

"TONS OF FUN!"

BEN HATKE
ZITA THE SPACEGIRL
(MENTOR)

"FUN AS HELL!"

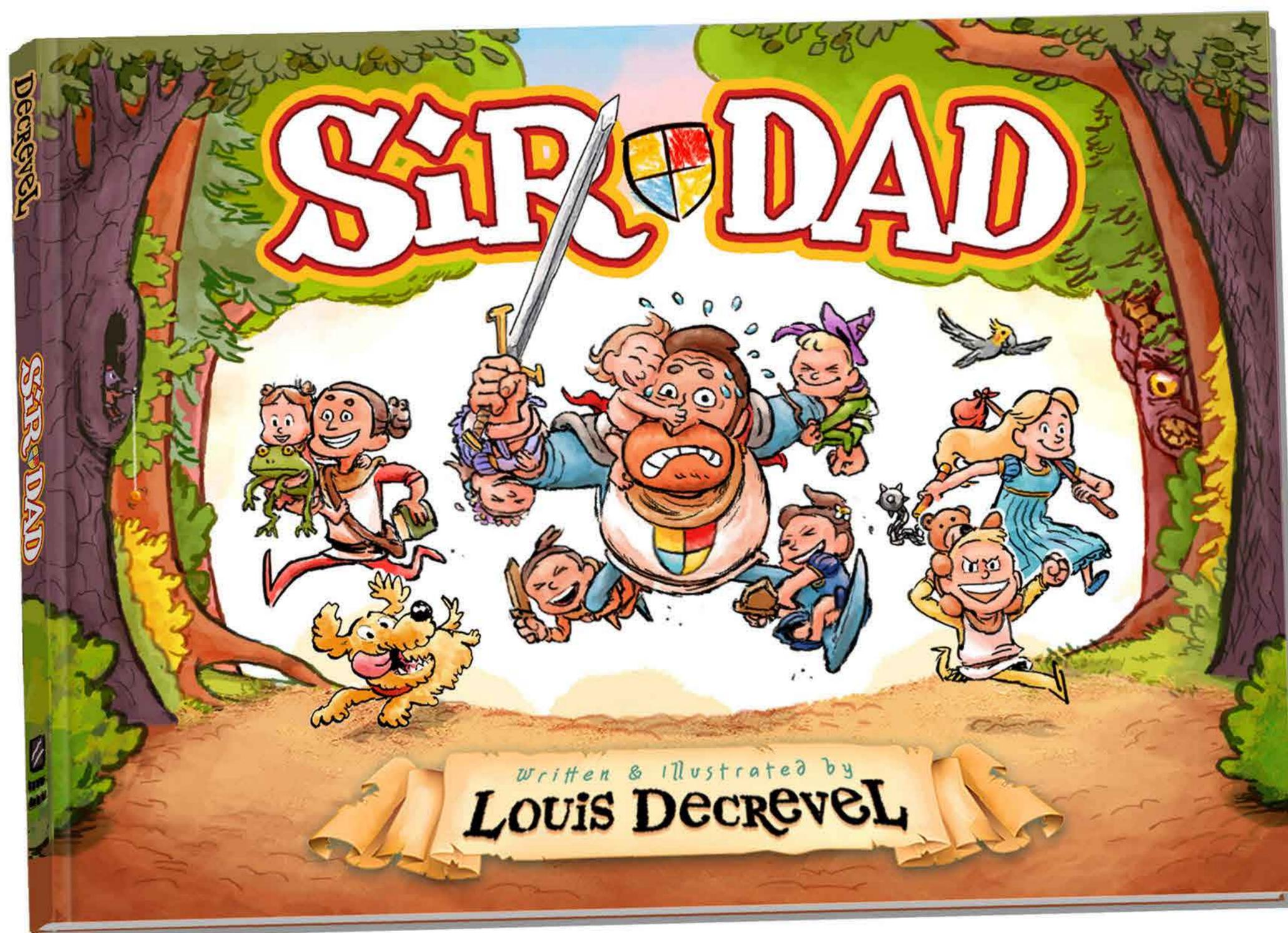
NATHAN HALE
NATHAN HALE'S HAZARDOUS TALES

"FANTASTIC!"

ANTHONY HOLDEN
ANNIE AWARD-WINNING
SENIOR STORYBOARD ARTIST ON
PUSS IN BOOTS: THE LAST WISH

"GREAT!!!"

LEE GATLIN
ALONG CAME A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER
(ILLUSTRATOR)



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FUN BOOK"**

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MENTORSHIP PROGRAM)

