

BOOKS FROM TAIWAN
(CHILDREN'S BOOKS)



BOOKS FROM TAIWAN (CHILDREN'S BOOKS)

<http://booksfromtaiwan.tw/>

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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 (for example, including fiction, non-fiction, picture books and comics...but anthology is not included) 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, a translation fee and a production 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 visit the Ministry's "Books from Taiwan" (BFT) website (<http://booksfromtaiwan.tw/>), and use the online application system.

For full details of the Translation Grant Program, please visit

http://booksfromtaiwan.tw/grant_index.php

Or contact: books@moc.gov.tw

MINISTRY OF CULTURE, REPUBLIC OF CHINA (TAIWAN)

THE PIVOT SOUTH TRANSLATION AND PUBLISHING PROGRAM

The Ministry of Culture has formulated these guidelines to encourage the publication of translations of Taiwan's literature, in the territories of South Asia, Southeast Asia and Australasia (hereinafter referred to as the Pivot South nations), as well as to fund exchange trips for publishers and the publication of original titles that deal with the cultures of Taiwan and the Pivot South nations, as well as the topic of cultural exchange between them.

South Asia, Southeast Asia and Australasia will be taken to mean: Cambodia, the Philippines, Laos, Malaysia, Brunei, Indonesia, Myanmar, Singapore, Thailand, Vietnam, Sri Lanka, Nepal, Pakistan, Bangladesh, India, Bhutan, Australia and New Zealand.

The program is split into three different strands, which are:

1. Translation and Publication Grant Program
2. Publisher Exchange Program
3. Original Book Program

- Applicant Eligibility:

1. Citizens of the Republic of China (Taiwan) or civic organizations and legal persons registered in accordance with the laws and regulations of the Republic of China (Taiwan).
2. Citizens of the aforementioned Pivot South nations or civic organizations and legal persons registered in accordance with the laws and regulations of their respected country.

- Funding Items and Amount

1. Translation and Publishing Grant Program: The maximum funding available for any given project is NT\$ 500,000 (including income tax and remittance charges).
2. Publisher Exchange Program: The maximum funding available for any given project is NT\$ 500,000 (including income tax and remittance charges).
3. Original Book Program: The maximum funding available for any given work is NT\$ 500,000 (including income tax and remittance charges). For a series, the funding will be multiplied by the number of books in the series, but total funding will be limited to NT\$2,000,000 (including income tax and remittance charges).

- Application Period: From September 1 to September 30 every year.

- Application Method: Please visit the Ministry's website (<https://nspublication.moc.gov.tw/en/>) and use the online application system.

- Announcement of successful applications: December every year.

For full details of the The Pivot South Translation and Publishing Program, please visit:

<https://nspublication.moc.gov.tw/en/>

Or contact books@moc.gov.tw

BOOKS FROM TAIWAN
(CHILDREN'S BOOKS)

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

豬古力的跨年願望



Text by
WANG
WEN-HUA
王文華

Illustrated by
ALING CHEN
陳完玲

Wang Wen-Hua has a masters from the Institute of Children's Literature at Taitung University, and is now an elementary school teacher as well as the renowned author of almost a hundred bestselling books for children. With combined sales of over 200,000 copies, his works include the Golden Tripod Award winning *First Chair Cellist* and *School of Possibility's Mission to Love the Earth*.

-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Yes Creative
 - Date: 11/2017
 - Rights contact:
booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 48
 - Size: 21 x 29.7 cm
-



Aling Chen is an independent illustrator and a talented ceramicist. Her illustrations can be seen in print media and on a variety of other products.



What would a pig do with three wishes? Would she make all the same mistakes human wishers do? Wang Wen-Hua creates a hilarious new story out of the most traditional elements of children's fiction, and asks us once again what happiness really means.

During the beautiful New Year's Eve fireworks show, Little Julie Pig sees a firework fall into a big, ripe pumpkin in the woods. Just as she goes to take a bite out of this lovely pumpkin, an elf pops out. She's saved his life, the elf claims, and now he'll grant her three wishes.

What on earth should she wish for? Julie thinks she would just love a bowl of noodles - or maybe even two? The elf shakes his head at her lack of imagination, then teaches her what humans would do with three wishes: choosing finery, money, and power. But what is any of that to Little Julie Pig?

In *A New Year's Wish*, Wang Wen-Hua gives us a new take on an old story, raising questions of happiness and contentment amidst the silliness of a very unconventional subject.





The New Year fireworks were popping in the sky.
BANG! The fireworks lit up the faces of the people watching,
and a nice big pumpkin further down the hill.
Little Julie Pig ran down to take a look.



A firework had landed right in the belly of the pumpkin. It gave off the most delicious smell.







But just as Little Julie was about to take a bite,
a little voice came from inside: "Please don't eat me!"

"I must have imagined that," Little Julie said.
"Pumpkins can't speak."

And yet...

BROWNC IS STUCK!

布朗克卡住了



GARLIC CRUSH
STUDIOS
(ERIC YIN,
AMY CHANG,
YUTING SU,
JANE CHUANG)
妙蒜小農

- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Garlic Crush Studios
 - Date: 8/2017
 - Rights contact: booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 40
 - Size: 23 x 29 cm
-

Garlic Crush Studios is the name of a group of children's book authors and illustrators, who come together in order to create new forms and ideas for children's literature. Their members have experience in all different aspects of authorship, design, childhood education, and publishing.



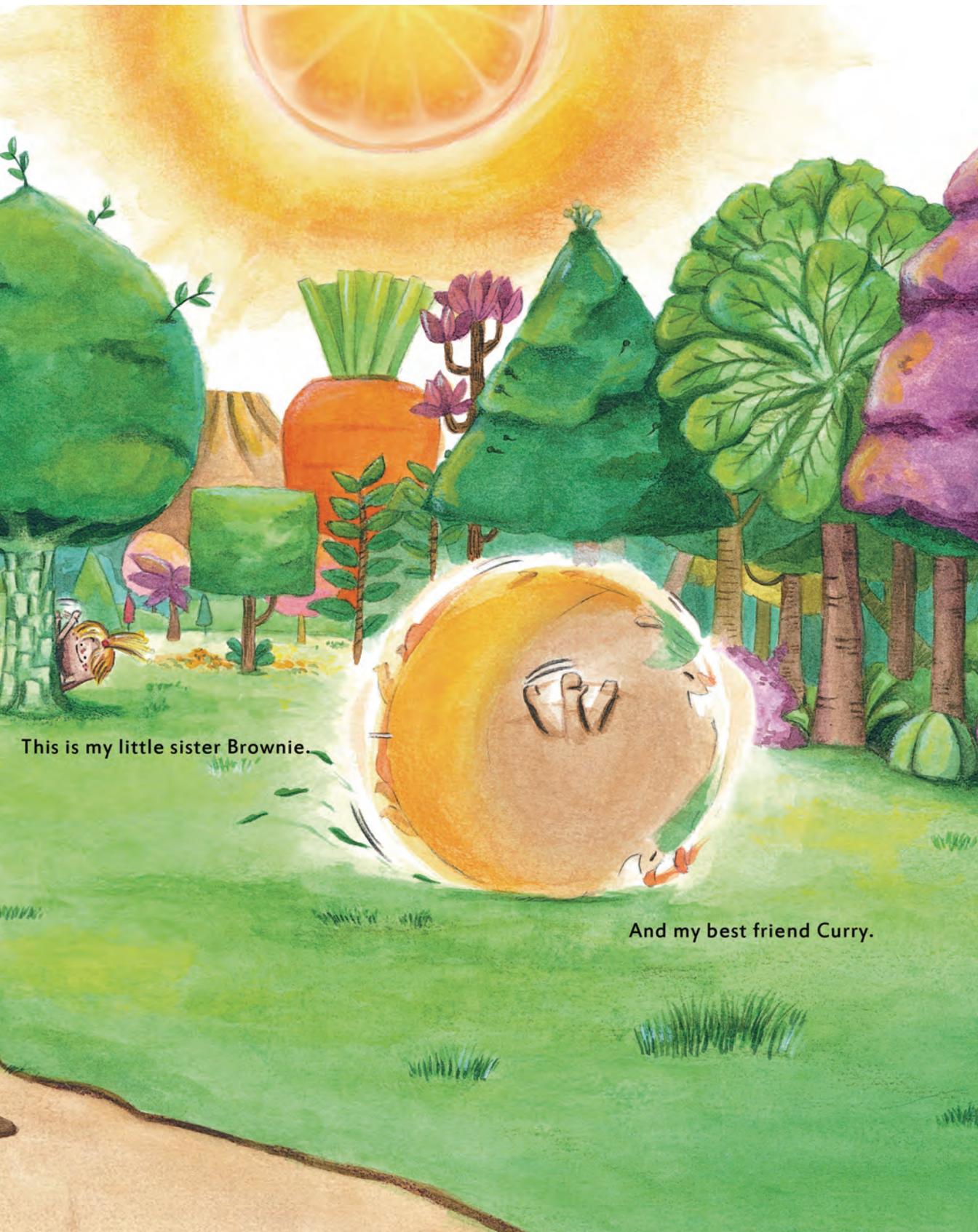
Brownc, his sister, Brownie, and their best friend, Curry, are having a grand old time together, playing see-saw on vegetables, building fruit forts, and waiting for the day they get to travel the magical slide to Candyland. But when that day comes, they get stuck! What shall they do?

