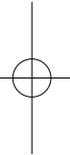




BOOKS FROM TAIWAN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS





BOOKS FROM TAIWAN (CHILDREN'S BOOKS)

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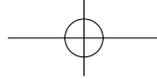
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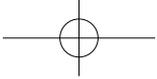


MINISTRY OF CULTURE, REPUBLIC OF CHINA (TAIWAN) TRANSLATION GRANT PROGRAM

Books from Taiwan supports the translation of Taiwanese literature into foreign languages with the Translation Grant Program, administered by The Ministry of Culture of Taiwan. The grant is to encourage the publication of translations of Taiwan's literature, including fiction, non-fiction, picture books and comics, and help Taiwan's publishing industry to explore non-Chinese international markets.

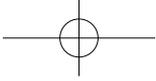
- Applicant Eligibility: Foreign publishers (legal persons) legally registered in accordance with the laws and regulations of their respective countries, or foreign natural persons engaged in translation.
- Conditions:
 1. Works translated shall be original works (including fiction, non-fiction, picture books and comics) by Taiwanese writers (R.O.C. nationality) in traditional Chinese characters.
 2. Priority is given to works to be translated and published for the first time in a non-Chinese language market.
 3. Applicants are not limited to submitting only one project for funding in each application year; however, the same applicant can only receive funding for up to three projects in any given round of applications.
 4. Projects receiving funding shall have already obtained authorization for translation, and be published within two years starting from the year after application year (published before the end of October).
- Funding Items and Amount
 1. The subsidy includes a licensing fee for the rights holder of original work, and a translation fee.
 2. The maximum funding available for any given project is NT\$ 500,000 (including income tax and remittance charges).
- Application Period: From September 1 to September 30 every year.
- Announcement of successful applications: Before December 15 every year.
- Application Method: Please apply via the online application system (http://booksfromtaiwan.tw/grant_en.php) after reading through the Translation Grant Application Guidelines (available online).

For full details of the Translation Grant Program, please visit
http://booksfromtaiwan.tw/grant_en.php
Or contact: books@moc.gov.tw



BOOKS FROM TAIWAN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS





AXEL AND THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

亞斯的國王新衣



A journalist by training, Liu Ching-Yen spends most of his time translating and writing children's books. He travels frequently, both in Taiwan and abroad, to speak to adults who also love story books, and spread the seed of reading around the globe.



© Luke Huang

Chiang I-Tsun is a Professor of Special Education at National Taiwan Normal University. In addition to many years' experience researching and teaching new methods of instruction for special needs groups, he now participates in television and radio presenting, as well as children's book production.

AUTHOR

Liu Ching-Yen

劉清彥

Chiang I-Tsun

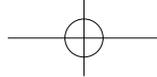
姜義村

ILLUSTRATOR

Huang Ling-Hsing

九子

-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Yes Creative
 - Date: 2015/11
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 48
 - Size: 21 x 29.7 cm
-



© Luke Huang

Huang Ling-Hsing (pen name Ju Tzu) is a freelance illustrator who enjoys staying at home with her pets as much as traveling the world. Most of her illustrations are digital, enhanced with hand-drawn effects on paper-based materials. To date, the picture books Ju Tzu has illustrated include: *Flying Hats*, *The Sounds of Atayal*, and *Axel and the Emperor's New Clothes*. She was a selected illustrator at the Bologna Illustrators Exhibition in 2016.



*** 2015 China Times Open Book Award for Best Children's Book**

Did you ever wonder who the young boy was that dared to say the Emperor was naked? His name was Axel, and he was never afraid to say what he thought. He told off his teacher when she made mistakes; he pointed out his Headmaster's baldness right to the Headmaster's face. Everybody was afraid of Axel, but he didn't care: he cared more about his beetles. He raised them, and drew beautiful pictures of them. Until one day, a fire in his bedroom forced his pictures out into the open. But how did the townspeople react when they discovered what he had made?

This book taps into the resonance of an old myth to provide context for a heartwarming story about a child with Asperger's. Come discover the boy with the sharp eyes on his own terms, and see what he can do.

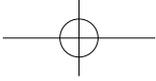


Everyone knew who Axel was. Ever since the day of the Emperor's parade, when he'd shouted, "The Emperor's not wearing any clothes!" That one sentence had made him famous. He would go down in history.

His Papa had taken him home and scolded him for being impolite, but Axel didn't understand. He was only telling the truth! What had he done wrong?

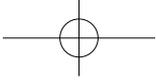




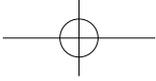


But everyone thought Axel was a nuisance.

He was always interrupting, being impolite, and saying and doing things he wasn't supposed to.



Mama and Papa were always getting frustrated with him, his teacher would often shush him, and his classmates didn't want to play with him.

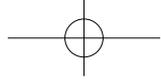


Every morning when Papa got on his horse to go out, Axel would stand with his arms blocking the doorway and sob, “Papa, don’t go riding! If you fall off and die, I’ll become an orphan!”



If family friends came for dinner and stayed too late, Axel would tell them: "I want to go to bed, it's time for you to go home!"





I'M BREATHING FIRE!

我變成一隻噴火龍了！

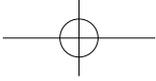


LAI MA

賴馬

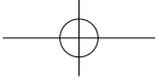
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Commonwealth Education
 - Date: 2016/1
(first published in 1996)
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 52
 - Size: 26.1 x 25 cm
-

I'm Breathing Fire! is Lai Ma's first book, which he published to critical acclaim at the age of twenty-seven. A devoted author and illustrator, he has won almost every major prize for children's literature in Taiwan, and three of his books have topped the Eslite annual bestseller list in their category. He and his wife run a picture book gallery in Taitung, where they host events designed to excite the imaginations of children from all over Taiwan.

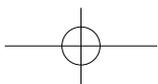
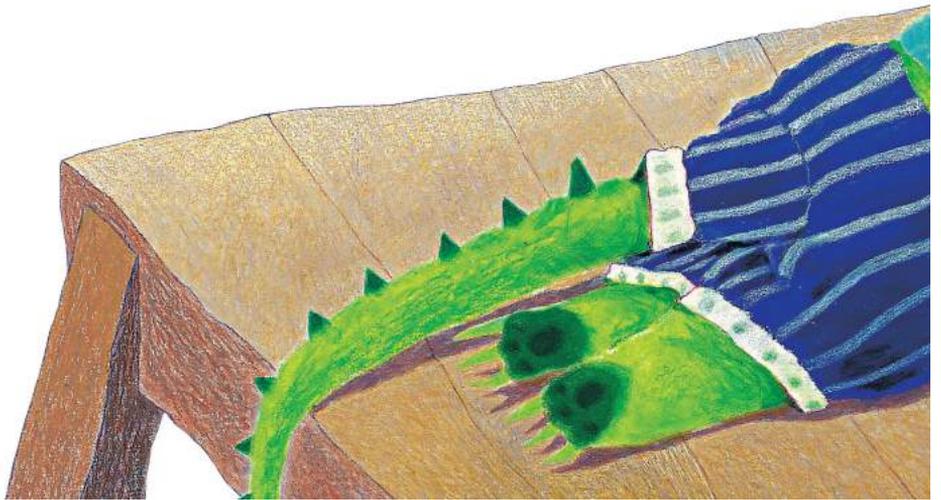
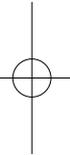


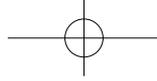
Porter the mosquito carries Fire-Breathing Sickness, and he just loves biting little monsters who like getting angry. Gooly is one of those monsters, and when Porter gives him a big welt, he roars in frustration and burns half his bedroom down! What will he do? His food turns to ash, his toys burn, and nothing seems to put out the fire, not even swimming in the lake or shooting himself with a fire extinguisher. Exhausted and hungry, little Gooly sits down and starts to cry...

Lai Ma's illustrated classic *I'm Breathing Fire*, a light-hearted story about anger and what it means to be angry, delighted audiences when it first came out twenty years ago. Join us now in celebration of its sense of humor and subtle invention in this new re-release.



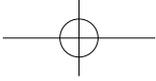
Porter the mosquito likes to suck the
blood of bad-tempered boys and girls.
He gives them Fire-Breathing Sickness.

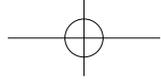




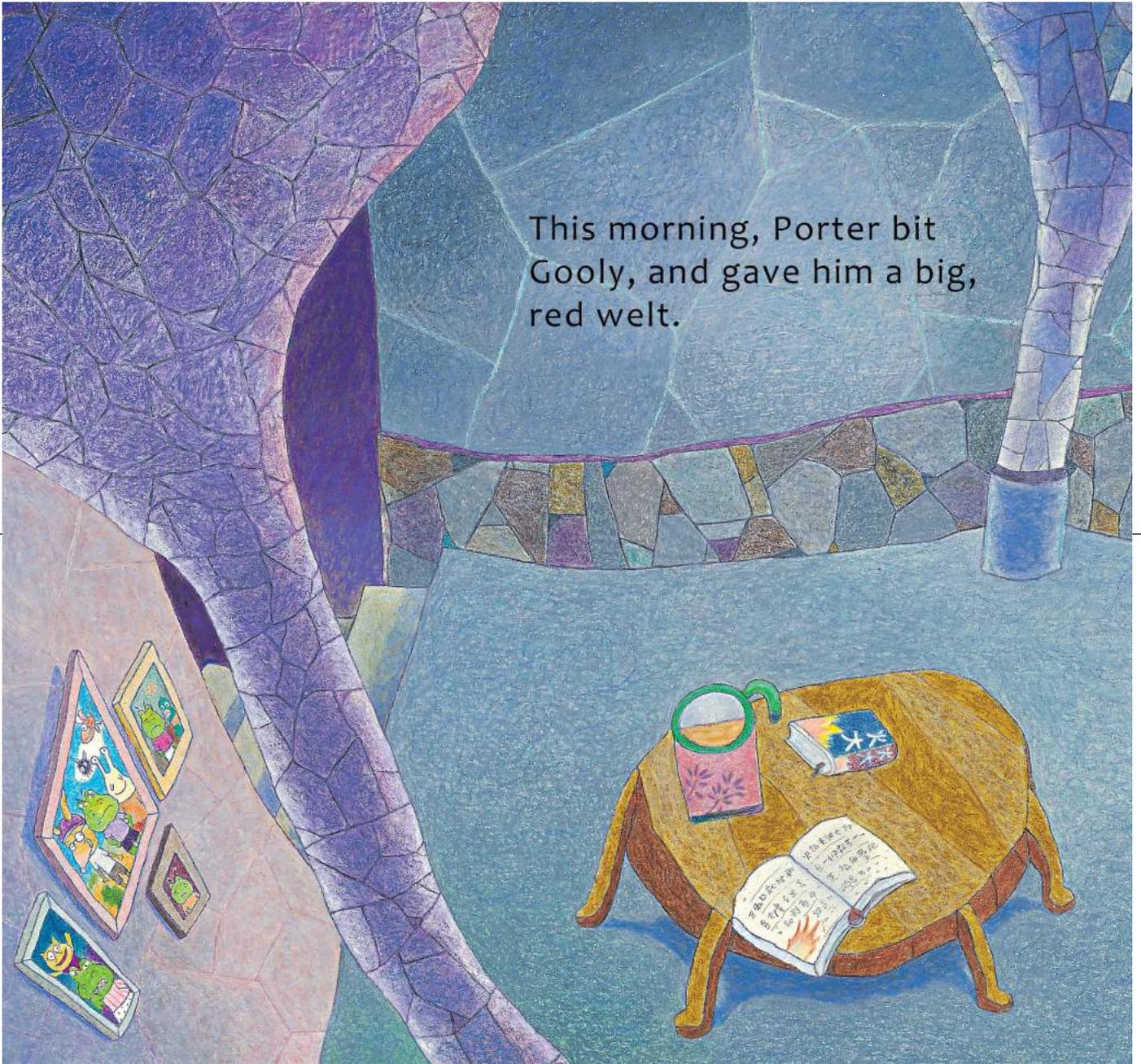
Gooly, of Monstertania, is very bad-tempered.

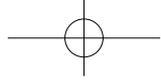


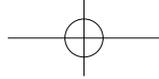




This morning, Porter bit Gooly, and gave him a big, red welt.







HAVE-TO HATTIE AND (HER) NOTEBOOK

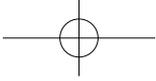
非非和她的小本子



BEI LYNN
林小杯

-
- Category: Graphic Novel
 - Publisher: Artco Kids Books
 - Date: 2015/6
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 52
 - Size: 26.1 x 25 cm
-

Bei Lynn published her first picture book, *To Be a Fish*, in 1999, and has been writing and drawing ever since. Her best-known works include *Gus the Dinosaur Bus*, *Granny's Favorite Toy*, *Skating in the Moonlight*, *We Slept a Hundred Years, I'll Just Put it Off*, and the most recent *Have-to Hattie and (Her) Notebook*. As an illustrator, she finds new depths and dimensions by incorporating hand-made collage and computer graphics techniques into watercolor and pencil illustrations. Her books have been translated into English, French, and Korean.



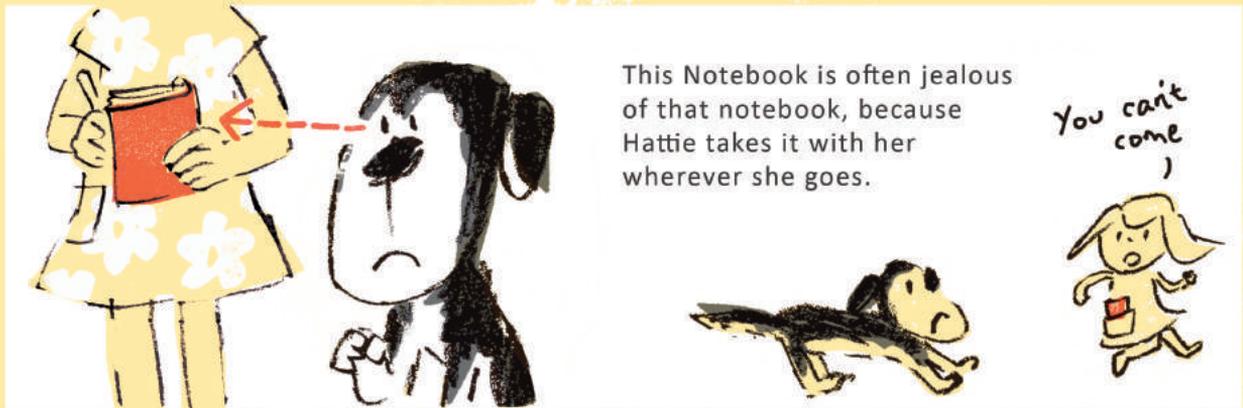
* 2015 China Times Open Book Award for Best Children's Book

Hattie has two little notebooks in her life. The first one has a red leather cover and rides snugly in her pocket wherever she goes. The second is a dog named Notebook, and he and Hattie's sister Downy are her favorite companions. This illustrated children's book follows the adventures of this young threesome as they pursue their creative dreams – often with remarkable (and hilarious) results.

The straightforward narrative of these twenty-four simple yet lovable cartoon sequences unearths magic wherever it looks, as its main characters find new and exciting ways to transform the world before their eyes. It is a simple lesson on how art unlocks endless possibilities.



Notebook



So, while Hattie was still sleeping one day, Notebook made a decision...





...to run away.



I'll just have to catch you!



