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# The Emperor of Absurdia

## Chris Riddell

  
MACMILLAN  
Children's Books

**Chris Riddell** is an accomplished artist and political cartoonist for the *Observer*. He is well known for his collaborations with the author Paul Stewart on books such as *Muddle Earth*, and has also illustrated several picture books for younger children. He has won many awards for his work, including the Nestlé Gold Award and the rare honour of two Kate Greenaway Medals. Chris lives in Brighton.

Skyfish nibble umbrella trees, pointy birds steal scarves to line their pointy nests, and dinner is served before lunch. It's an absurd world, yet it all makes perfect sense as conceived by the unique imagination of Chris Riddell. Young children will be enchanted by this entertaining story of dragon hunts and hairy wardrobe monsters, and absorbed by the extraordinarily rich and detailed illustrations.



# The Emperor of Absurdia

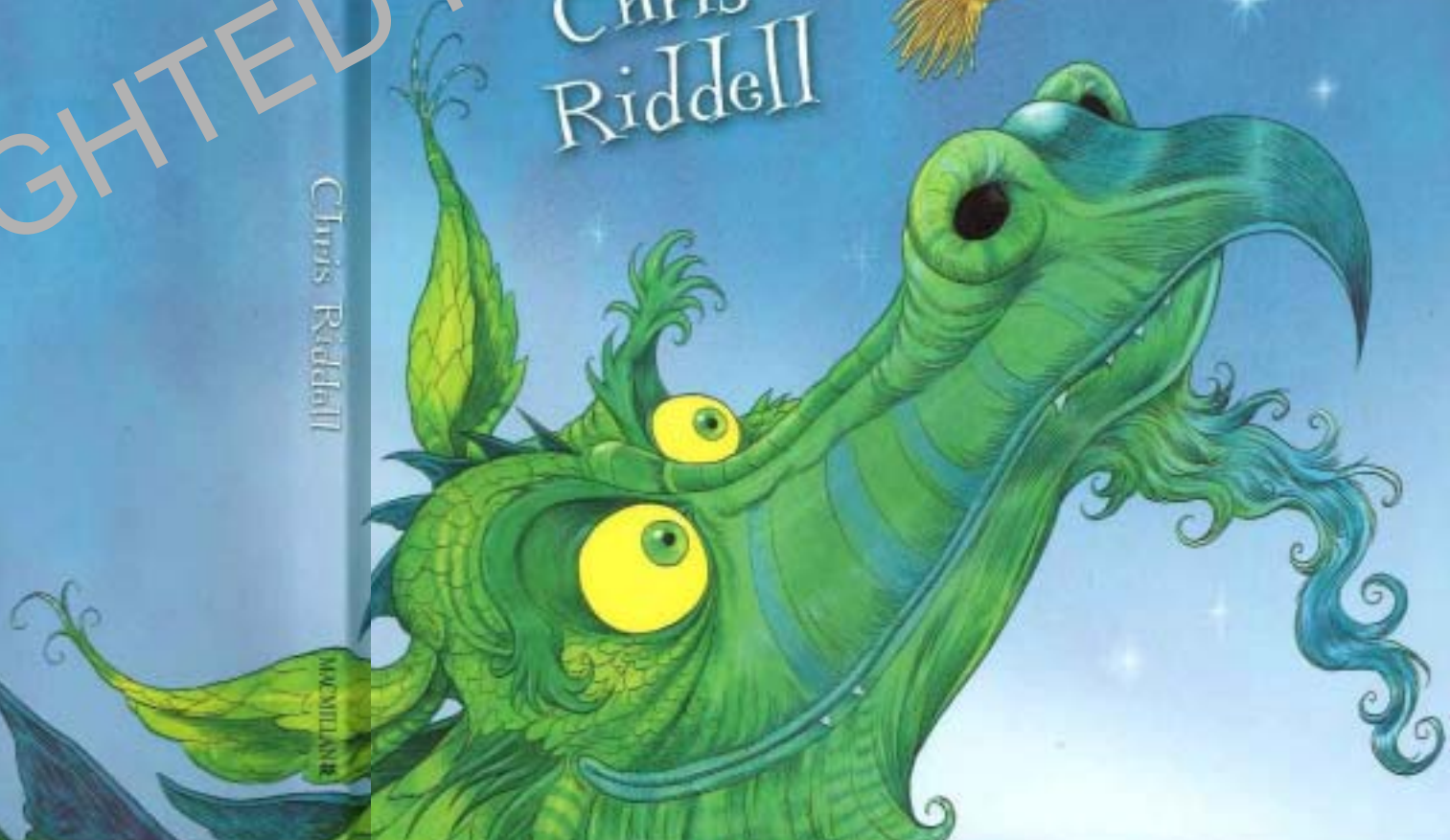
Chris Riddell



The Emperor of Absurdia

Chris Riddell

MCMILLAN



The Emperor of Absurdia was having the most extraordinary dream.



All of a sudden he woke to the hoots of the sky fish nibbling the umbrella trees.



He tumbled



out of



bed . . .

... into the arms  
of the  
Wardrobe  
Monster.