Brownc, Brownie, and Curry have fun all day in the digestive system, playing with whatever toys come their way, like fruits, vegetables, meats, and sweets. They dream about the day when the magical slip 'n slide will take them to fantastical world of Candyland, and wonder when it will ever happen. But when it does, something awful happens: too much tasty food gets them stuck! How will they ever get to Candyland now?

The literary inventors at Garlic Crush Studios bring another light-hearted take on the saga of human digestion, crafting highly imaginative characters relatable to children, and thereby teaching them about healthy eating habits.



Hi! My name is Brown.



This is my little sister Brownie.

And my best friend Curry.



Every day is so busy.
We eat, and play,
and then we sleep!
It's exhausting.



See what I mean?



GO!





WHO'S THAT HIDING IN THE BUSHES

是誰躲在草叢裡



CHENG
CHIEH-WEN
鄭潔文

- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Linking
 - Date: 1/2018
 - Rights contact:
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 40
 - Size: 25.5 x 27 cm
-

A masterful illustrator who moves effortlessly between many media, such as watercolor, chalk, and pastel, Cheng Chieh-Wen is the author of several children's titles, including *I See You!* and *The Candle Spirit*.

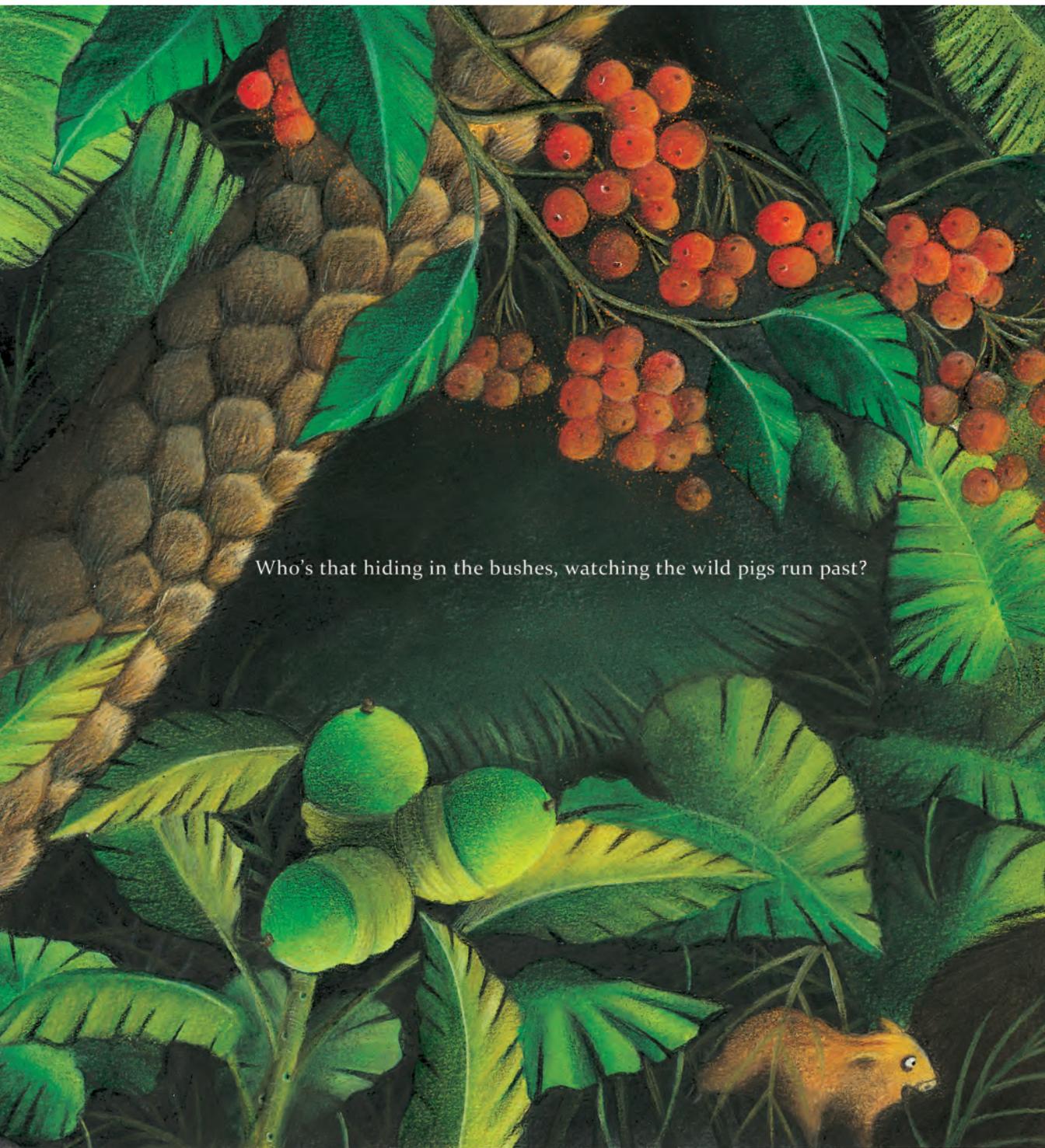


This touching tale of self-discovery stars a young moon bear, who spends his hours hiding deep in the bushes, envying the other animals' color and luster. One day, he goes searching for a shooting star to make a wish on – but who is there to meet him when he comes out?

This touching tale of self-discovery stars a young moon bear, who spends his hours hiding deep in the bushes, envying the bees for their bright yellow coats, the wild boars for their sexy stripes, and all the other animals for the beauty he thinks he lacks.

Thus he decides to leave his hiding place and travel up the mountain, where he can wish on a shooting star to become more beautiful. But his emergence draws the attention of every other animal in the jungle – seeing the flash of white on his chest, they wonder: has the moon come down to the earth?

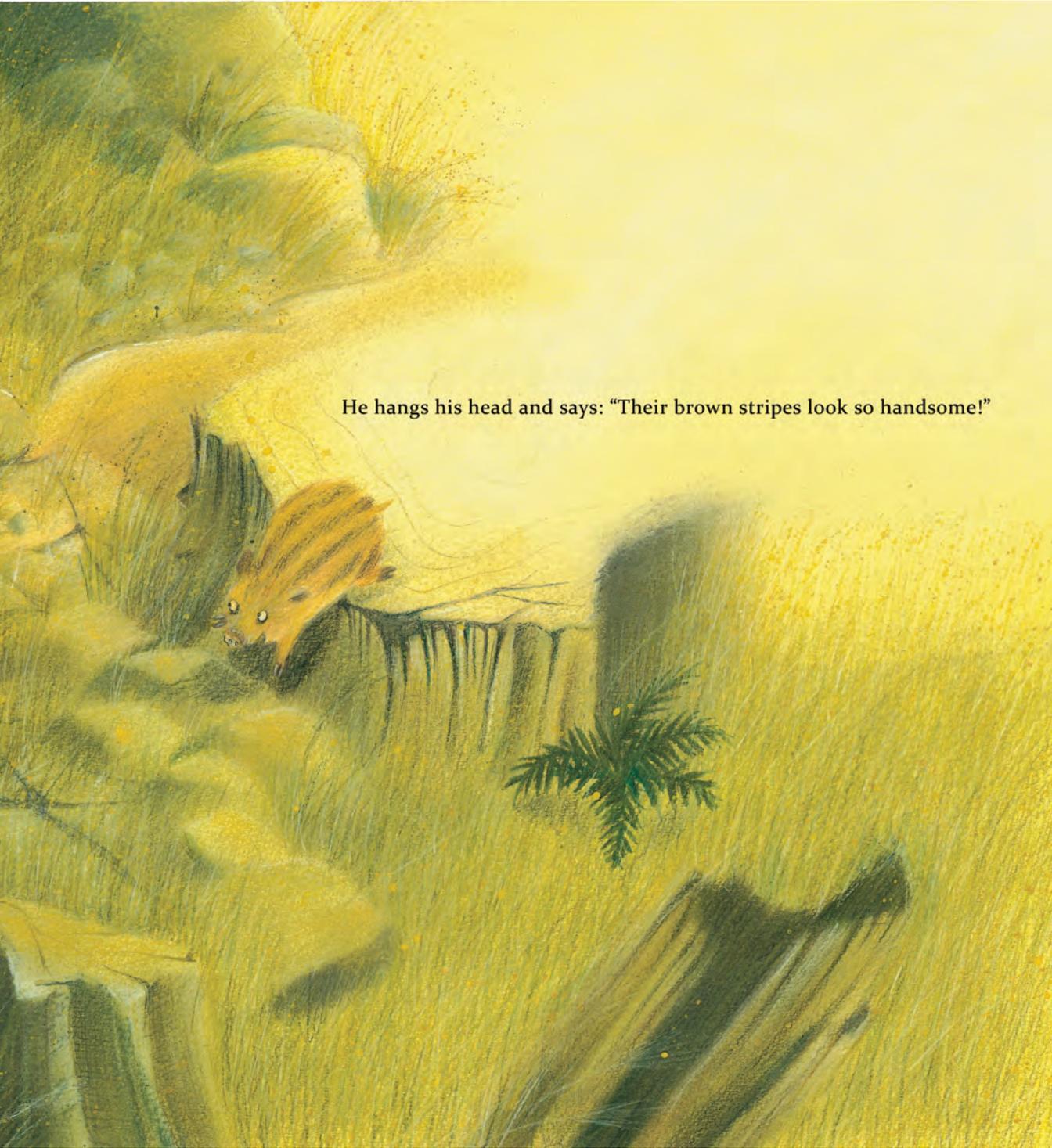
Cheng Chieh-Wen's simple yet heartfelt tale of loving oneself as well as others grows organically out of the forests of Taiwan, filled with indigenous animals and the sense of deep connection to nature.