He ran out the door,



down the alley,



along the road,

over the river,



through the park,



up the mountain,



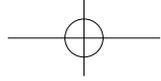
across the ocean,



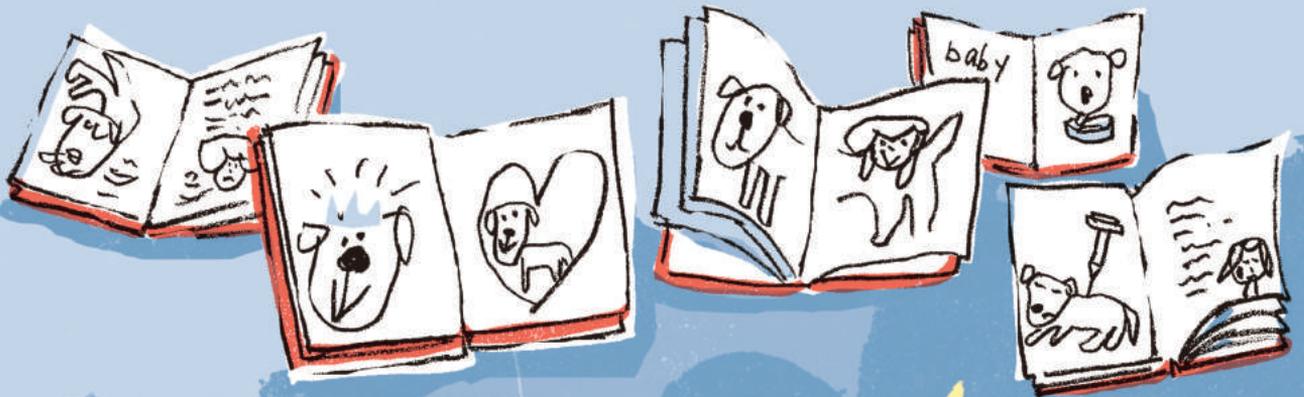
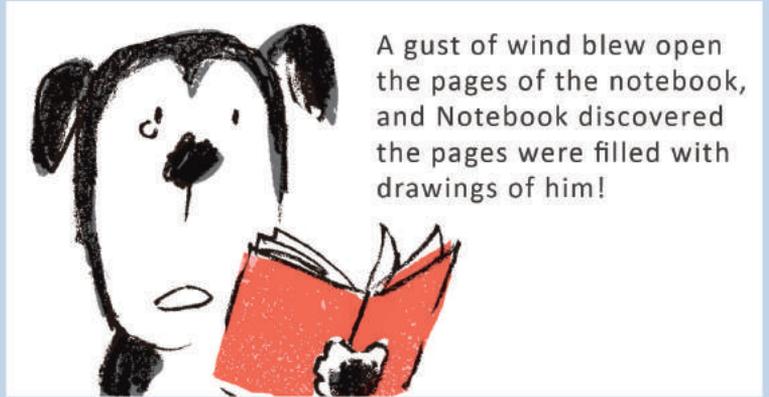
until he came to the end of the world, and to a rocket set for the moon.



Aaah!



This notebook is so small,
no wonder Hattie takes
it everywhere.

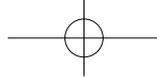


Oh! Hattie really
seems to love me ...

Notebook leaped up in delight,
up into space and round the
globe, and landed back home.







Touching

Hattie spent all day, every day, doodling in her notebook.



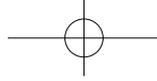
But somehow, her drawings were missing something.



They need to touch people!

What? Like hit them?





Of course not! Art needs to be moving, touch people's hearts.

Like this you mean?

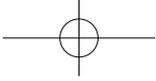


Um... I need to go looking for inspiration...

Why? Can't you find it here with us?

Don't follow me! You two will only get in my way, and stop me from being moved.





MOTHER'S HUMPBACK WHALE

媽媽的座頭鯨



Children's book editor Elaine Hou has received various awards for children's literature, and been nominated for several Golden Tripod Awards. She has written and translated over a dozen books in Chinese.

AUTHOR

Elaine Hou
侯維玲

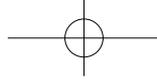
ILLUSTRATOR

Amann Wang
王書曼

- Category: Middle-Grade Fiction
 - Publisher: Global Kids Books, a division of Global Views - Commonwealth Publishing Group
 - Date: 2014/3
 - Rights contact: Grace Chang (Books from Taiwan) booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 160
 - Length: 36,700 characters (approx. 24,000 words in English)
-

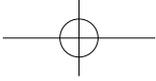


Amann Wang's illustrations are known for their poetic innocence, inspired by memories of her own "sweet and happy" childhood. Her work has been featured at the Bologna Book Fair. Published books include *The Unimaginable Painting*, *Monkey Looks for a Friend*, *A Shooting Star Has No Ears*, and *First Chair Cellist*.



This book presents three heart-warming stories of youth: “The Stained-Glass Ocean,” “Mother’s Humpback Whale,” and “19 Letters from Flushing.” The narrative, which is masterfully paced for both children and young adults, depicts environments like New York City and the Maine coast in breathtaking detail, just as the illustrations do with graceful lines and vivid color. Told from a child’s perspective, these stories celebrate the warmth and undying strength of family love, even as they wade into the deeper, colder waters of sickness and loss.

Mother’s Humpback Whale is the kind of book a child can read once and remember for the rest of his or her life.



MOTHER'S HUMPBACK WHALE

Text by Elaine Hou, illustrated by Amann Wang.
Translated by Howard Lu.

It was early June, and spring had just ended in New England. Mian came with her mother and father all the way from Taiwan to this coastal town in Maine, in search of the humpback whale they saw there thirteen years ago...



Day 1

“I want to see that humpback whale again.” Mian’s mother made this wish as the first rains of spring were falling. The doctor had given her only one more year to live. This was the second of her final wishes.

By the last day of May, the summer breezes had begun to blow in from every coast of Taiwan Island, and people in Taipei were wearing light, short-sleeved clothes. Before Mian had a chance to breathe that hot and humid air, she and her parents had arrived in Acadia National Park on the coast of Maine.

Father had packed the inner and outer pockets of their luggage with many days’ worth of medicines, mostly painkillers prescribed by the doctor to help Mother enjoy the trip.

Acadia National Park is located in Mount Desert Island. The granite peninsula resembles a strange rock skull stretching from northern coastal Maine into the azure Atlantic Ocean. Rocky cliffs, evergreen forests, sand and surf surround the park in concentric rings. Day and night, the sounds of wind, waves, and birds chirping fill every corner of the island.

Mian’s family had made reservation at the Shore Path Cottage in Bar Harbor. It was a two-story wooden house with a blue roof and white walls. The owners were a middle-aged couple. Their children had reached adulthood and left home, so they converted their house into a small hotel, hosting tourists who’d come to enjoy Acadia.

The hostess ushered them out of the reception room, through a small porch, past a white screen door, and eventually up a narrow but clean wooden staircase. At the end of the stairs was the white wooden door to their suite: a baby blue master bedroom, a blue-and-white-striped bathroom, a pink single room, and a corridor carpeted in baby blue. Beside the



hallway window were a few chairs and a table, on which a bunch of blooming wildflowers were arranged in a glass vase. Mian couldn't help being reminded of the green farmhouse in *Anne of Green Gables*.

After more than ten hours of flying, Mother looked weary. The golden sunlight reflecting off Father's face made her cheeks look even paler.

Mian's mother walked quietly into the blue master bedroom. Father, trying to stay cheerful, smiled at Mian: "Let's get some rest, it's past midnight in Taiwan now, you know."

Mian lay on the blue floral-patterned linens of her bed in the pink room, feeling heavy and dizzy. She felt as if she was floating on the sea far, far away, not knowing where she was, nor in which direction she was drifting. As the thought of Mother's pallid face arose in her mind, a tear snuck out of the corner of her eye...

"Mian, Mian." Father was sitting at her bedside, shaking her gently. She rubbed her eyes and sprang out of bed. There was Mother, standing on the porch in the sun, and smiling. She pointed out the window and made a jogging gesture.

Mian couldn't help but laugh. For as long as she could remember, that jogging movement had been their own little signal: it's lovely outside, let's go for a walk!

Mother, Father, and Mian strolled around under the Maine summer sun, holding hands, patting one another on the shoulder, laughing, or chatting about a passerby or a house or a cat they just saw. They acted just like any other family out on a walk.

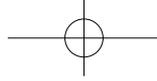
The difference lay within them: Mian was wishing she could lock the memories of every moment the family were together for every second of every day, with her eyes, and her ears, and her heart. Father, who appeared to be the most cheerful was turning over old memories in the depths of his heart – that spring fifteen years ago, that library with the maroon carpet where he first saw Mian's mother, as rain spattered the window panes...

Walking down the streets of Bar Harbor, fully immersed in its sun and air, even the world's unhappiest people can forget their worries. Even the shadows on the ground looked brightly blue and purple instead of black and dark gray. Mother seemed pleasantly surprised and excited; she walked briskly and pointed her finger here and there. Mother's laughter cheered Mian and Father considerably; it meant they could enjoy the place like tourists, not as professional nurses.

Main Street was, appropriately, the busiest avenue in town, its sides lined with cafés and restaurants, grocery stores, craft shops, and galleries. The sunny outdoor seats of the cafés were full of customers chatting and often gesticulating energetically. The sidewalks were full of pedestrians in sunglasses, looking like a flying swarm of inky black butterflies, their faces turned upward to let the Bar Harbor sun glow on their happy smiles.

At dusk, Mian, Mother, and Father strolled along Main Street to the harbor, where the whale watching boat had just returned from its last cruise; the disembarking tourists inundated the dim and dusky harbor like tidewater.

Buildings near the harbor were mostly unremarkable gray cement houses. Yet the aroma



of freshly caught and cooked lobsters, delicious and ready to serve, permeated the air.

Sitting inside Pier Restaurant, which was built out over the water, Mian and her parents rolled creamy lobster pasta around silver forks, and started eating. It was so warm and tasty that it immediately expelled the chill of summer evenings in the North.

By candlelight, Mian imagined Mother and Father when they were just married thirteen years ago. Everyone around them had believed they would live happily ever after, like a fairytale prince and princess. Mian herself had thought she would grow up to see her parents become a happy old couple...

As the night deepened, the sea breeze also turned chillier. After dinner, Father urged everyone to get back to the hotel. Perhaps it was the jet lag that made Mian's eyelids droop; she fell asleep the moment she crawled beneath her blue floral blanket.

Waking unexpectedly in the middle of the night, Mian found herself surrounded in a cream orange luster, the pink walls tinted with yellow by the light on the bedside cabinet. Since her arrival, Mian had not yet had a chance to look carefully around this room. Now she noticed the walls were hung with several photographs, each one featuring the same blonde little girl. Looking at them one by one, Mian found that the little girl grew older, from a baby sucking on a rubber bottle, to a toddler holding a puppy, then to a girl making funny faces, and dancing on the lawn. Could she be the hotel owner's daughter? Perhaps this had been her room before she left home?

Mian heaved a sigh and turned over. She thought to herself, "The hostess here is a happy woman. She was healthy enough to see her children grow up, and to give her blessing when they left home as adults. The girl in the photos is blessed too; she could always feel safe in the knowledge that her mother was always thinking of her, always there for her, waiting for her to come home."

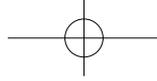
Day 2

Mian awoke to the sound of a shower going in the bathroom. Mother and Father were up.

Father's behavior while on vacation was very different from the usual. Normally, he would constantly push her to be ready quickly. But today Mian could take all the time she wanted to brush her teeth, take a shower, and pick out the clothes and socks she wanted to wear for the day. As Mian stepped out of her bedroom, Father even smiled at her, showing no sign of impatience.

Mother had already gone downstairs to take in fresh air on the porch.

On the flower terrace by the porch, next to a scattering of starfish and shells, the kind hostess had left a pot of hot coffee, a stack of paper cups, sugar packets, a box of milk, and a handful of stirring rods. Mian was elated; she shoved the white screen door open and ran out. Mother had just brewed a fragrant cup of coffee for Father, which he took with a smile and knowing nod to his wife.



Mian had no idea that Mother had had to rely on painkillers and the sound of Father's voice to fall asleep the night before.

After breakfast in a restaurant on Main Street, the family bought three tickets for a twelve-thirty whale watching cruise at a blue ticket kiosk. Since there still had hours to spare, Mother proposed that they take a stroll on the beach boardwalk.

They walked along a trail that passed Shore Path Cottage and would eventually end at the beach, where benches anchored in the sand invited anyone all comers to relax and stare out at the ocean.

The trail was narrow and gravel-lined, winding down the coastline like a long snake. Rows of dwarf hedges grew alongside it; flowers and foliage protruded from its crevices.

Mother asked Mian to take a deep breath. How comfortable the breeze was here, with the air so clean and fresh, mingled with the odors of the sea, the flowers, and the leaves.

Father took three exaggerated breaths. "Air this nice ought to be sealed up in cans!" Mother laughed out loud; Mian nodded. Yet she also felt sad: if only Mother's good health could be sealed up too...

They never made it to the trail's end; Mother seemed to be breathing too hard. Father insisted they go back, but Mother didn't want to waste time resting in the hotel. So they chose to sit on a bench, sometimes chatting cheerfully, other times staring quietly at the sea, or closing their eyes to enjoy the sun.

Father knew Mother wasn't feeling well, so he made up an excuse to run to Main Street. He said he was going to buy some fresh-squeezed juice; instead, he went back to the ticket kiosk to change the date and time on the tickets. He wouldn't allow Mother to go to sea in her current condition.

Mother stared quietly at the changed tickets.

"You need to talk to me beforehand next time. Don't make decisions for me." Mother's voice was soft but firm.

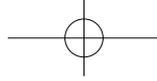
After some discussion, the family decided to drive the rental car around Acadia, and find a good spot to picnic.

In a grocery store nearby, they bought mineral water, fruit juice, bread, cheesecake, canned ham, apples and bananas, as well as a wicker basket and a big square of red gingham cloth from a craft shop to hold the food. Then they set off for Acadia's Park Loop Road.

The Park Loop Road was dotted with all kinds of attractions, like Otter Cliff, which has an extensive ocean view; Thunder Hole, which turns the sound of the sea waves into the rumble of thunder; and Sand Beach, whose surf is always icy cold. At times Father would pull over so they could walk around. They took photos, and enjoyed the fragrance of the wildflowers.

Near Otter Cliff, they found a broad, rocky embankment with a flat boulder that served perfectly as both a sun bed and table. Father laid out the gingham cloth, placing stones at its four corners. Mother took out the food and drinks from the wicker basket and arranged them in a scene that could have been a painted still-life. Mian noticed seabirds circling above them,





their gazes fixed on the bread.

“Time goes by so fast,” said Father. “Your mother and I were here riding bikes thirteen years ago.” Taking a bite of his apple, Father continued: “That summer, Mother and I went on the whale-watch in shorts and T-shirts. The tides were high, and the wind was so cold, we thought we’d freeze to death. Not to mention the seasickness. We had to wrap ourselves up in a blanket we’d brought on board. We crouched in the cabin seats shivering. Goodness, that was miserable; even with the dizziness and nausea, I wanted to swim back to shore!”

Mother laughed out loud, covering her face with one hand. Mian thought: “If it’s so miserable, should we not go? We might as well return the tickets.”

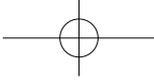
“Nevertheless,” said Mother, her face red with mirth, “as soon as we saw the whale blow, then jump out of the water and dive again, we forgot our seasickness at once. Everyone in the cabin was running around in whatever direction the captain pointed, looking for the whales. It was fun, but I felt so dizzy I had to go sit down and lean on the railing. ‘It’s too crowded anyway,’ I told myself: ‘forget it, the whales are too far away to see anyway.’

“And then, dear Lord, one humpback whale swam towards me. Everyone else was busy watching another one on the other side, and even the captain didn’t see this one coming.

“It was my first time being that close to a humpback whale. Her body was very long, when she dove she swam like a dragon.” Mother continued, “Well, I never got to see her eyes, but I noticed a spot on her fluke the shape of a white heart! The books say every humpback whale has a unique white marking on the underside of its fluke, like a fingerprint, or an ID.

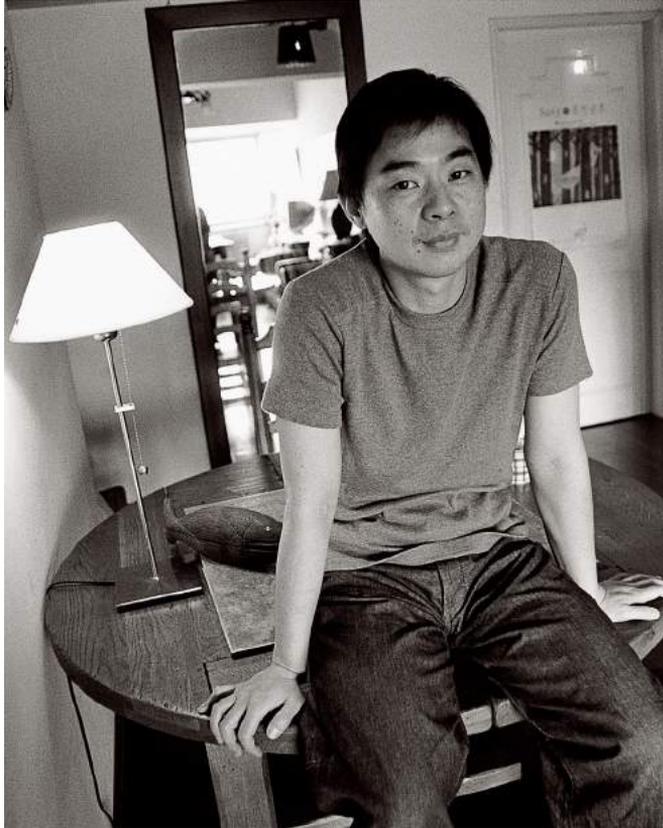
“It came closer and closer to our boat. When the captain found out, he quickly started the engine and steamed away. We can never predict what a whale will do, and a mean-tempered whale might actually hit the boat.