The Wardrobe Monster  
helped the Emperor  
get dressed —

in a  
bubbly hat,



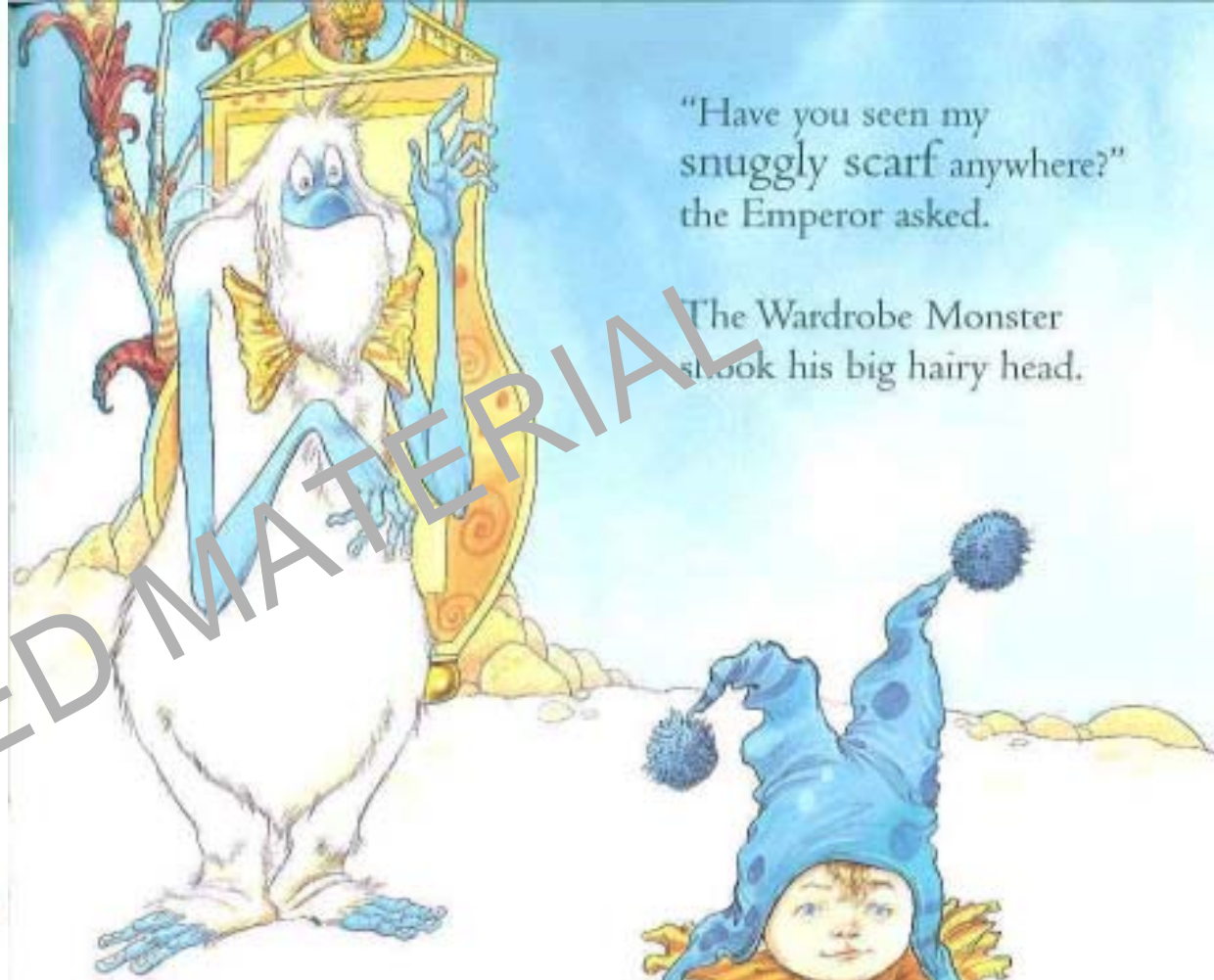
a crumply  
coat,

and a pair of  
jingle-jangle  
socks.



"Have you seen my  
snuggly scarf anywhere?"  
the Emperor asked.

The Wardrobe Monster  
shook his big hairy head.



"That's funny,  
I had it yesterday,"  
said the Emperor,  
and set off on a  
scarf hunt . . .





... which took quite some time.



"It's no good," said the Emperor, sitting under a pointy tree. "I can't find my snuggly scarf anywhere."

Just then, from the top of the tree, there came a loud, pointy-sounding squawk.



The Emperor of Absurdia put on his scarf and went to his high chair.



Breakfast was served.



And then supper,



followed by lunch . . .



... which hatched ...



and  
flew  
away.

"This is  
exciting!"  
said the Emperor.



The Emperor of Absurdia called for his  
tricycle chair  
and set  
off on a  
dragon  
hunt...



... which took quite some time.



He looked  
in the  
flower beds  
and up the  
umbrella  
trees.



He looked  
under  
the pillow  
hills

and over the bouncy mountains.



"It's no good," said the Emperor,  
climbing down from his tricycle chair.  
"I can't find the little dragon  
anywhere."