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& PARENTS
ARE GOING
TO ABSOLUTELY
LOVE THIS BOOK"**

**CHILDREN'S BOOK COUNCIL
OF AUSTRALIA [VIC]**
MAURICE SAXBY PROGRAM
FEEDBACK

SIR DAD

written & illustrated by
LOUIS DECREVEL



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SIR DAD

Based on a true story

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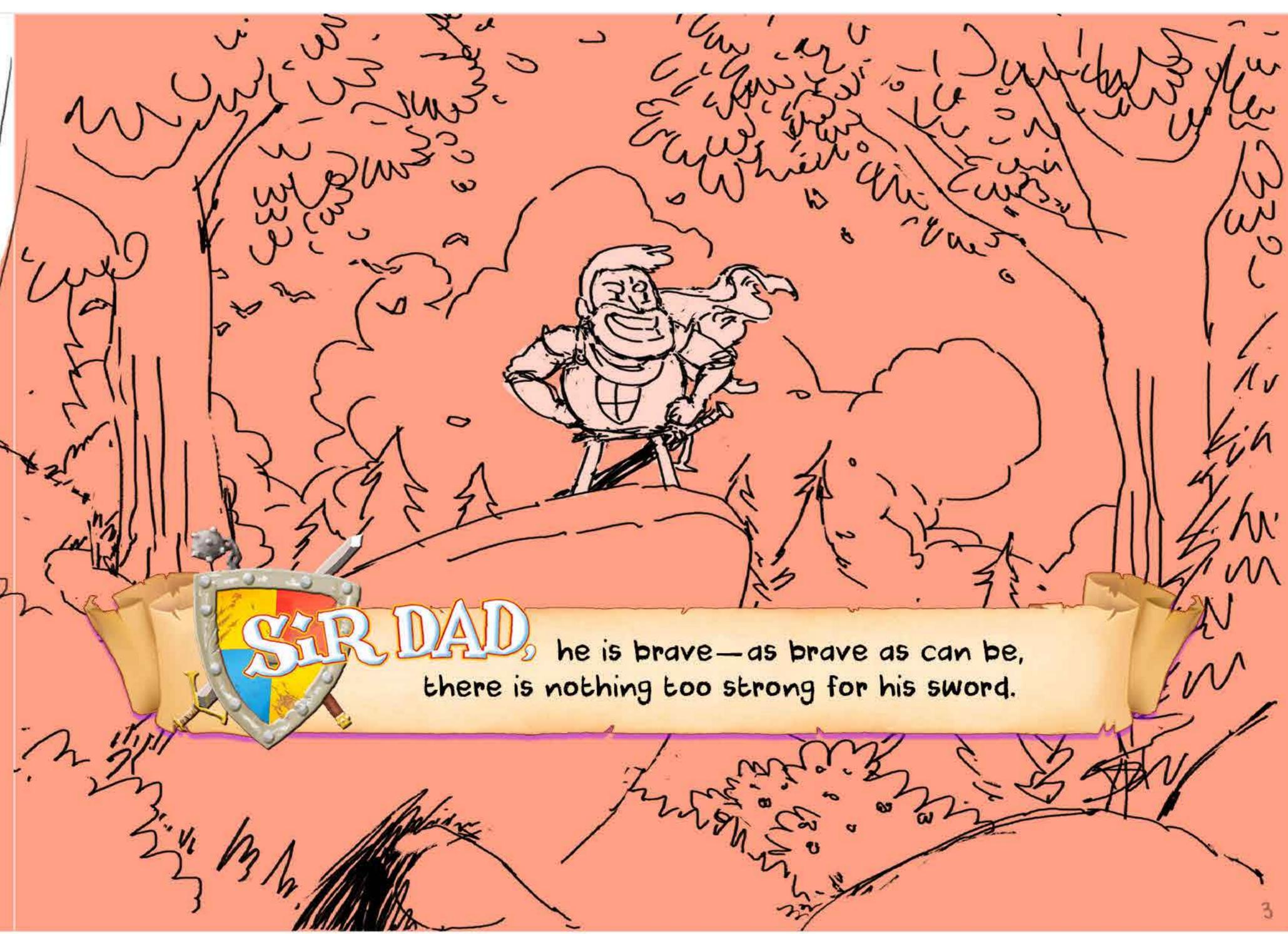
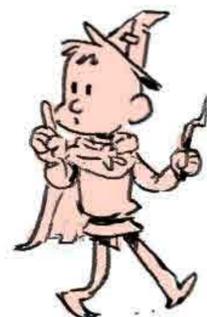
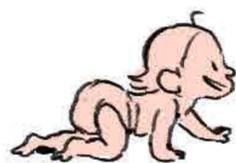
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SIR DAD

he is brave—as brave as can be,
there is nothing too strong for his sword.

He isn't afraid of
the Thing in the Swamp,



nor scared of the
Skeleton Horde.



When each day is over,
our dad journeys home,



and greets our dear mum with romance.

But here is a thing that
just terrifies him ...



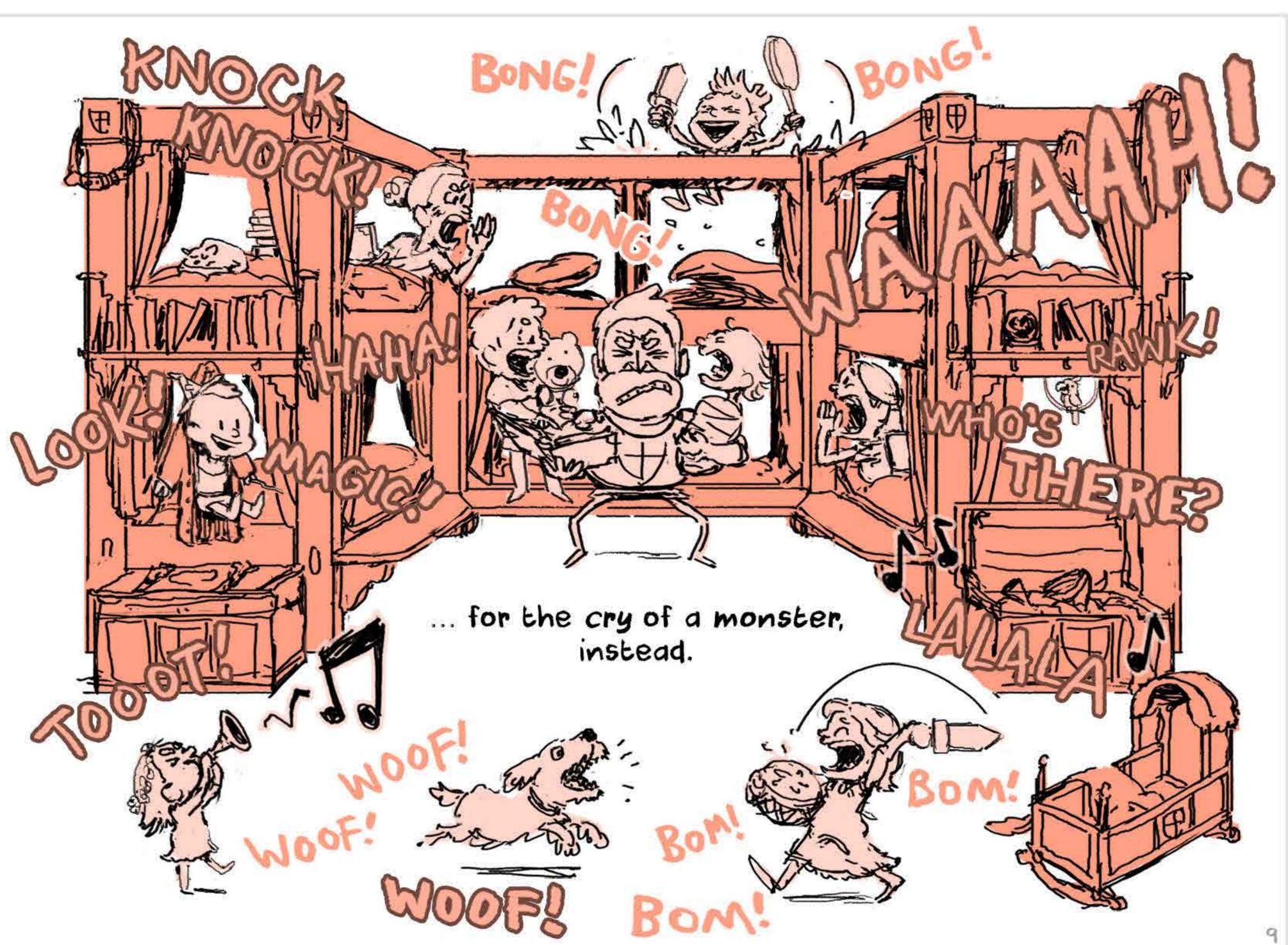
The smell of our new baby's pants.