“But I believe she was a good humpback, because she had a heart shape on her tail. From then on, thinking of her made me happy. So I’ve got to see her again no matter what. It’s been thirteen years. I wonder if she’s still alive...”



LIE TO ME?

真的假的啊？



JIMMY LIAO

幾米

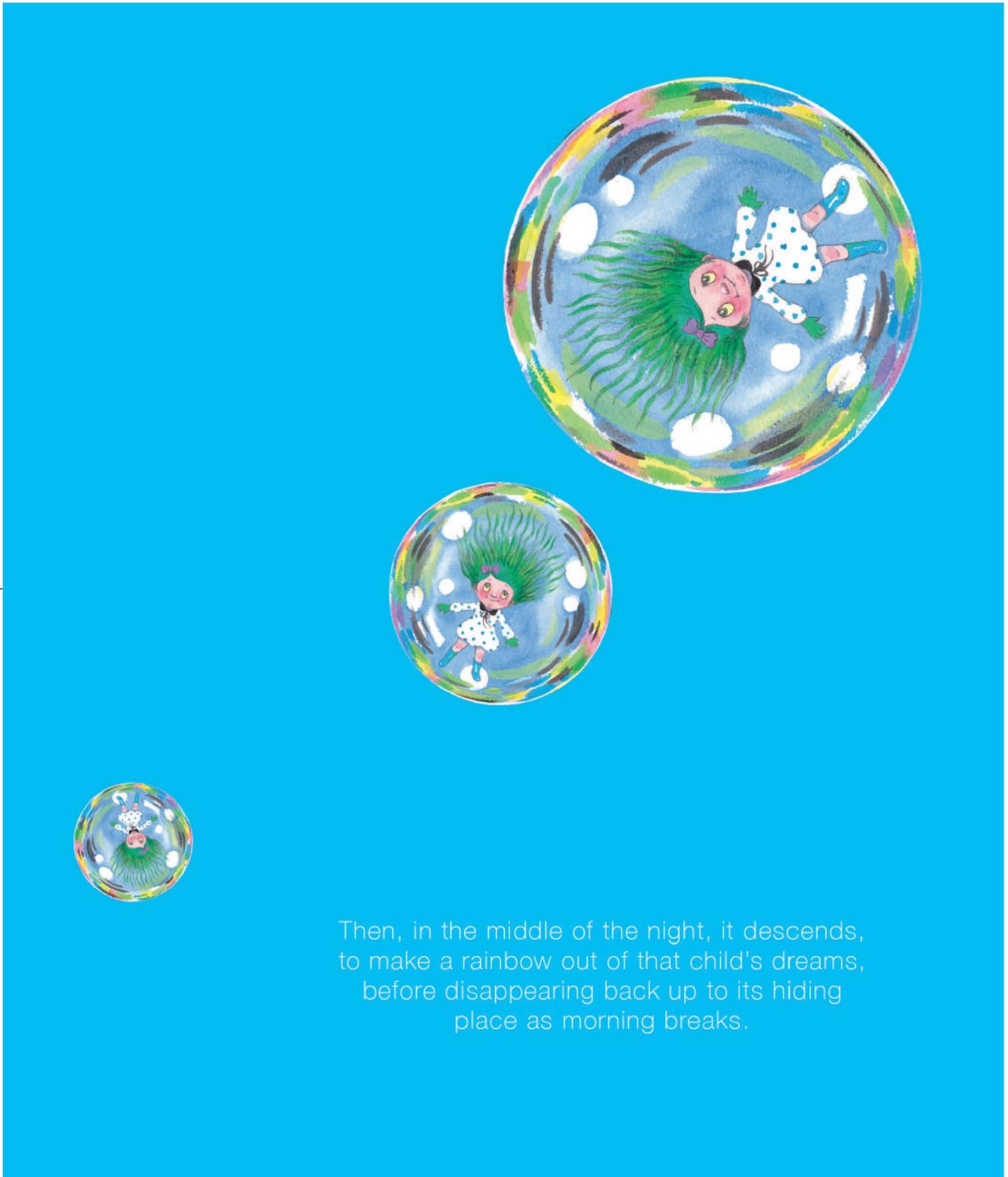
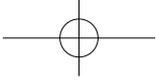
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Locus
 - Date: 2013/9
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 120
 - Size: 17 x 20 cm
-

Jimmy Liao is a picture book author and illustrator. He worked in advertising for twelve years before a successful battle with leukemia inspired him to embark on a new career as an illustrator. Since then, he's achieved fame throughout the Chinese-speaking world as films, TV shows, and merchandise extend the world of his stories. He has won numerous influential awards and been published in several languages, including collaborations with English-speaking writers, such as *The Champion of Staying Awake* with Sean Taylor, which was named Amazon Best Book of the Year for Kids.



Lie to Me? examines from a child's perspective the apparent contradictions and logical fallacies in our "adult" world view. Why is it that imagination is often so much sweeter than "reality"? How do we know what is true, and how should we engage with a reality that can be so uncomfortable?

"Making a wish is real; Bringing it to life is fake." Ideas hang above our eyes like shiny soap bubbles, reflecting and bending the colors of this "real" world before disappearing altogether.

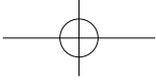


Then, in the middle of the night, it descends,
to make a rainbow out of that child's dreams,
before disappearing back up to its hiding
place as morning breaks.



If only you believe in this story, you might be
lucky enough to catch sight of one.





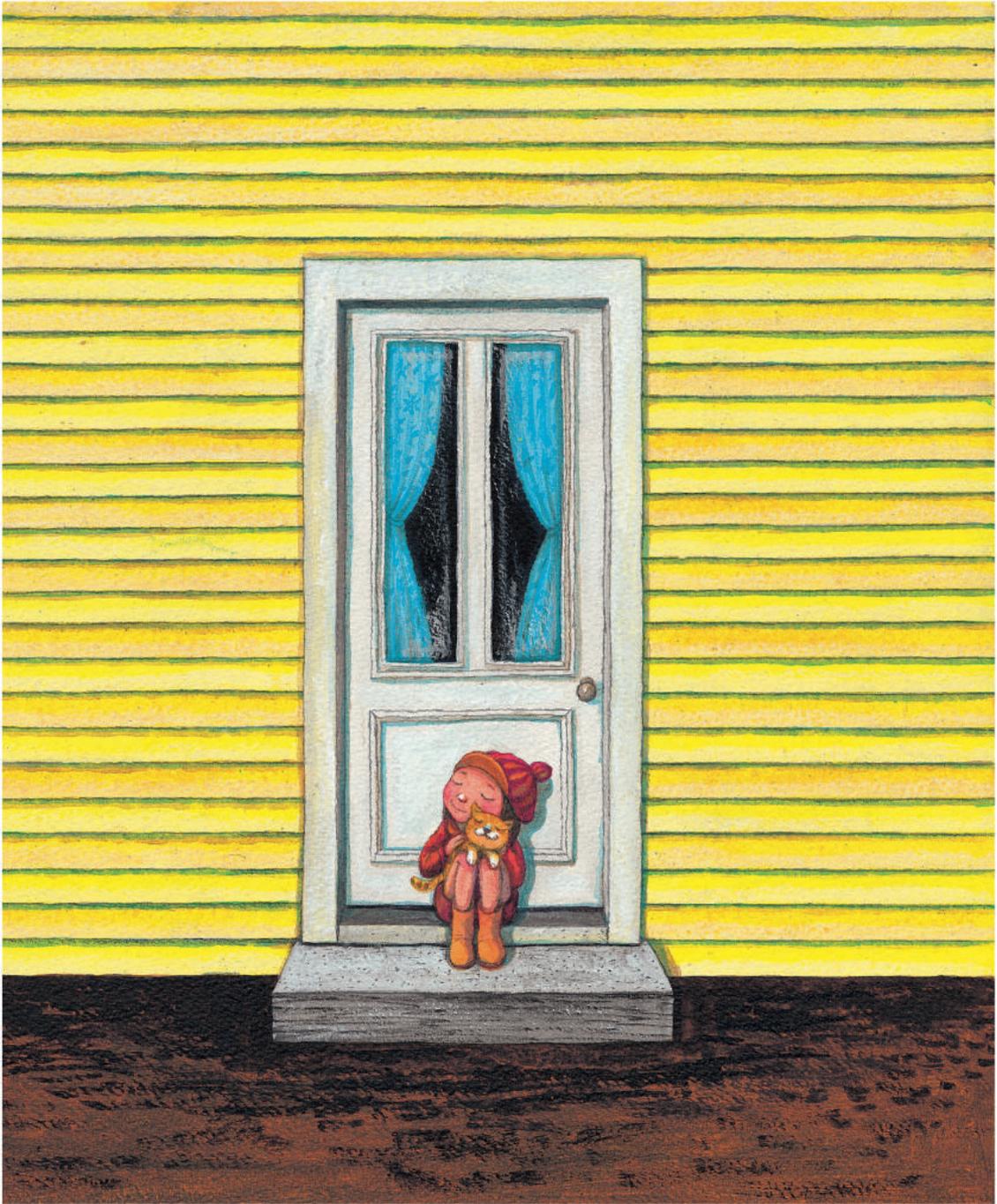
She doesn't believe what people tell her.

She trusts the cicadas singing in the summer heat,
the squirrels jumping in the trees,
and the cat she hugs tight to her chest.

She trusts her imagination, her dreams and her
future.

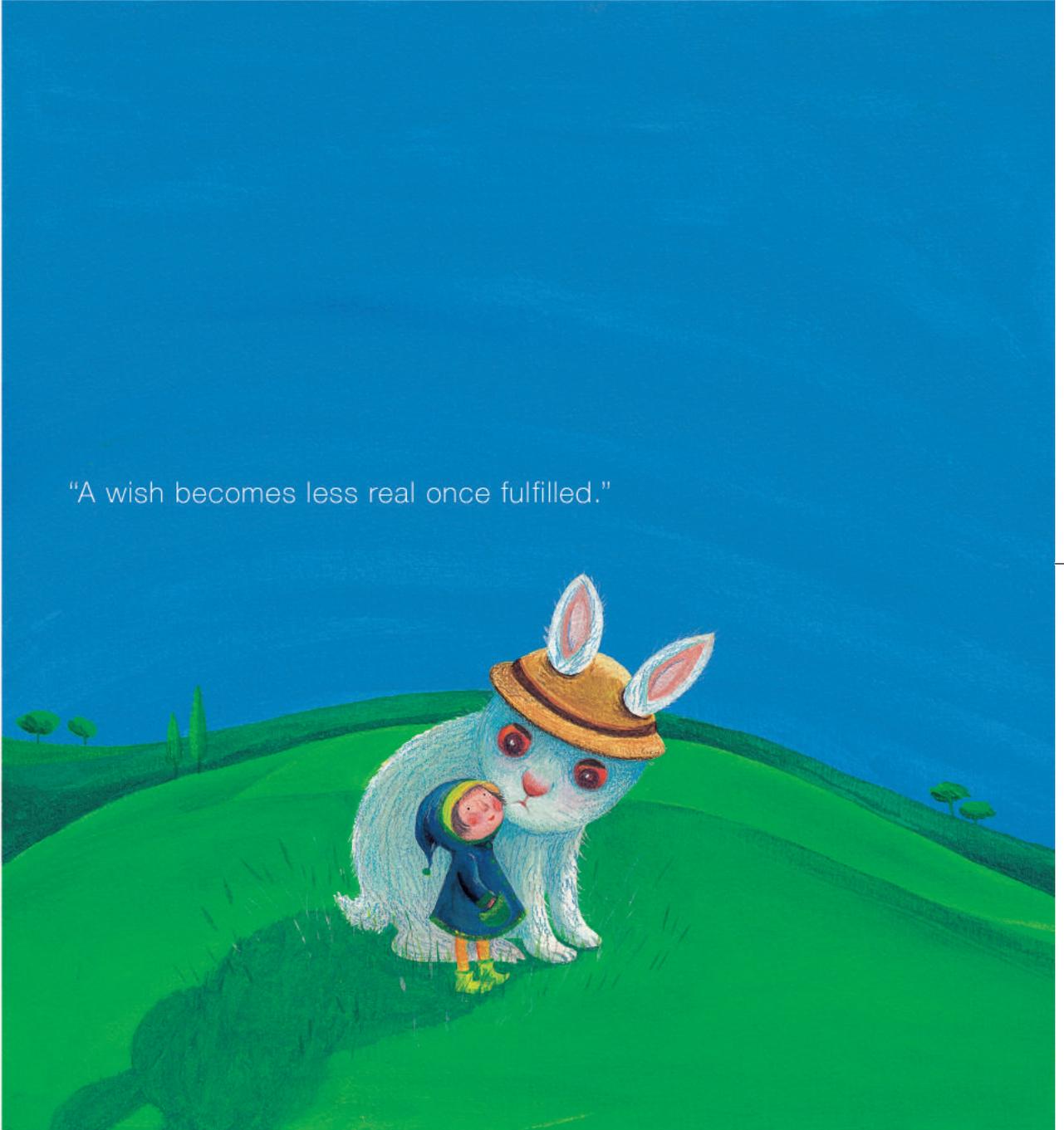
One day, somebody jabbed at her head,
your dreams and your future
will be a disaster,
they said.

Her cat scratched them back.





"A wish becomes less real once fulfilled."



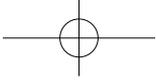


"You just made a wish on the moon, what was it?"

"When I grow up, I want to shave all my hair off, or dye it green. I want to tattoo my body and pierce my tongue and my nose."

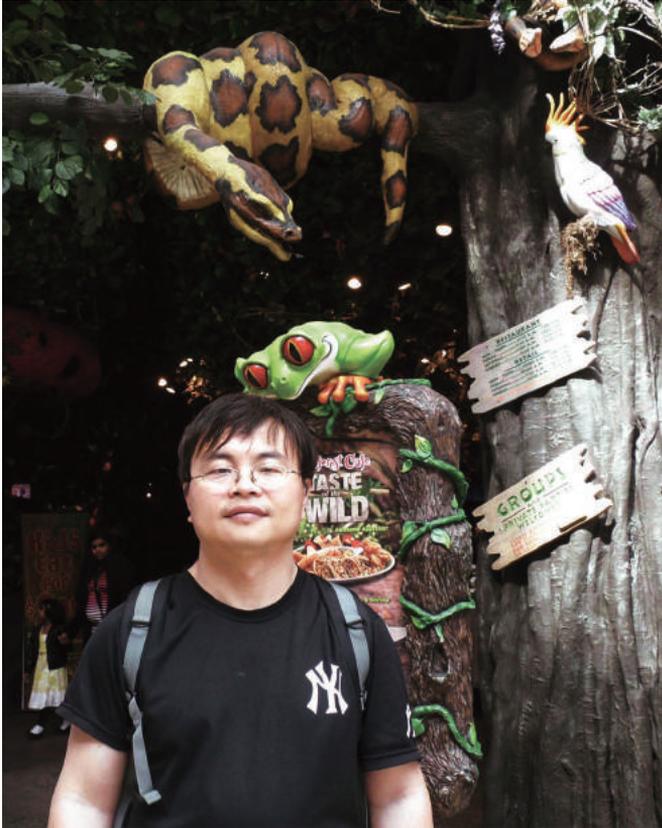
"Can the moon help you fulfill your wish?"

"Yes. Lots of girls and boys make wishes on the moon these days. They've done it ever since they were small."



I'M NOT GOING TO BED

我睡不著

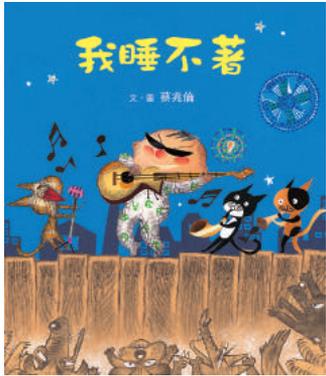
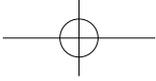


TSAI CHAO-LUN

蔡兆倫

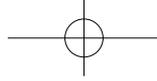
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Mandarin Daily News
 - Date: 2013/3
 - Rights contact: Grace Chang (Books from Taiwan) booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 40
 - Size: 21.5 x 25.3 cm
-

Award-winning author Tsai Chao-Lun worked as an illustrator for *Mandarin Daily News* before beginning his own literary career. Published works include *I'm Not Going to Bed*, *I Can't See*, and *I See the Weather in the Smallest Things*. He has won several literary prizes, including the Golden Tripod, as well as special recognition from the Ministry of Culture of Taiwan, the National Museum of Taiwan Literature, and the Taipei International Book Exhibition.