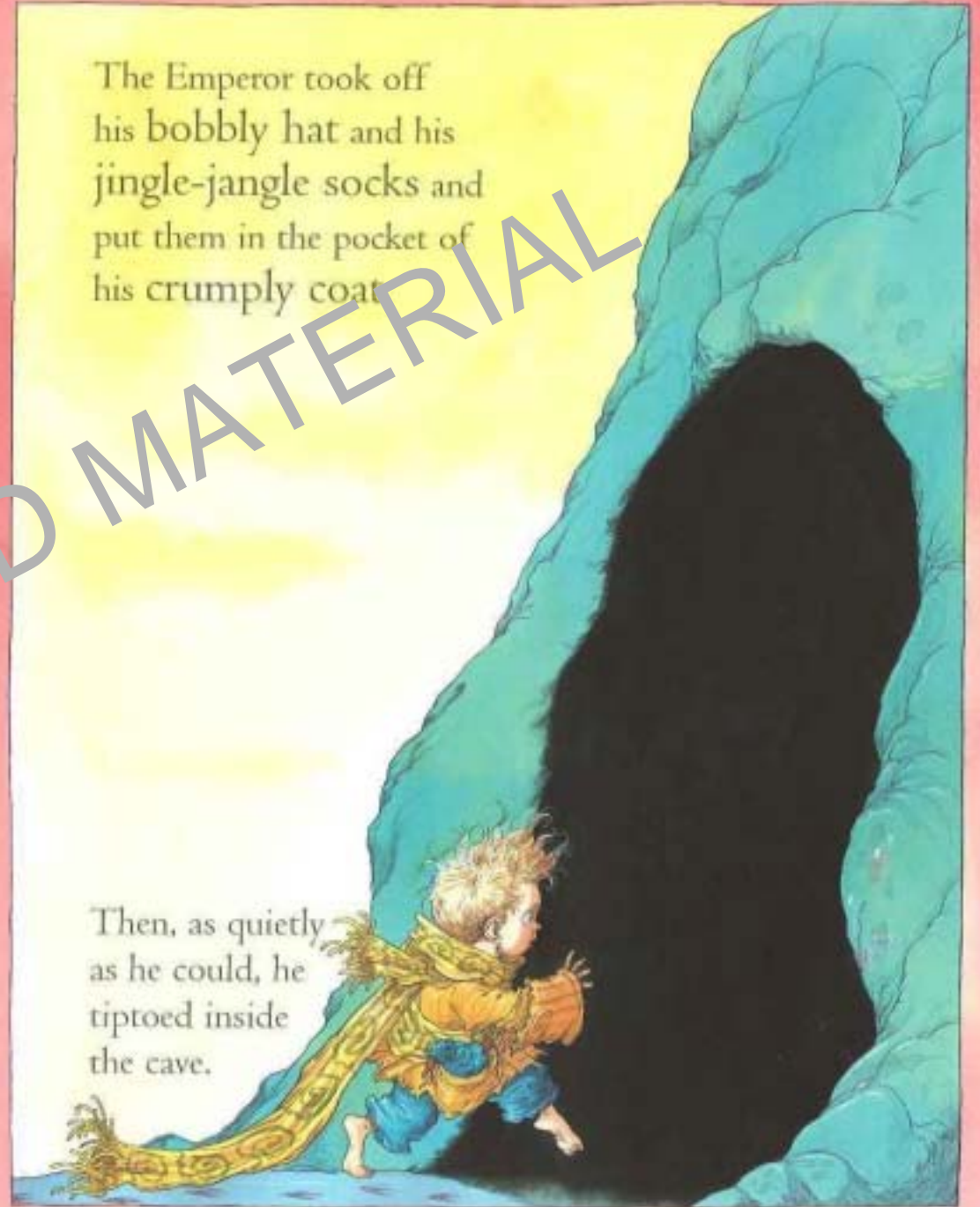


He was just about to give up, when he noticed the footprints.



They led into a deep, dark cave.

The Emperor took off his bobby hat and his jingle-jangle socks and put them in the pocket of his crumpled coat.



Then, as quietly as he could, he tiptoed inside the cave.

And  
out  
again!

"Help!" cried  
the Emperor.  
"An emperor hunt!"



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The dragon chased the Emperor across the bouncy mountains