And we all hang out for our hero's return,
we rave when he puts us to bed.

But oh, how he longs
for the sounds of the hunt ...



KNOCK KNOCK! **BONG!** **BONG!** **BONG!**
LOOK! **MAGIC!** **HABA!** **WAAAAAH!** **RAWK!**
WHO'S THERE?

... for the cry of a monster,
instead.

TOOOT! **WOOF!** **WOOF!** **WOOF!** **BOM!** **BOM!** **LALALA!**

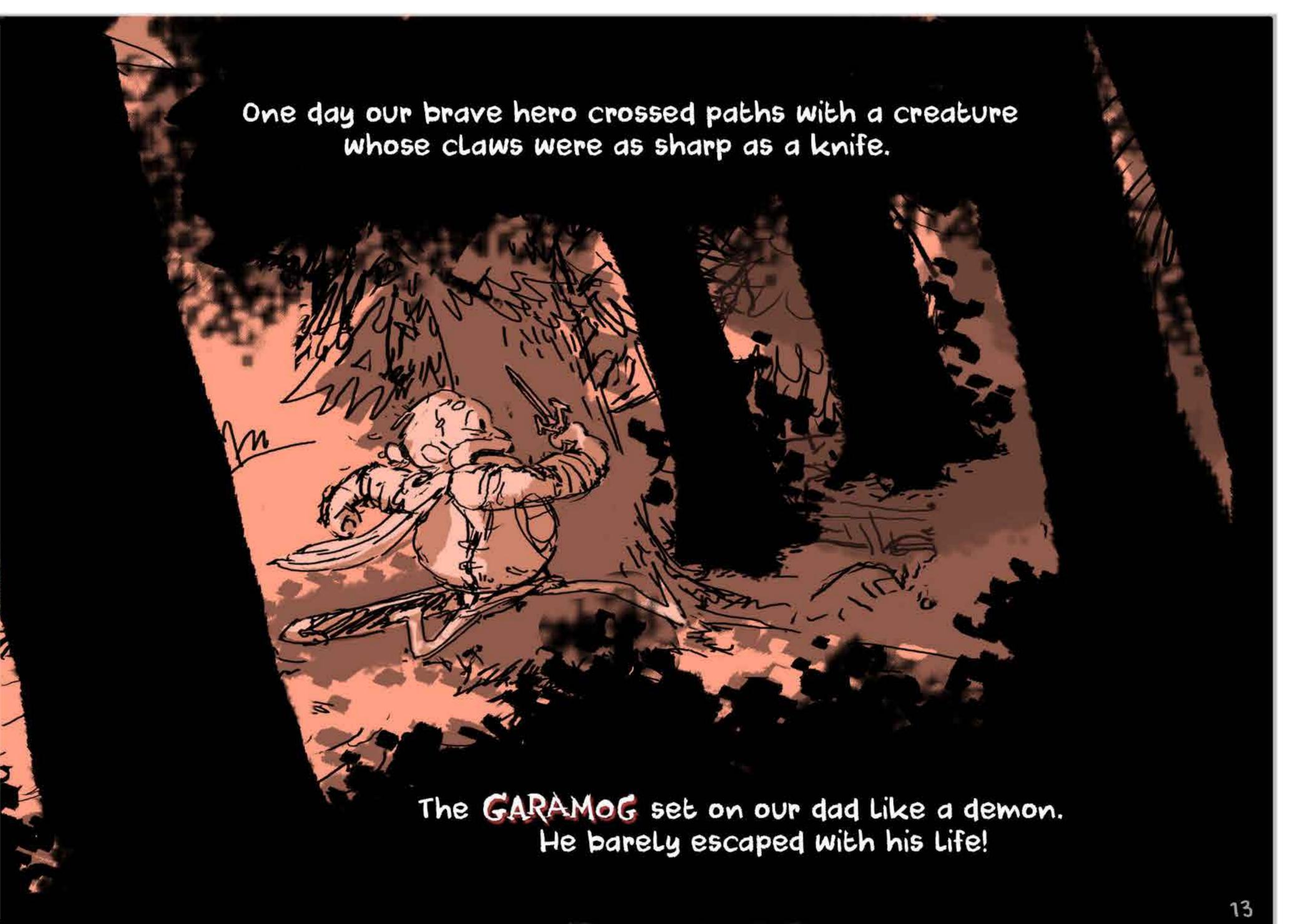
And just when

he thinks

he has settled us down,

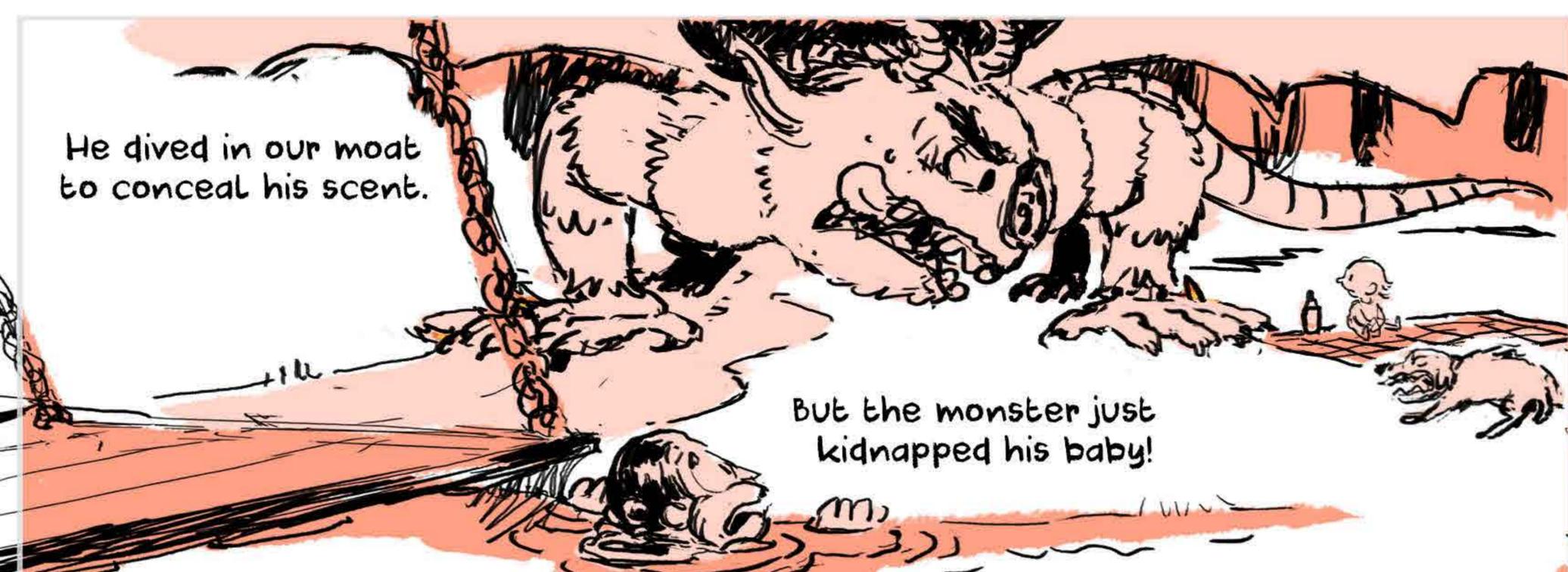
We stick
to his body
like glue.

He might've escaped from the Skeleton Horde,
But not from our *hullabaloo!*



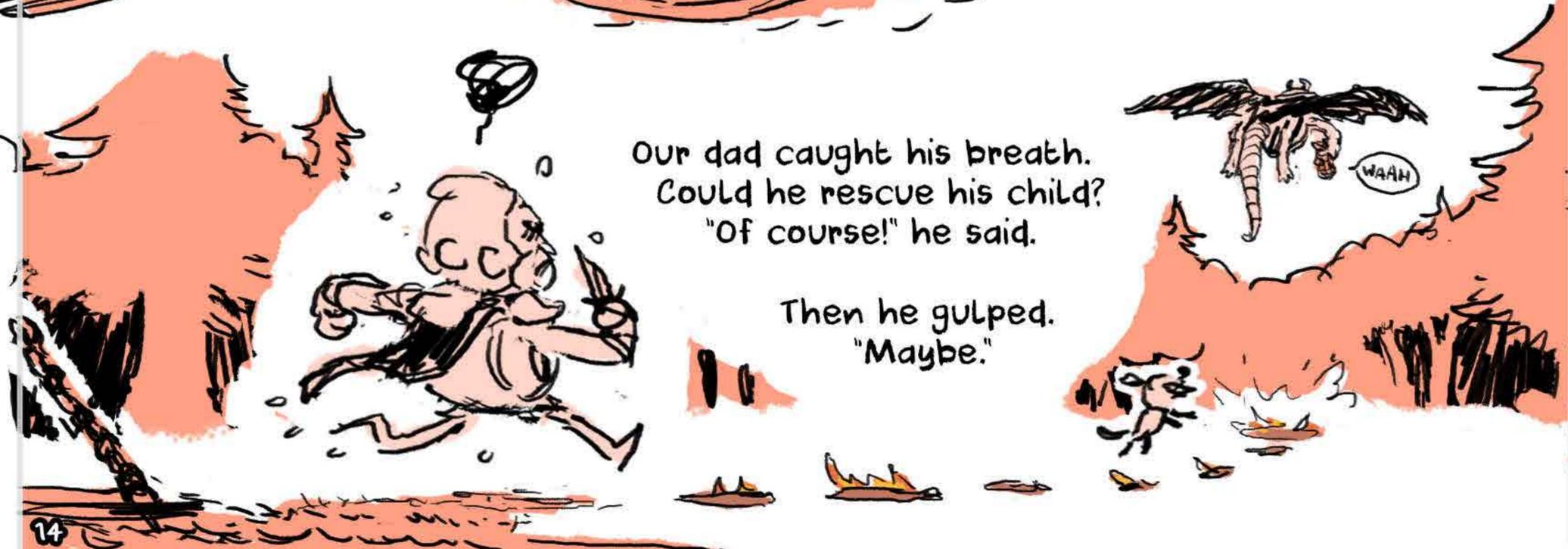
One day our brave hero crossed paths with a creature whose claws were as sharp as a knife.

The **GARAMOG** set on our dad like a demon. He barely escaped with his life!



He dived in our moat to conceal his scent.

But the monster just kidnapped his baby!



Our dad caught his breath.
Could he rescue his child?
"Of course!" he said.

Then he gulped.
"Maybe."



Our mum felt some new thing inside of her burn.
"Children," we all heard her grunting.

"Fetch me your father's ... spiky-ball thing."

For this time we're all going hunting."

We hunted for all of our shoes and our coats,
which took the best part of an hour.



Then we followed our dad's and the Garamog's tracks.
Our mum felt both terror and power.