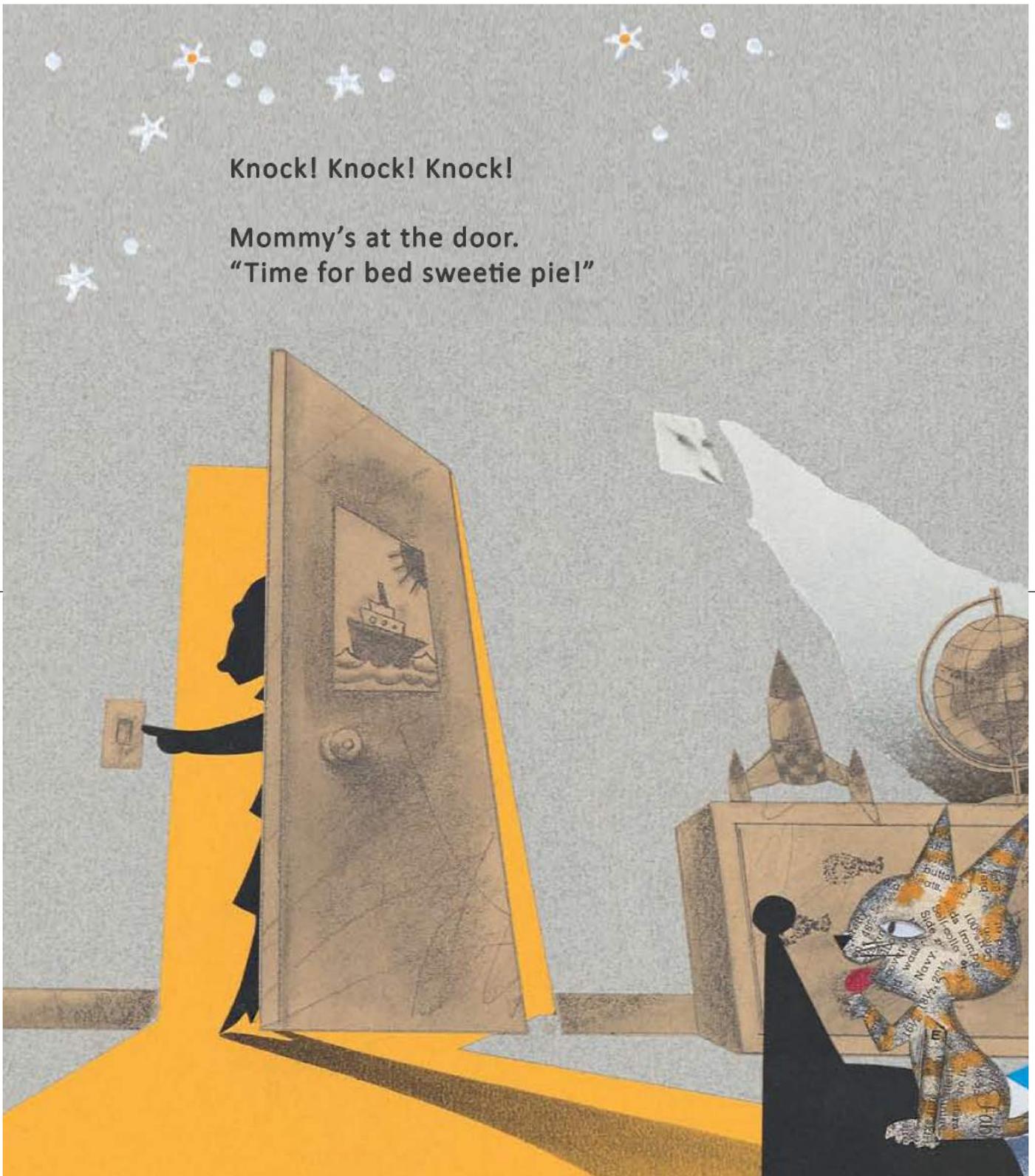
Our young hero's been put to bed, but doesn't want to sleep. In fact, he refuses flat out. And why should he, when there's so much to do? As soon as his mother closes the door, he and his cat jump out of bed and start off on a night's worth of adventures. They play basketball, make magic potions, give a backyard rock concert, and go fishing on a lazy stream. He doesn't need to sleep – he'll just rest for a moment in the boat while his cat catches a fish...

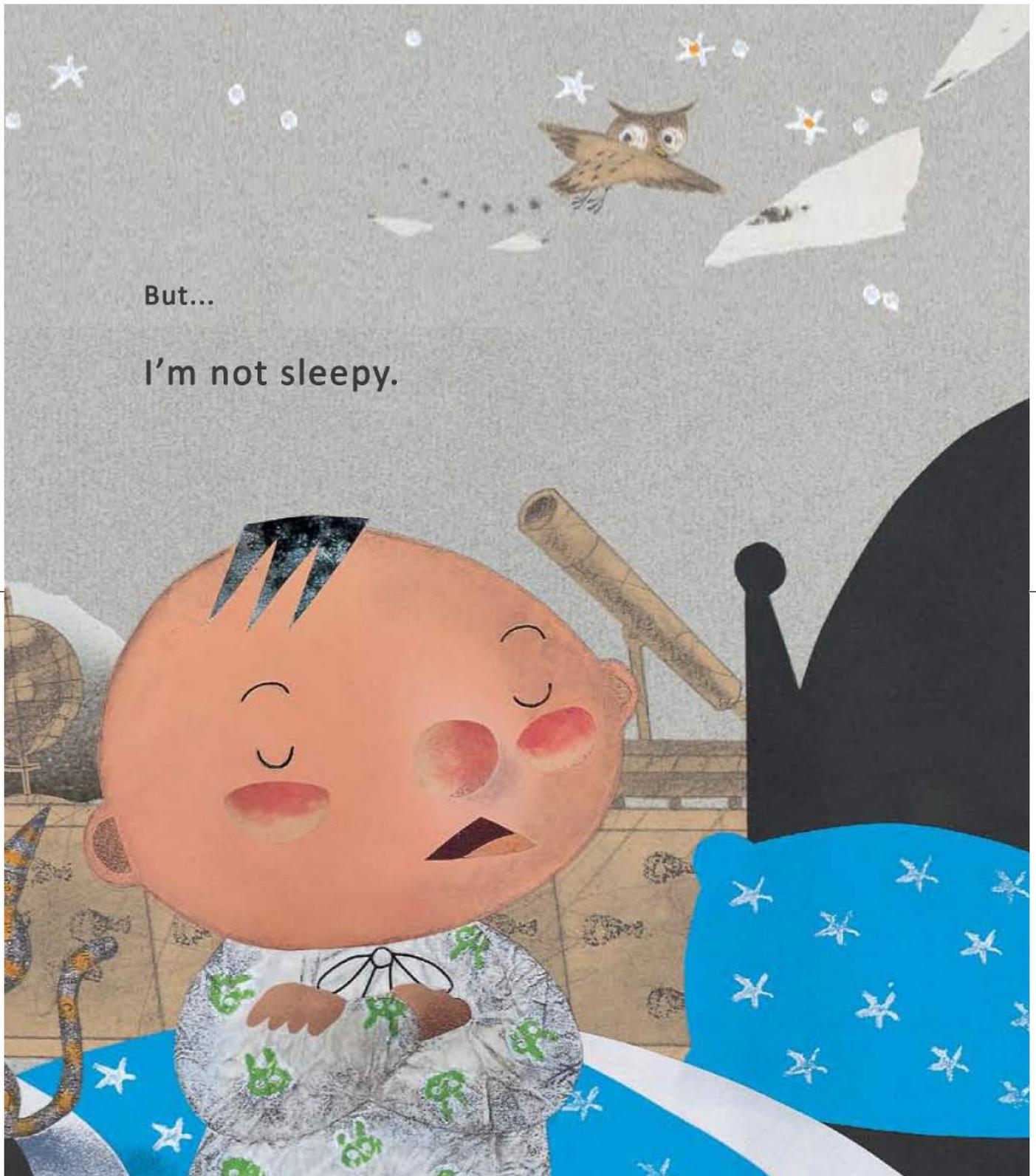
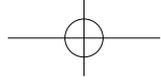
Tsai Chao-Lun seamlessly integrates multiple artistic media – collage, pencil, pastels, newsprint – into a visual smorgasbord as rich and diverse as a young boy's imagination.

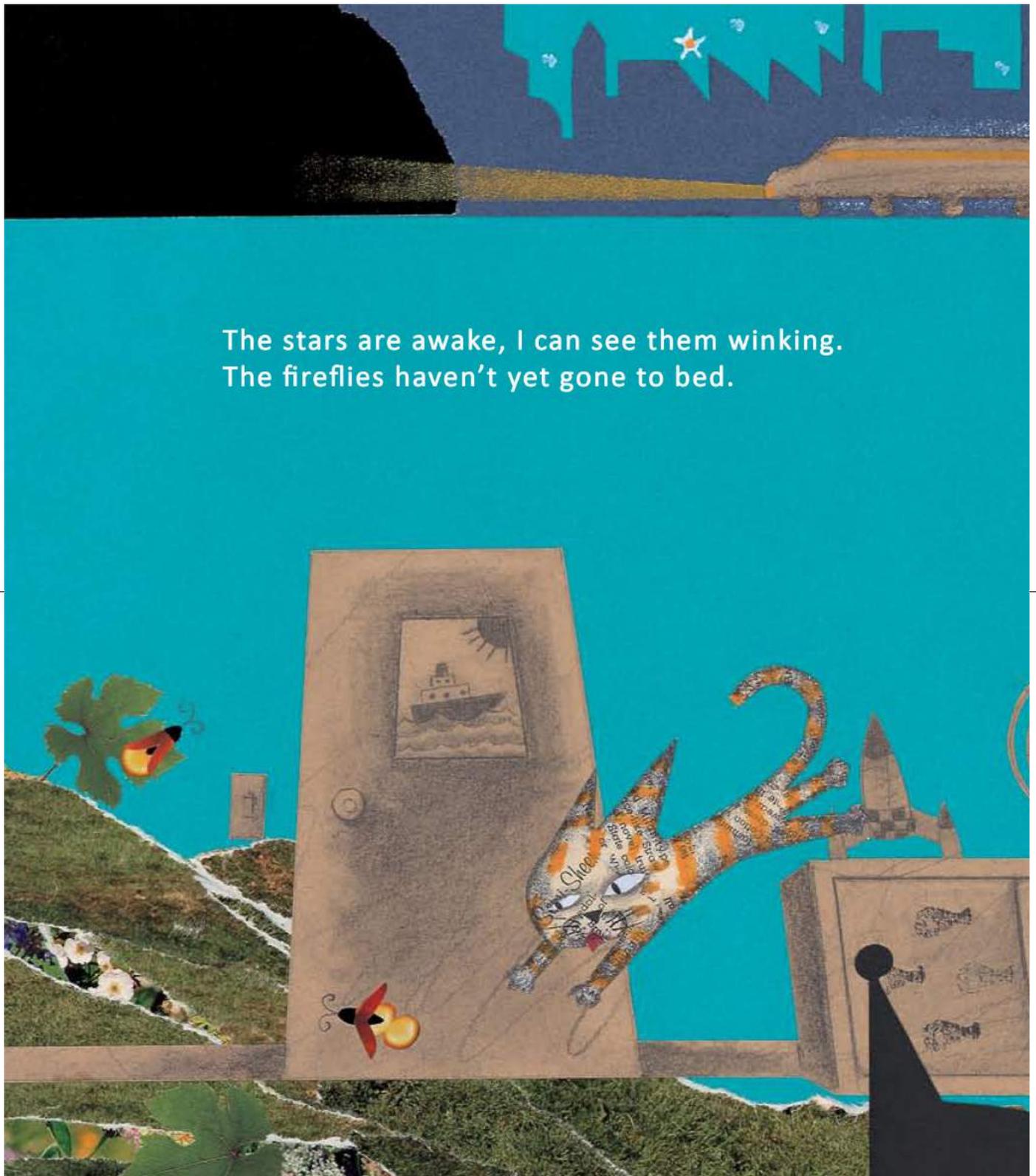
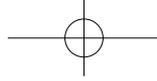


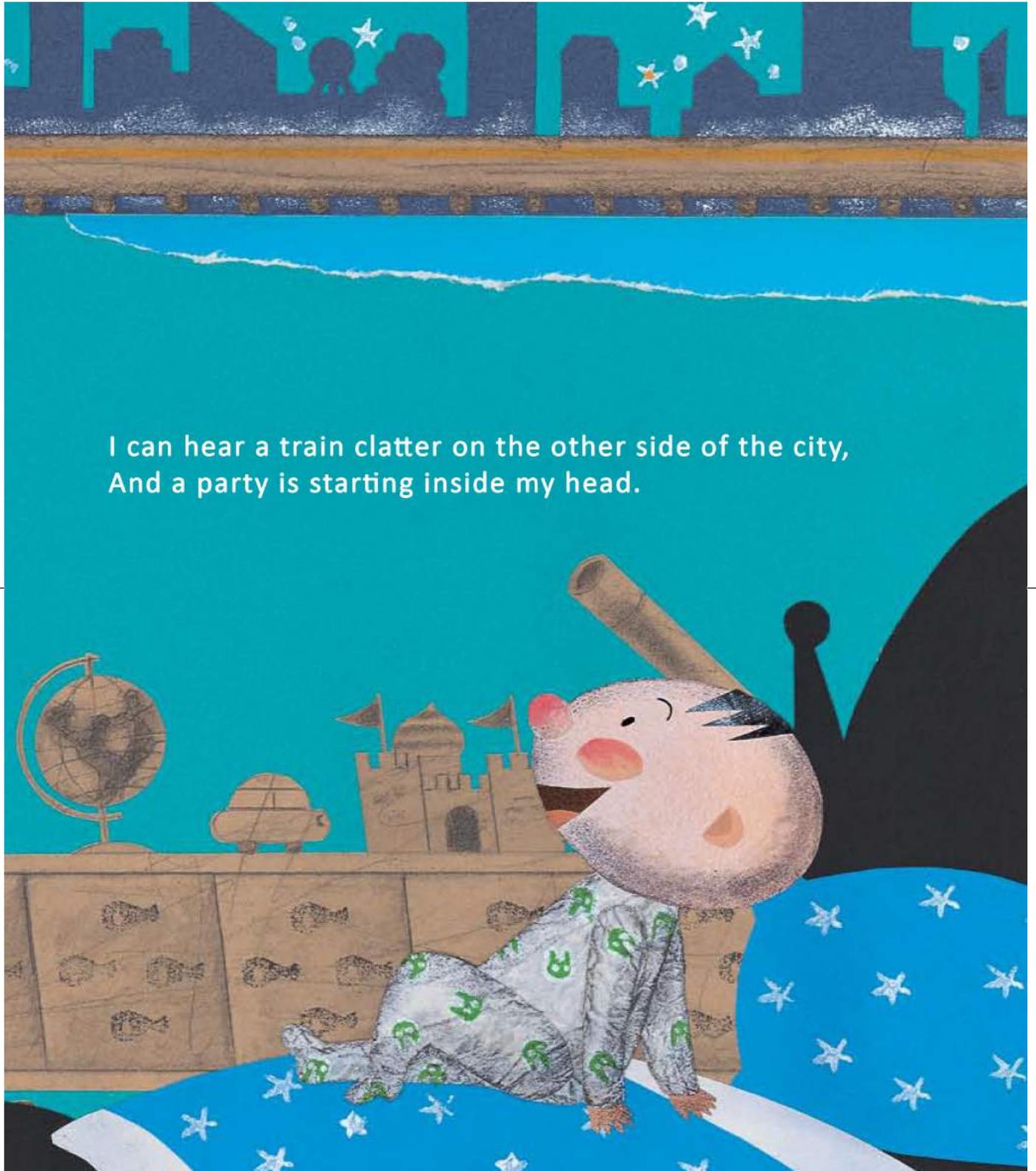
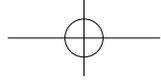
Knock! Knock! Knock!