and through the pillow hills,

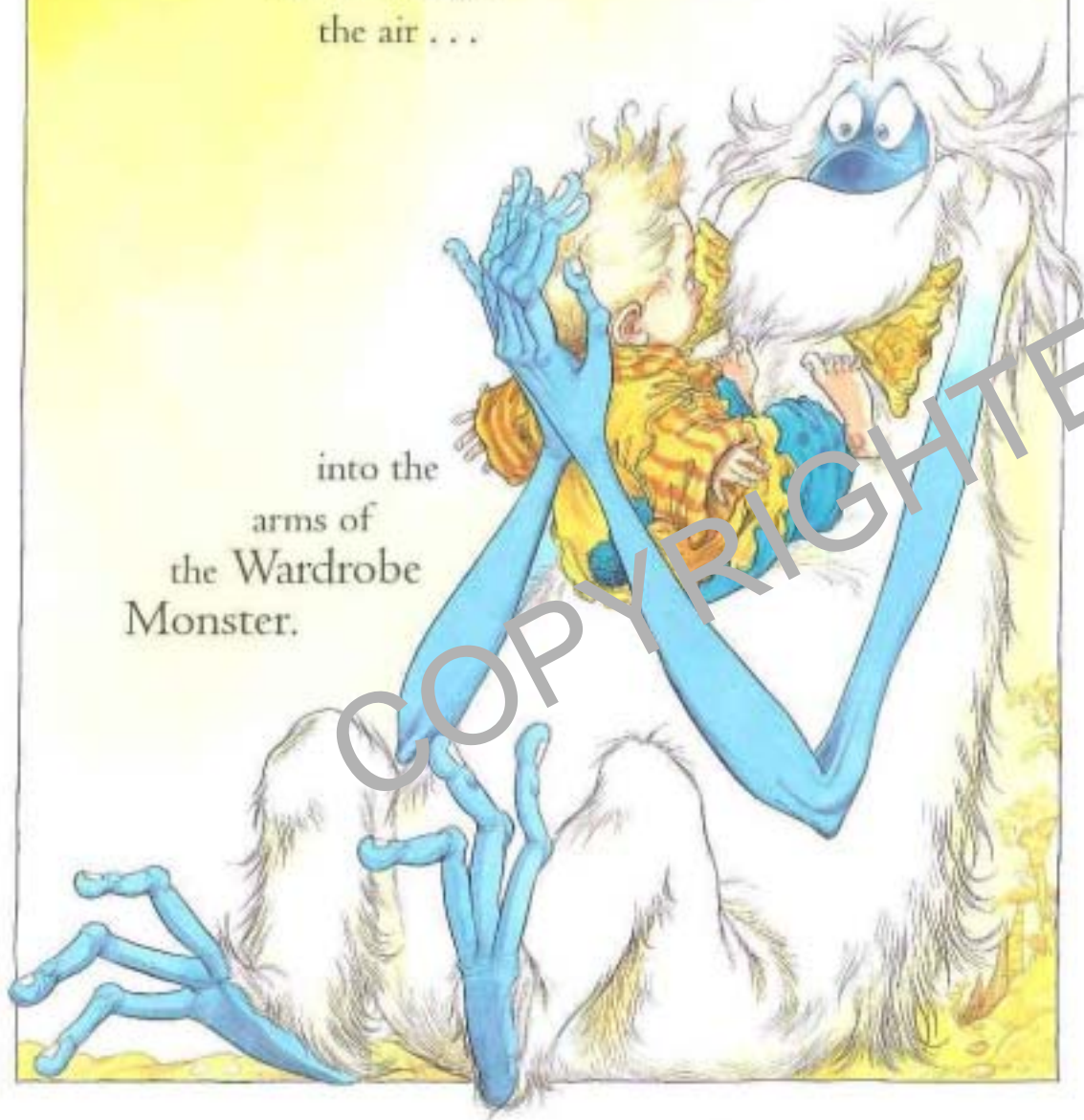


under the umbrella trees and towards the flower beds.

Then, just as  
the dragon was  
about to gobble  
the Emperor up,  
there came a loud,  
pointy-sounding  
**squawk**  
and a pointy  
bird swooped  
down and  
caught  
hold of the  
Emperor's  
scarf.



As they flew over the flower beds,  
the Emperor let go of the scarf  
and tumbled  
down through  
the air . . .



into the  
arms of  
the Wardrobe  
Monster.