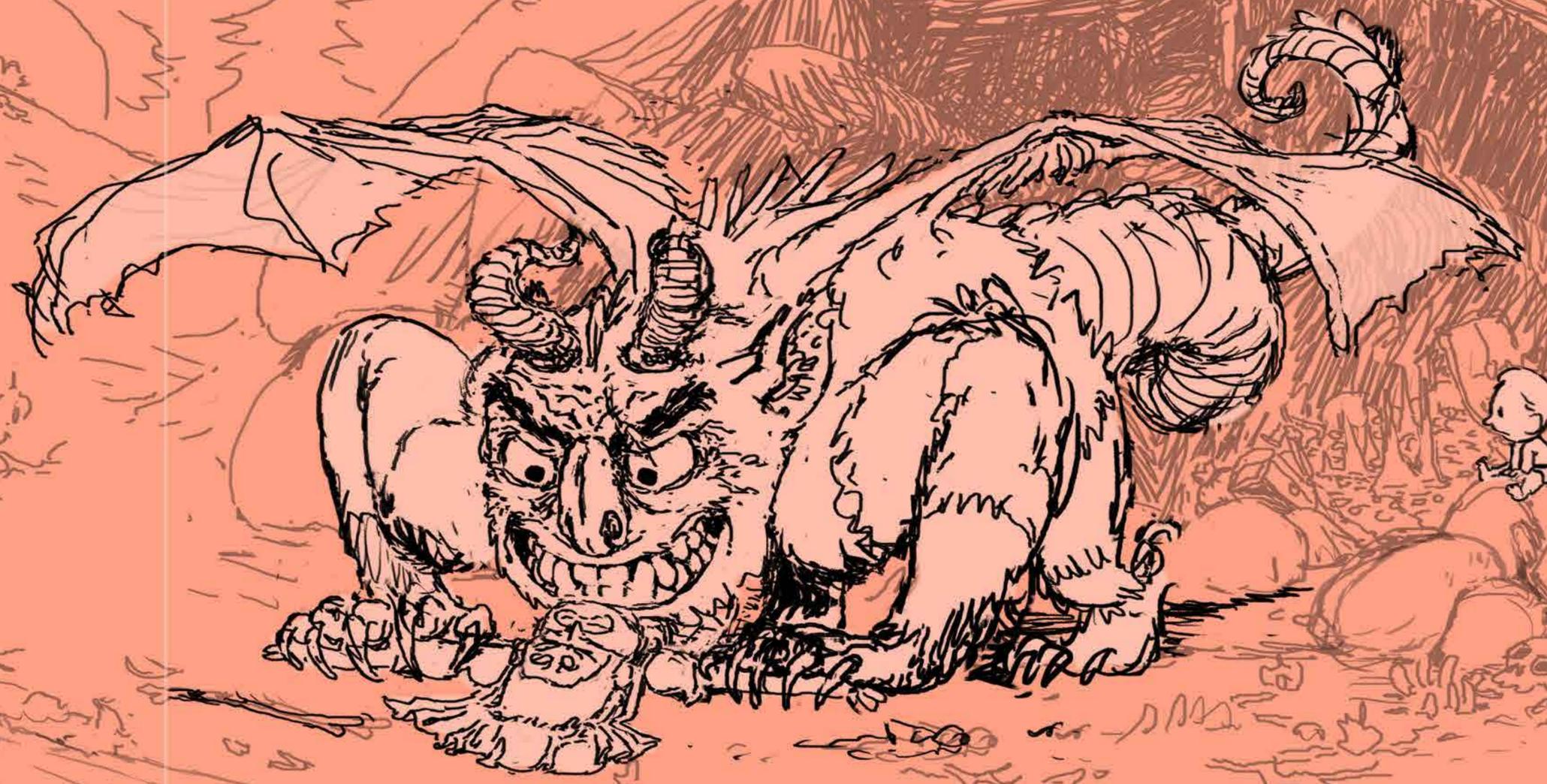




Exhausted, we came to the Garamog's Lair.

The stage had already been set.

The monster's sharp hearing
and shrewd sense of smell meant
our dad had been caught in its net.