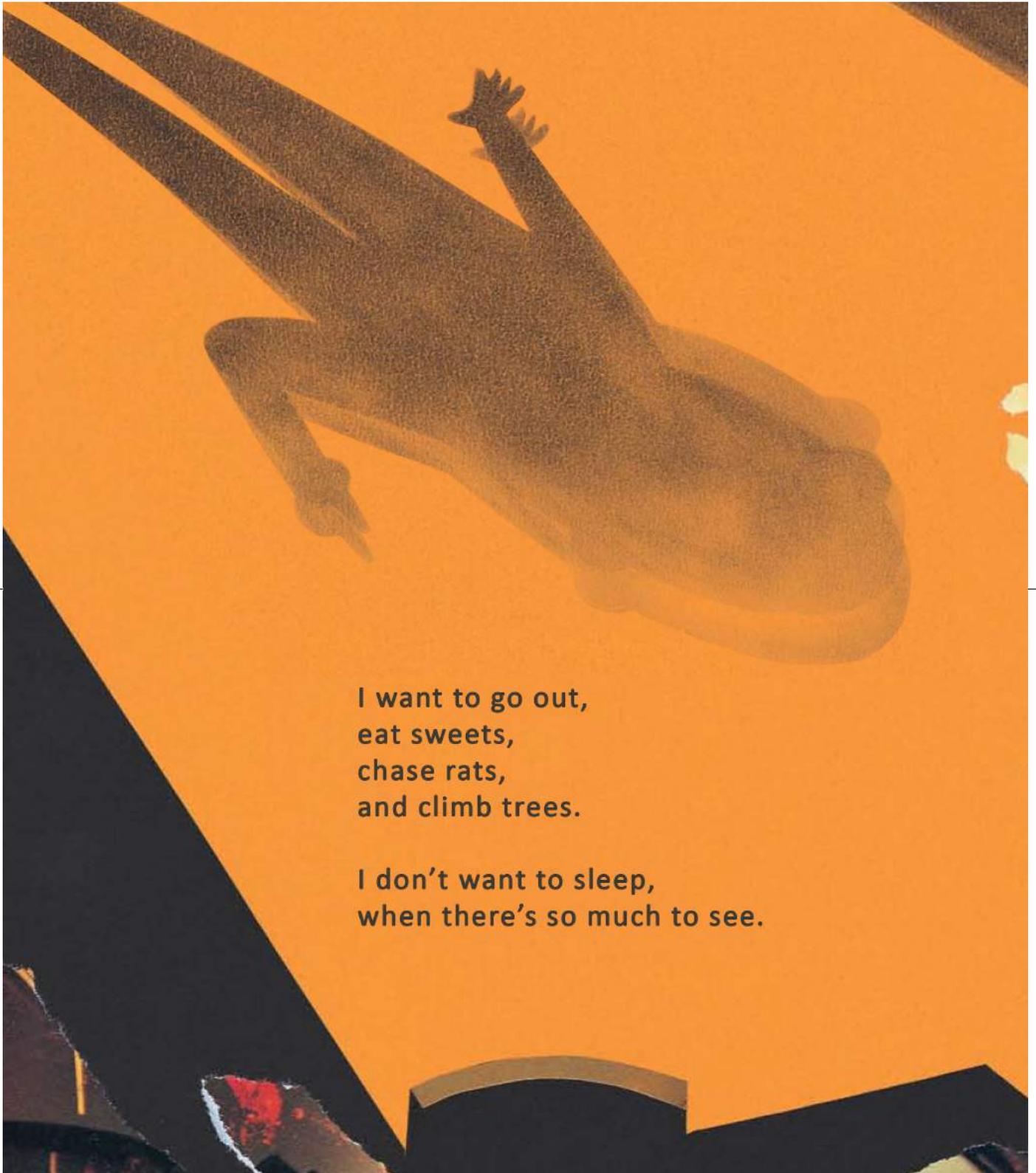
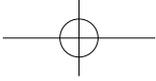
**Mommy's at the door.
"Time for bed sweetie pie!"**





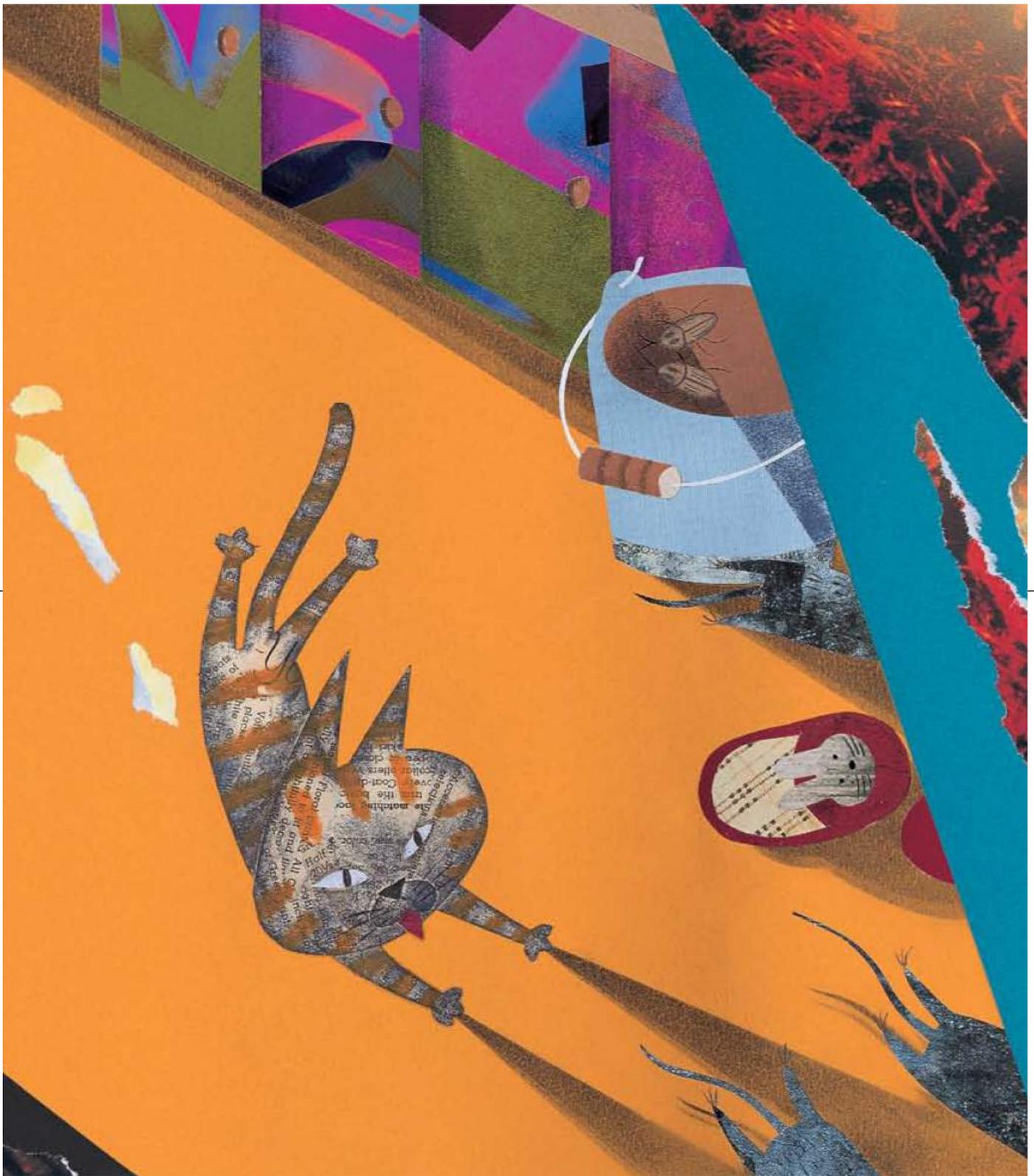
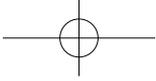


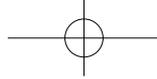




**I want to go out,
eat sweets,
chase rats,
and climb trees.**

**I don't want to sleep,
when there's so much to see.**





THE LITTLE CAMPHOR TREE

小樟樹

AUTHOR

Chiang Chia-Yu 蔣家語

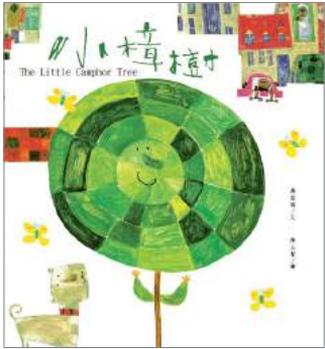
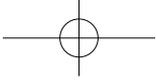
Chiang Chia-Yu had worked as a reporter, TV presenter, and an editor of children's shows and magazines. Children's titles include *Stars in a Bottle*, *Maya's First Rose*, and *The Third Eye: Collected Reportage for Children*. She also translated several illustrated children's books, such as *Silly Goose Piduni*, *The Prince and His Pigs*, *The Lamb and the Butterfly*, *The Emperor's New Clothes*, and more. She was the recipient of the Golden Tripod Award and the very first United Daily Literary Award.

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 - Publisher: Les Gouttes
 - Date: 2014/7
(first published in 1990)
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 36
 - Size: 23 x 23.4 cm
-

ILLUSTRATOR

Chen Chi-Hsien 陳志賢

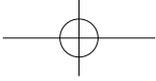
Designer and children's book illustrator Chen Chi-Hsien is known for his bold style and capacity to express the intuitive. His first book, *Window Shopping*, won the Hsin-Yi Children's Literature Award. *The Little Camphor Tree*, *A Brand New Day*, and *Standing on Wheels* have all won the Golden Butterfly Award from the Taipei International Book Exhibition and been featured at the Bologna International Illustrator's Exhibition. His illustrations have been archived in the Klingspor Museum in Germany and the Taipei Municipal Art Museum.



* Selected for 1991 Bologna International Illustrator's Exhibition

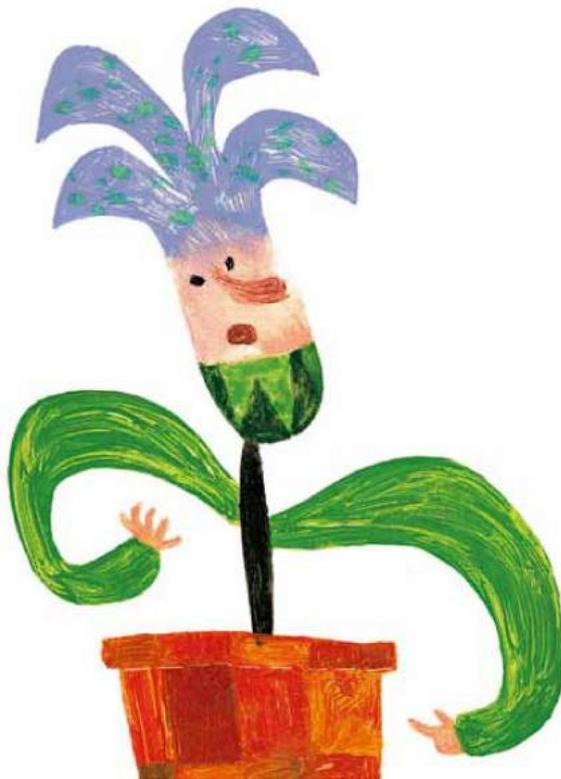
The little camphor tree is so proud of himself! He's growing taller everyday, taller than the tulips, the sunflowers, even the rhododendrons. He knows he can grow as tall as his roots can reach, and he wants to be the tallest tree in the city! But after a while, his roots touch concrete, water mains, and other trees. How could this happen, where did all the soil go? Have subway tunnels, electric lines, and sewer pipes really imprisoned him like a flower in a flower pot?

This beautiful, simple story of nature and the city drew widespread attention when it was first published in 1990. Now, after two decades of adaptation, it is again ready to delight new young audiences.

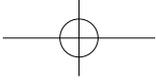


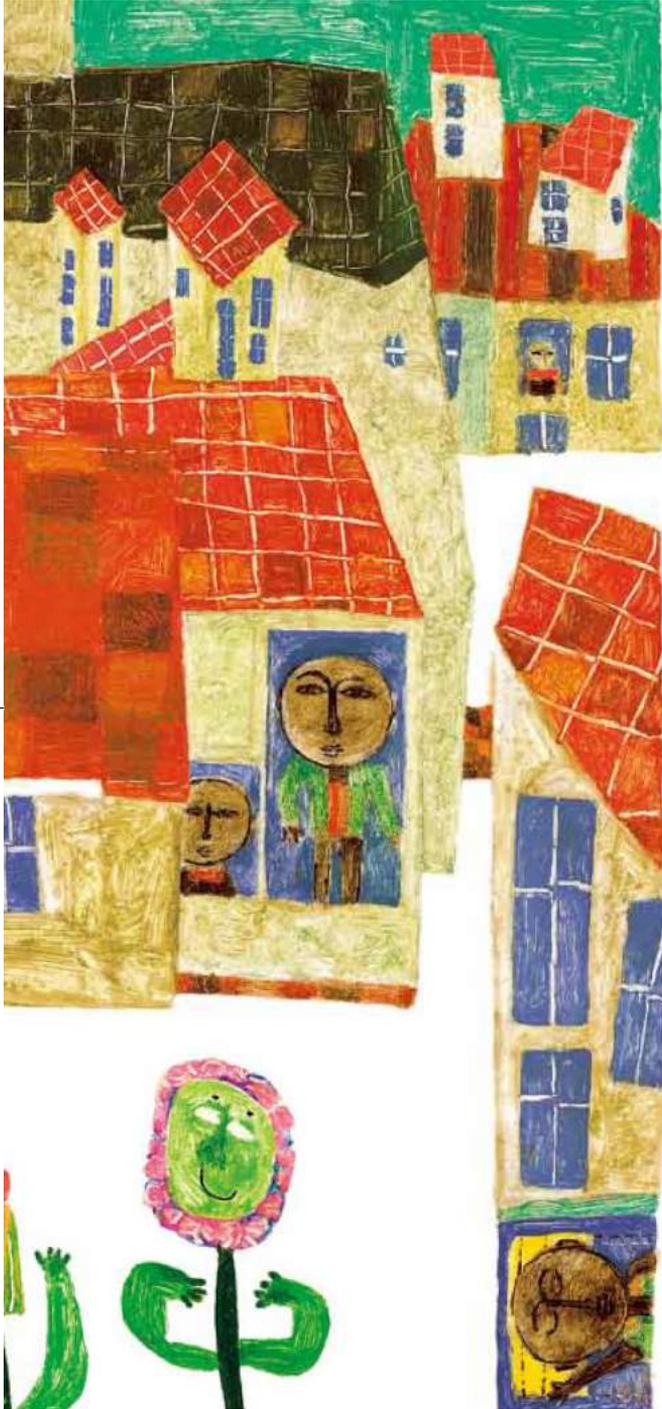
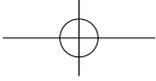
Little Camphor Tree turns to
Azalea: "How come you grow so
slow?"

"My pot is too small," sighs
Azalea, "I can't get enough to
eat. I don't think I will grow any
more."









But Little Camphor Tree
keeps growing, making
Azalea jealous.
“How tall do you think
you will get?”



“Let me tell you a secret,” says Little Camphor Tree. “As long as my roots have space to spread, I won’t stop. My branches will grow as big as my roots.”







THE YOUNG BANNERMAN

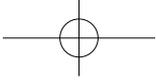
小旗手



LEE RU-QING
李如青

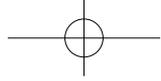
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Linking
 - Date: 2013/7
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booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 48
 - Size: 21 x 29.5 cm
-

Born on Kinmen Island, Lee Ru-Qing came to the Taiwanese mainland to seek a better life. After art school, Lee worked in advertising for ten years, until he started writing children's books in 2007. His published works include *The Spearfish King*, *Because I Love You*, *Brave 12: The War Pigeons* and *The Last Bodyguard of Lion Barracks*. He has won many awards, including a Golden Tripod for Best Picture Book.

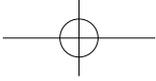


Peanut is a young herding boy from a village on the borders of the Golden Dragon Kingdom. His mother knit him a beautiful scarf, which he wears every day. One day, he spies the banners of an advancing army fluttering in the breeze, and imagines the clothing his mother might make from the cloth. But when Peanut approaches them, they conscript him and order him to watch the dragons that pull their chariots. They can't take his favorite scarf, though. Peanut's love for his scarf carries him through ambush and defeat into greater victories than he could ever imagine.

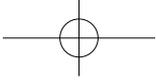
The Young Bannerman is a grand narrative that grows organically from the simplest form of love. This illustrated story, eight years in the making, will sweep readers along like banners in the wind.

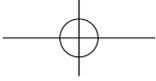


The northern wind was picking up. Out on the grasslands, on the outskirts of a village close to the border of Golden Dragon Kingdom, Peanut was watching his herd.