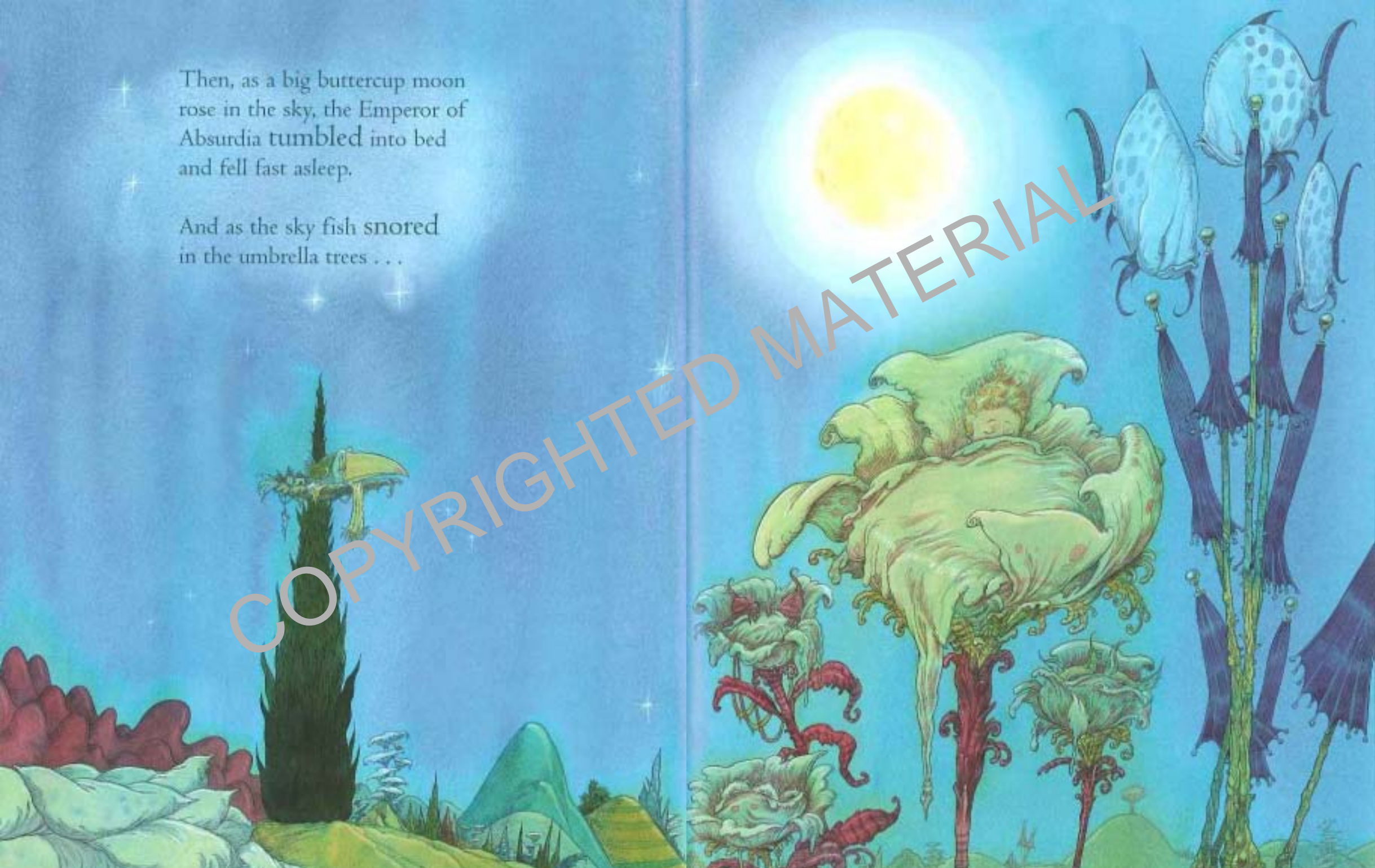
He was  
so pleased to  
see the Emperor  
that he gave him  
an EXTRA  
big hug.



"I'll look  
for my  
snuggly scarf  
tomorrow," said  
the Emperor, and  
the Wardrobe  
Monster nodded  
his big hairy head.

Then, as a big buttercup moon  
rose in the sky, the Emperor of  
Absurdia tumbled into bed  
and fell fast asleep.

And as the sky fish snored  
in the umbrella trees . . .





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