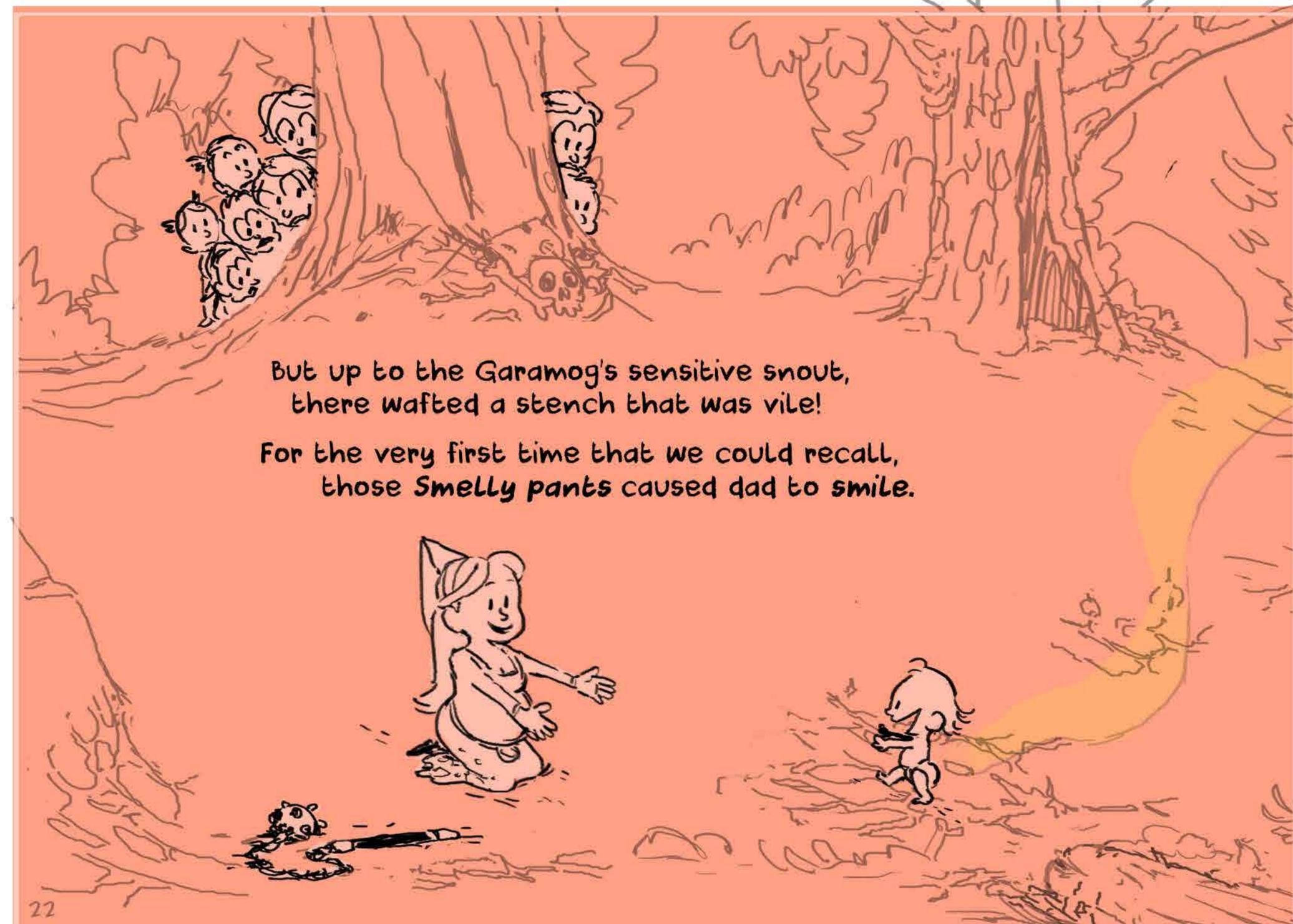


*"All is Lost," moaned our dad, in utter despair.
"The roaringest knight couldn't beat it."*

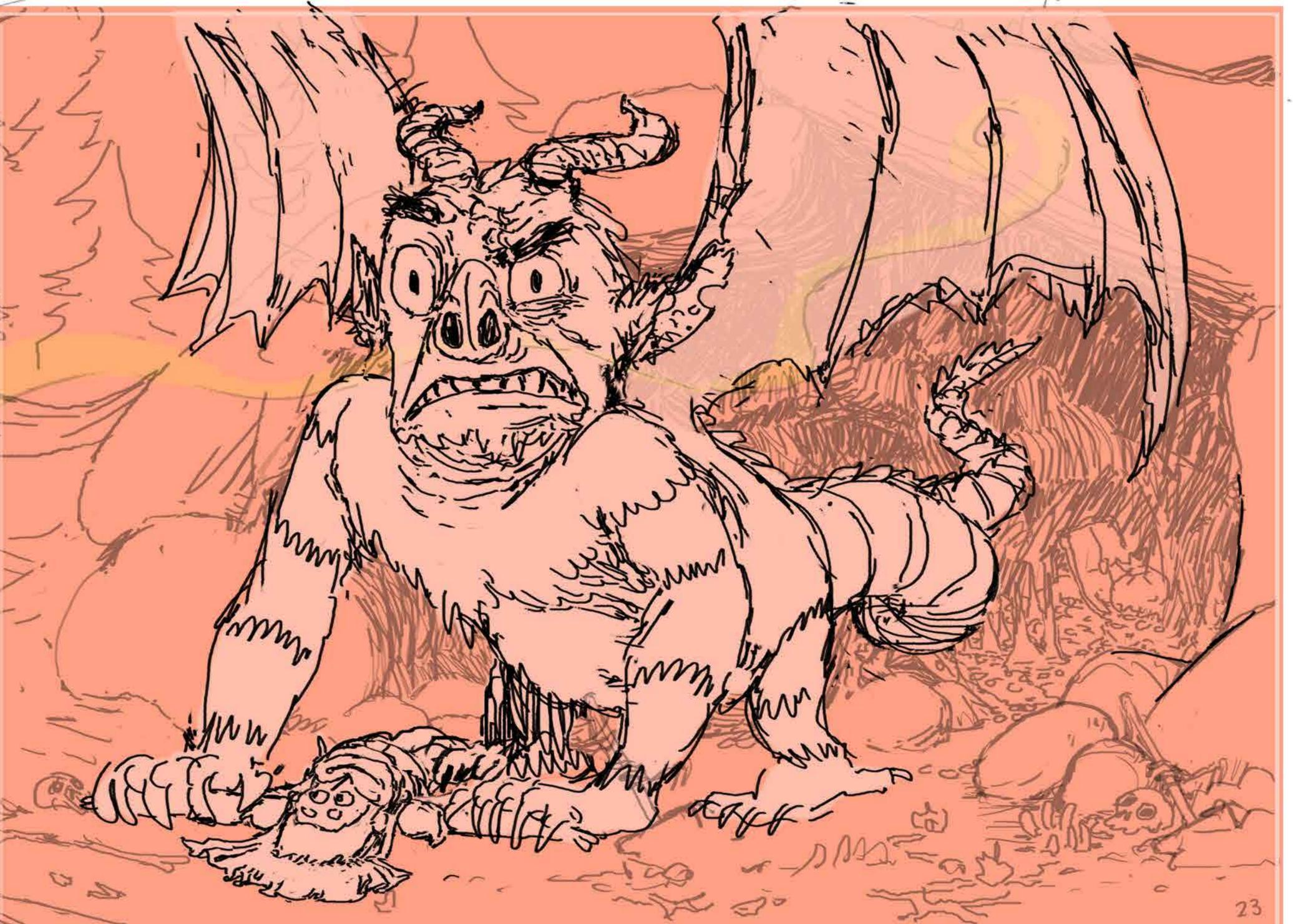
And his whole world closed in as he let the thing win.