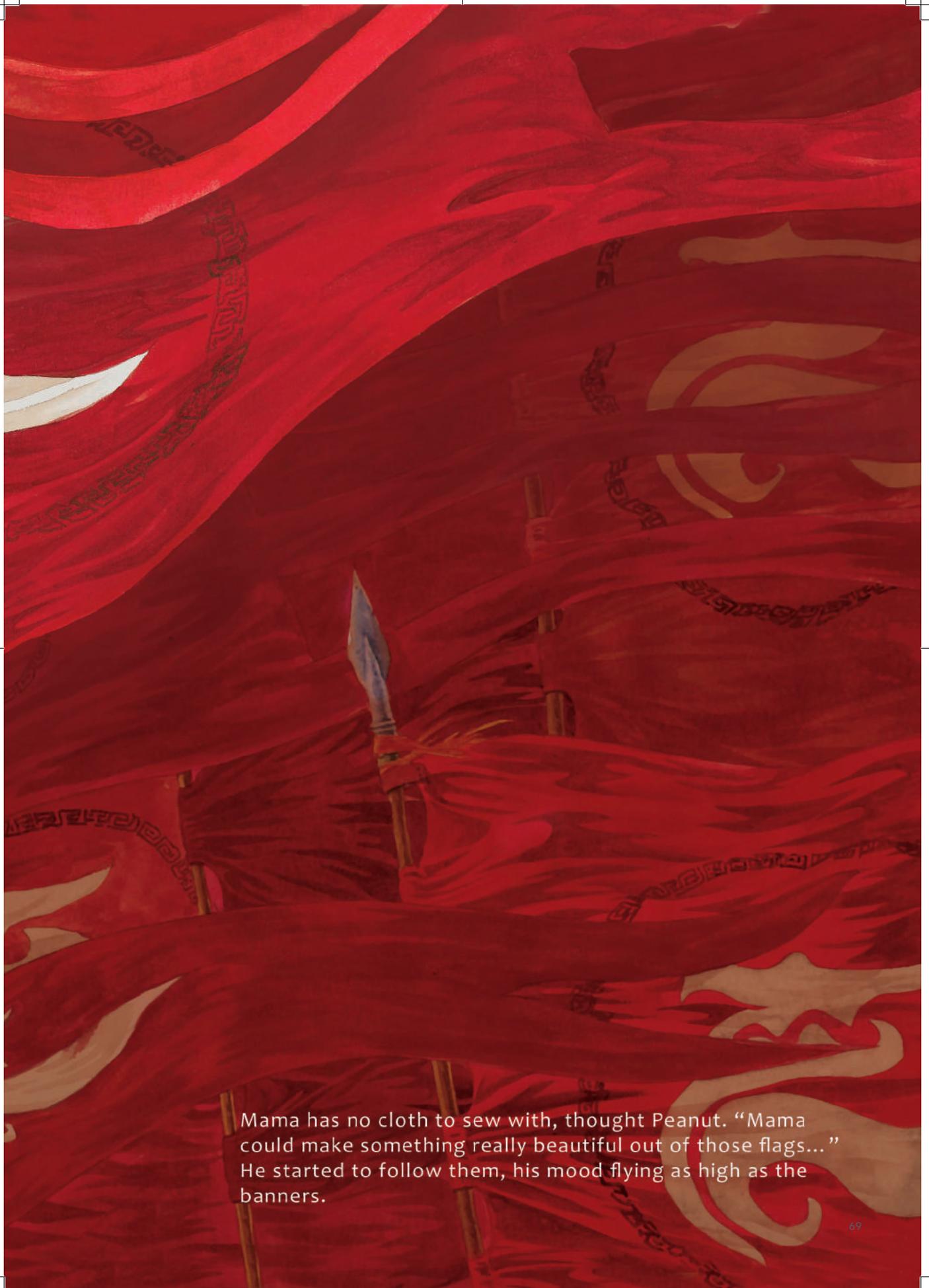
Just then, a ball of dust gathered on the horizon. An army was approaching.



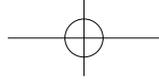


“What beautiful banners!” The army may have looked weary, but their banner flags stood proud as they fluttered in the wind.





Mama has no cloth to sew with, thought Peanut. “Mama could make something really beautiful out of those flags...” He started to follow them, his mood flying as high as the banners.



CAN A POND DO MAGIC TRICKS?

池塘真的會變魔術嗎？

AUTHOR

Hsieh Wu-Chang 謝武彰

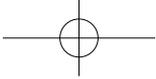
Hsieh Wu-Chang is a household name in children's literature on both sides of the Taiwan strait. Both author and musician, He has written over two hundred works of literature and music for children, including poems, essays, storybooks, and songs. His work has won a whole range of awards from Taiwanese literary and governmental organizations, and this book, *Can a Pond Do Magic Tricks*, also received the 1990 Chen Bochui Children's Literature Award from the Shanghai municipal government.

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 - Pages: 36
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ILLUSTRATOR

Chen Chi-Hsien 陳志賢

Designer and children's book illustrator Chen Chi-Hsien is known for his bold style, and capacity to express the intuitive in images. His first book, *Window Shopping*, won the Hsin-Yi Children's Literature Award. *The Little Camphor Tree*, *A Brand New Day*, and *Standing on Wheels* have all won the Golden Butterfly Award from the Taipei International Book Fair and Bologna International Illustrator's Exhibition. His illustrations have been archived in the Klingspor Museum in Germany and the Taipei Fine Arts Museum.

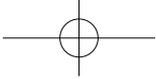


* 2013 China Times Open Book Award

* 1990 Chen Bochui Children's Literature Award

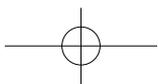
Rabbit has found a new pond in the forest! Last night's heavy rain must have created it. But this is no ordinary pond: when Rabbit looks in, he spies an unfamiliar creature looking back at him. Rabbit brings his friend Squirrel over to share his discovery, but when Squirrel looks in, the creature in the pool transforms into a Squirrel. How could this be? The same thing happens when their other animal friends look in. Can the wise elephant solve the mystery of this magical new pool?

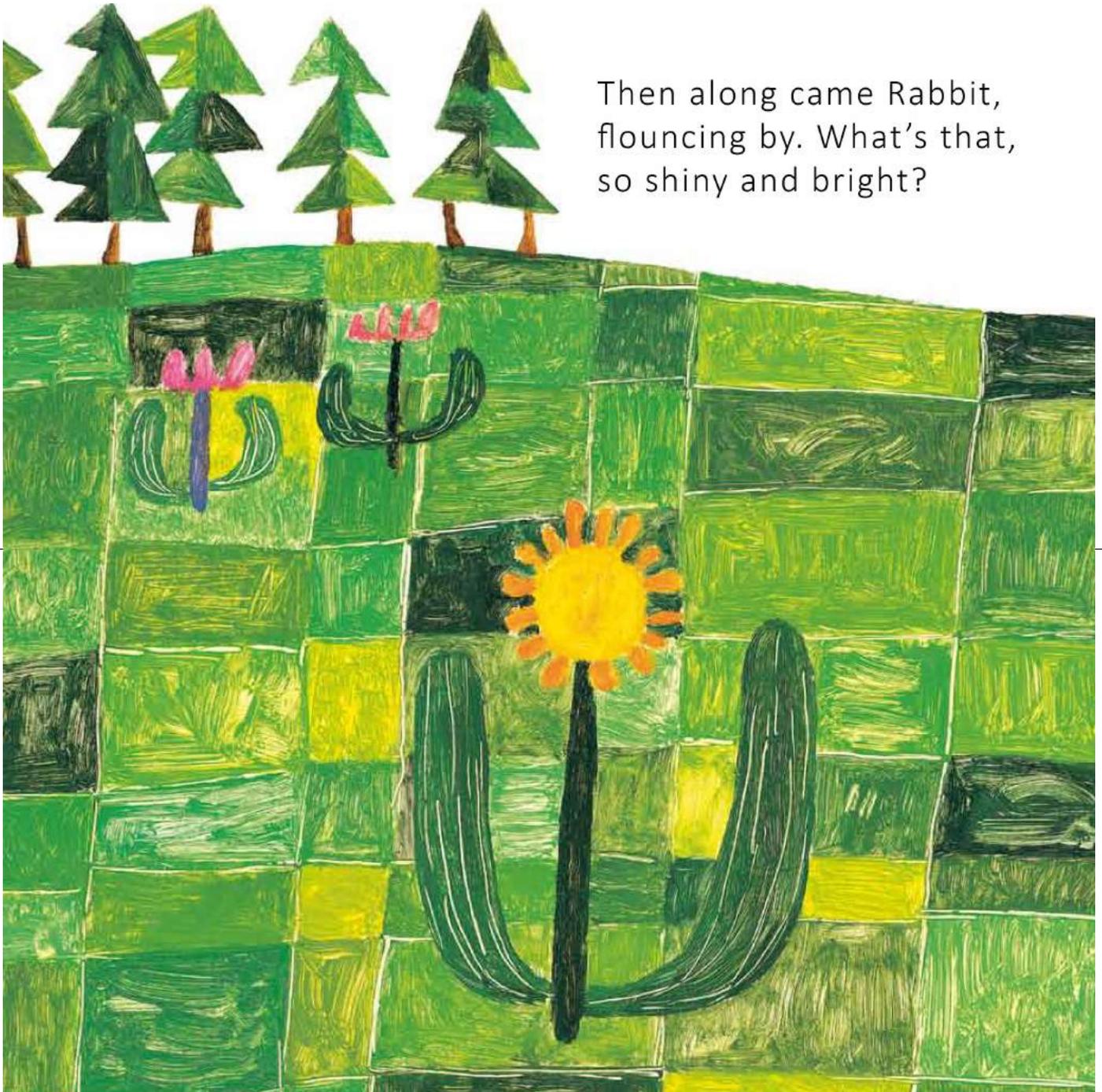
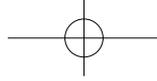
This re-issued classic weaves Hsieh Wu-Chang's playful humor together with Chen Chi-Hsien's bright, upbeat colors and two-dimensional figuring into a story that is both whimsical and rich with inspiring material.

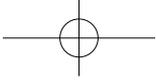


But by the time the rain had stopped, the dry patch of mud had turned into a pond. So very shiny now, just like a mirror.







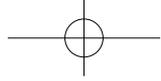




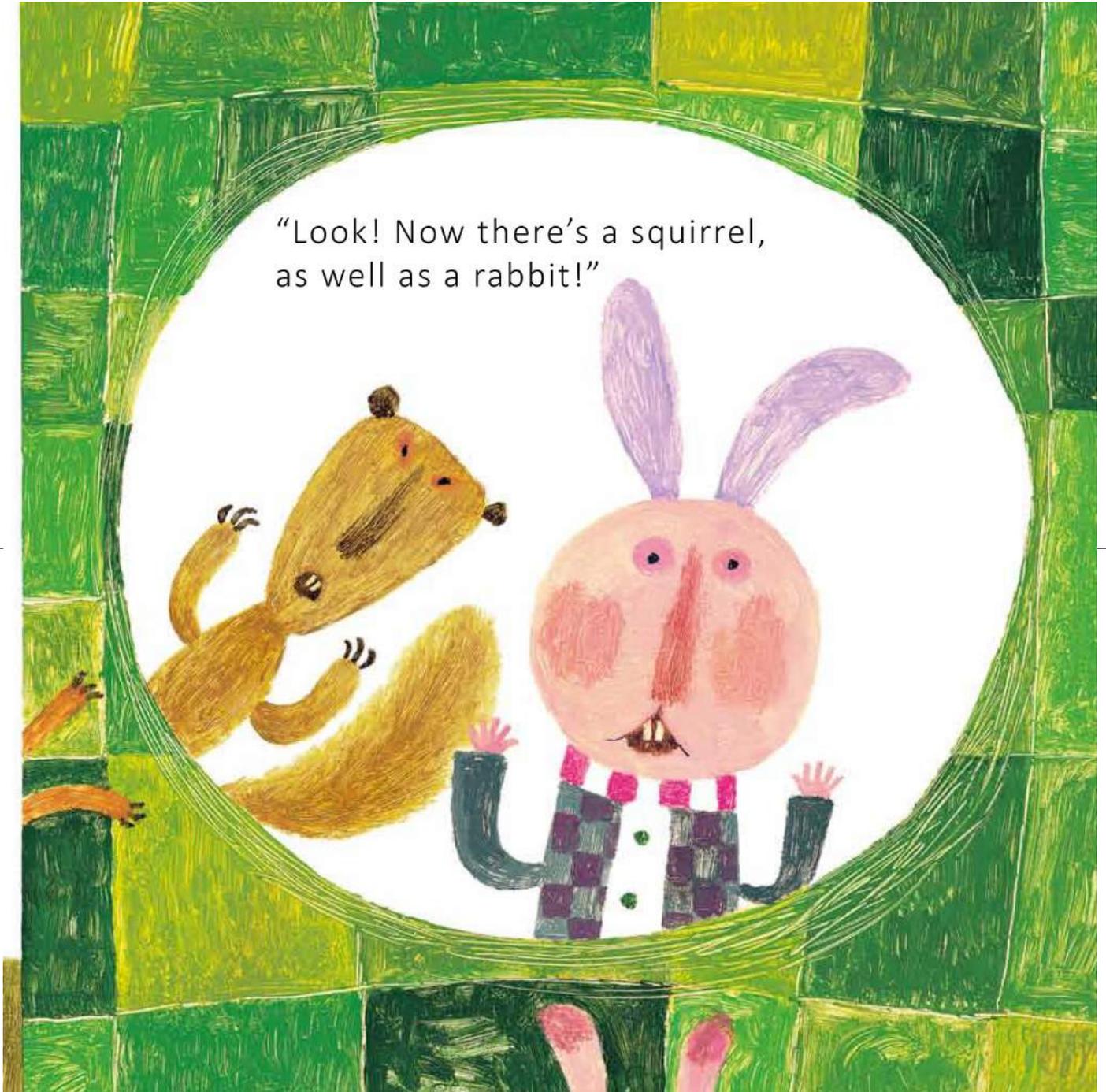
Rabbit ran off to tell Squirrel. "Are you sure?" asked Squirrel, "Let me see."

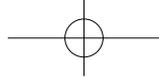
Rabbit took Squirrel back to the pond.





“Look! Now there’s a squirrel,
as well as a rabbit!”





STUCK IN TRAFFIC

前面還有什麼車？



Zhe Ye writes beautiful children's stories that are heavily influenced by ancient Chinese culture. Some of his best-known books include *A Child's Chuang Tzu*, *Jingjing and the Peach Blossom Spring*, *Stories from the Dragon's House*, and *Little Things*.



Illustrator Liu Zhen-Xiu instills her artwork with happiness, humor, and a compassion for nature. She has crafted several books, including a series featuring her dog, Hooby. Several of her titles, including *Hooby and Ah Gan*, *Hooby Meets a Rabbit*, and *My Big Dog Hooby* were shortlisted for the Hsin-Yi Children's Literature Award.