Who's that hiding in the bushes, watching the wild pigs run past?

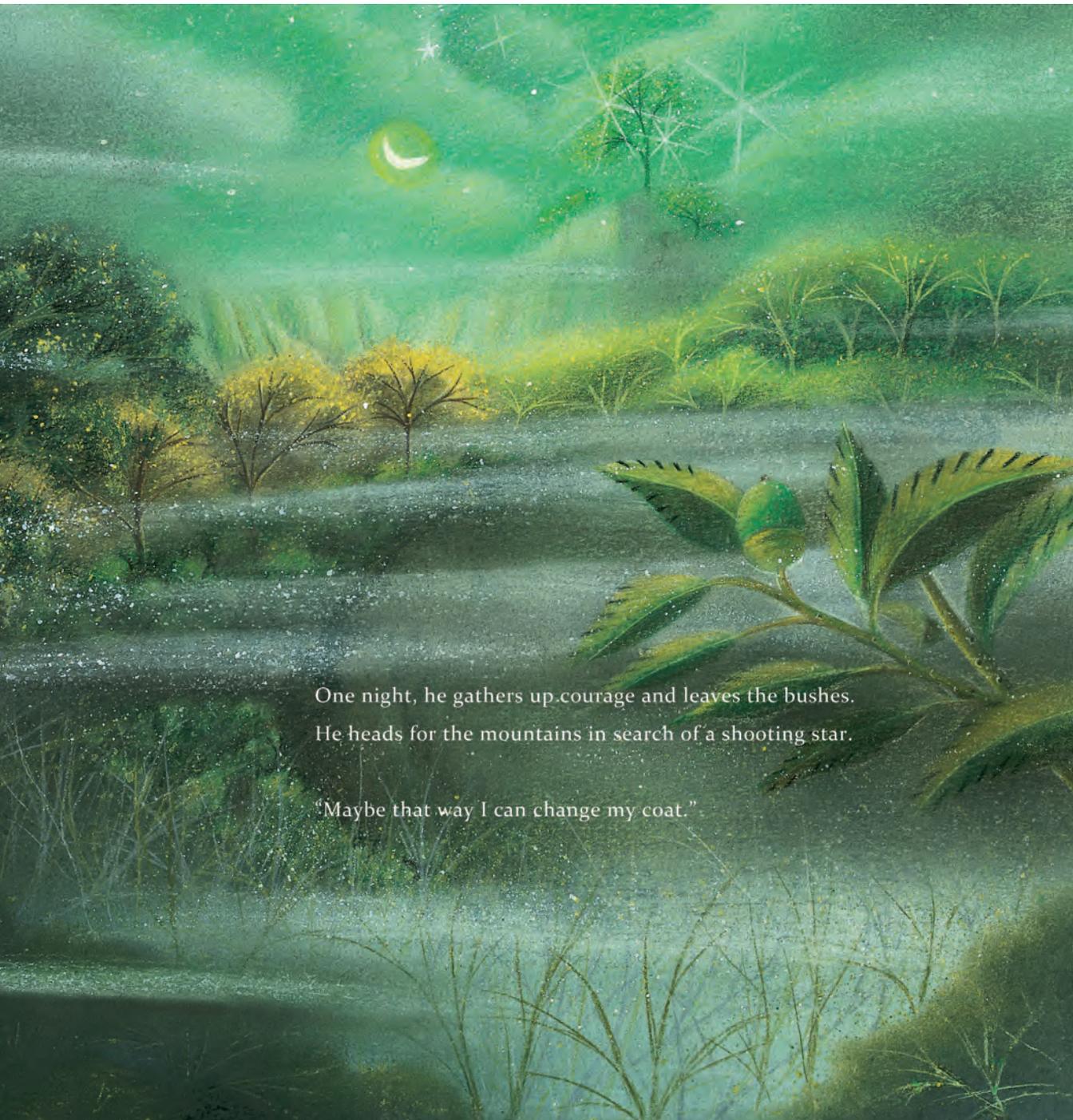






He hangs his head and says: "Their brown stripes look so handsome!"





One night, he gathers up courage and leaves the bushes.
He heads for the mountains in search of a shooting star.
“Maybe that way I can change my coat.”

I'M STARVING!

肚子好餓好餓喔



Text by
HSIEH
MING-FANG
謝明芳

Illustrated by
HO YUN-TZU
何雲姿

-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Aichi
 - Date: 5/2017
 - Rights contact:
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 36
 - Size: 24.4 x 26.6 cm
-

Hsieh Ming-Fang has authored over twenty children's titles and won a long list of awards for children's literature.

Formerly a design editor at a publisher, Ho Yun-Tzu won the first annual Golden Butterfly Award at the Taipei International Book Exhibition for her illustrations.



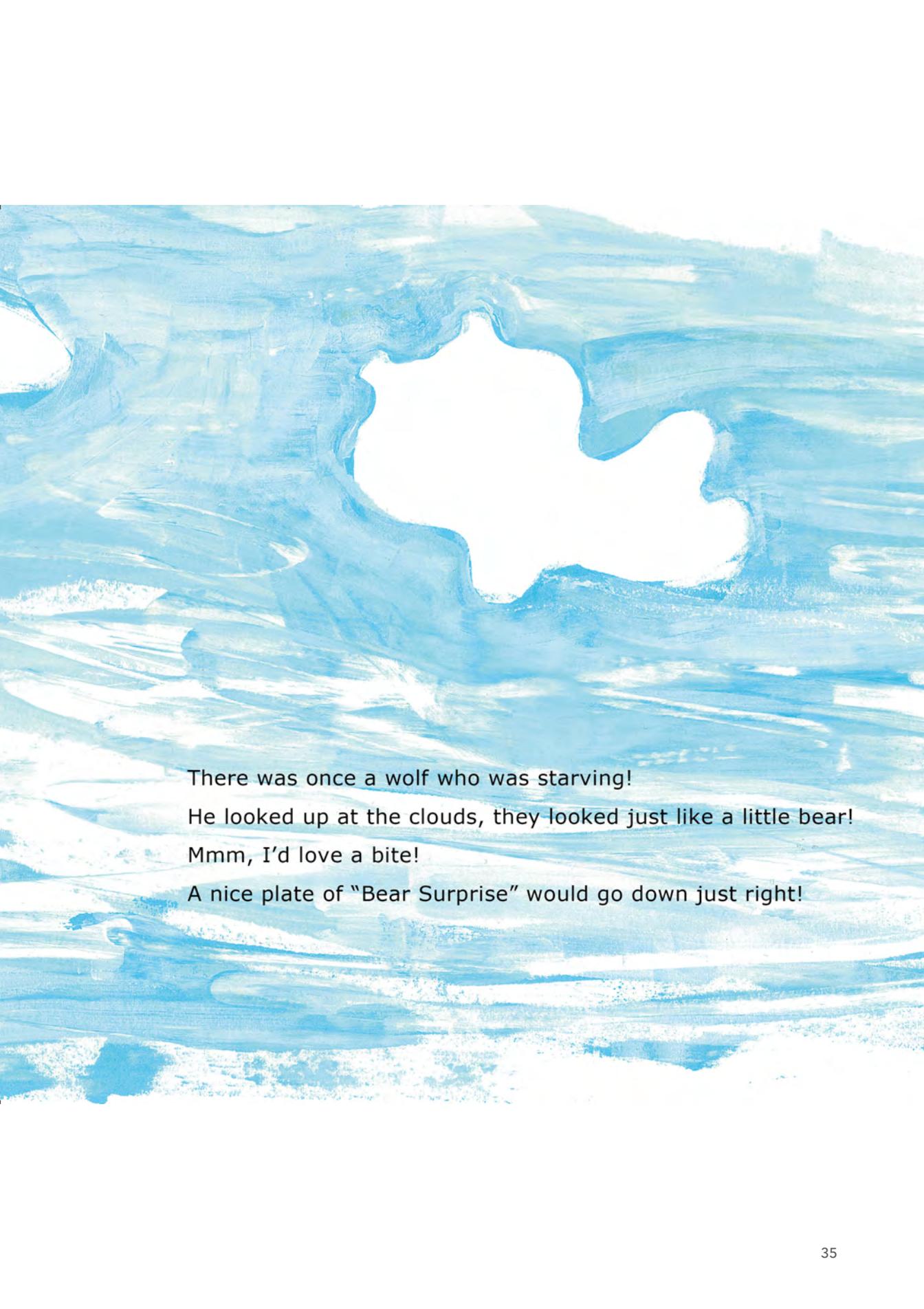
A very, very hungry wolf is dreaming of a dinner of Bear Surprise when he actually runs across a young bear picking fruits and vegetables for his own supper. The wolf offers to help, and though he has other thoughts in mind at first, the two form a more mutually beneficial friendship.

To a hungry wolf, everything looks like food! The clouds in the sky remind him of fluffy bears, and he starts dreaming about a meal of Bear Surprise. When he meets a young bear out picking fruits and vegetables for supper, the wolf can't believe his luck. He offers to help the bear gather food, and the grateful bear invites him home for dinner with his elder brother.