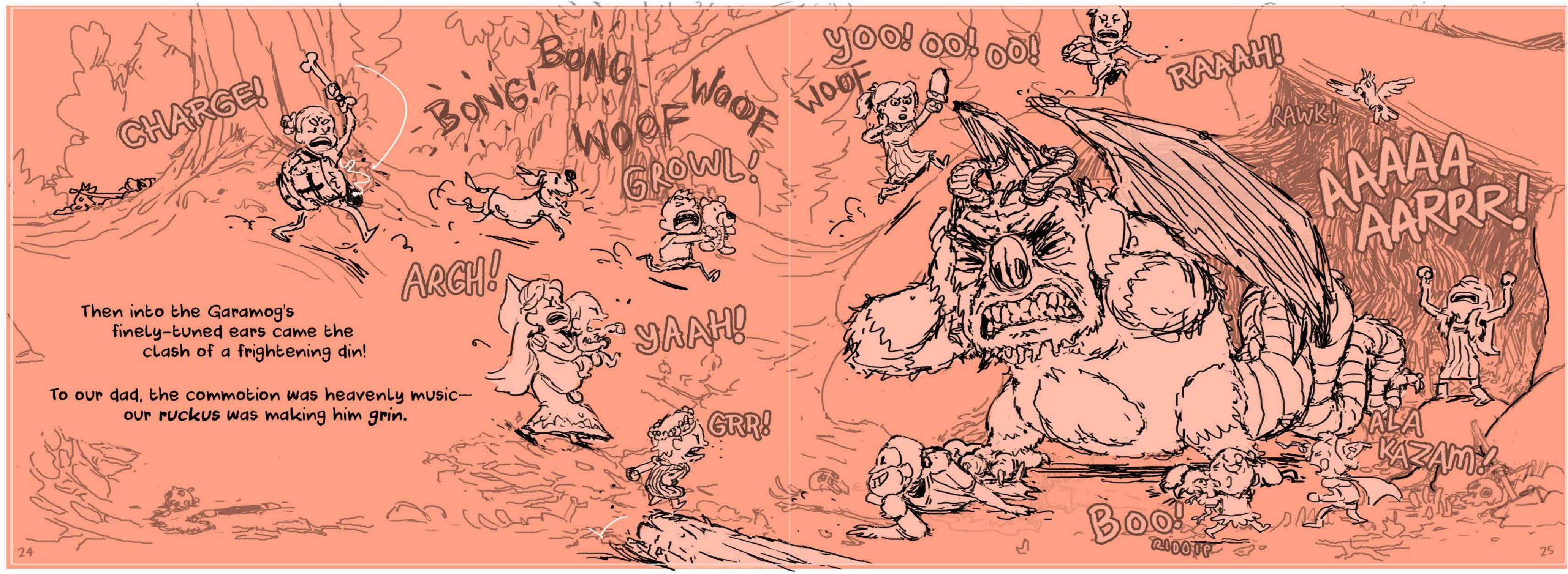
Our dad had at last been defeated.





But up to the Garamog's sensitive snout,
there wafted a stench that was vile!
For the very first time that we could recall,
those *Smelly pants* caused dad to smile.





Then into the Garamog's finely-tuned ears came the clash of a frightening din!

To our dad, the commotion was heavenly music—our ruckus was making him grin.

CHARGE!

BONG! BONG!
WOOF WOOF
GROWL!

ARGH!

YAAH!

GRR!

yoo! oo! oo!

RAAAH!

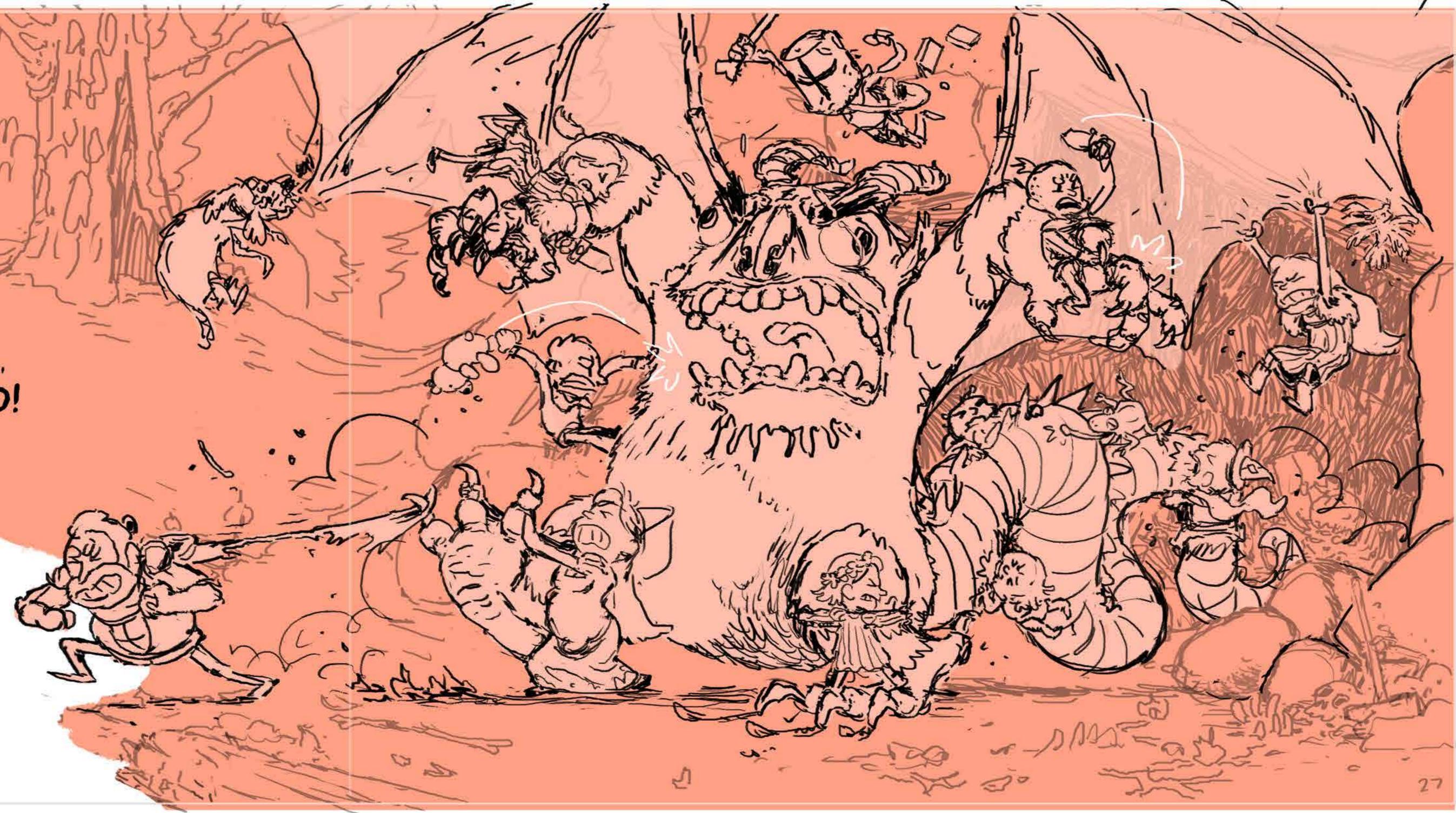
RAWK!

