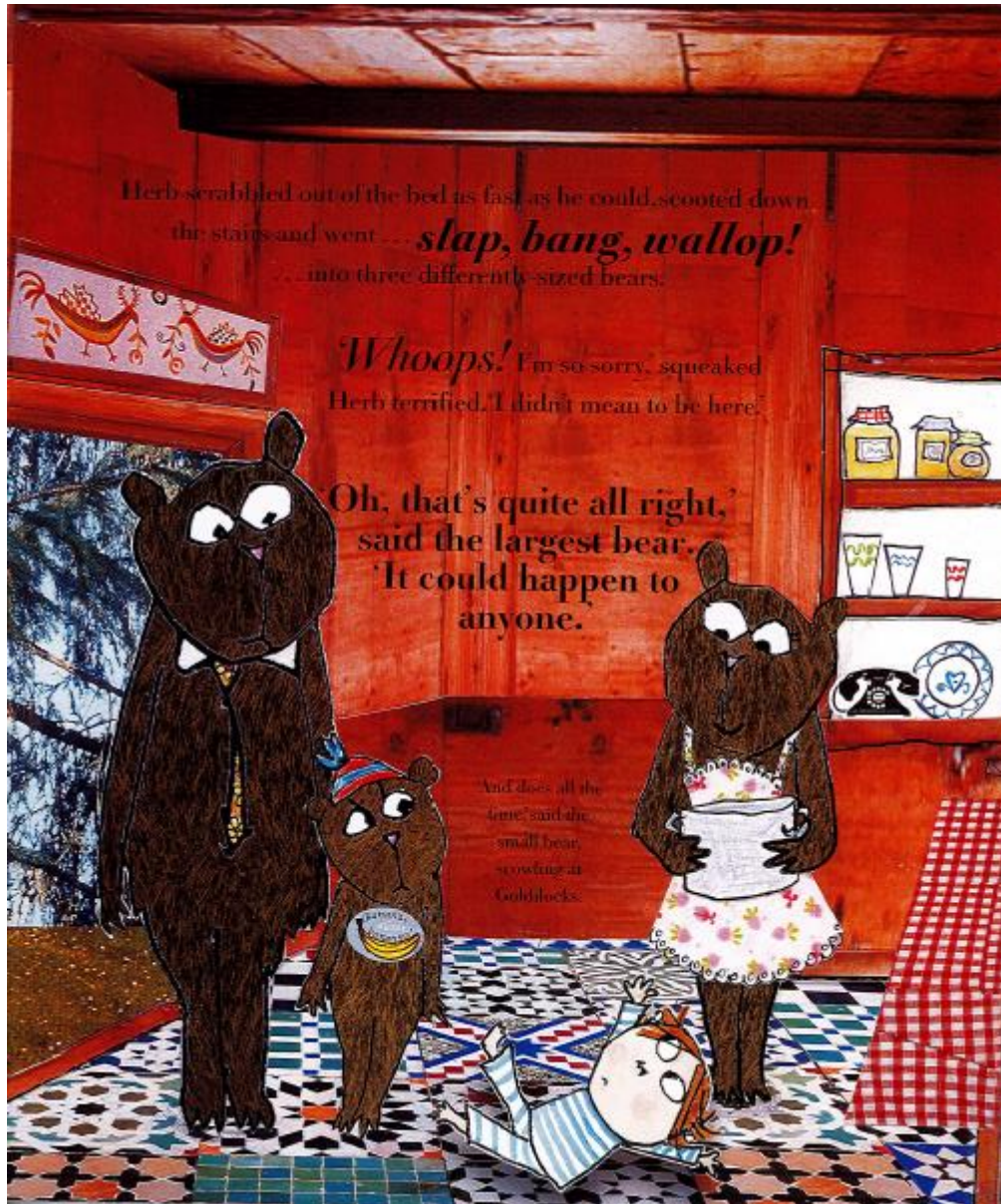
'But who are you?' asked Herb, not sure that he wanted to know. 'I,' said the little girl, somehow managing to raise her voice even higher,