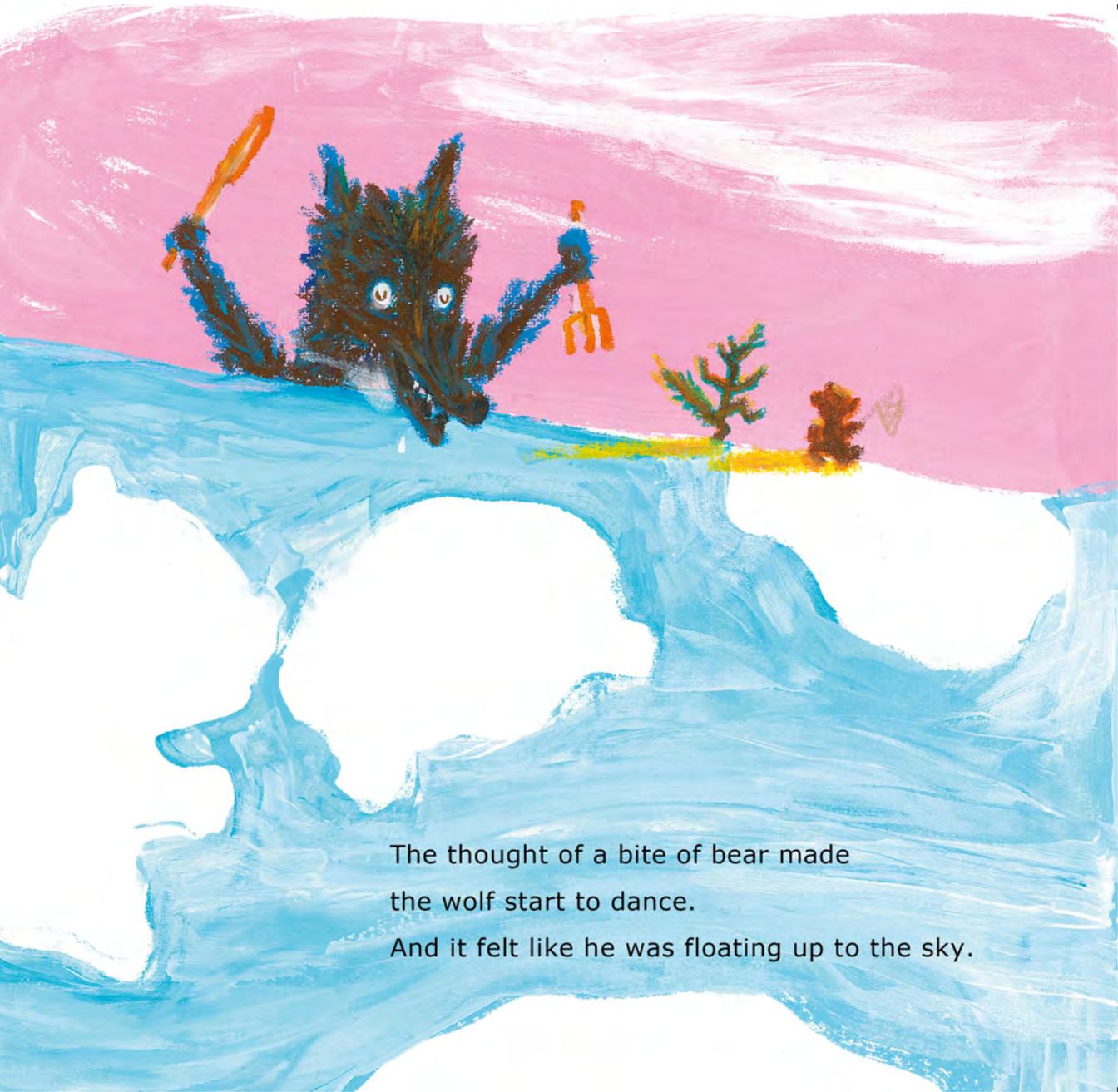
The wolf gets hungrier and hungrier, even as he and the bear work together cleaning, chopping, and cooking. But the elder brother is a *huge* bear, and the fruits, vegetables, and fish all look so good, that the wolf takes a bite of dinner...then another, and another...

This playful book tells the story about human qualities of friendship, teamwork, and trust in an animal allegory, brought to life by Ho Yun-Tzu's multicolored palette.



The background is a textured, blue-toned abstract painting. It features various shades of blue, from light sky blue to deep, dark cerulean. The brushstrokes are visible, creating a sense of movement and depth. In the center of the image, there is a large, irregular white shape that resembles a bear's head and shoulders, cut out from the blue background. This shape has a rounded top, a small ear on the left, and a snout-like form on the right. The overall effect is that of a bear-shaped hole in a blue sky or a bear-shaped cutout in a blue fabric.

There was once a wolf who was starving!
He looked up at the clouds, they looked just like a little bear!
Mmm, I'd love a bite!
A nice plate of "Bear Surprise" would go down just right!



The thought of a bite of bear made
the wolf start to dance.
And it felt like he was floating up to the sky.

They arrived at the vegetable patch. They picked purple aubergines,
green peppers... But the wolf didn't like vegetables.



"Don't worry, tonight we'll have Bear Surprise. Enough for two!"

At that moment...
A big bear appeared!
The wolf's legs went weak
and he was too scared to talk.
It only made him even more hungry!





THE TOY CLINIC

玩具診所開門了！



Text by
FANG SU-ZHEN
方素珍

Illustrated by
HAO LOU-WEN
郝洛玟

- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Global Kids
 - Date: 1/2018
 - Rights contact:
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com
 - Pages: 44
 - Size: 22 x 27.1 cm
-

A prolific children's author, Fang Su-Zhen has written poems, fairy tales, and illustrated titles for young readers, as well as been an advocate for reading throughout China and southeast Asia. Her work *Grandma Lives in a Perfume Village* won her the Golden Island Award from the Nami Island International Children's Book Festival in Korea. She has also won the American Batchelder Award, and served as a judge for the Shanghai International Children's Book Fair.



Originally a graphic and fabric designer, Hao Luo-Wen published her first illustrated children's title in 1996. She and Fang Su-Zhen have collaborated on several works, including *Every Day is Wednesday*, *Renting My Friendship*, and others.



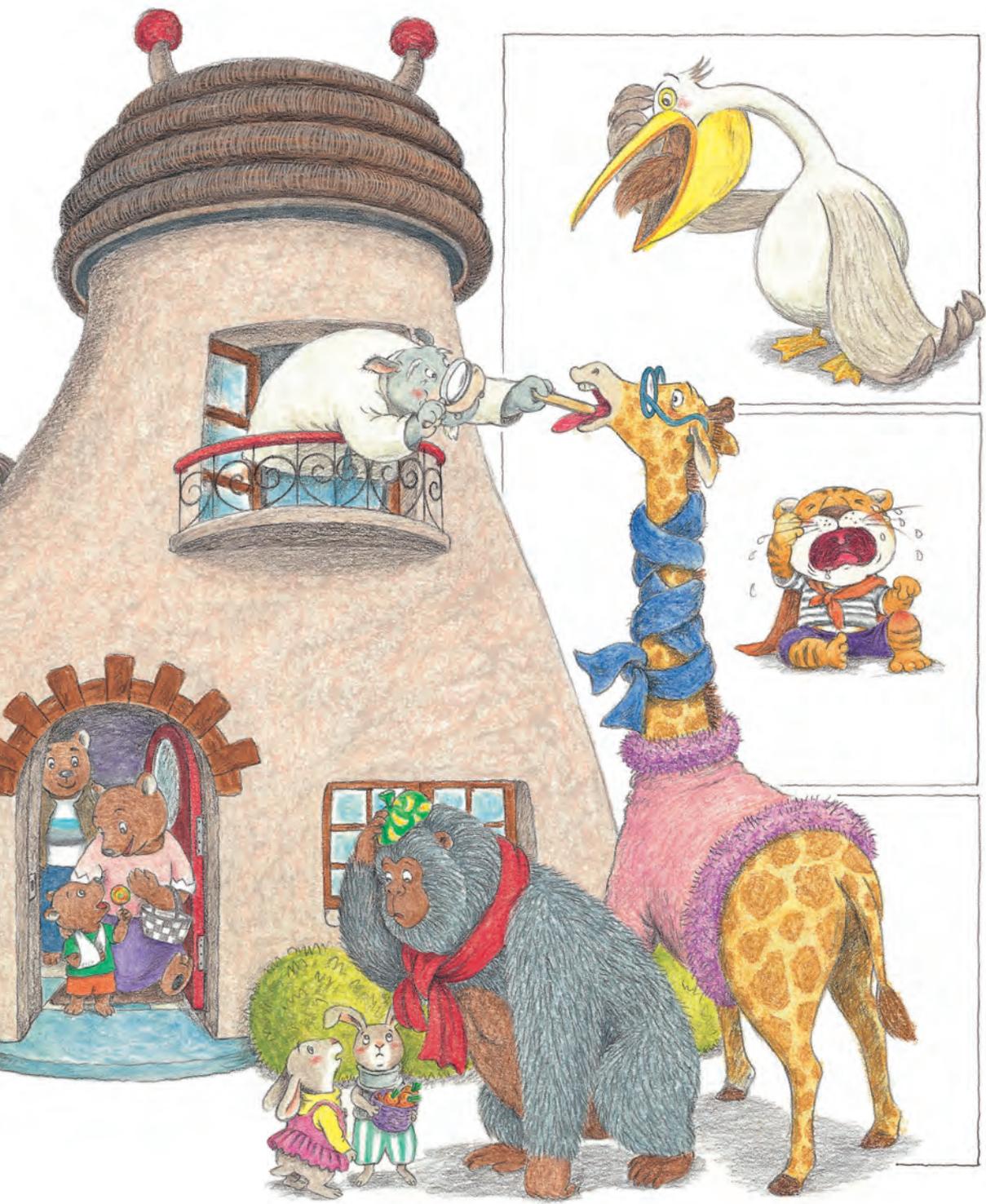
Dr. Hippo has treated the animals of his village for decades. Now that it's time to retire, he goes from fixing people to fixing toys, and starts a new chapter in his life.