AAAAA
AARRR!

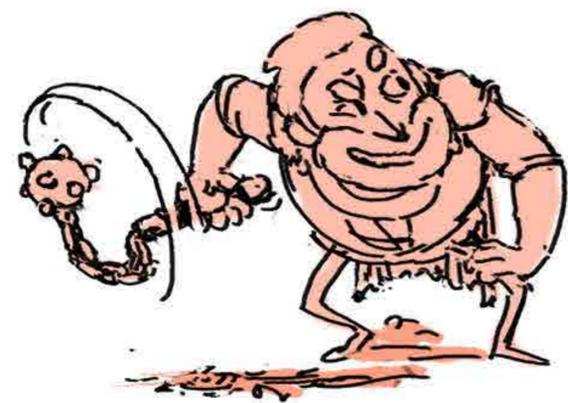
ALA
KAZAM!

BOO!
RIDDIT!

Then we all attacked!
We jumped on the monster
and stuck to its body like glue.
The beast might've beaten the likes of Sir Dad,
BUT NOT WITH OUR HULLABALOO!



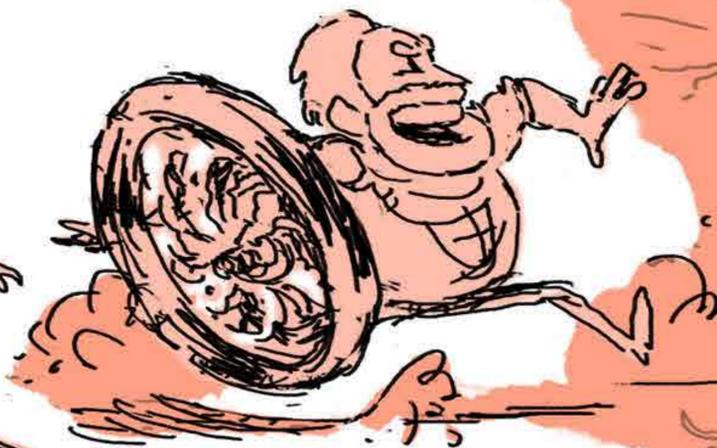
So our dad, who was brave —
as brave as could be,
with his own troop of warriors roaring,
swizzled
his spiky-ball



faster, and



faster, and



WHAM!

sent the Garamog soaring.



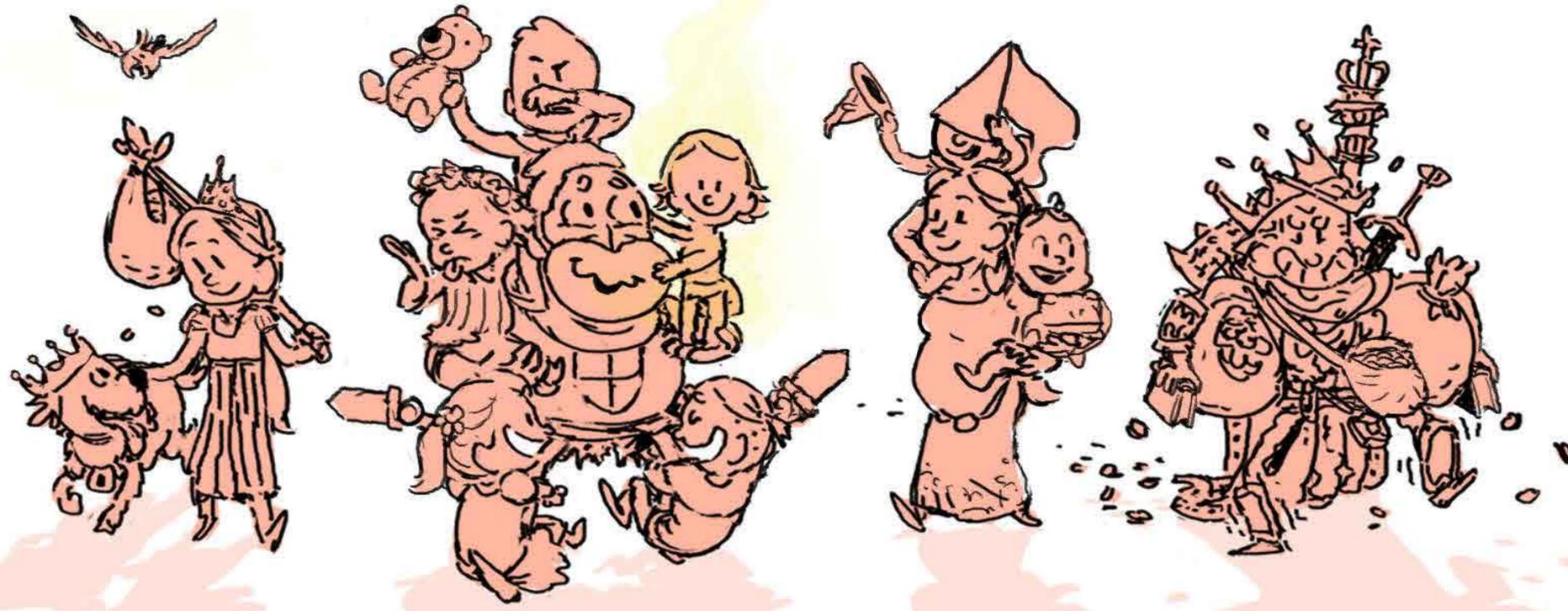


"Shall we take home some treasure?" our brother proposed, eyeing off what the Garamog stole.

"I AM," said our dad, looking back with a smile.

"I'm carrying all I can hold!"

Our dad looked around at his warrior tribe,
and at our brave mum with romance.
He cuddled his baby, then spluttered and said,



"This treasure has quite smelly pants."