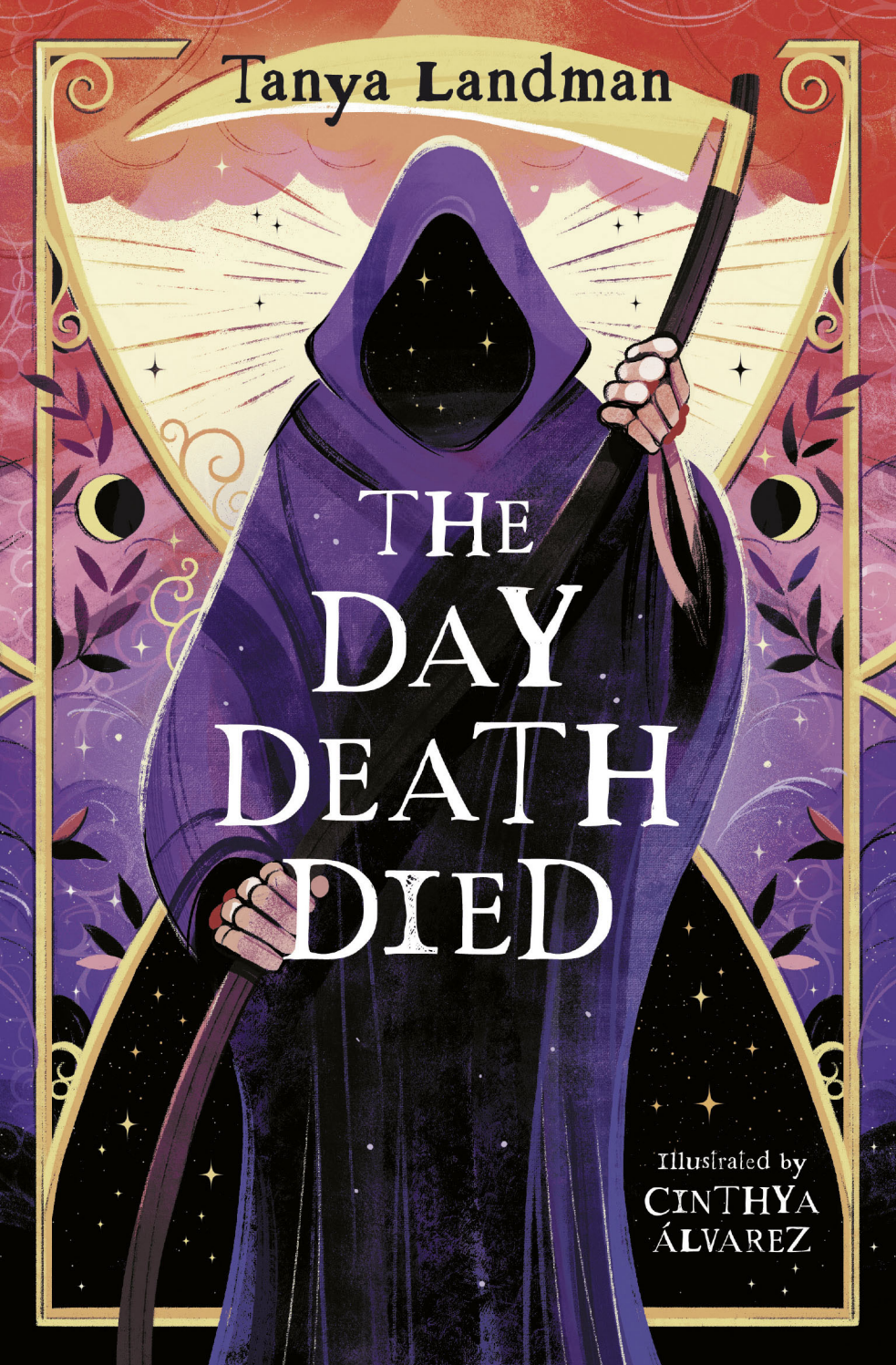
Tanya Landman
THE DAY DEATH DIED
Illustrated by
CINTHYA ÁLVAREZ

THE DAY DEATH DIED

Published by Barrington Stoke
An imprint of HarperCollins*Publishers*
1 Robroyston Gate, Glasgow, G33 1JN

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

HarperCollins*Publishers*
Macken House, 39/40 Mayor Street Upper,
Dublin 1, DO1 C9W8, Ireland

First published in 2025

Text © 2025 Tanya Landman
Illustrations © 2025 Cinthya Álvarez
Cover design © 2025 HarperCollins*Publishers* Limited

The moral right of Tanya Landman and Cinthya Álvarez to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

ISBN 978-0-00-876489-0

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in whole or in any part in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior permission in writing of the publisher and copyright owners

Without limiting the exclusive rights of any author, contributor or the publisher of this publication, any unauthorised use of this publication to train generative artificial intelligence (AI) technologies is expressly prohibited. HarperCollins also exercise their rights under Article 4(3) of the Digital Single Market Directive 2019/790 and expressly reserve this publication from the text and data mining exception

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

Printed and bound in India by Replika Press Pvt. Ltd.

This book contains FSC™ certified paper and other controlled sources to ensure responsible forest management.

For more information visit: www.harpercollins.co.uk/green

THE DAY DEATH DIED

Tanya Landman

Illustrated by
CINTHYA ÁLVAREZ

Barrington Stoke

To Rod, who told this story so brilliantly

Jack and his mum lived by the sea.

Mum was ill. Each day, she got worse. She got thin. Went to bed early. She got up later and later.

One morning, she didn't get up at all.

There was a knock at the door. Who could it be?

"I've come for your mum," the stranger said.

Jack knew the stranger. It was Death.

“No!” yelled Jack. “No! No! You’re not taking her!”

Jack grabbed a broom and hit Death hard. Again. Again!

It was very odd. Each time Jack hit Death, Death got smaller. And smaller. And smaller.