Sick or injured neighbors of Dr. Hippo have been lining up outside his clinic door every morning for years, but as he ages, Dr. Hippo is getting up later, getting tired faster, and not always on the mark with his prescriptions. He has to face it: it's time to retire.

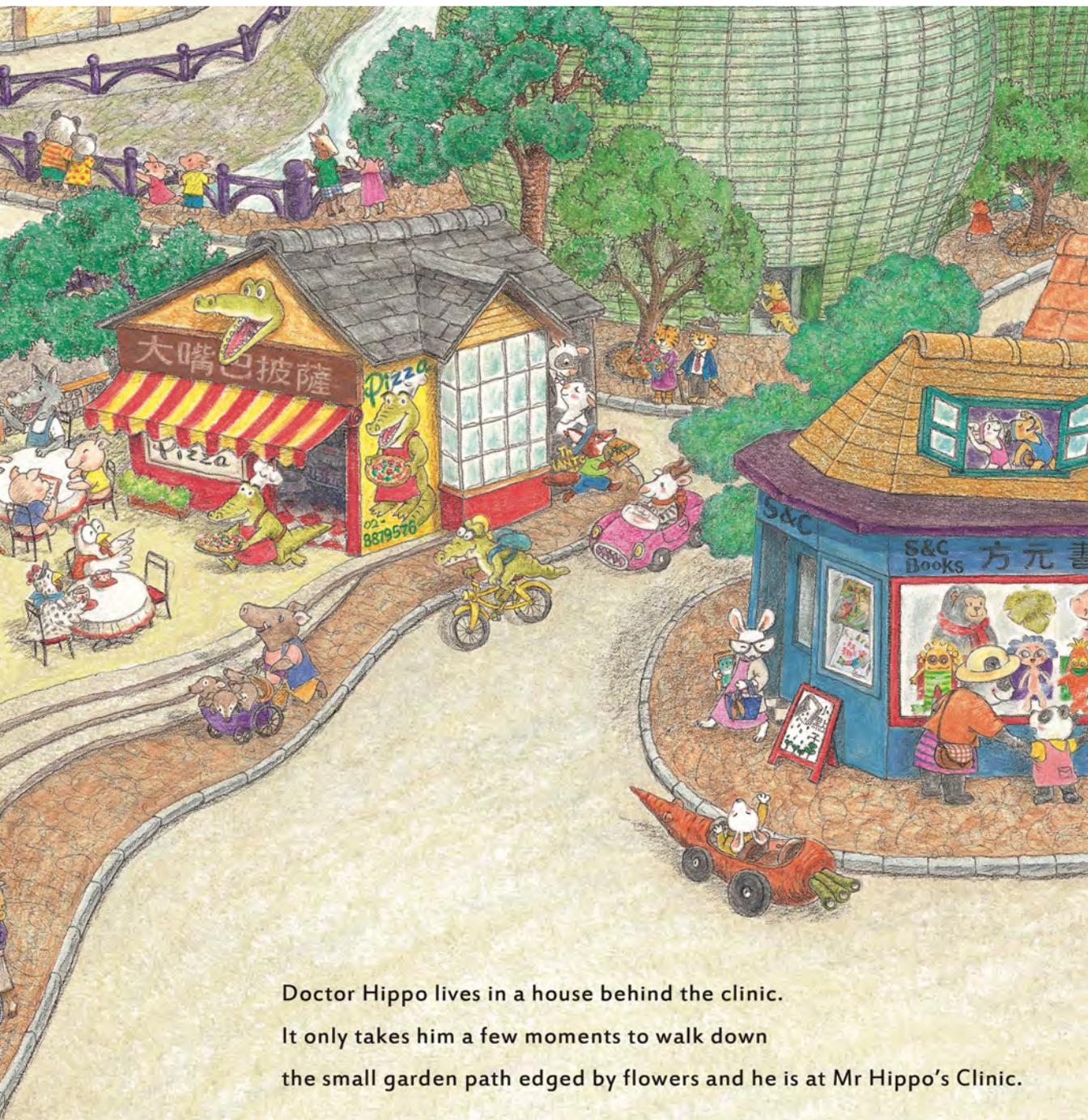
But slow days of retirement are not as relaxing as you might think; Dr. Hippo finds himself sleeping poorly, anxious, and low on energy. One day, as Mr. Fox goes to throw out a bunch of toys, Dr. Hippo offers to fix them instead. Fixing toys for children enriches his days and enlivens his imagination, and so he puts a new sign up on his door: Dr. Hippo's Toy Clinic.

Inspired by a true story of retirees who fixed toys, Fang Su-Zhen tells the story of new life after retirement in simple, flowing prose, while Hao Lou-Wen builds a rich, detailed world through her ornate illustration.









Doctor Hippo lives in a house behind the clinic.
It only takes him a few moments to walk down
the small garden path edged by flowers and he is at Mr Hippo's Clinic.

Doctor Hippo is always very busy.
Every morning when he opens,
a line has already formed outside the door.



One day, Grandpa Hippo was staring out the window when the sight of Uncle Fox walking past with a box caught his eye. "What's in the box?" Grandpa Hippo asked. "My grandson's broken toy. I'm going to throw it away." "Why, all you have to do is fix it," Grandpa Hippo said, taking a peek, "then he can keep playing!" "I don't have time to fix toys!" Uncle Fox replied. "Then give it to me to fix," Grandpa Hippo said.



BABY OWL LEARNS TO FLY

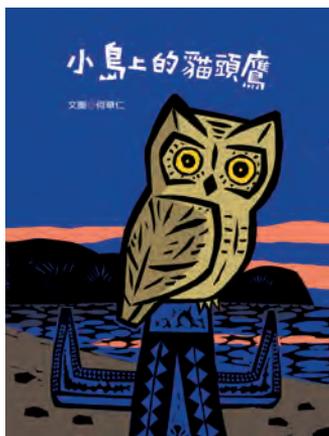
小島上的貓頭鷹



HE HUA-REN 何華仁

- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Children's Publication
 - Date: 02/2004
 - Rights contact: booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 32
 - Size: 21 x 28 cm
 - Rights Sold: Simplified Chinese (Guangxi Normal University)
-

He Hua-Ren is a famous woodcut illustrator as well as an accomplished bird-watcher. He has served as a design editor for the *China Times*, and as Creative Director for the Independent Newspaper Group. He has years of experience blending his two passions through innovative woodcuts of avian subjects. He has put on several solo exhibitions, and been recipient of a Golden Tripod Award.



Beautiful woodcut illustrations depict the journey of a baby owl, fallen from his nest, from shambling to flying, led every step of the way by the other denizens of his tropical island.

Woodcut illustrations of surpassing beauty tell the story of a small owl who finds help in the midst of disaster. Having fallen from his nest before he can fly, a baby owl comes face-to-face with the animal residents of the tropical Orchid Island. He watches stick insects hide among branches, follows tortoises to the ocean, and learns to fly behind a butterfly.

He Hua-Ren's marvelous illustrations and elegant story unfold before the eye to remarkable effect, making this book an enjoyment for readers of all ages, and elevating it beyond the narrow limits of genre.





“Aaah!”

Another baby owl has fallen out of the tree.



“Cooo coooo!” Mummy and Daddy cried out!
But they couldn’t catch the baby owl in time.







The stars were twinkling.
The baby owl wandered
around on the forest floor.

The coconut crab wasn't
very friendly – he kept
snapping his claws.

A DINNERTIME ADVENTURE

阿亞的奇幻歷險



Sun Chyng-Feng holds an MFA in Children's Literature and is a professor of Media Studies at New York University. The author of over forty children's titles to date, she has won the China Times Open Book Award, the Hsin-Yi Children's Literature Award, as well as a Golden Tripod Award.

Text by
SUN
CHYNG-FENG
孫晴峰

Illustrated by
CHEN
CHI-HSIEN
陳志賢



Artist and architect by training, Chen Chi-Hsien has received numerous awards for his illustrated titles, including the Hsin-Yi Children's Literature Award, the China Times Book Award for Best Children's Book, several Golden Butterfly Awards, and an invitation to exhibit at the Bologna Children's Book Fair Illustrators' Exhibition. His pieces have been bought by the Klingspor Museum in Germany and the Taipei Fine Arts Museum.

-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Pace
 - Date: 12/2017
 - Rights contact: booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 40
 - Size: 29.5 x 21.3 cm
-



Mounds of rice become snowy mountains, meatballs fall like meteors, and snakes lurk in bowls of vegetable soup in little Aya's dinnertime world.

Aya does more than make volcanoes out of her mashed potatoes; she dives into dinner with her whole imagination. Fields of salad stretch before her; a car made of corn, snow peas, and tomatoes speeds her across the tablecloth and out of the way of oncoming meatballs; the edge of a carving knife chases her across the chicken.

Sun Chyng-Feng's story and Chen Chi-Hsien's wild, windswept illustrations pull the reader into worlds of emotive color, immersing us in this wild imaginative ride through a usually mundane occasion.

I'm all alone on this mountain made of little white stones.

They're soft and sticky.

I can make it into the shape of a castle!









Look at that mysterious looking white lake in the distance.

I want to get closer, but how can I get across?





Maybe I should play with something else.

I can make the little white stones into a ball.
If I kick it hard...

THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY

蝴蝶遇見公主



Text by
K. T. HAO
郝廣才

Illustrated by
MONICA
BARENGO

-
- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Grimm Press
 - Date: 7/2017
 - Rights contact:
booksfromtaiwan.rights
@gmail.com; diane-ho
@grimmpress.com.tw
 - Pages: 32
 - Size: 22 x 33 cm
-

K. T. Hao is a luminary in the world of children’s literature. An avid creator, he has translated, written, and even founded a publishing house – Grimm Press. He and his company won Best Children’s Publisher at the 2014 Bologna Children’s Book Fair. His work has been touted by *Publishers Weekly* for “bridging the world by partnering locals with foreign illustrators,” and he was the first Asian judge of the Bologna Children’s Book Fair Illustrators’ Exhibition. His titles have been published in several countries, including Korea, France, America, China, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere.



Monica Barengo is an illustrator well-known as a master of the earth-tone palette. Her work was selected for the Bologna Children’s Book Fair Illustrators Exhibition in 2012, and can be found in both book and serial publication forms.



The young granddaughter of a Chinese potter befriends a golden-haired princess halfway around the world through her portrait on a Ming vase. A touching fairy tale brought to life in luxurious illustration.

Little Butterfly's grandfather is a famous ceramicist in ancient China, while she is his helper and his inspiration, the "pearl in the palm of his hand." One day, he paints a picture of her dancing on the belly of a beautiful vase; a vase that is bought, shipped across the ocean, and finally displayed in the home of a European king, whose young daughter falls in love with it.

One day, the young princess falls asleep while admiring the vase; in her dream, she meets Little Butterfly, and the two play Chinese games and become friends. Upon waking, the princess tells everything to her father and mother, who order the country's best craftsman to learn the Chinese art of ceramics and glazing in order to paint the young girls' far-away friendship on new china.

This book, a collaboration between Taiwanese author K. T. Hao and Italian illustrator Monica Berengo, has garnered acclaim from readers and editors from around the world for its touching, fable-like story and endearing illustrations. It incorporates historical knowledge into a moving narrative about friendship, cultural communication, and our ability to commune with others across time and distance.

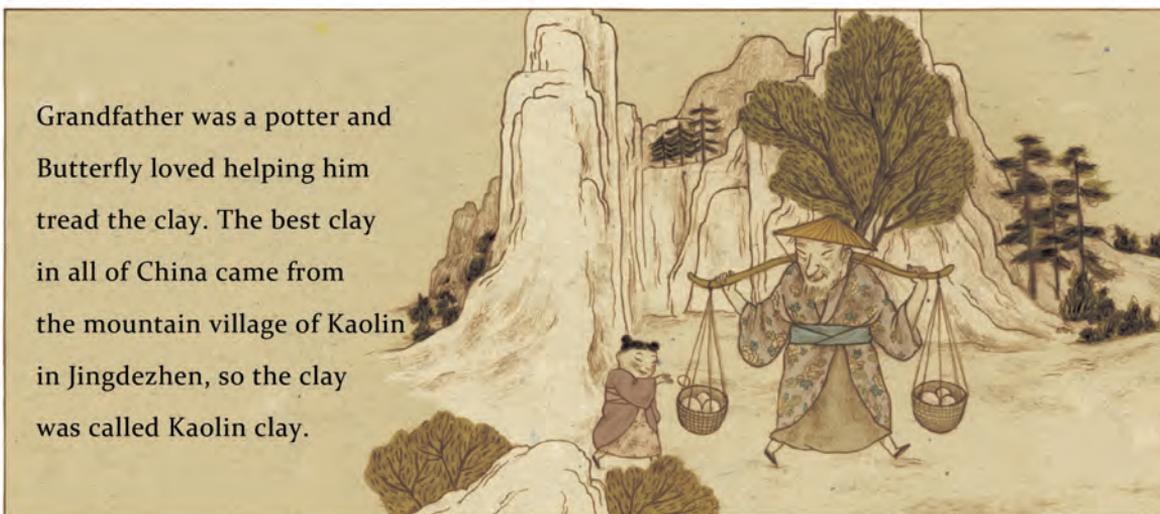




The leaves were lush and green and the flowers had broken into bloom.

There was a young girl who was good at kicking the shuttlecock.
“That shuttlecock looks just like a butterfly,” her Grandfather said,
“flying in a garden in spring.” So Grandfather called her Little Butterfly.

Grandfather was a potter and Butterfly loved helping him tread the clay. The best clay in all of China came from the mountain village of Kaolin in Jingdezhen, so the clay was called Kaolin clay.



The pieces of clay were placed into a barrel of water, all extra impurities were filtered out and then it was mixed until smooth with a wooden stick. Then the bubbles were carefully kneaded out of it so that it wouldn't break when fired.



Using a wheel, the clay was shaped then left to dry in the shade. It couldn't be left in the sun. Then, if the inside of the pot wasn't going to be embossed, it would be glazed.



Glaze was a thin layer applied to the porcelain that looked like glass. After glazed, it was ready to be decorated. The blue pigment they used took a long time to grind.



Once decorated, the porcelain would be dipped in another layer of glaze. The timing had to be just right.

Grandfather explained each step in the process again and again to Butterfly.



Butterfly liked painting.

She painted mountains, she painted water, she painted trees and flowers.

Sometimes Grandfather let her paint a few strokes on his pots.

It was even more fun than kicking a shuttlecock!



One day,
Grandfather decorated a pair of vases with lots of flowers.
Then he pointed to a blank spot and said,
“What should I put here?”
“A butterfly!”

Butterfly took the brush and painted a butterfly.
Then she handed it to her grandfather and said,
"You do the rest!"

Beneath the butterfly,
Grandfather added a little girl, kicking a shuttlecock.



DON'T TELL A SOUL

千萬不要告訴別人



TUNG CHIA

童嘉

- Category: Picture Book
 - Publisher: Little Bear Books
 - Date: 11/2017 (first published in 2012)
 - Rights contact: booksfromtaiwan.rights@gmail.com
 - Pages: 32
 - Size: 19.3 x 23.6 cm
-

Originally a syndicated columnist, Tung Chia took up illustration on a random opportunity eighteen years ago, and as of today has published over thirty illustrated titles. Best-known titles include *The Real and the Fake Nightingale*, *We Built a New House*, *I Want to Be Different*, and others.



“Don’t tell a soul!” How often have we heard this, then said it ourselves? One unfortunate cat’s secret makes the rounds of every ear before returning to its owner’s.

The great irony of secrets is how easily they spread. In a pictorial story everyone can relate to, a cat tells a particularly intimate secret to a friend, noting at the end, “Don’t tell a soul!” Yet his feline friend does what so many of us do: he tells another friend. The bulldog tells the spaniel, who tells another cat, who tells a horse, and so on, until even the honeybee knows. And when it comes back to the first cat’s ear, still punctuated with the reminder “Don’t tell a soul!”, you can imagine how that poor cat must feel!

Author and illustrator Tung Chia employs more images and symbols than words in order to highlight the ironic path of a well-traveled secret, which passes from ear to ear like a game of “telephone.” Detailed graphite illustrations and a masterful use of suggestion and understatement make this a book to inspire thought as well as appreciation.

“.....
.....
..... Don't tell a soul!”

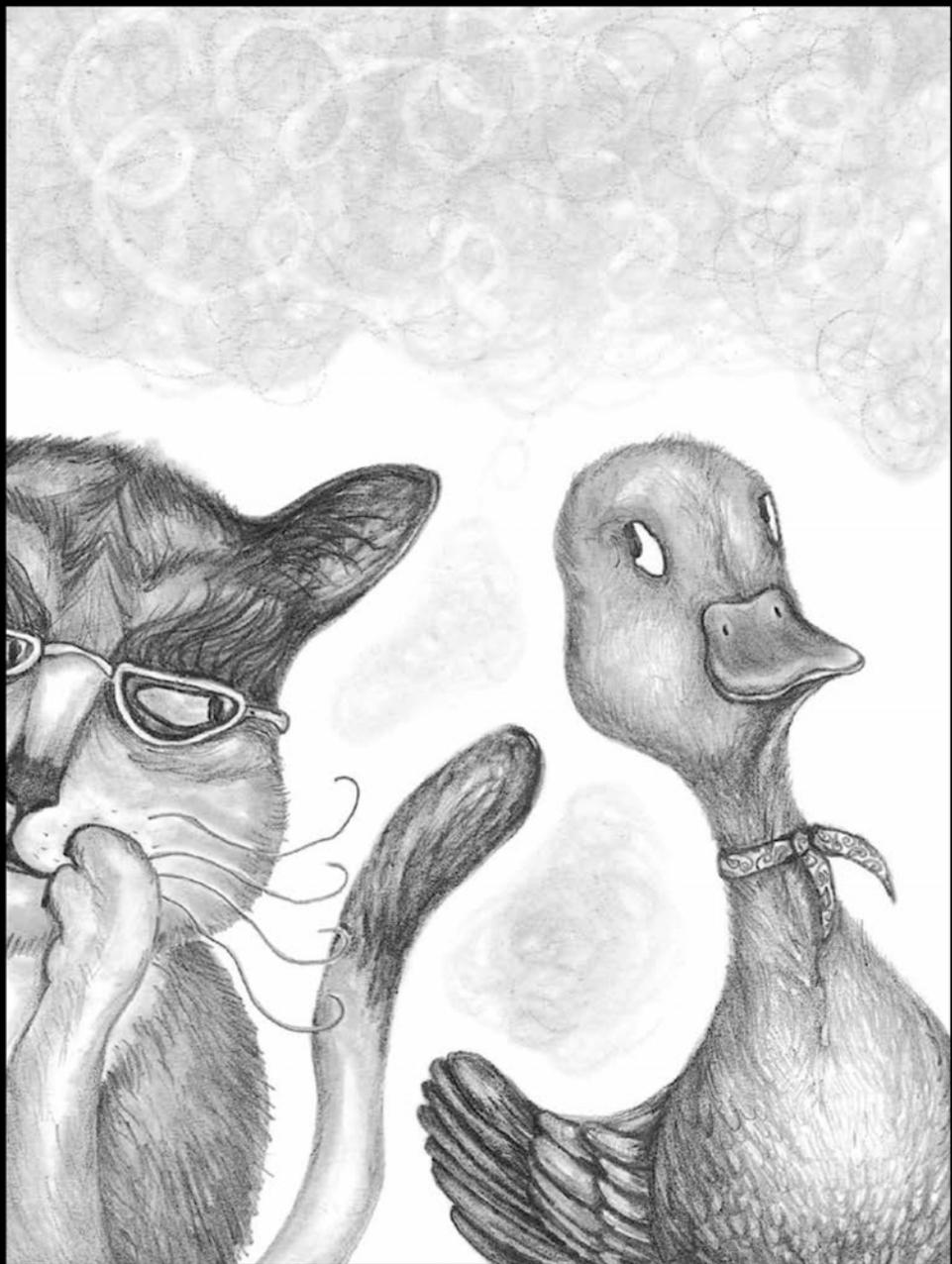
“OK!”