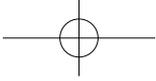
AUTHOR

Zhe Ye 哲也

ILLUSTRATOR

Liu Zhen-Xiu
劉貞秀

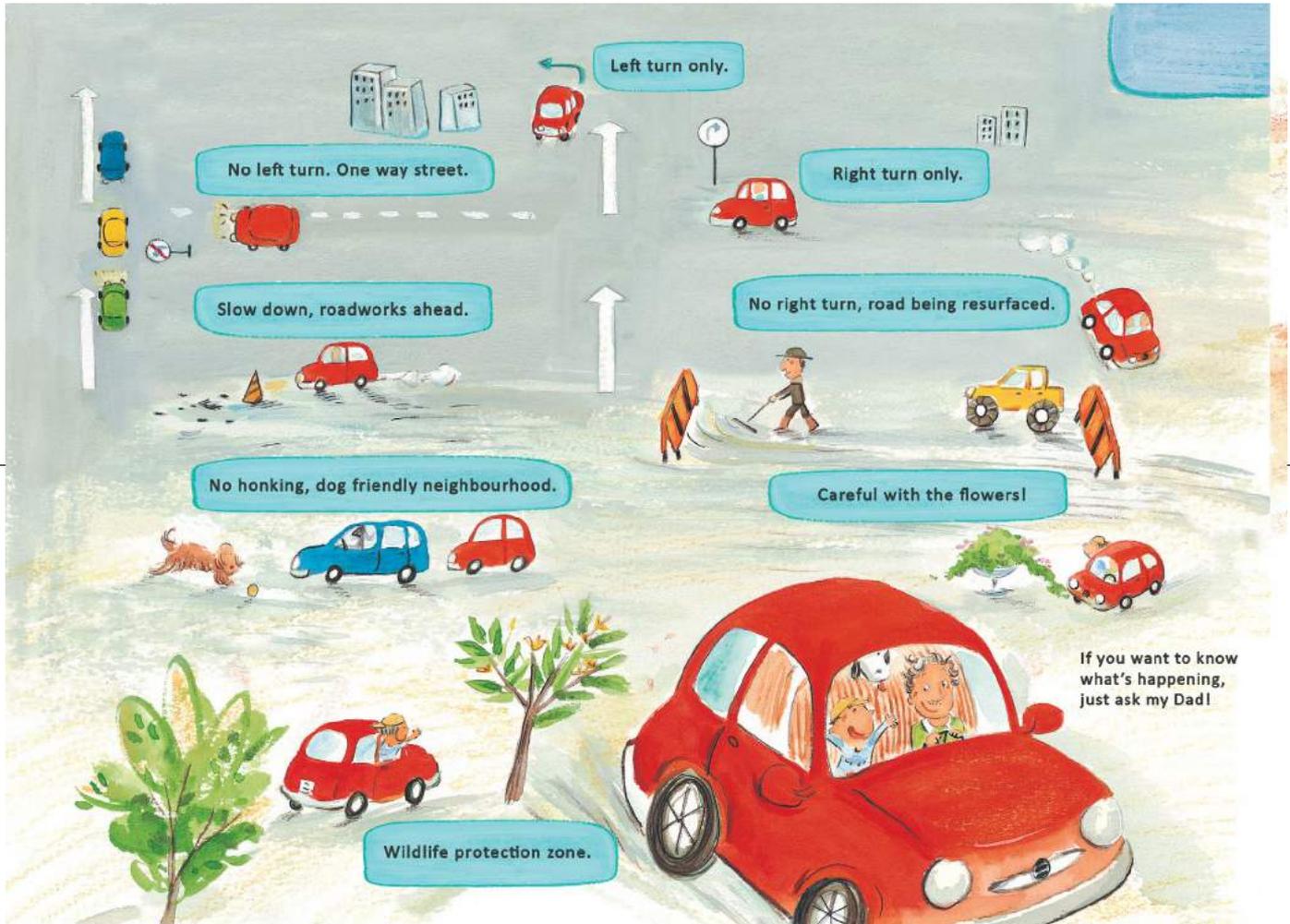
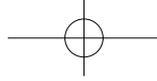
-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Hsiao Lu
 - Date: 2013/7
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 40
 - Size: 21 x 29 cm
 - Rights sold:
Korean (And Awesome World),
Simplified Chinese (King-in Culture),
Japanese (Kin-No-Hoshi Sha)
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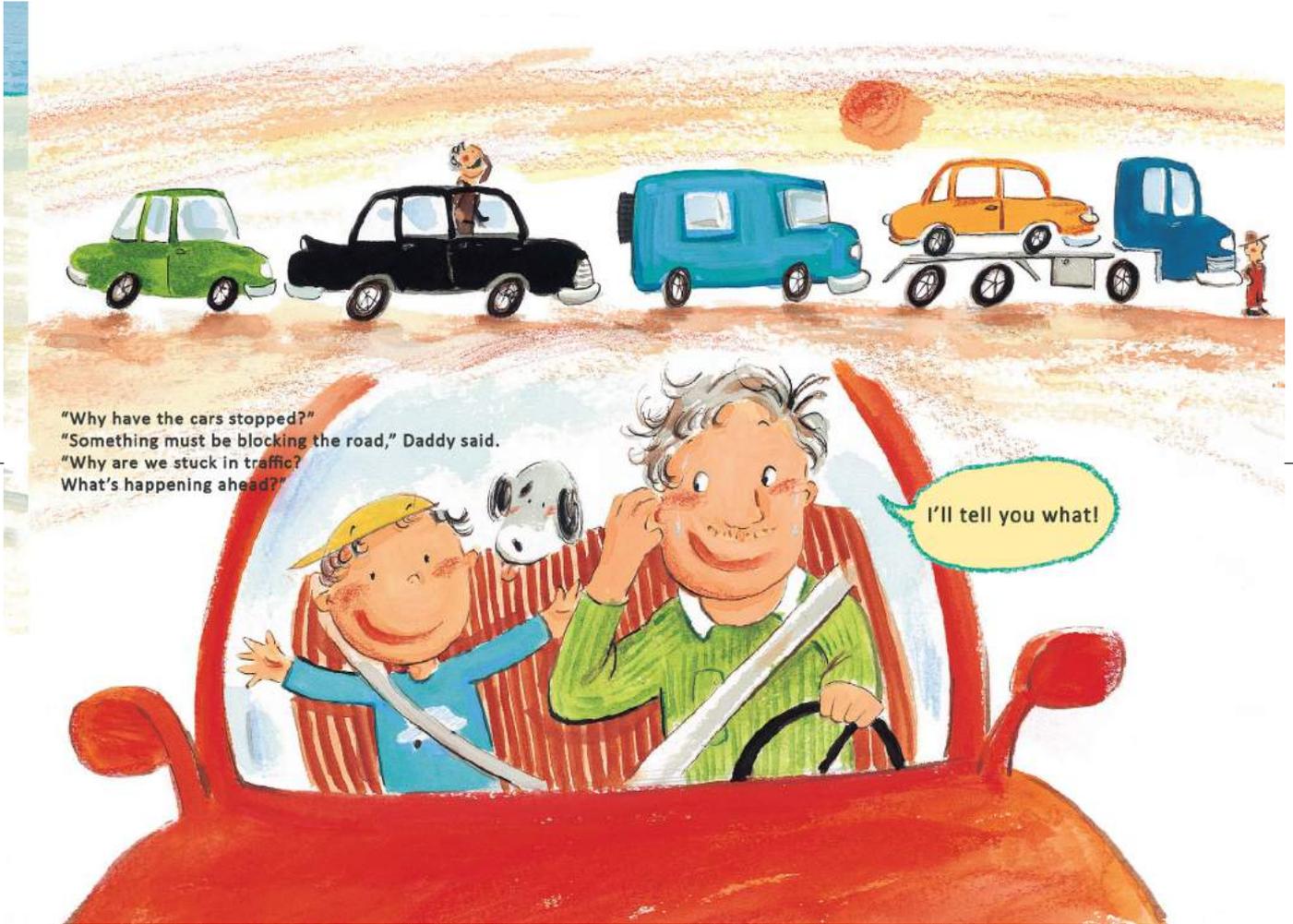
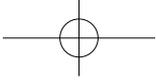


* 2014 Golden Tripod Award

It's time to go for a drive! Driving on the road is tricky – there are turns to make, signs to follow, potholes to avoid, and so many other cars! They line up in front of us and block the way. Thank Heaven Daddy's driving; he always knows exactly what to do, where to go, and even what kind of cars are up ahead. How many kinds are there?

Make the best of being stuck in traffic as we roll along on a vocabulary-building trip with Daddy, the world's best driver.



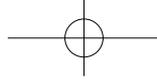




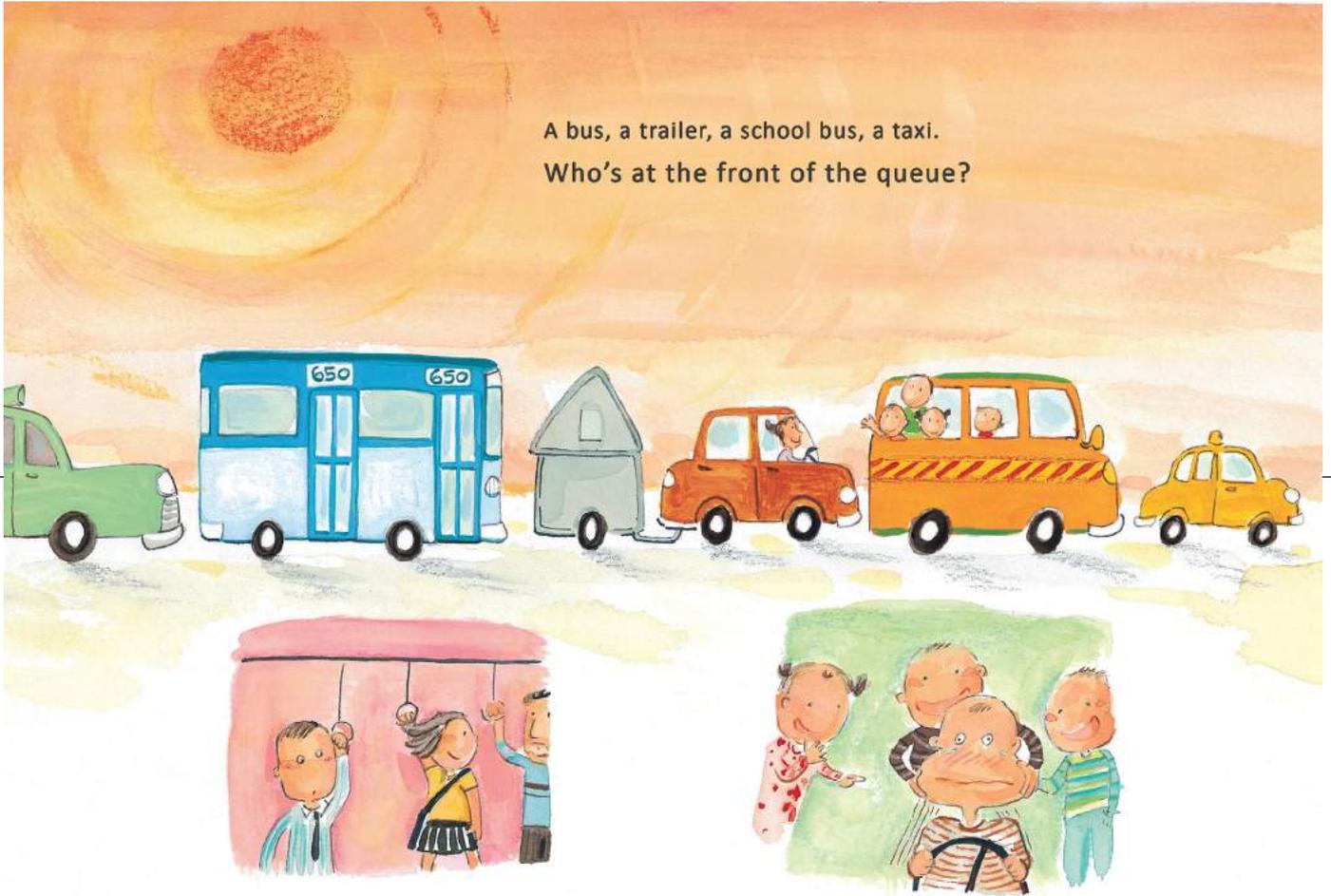
Look up ahead, we're all stuck in traffic.

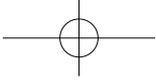
A red car, yellow car, a van with flowers.
A round car, square car, a car with a horn.





A bus, a trailer, a school bus, a taxi.
Who's at the front of the queue?





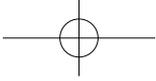
A red double-decker, a camouflage jeep.
A four wheel drive, a holiday van and a horse with a cart.





A Volkswagen beetle, an old-fashioned tricycle, a television van.
Who's at the front of the queue?





FIREWORKS

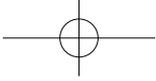
煙花



TENG CHENG-CHI 鄧正祺

-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Hsin-Yi
 - Date: 2013/4
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 44
 - Size: 14.5 x 21.5 cm
-

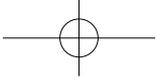
Born in 1984, Teng Cheng-Chi originally studied to be a clothing designer. After graduation, she abandoned her major and began making her living as a painter and illustrator. She has already published several picture books, such as *Grapes*, *Fireworks*, and *Swimming*, and has received a Hsin-Yi Picture Book Award. She loves foxes, and has made them central characters in several stories.



* Included in the Book Illustrators Gallery in the 2014 Asian Festival of Children's Content

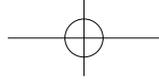
How do you enjoy the things that please you? Do you prefer to experience them on your own, or share them with others? *Fireworks* explores these questions in the story of Fox and Badger, who are trying to figure out how they should enjoy the last of the fireworks they bought. Fox wants to set it off in company with all the other animals, but Badger says, "No! This firework is ours. We can't let anyone else see it." So he drags Fox on a day-long journey to find the most secret place he can. But when their firework lights up the night sky, its splendor can be seen for miles...

Joy explodes like a chrysanthemum at evening, as Teng Cheng-Chi narrates this tale with her gentle, and thought-provoking humor.



**Fox found a large, open space
and lit his firework...**

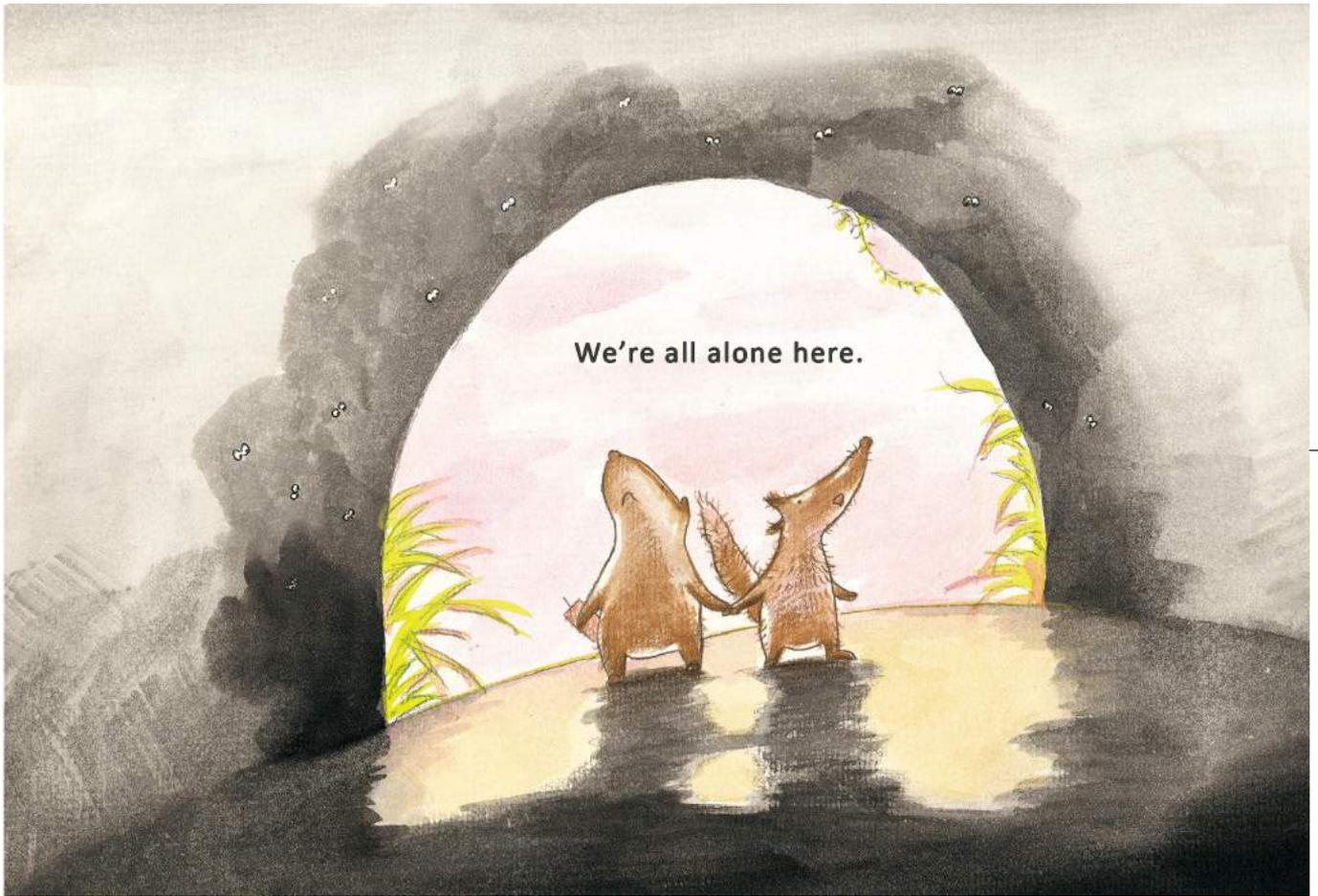






"This is our firework, no one else gets to see it!"