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

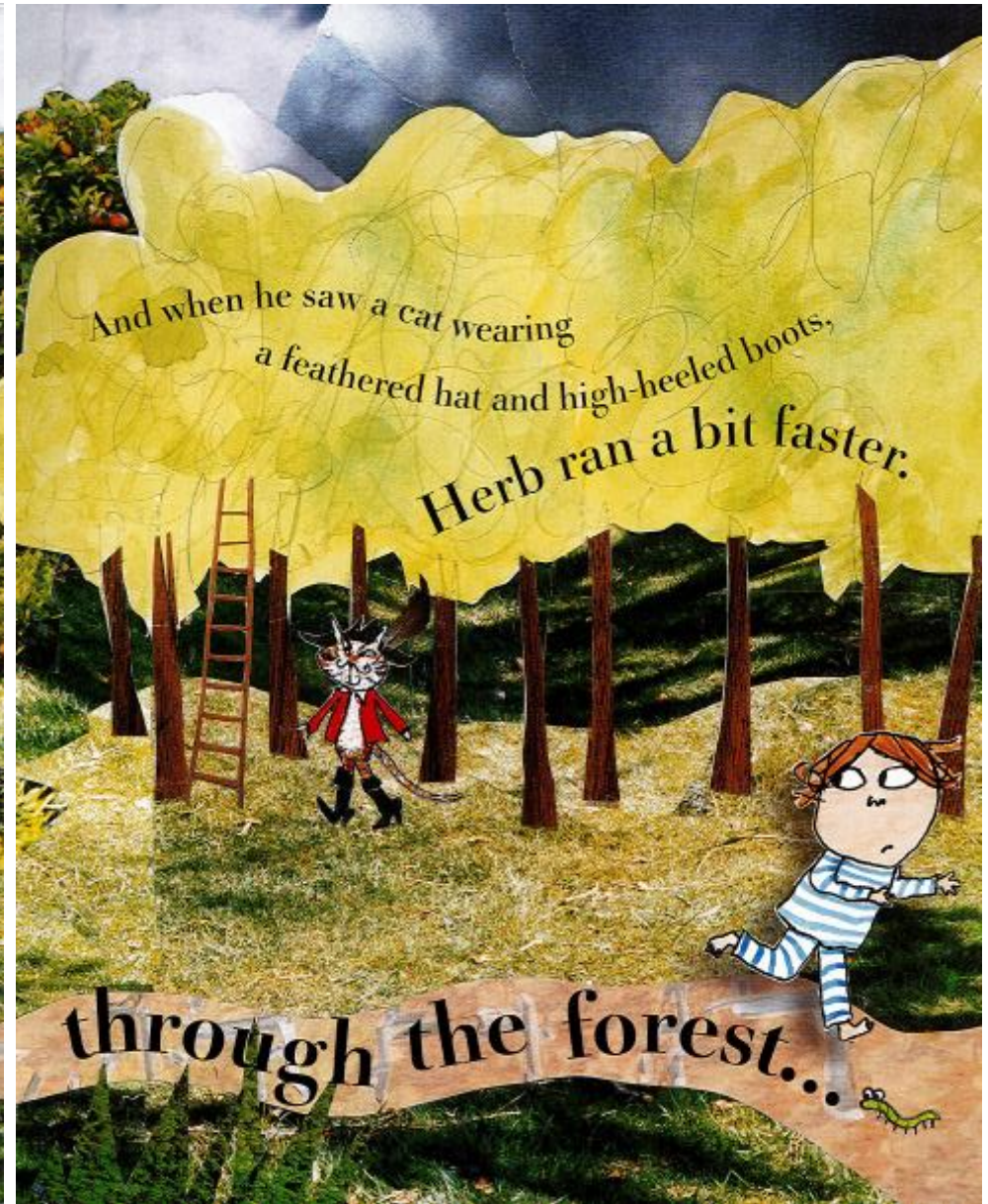
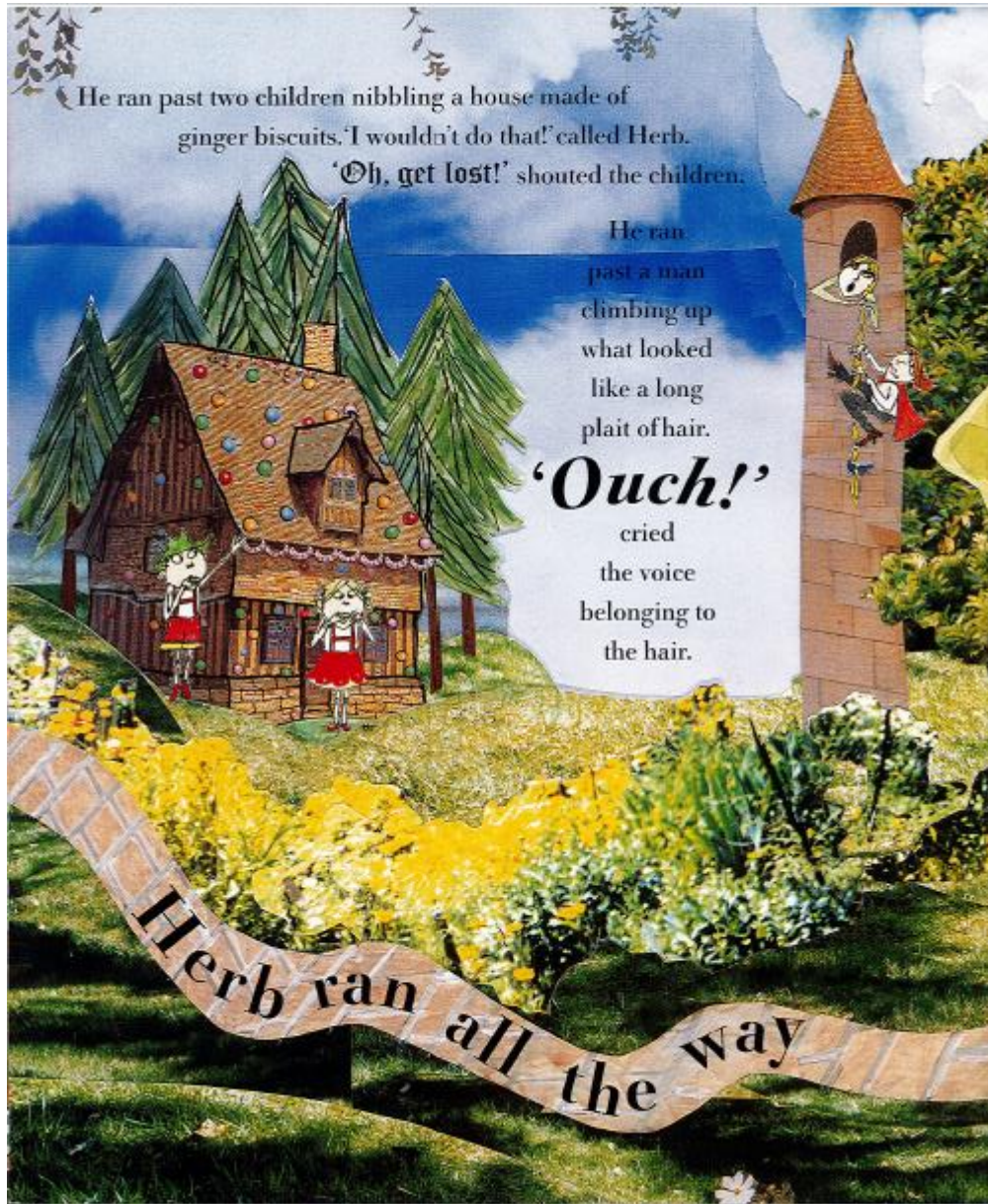