“
.....

.....
----- Don't tell a soul!”

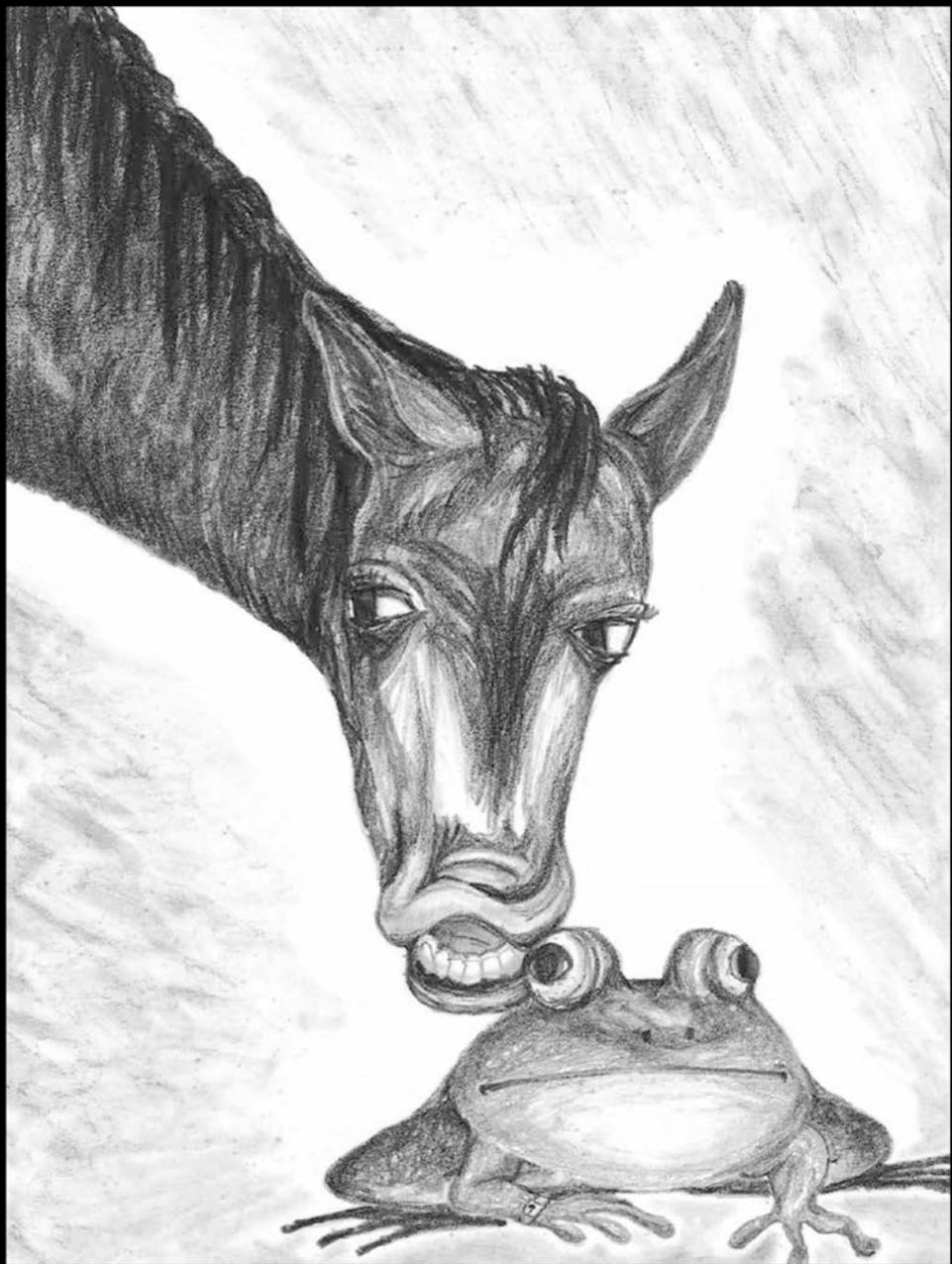
“Quack!”



“

.....
.....
..... Don't tell a soul!”

“ Ribbit! ”



TENNIS TEEN

網球少年



A lover of both reading and tennis, author Tung Shao-Yin has been awarded the Chiu Ko Children's Literature Award and The Comic Ritz Million Novel Award for past works of fiction for young readers.

Text by
TUNG
SHAO-YIN
董少尹

Illustrated by
ZULIECA WU
蘇力卡



Once a staff designer for a newspaper, Zulieca Wu is now a full-time designer and illustrator of children's titles, picture books, and other graphic projects. Her work has appeared in newspaper, magazine, and book form.

-
- Category: Middle-Grade Fiction
 - Publisher: Chiu Ko
 - Date: 11/2017
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-



An awkward middle-school boy gets onto the school tennis team through the popularity of his older brother, but once on the court, he finds confidence, happiness, and a challenge to make himself better.

Chia Shih-Shu has always lived under the shadow of his elder brother, Chia Yeh-Nan – the brilliant, popular student who was good at everything his younger brother is terrible at. Yet the two boys are close, and one day, on his brother’s recommendation, the younger brother tries out for their school tennis team. There’s only one problem: Shih-Shu has never played tennis before.

Lucky for him, his elder brother once wrote the team an analytics program that sent them to the championship last year, and the team happily accepts Shih-Shu out of deference to Yeh-Nan. The coach and other team members guide Shih-Shu through rigorous practice towards greater skill and confidence; but just as victory seems within Shih-Shu’s grasp, his life’s strongest support is revealed as an illusion.

Tennis Teen boasts an easy, fast-paced narrative that handles themes of personal growth, familial love, and death with quirky humor.

TENNIS TEEN

Text by Tung Shao-Yin, Illustrated by Zulieca Wu

Translated by Ivy Goldstein

3 The Tennis Team

The next afternoon after school, I was in the rest area next to the school tennis courts. I was blocking the entrance to the tennis courts when Coach Ku, about to walk in, stopped.

“Coach, I want to be on the tennis team,” I implored.

Our school, Liuzhangli Middle School, only had three gym teachers. Coach Ku did not teach our class, so this was the first time I had interacted with him.

“Oh? I don’t know you. Are you a new seventh-grader? How long have you played tennis?” Coach Ku had dark skin and looked a little like Louis Koo.

“Huh? The team only accepts students who can already play tennis?” I asked the coach.

“Of course! The team represents the school in competitions. If you can’t play tennis, why would we let you on? To be a caddy? School’s out, go home!” Coach Ku looked angry, his tone turning impatient.

I looked at the ground, ashamed and disappointed. I couldn’t help but peek at the team on the court in their sparkling white uniforms. I really envied them.

“I’ll be a caddy, Coach. Can I train with the team? I can help clean the courts every day. I can do odd jobs. During the games I can buy water, carry bags, do all of the data entry stuff that a team manager does. I can do all of the paperwork that you don’t want to deal with,

such as putting the team list into the computer, dealing with the money. I can take on that kind of computer work,” I continued to plead with Coach Ku.

“No, you can’t! Space on the team is limited. If you can’t play tennis, you can’t take up a space on the team! Don’t you know that the three seniors who graduated last year from the tennis team were guaranteed spots in the top three high schools? Every spot on the team is precious. If you can’t help the team win, then you can’t take up a space!” Coach Ku persisted.

“Coach, you know that Taiwan isn’t a good place for tennis. If I try to find a coach at a tennis club, it would cost way too much. My parents only make about ten dollars for every bowl of noodles they sell, and twenty for every plate of food, and they couldn’t afford it. Also, only the coach and team members are allowed to use the school’s tennis court. I pay tuition too, yet I can’t play on them. Doesn’t that seem like a problem?” I replied.

“Are you threatening me?” The coach replied. “Our tennis team funds are completely above-board. We do not take one cent from the non-athlete student body! The accounts are very clear, it all checks out!” Coach Ku’s voice grew louder as he spoke.

