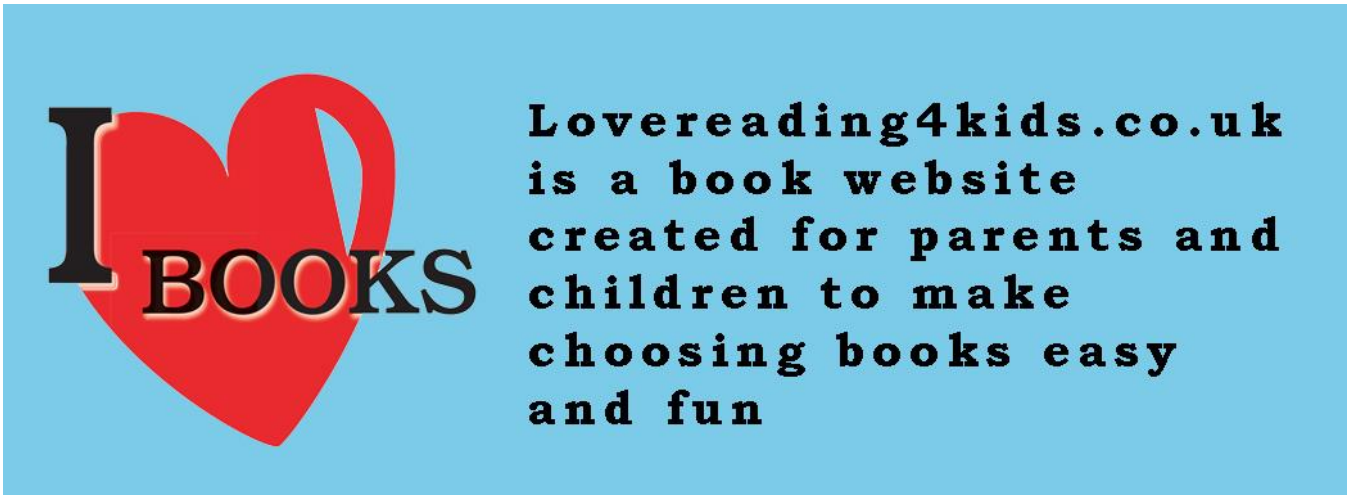


Opening extract from

Queen Munch and Queen Nibble

Written by

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Published by

Two Hoots an imprint of Pan Macmillan

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For Ella, with love from Mummy - C.D.

For Scarlett Munch and Ava Nibble - L. M.

First published in 2002 by Macmillan Children's Books
This edition published 2016 by Two Hoots
an imprint of Pan Macmillan
20 New Wharf Road, London N1 9RR
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com
ISBN 978-1-5098-2926-2
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1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.
Printed in China
The illustrations in this book were created using acrylic paint, coloured pencils and paper collage.

www.twohootsbooks.com

Carol Ann Duffy gratefully acknowledges a Fellowship from NESTA.
NESTA – the National Endowment for Science, Technology and teh Arts –
was set up in 1998 to support innovation and creative potential in the UK.

QUEEN MUNCH and QUEEN NIBBLE

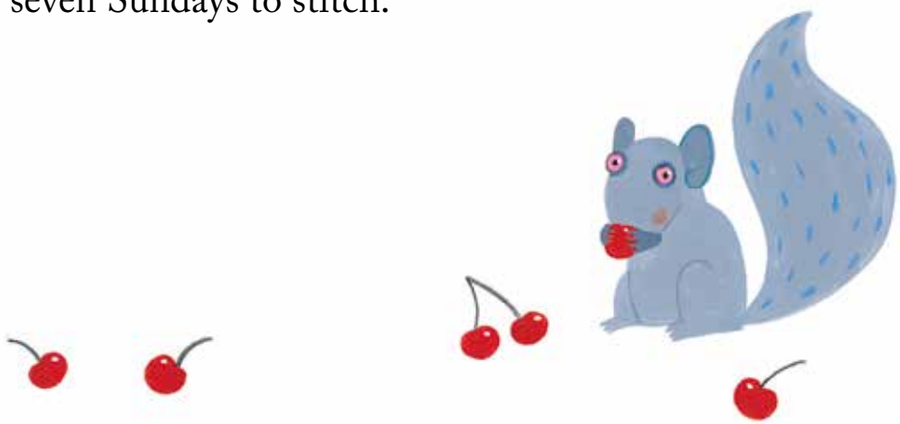


TWO HOOTS



Queen Munch was big with cheeks as red as tomato ketchup. She had shining ginger hair which she wore in two plump pigtails like strings of Best Sausages. Her eyes were the colour of chutney and her laugh was as loud and as deep as the moo of a cow on its way to be milked.

She always wore a crown: a plain diamond one for weekdays and the Great Ruby Crown for the weekends. She wore purple or orange or scarlet frocks (she never called them dresses) and each one took six sewing maids seven Sundays to stitch.





Queen Munch lived in Munch Palace, which looked a bit like a wedding cake. Her people loved her and every Saturday morning they would come by bus, bike or donkey to watch The Munching of the Breakfast.

First of all the three Servants of the Queen's Kitchen would march onto the Palace balcony with a round polished table and a red velvet chair, with the best china and cutlery and a solid silver teapot. The people would stare and point and talk excitedly as spoons and knives and forks glinted high up on the balcony.



Suddenly the Royal Musicians would appear behind the Palace Gates and even the youngest child there would know that soon they would be playing the Queen Munch Tune. There were no words to this tune but it was lively and jazzy, with trumpets and clarinets and banjos, and no one with ears on each side of their head could hear it without wanting to dance.

The Royal Musicians would shout *one, two, three, four!* and then swing into the music, the whole crowd would start to hop and boogie, babies would bounce up and down in their prams and such a wonderful time would be had by one and all that, by the time Queen Munch danced onto the balcony and plumped herself down on the red velvet chair, the joint was jumping!