And that's when it dawned on Herb that he had fallen into the book.











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.

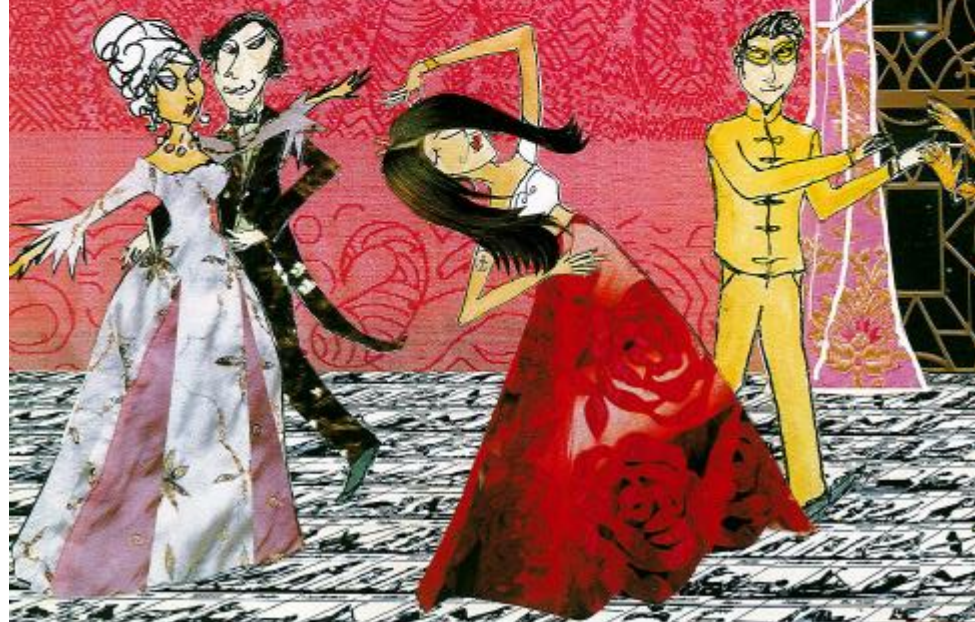




*There seemed to be a party going on.*

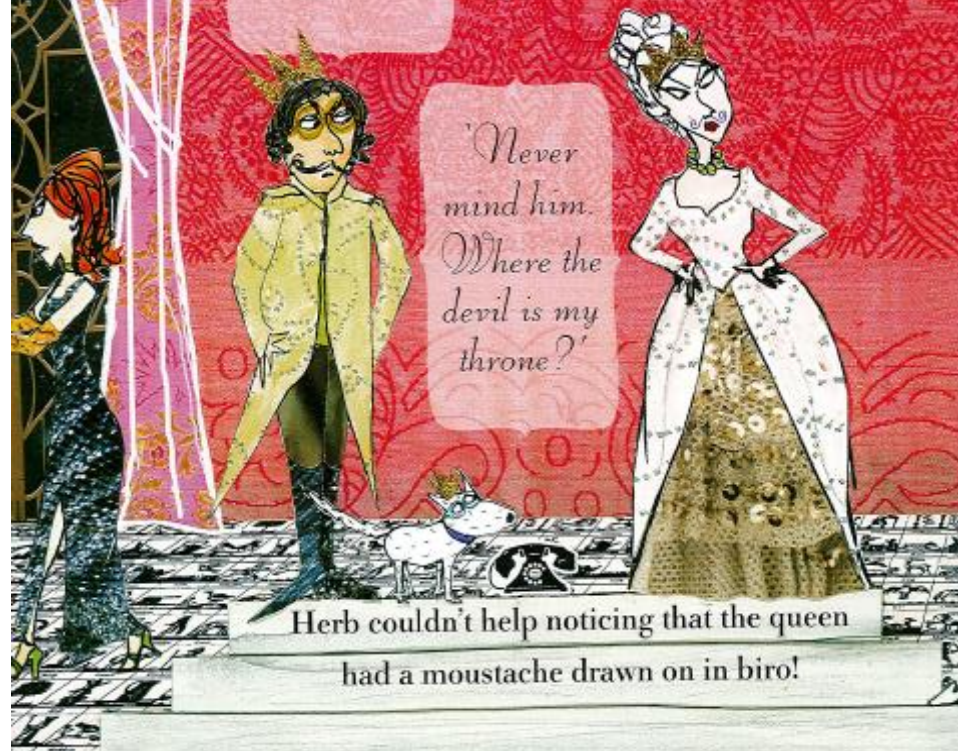


*Everyone was dressed up to the nines and dancing in wigs. One by one the dancers noticed Herb and the music ground slowly to a halt. It was so quiet you could hear a pea drop or was it a pin? Well, you could have heard something drop had it not been for the couple in crowns having a furious discussion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



*'And who might you be?' demanded the queen. 'This is a private Royal party you know, no one in pyjamas is invited.'*

*'I'm Herb,' said Herb. 'I own this book.'*

*'Oh, so you're the doodler who ruined my locks,' she said, pointing at her moustache. 'And where's my throne, you... you scissor-snipper!'*



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 ...