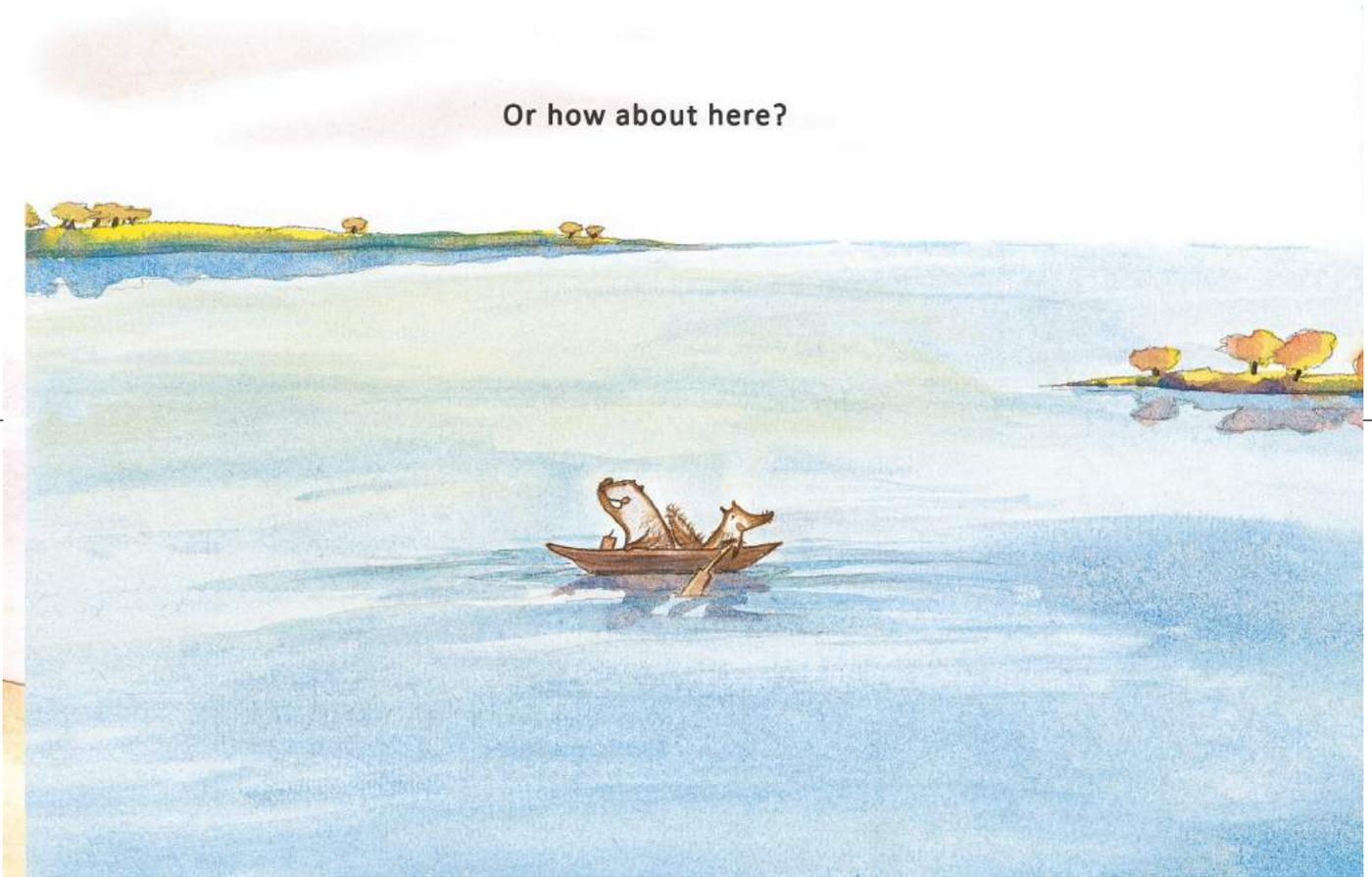


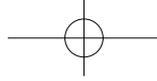






Or how about here?





WHERE'S MOMMY?

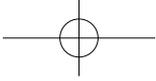
媽媽在哪裡？



WANG CHUEN-TZ
王春子

- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Yuan-Liou
 - Date: 2013/4
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 36
 - Size: 23 x 22 cm
-

Wang Chuen-Tz is one of the newest children's book authors on the Taiwanese publishing scene. A graphic designer, she has created covers for several well-known books, such as *Wabi-Sabi: Foundational Japanese Aesthetics for Designers* and others.

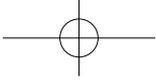


A little boy sits in his room, waiting for his mother. What's that tapping sound he hears? Is Mommy working on the computer – *or is she fixing an elephant's tusks?* What's that pounding sound? Is Mommy chopping vegetables – *or is she fixing a space shuttle?* Wang Chuen-Tz leads us into the imagination of a child, blending tones of everyday life with wild fantasy in this delicately-narrated tale.

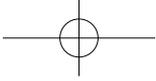
Venture together with Wang Chuen-Tz down the road of her first children's book, based on her own experiences raising her son.



Tap, tap, tap. What's that sound?
It's the sound of computer keys.



Mommy's working in her study.



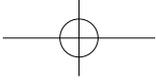
Roar, roar. What's that sound?
It's the sound of the vacuum cleaner.





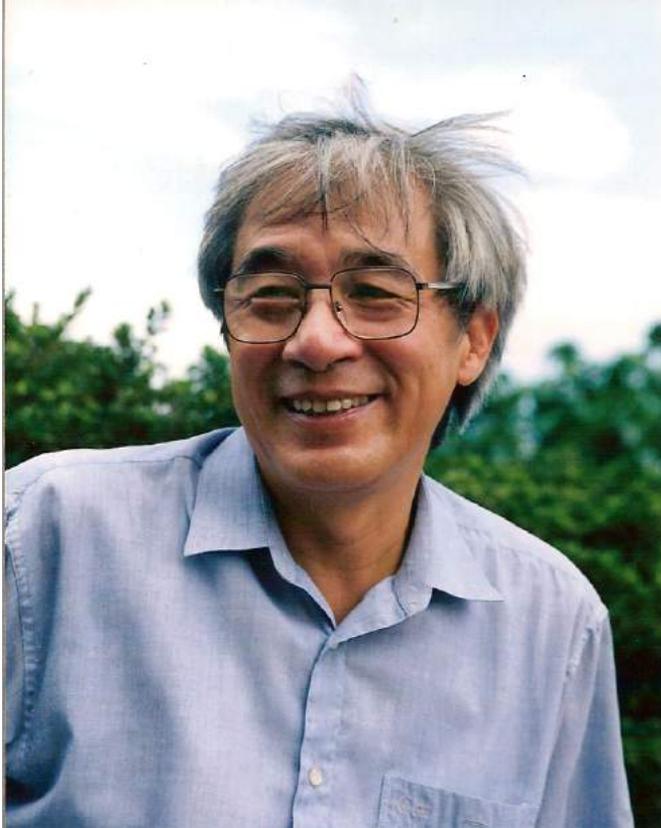


Roar, Roar. What's that sound?
It's the sound of the circus lion!
Mommy's teaching it to jump
through hoops.



THE BAREFOOT KING

赤腳國王



TSAO JUN-YEN
曹俊彥

-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Hsin-Yi
 - Date: 2013/4
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 32
 - Size: 19.7 x 26.4 cm
-

Born in Taipei in 1941, professional children's book author Tsao Jun-Yen has worked as a printer, an art teacher, and a children's book editor. He has been making art for children's books for over fifty years, and has been involved in the production of over two hundred titles. He is known for his work in many prior publications, including *Blacky's Hide-and-Seek*, *The Rice Cave*, and many others.



In the Barefoot Kingdom, everyone – from newborn babies to white-haired old men, from commoners to royalty – goes barefoot all the time. And while it's lovely when you're bathing your feet in a stream or treading on lush grass, walking on sharp rocks and sun-baked roads can be excruciating! The king takes it for granted that everyone should go barefoot while he's walking on soft carpets, riding in carriages, or on horses. But one day, when his rickshaw driver gets injured and the king has to carry him down a muddy road, he realizes the truth, and gets a new idea...

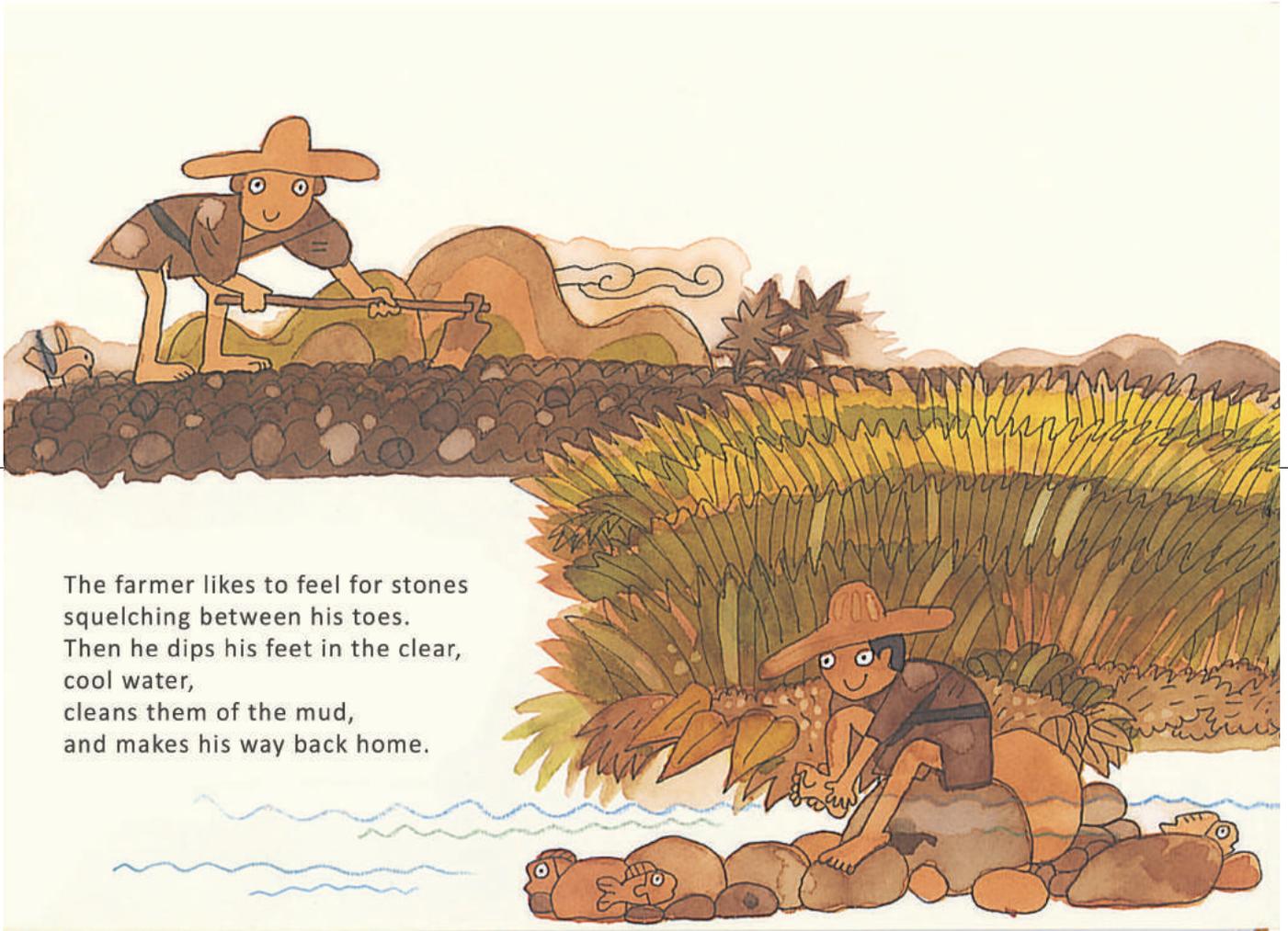
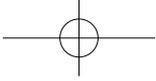
The illustrator takes us on a barefooted journey through seasons and climes, luxury and difficulty, and makes us think twice about the shoes we so often take for granted.



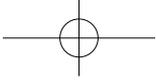


In Barefoot Kingdom there are no shoes.
No shoes for cooing babies,
or grandpas and their long, white beards.
No shoes even for the King.





The farmer likes to feel for stones
squelching between his toes.
Then he dips his feet in the clear,
cool water,
cleans them of the mud,
and makes his way back home.

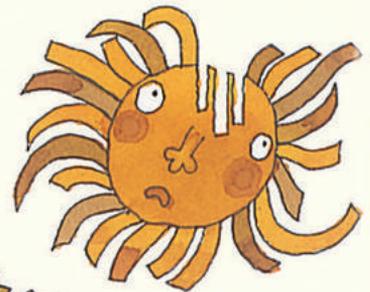


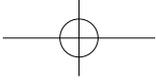
When carrying his heavy tools,
he likes to feel
the ground solid beneath his feet.
Although sometimes the stones are
very sharp,
and can be painful too.



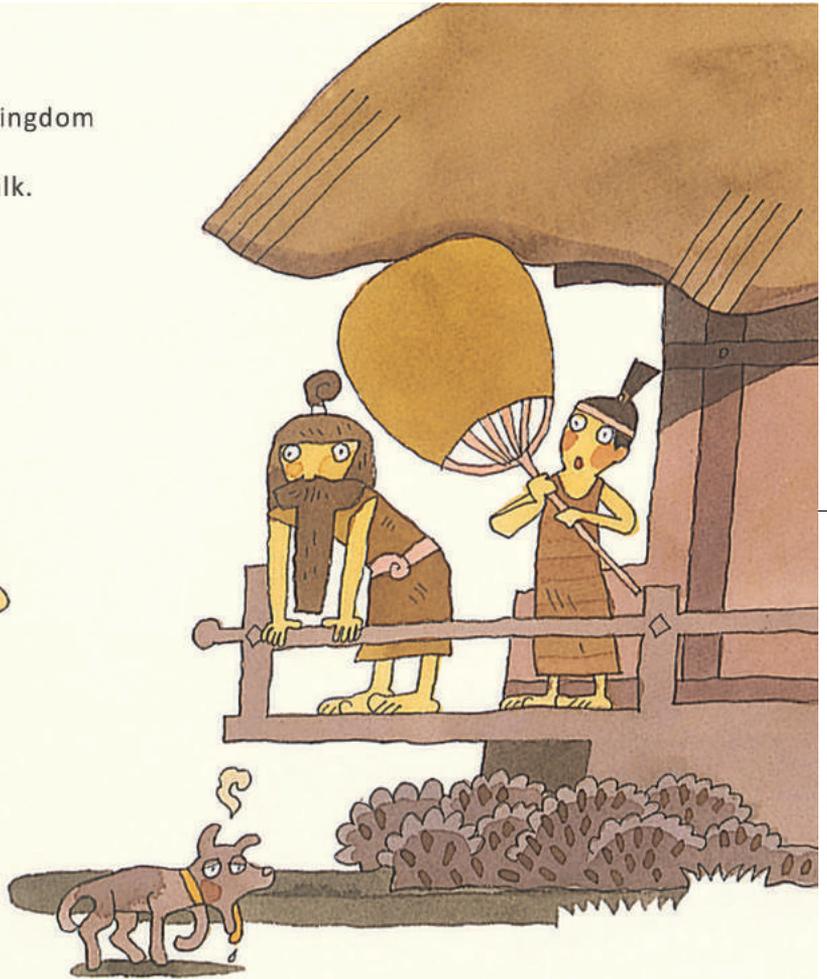


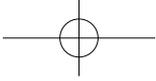
In summer when the sun is hot,
a cooling hat will do.
But the soil may still burn your feet,
and really spoil your mood.





So the people of Barefoot Kingdom
are always jumping about,
even while they walk and talk.





DID YOU FALL ASLEEP?

你睡著了嗎？



CHIU CHENG-TSUNG
邱承宗

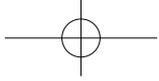
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Hsiao Lu
 - Date: 2014/4
 - Rights contact:
Grace Chang
(Books from Taiwan)
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 48
 - Size: 29.7 x 22.6 cm
-

Chiu Cheng-Tsung has been writing and illustrating books ever since he was a young man. He founded his own publishing house, Red Tomato, when he returned home from studying abroad in Japan, and has been producing award-winning children's literature ever since. His books have won the Golden Tripod Award and the China Times Open Book Award, and been featured twice at the Bologna Book Fair. Best-known titles include *The Lonely Fairy*, *Butterfly*, *The Insect Clan*, *Our Forest*, *Did You Fall Asleep?*, and *Let's Go Fishing*.

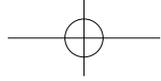


Dive into Chiu Cheng-Tsung's *Did You Fall Asleep?*, an image-rich romp into the ever-changing world of dreams. A young girl is reading under a flowering tree when she notices wooden mannequins running out of her bookbag. She races after them into a mystical world filled with fairy-tale characters, famous works of art and Escher-esque scenes of dissonant action. She finds herself exploring palaces and mazes, swimming oceans and navigating deserts, skirting around soldiers and flying on cicadas. Then the world dissolves, and she finds herself under the tree again. The book's only text is a question: *Did you fall asleep?*

Fall down the rabbit hole with this new Alice to explore the wild wonderland of human imagination.









CHW 2012.12