“Coach, I’m not threatening you, I’m begging you. Let me train with the team for a year, and I’ll do everything for you – I’ll be your free labor. I’ll train on my own, and if I can’t beat any of the official members of the team a year from now,

I'll give up. If I take a year to train, and can catch up with or surpass the other team members, it would help weak members of the team get stronger, and make the whole team better. It would bring constructive competition, a battle among men on the court." I was talking like a con man, trying to convince Coach Ku.

"Well, the team trains hard, and full cooperation from each team members' parents is needed. If you don't have parental consent, then I can't take you. Getting parental consent is extremely important." Coach Ku was stalling because he still didn't want to take me.

"Consent? If you let me train with the team, I'll bring you the consent form signed and stamped by my parents tomorrow. Also, Coach, look: it's unavoidable that before each game someone will get a fever, be in a car accident, get in a fight, twist an ankle on the court, or get a stomach virus; people eat all kinds of things, and inevitably get sick. The deeper your bench is, the stronger the skills of the alternate players will be. You'll have more choices in the event something happens," I said.

"You can't play tennis at all? Do you have your own racket?" Coach Ku asked.

"No, I've never played tennis, so I don't have a tennis racket. But my coordination is good, and I run fast. Plus, I don't study, so I go to sleep really early, and never stay up all night. So I am really healthy, and all my organs are functioning well," I said, a little embarrassed.

"No need to say more. I give priority to alternates who have played tennis before, whether they played with their parents, trained with a coach, or played in primary school. You don't even have a racket. Would you borrow it from another team member? Or are you implying you'd borrow it from me? School has been out for a while now. Go home, and don't hang around here! Get along with you!" Coach Ku waved me away.

I had no choice: I had to use the secret

weapon my brother told me about.

"Coach," I whispered. "I'm Chia Yeh-Nan's little brother."

"Chia Yeh-Nan? Really? You're Chia Yeh-Nan's little brother?" Coach Ku's eyes suddenly got brighter, his cheeks flushed, and excitement crept into his voice.

"Yeah. From the same mother and father. My name is Chia Shih-Shu."

"Oh! Why didn't you say so earlier? You should have told me this before! You want to be on the tennis team? Come on in! You can start training today!" Coach Ku spoke happily and excitedly.

"Now? But I don't have a tennis racket..."

"No problem, I'll lend you one of mine. I have plenty of rackets that were gifts from sponsors. I'll give you a brand new one." Coach Ku was all smiles, and he seemed like a different person.

"I haven't gotten the parental consent form signed..."

"That's okay. It's not important. Just tell your brother to call me and say everything's okay, and it'll be fine."

Didn't you just say that the parental consent form was really important? Coach Ku was contradicting himself.

"So, Coach, will I be a caddy first?"

"A caddy? No, you'll be an official team member, of course! I am in charge of the team, and it's up to me! I'll give you the application form later. You can fill it out and sign it at home, and that's it."

"But I don't know how to play tennis at all!"

"Don't worry about it! You're Nan's little brother. I'll train you myself, and I guarantee that you will be up to the level of the team within three months. There are no weak soldiers under strong generals, as they say! Under my guidance you will be unbeatable. Has Nan told you that I was a national contender when I was younger?"

"Yeah, he told me that you were one of the

top ten players in the country.”

“Ha ha, ‘A reputation is as fleeting as a cloud.’ Heroes do not mention past glories; those are just times from my youth. So, do you want to be captain of the team? The team captain graduates next year, and so then I can make you captain.” Hearing me related what my brother had said about his heroic past made Coach Ku noticeably elated. He stood up tall, stuck out his chest, and even quoted from the movie *Shaolin Soccer*.

“That’s okay! I’ll just be a team member, or maybe Vice Captain.” My feelings were sharply conflicted as I spoke.

My older brother really must command a lot of respect, to have made such a close friendship with Coach Ku!

It seems I’m still living in the shadow of his genius.

4 Grabbing the Racket

I followed Coach into the tennis courts of Liuzhangli Middle School. There were two clay courts on one side of the wall and a hard court on the other. Coach Ku introduced me to everyone. “This is our new team member; let’s give him a hand in welcome! Let’s have everyone start with some self-guided practice according to the written schedule. I’ll go to the back wall to help the new student.”

After Coach was done talking, he led me to the cement wall behind the clay court, saying, “Take the balls from the ground, and hit a few against the wall for me.”

I picked up some tennis balls from the court and started to hit them against the wall. I hadn’t hit two balls before they started flying out of the court.

“Ugh. I’m not doing well today.” I made an excuse to hide the embarrassment of my first time hitting a tennis ball.

I picked up another ball and hit it against the wall, but again, I only got a stroke or two in

before it went flying over the top.

I kept missing over and over.

By this point, Coach Ku couldn’t stand it any longer.

“Okay, I get it. You really are a total beginner.”

Coach Ku came over and adjusted the racket in my hand, turning it seventy degrees so that the racket handle was between the base of my thumb and forefinger.

“This is the Western way to hold the racket. Try hitting against the wall again.”

Holding back the power of my swing, I hit and returned the ball over ten times.

“The angle of your grip is the most crucial aspect of the stroke. The Western grip is easy to master, so it’s a good grip for new students who need to control the ball.” Coach Ku seemed happy to see me catching on so quickly; his expression said, “He is indeed Nan’s little brother!”

I looked at the racket in my hand, surprised.

What a huge difference changing the angle of the racket made in the feel of the stroke!

I continued hitting the balls against the wall. Everything went so smoothly, and I didn’t hit any more balls out of the court.

“Ha ha! I really have some talent!” I felt really proud and couldn’t wait to tell my brother.

Coach Ku had me continue for another half an hour or so, then led me to the clay court.

“Come to the main court and hit with the serving machine,” he instructed.

I helped Coach move the serving machine into the middle of the court. I set the ball speed and direction, and the machine began to spit out balls.

Coach Ku told me to go over and return a few.

The other team members stared at me curiously, stretching their necks and widening their eyes as they wondered what kind of VIP deserved a half an hour of one-on-one guidance from Coach Ku.

I stood in the middle of the court, feeling both nervous and excited.

When the first ball popped out, I skittered toward it and swung. It sailed well over the fifteen-foot-high chain fence surrounding the court.

As the second ball popped out. I ran to it, connected, and sent it flying.

“Softer! Hit softer!” Coach Ku yelled from the side of the court. The other team members watched in open-mouthed suspicion.

Be calm.

I took a deep breath.

I took another deep breath.

As I was concentrating on breathing, the third ball flew out from my side.

One player who couldn't bear it any longer shouted: “You newbie! You have to chase! Don't just stand there! This is tennis, not tai chi!” The rest of the team laughed.

I sent the fourth and fifth balls flying, but slowed my swing for the sixth, and actually hit the ball back on a diagonal.

“Yes! Good volley, keep it going!” Coach Ku saw it.

I used the same level of strength on the seventh and eighth balls, and returned both to the same spot.

Tennis is a sport with a rhythm to it.

After catching the rhythm, you can repeat it and hit the ball successfully each time.

“Nice! Keep it going, keep it going!”

I returned the ninth and tenth balls perfectly to the same spot on the line by the ball machine.

Once I got a feeling for the motion, Coach purposely made me hit more; I returned fifty shots in a row, until the ball machine was empty.

I didn't miss any of the last forty. Once I got the rhythm, returning them back was as easy as sipping a glass of water.

“How does it feel? Do you have the idea now?” Coach Ku asked me. I was crouched down, out of breath and unable to speak.

“Coach, are you kidding? Someone like this can get on the team? My Granny plays better than him!” The tall, thin upperclassman who had yelled at once again expressed his objections.

“So, get your Granny to come over!” After Coach Ku said this, everyone laughed. “Today is his first time playing tennis. Now let's have an open discussion and point out where he needs to improve. Scholar, you go first.”

“As the Vice Captain, I cannot say everything in one go – I will leave some for the Captain to say. This fatso's in terrible physical shape. He's practically throwing up after hitting fifty balls. He needs to run more, and it looks like he needs to lose at least twenty pounds. Now let's hear the Captain speak.” The Vice Captain wore a pair of thick-rimmed glasses and had an erudite air.

“The fatso's footwork is messy, so he's wasting energy going after the balls. His movements are imprecise, and he's not familiar enough with the bounce of the ball. He needs to practice more with the ball machine. Does the Advisor have any suggestions?” The Captain was very tall and thin, towering like a bamboo pole as he talked.

The Advisor had a little beard, with some of the charm of Tsang Chi Wau playing Zhuge Liang. With a pretentious air, he said, “The chubby guy has electric eyes, and is handsome and upright, heroic and cool. Truly a hero among men, a stallion among mules. He is like Lu Bu on his Red Hare Stallion; he is like the Great Wall of the nation, the descendant of the dragon! Could it be that he is Nan's little brother?”

The whole team let out a gasp.

THE DAEMON TIMES: MOONLIGHT TERROR

妖怪新聞社：月光恐慌事件



A young, award-winning author of children's literature, Wang Yu-Ching's short prose can be found in a variety of printed forms. *The Daemon Times* is his newest serial work.

Text by
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YU-CHING
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-



Deaf illustrator George Wang has loved to draw since he was a child. He has been publishing work under his pen name since 2011. He currently resides in Taipei.



Somehow, the ever-lazy Omnicat has found himself in the worst situation of his life: as a rookie reporter amid a crisis of epic proportions! Luckily, a keen eye and a few old tricks up his sleeve allow this lackadaisical feline to get to the bottom of a scam that's causing mass hysteria and threatening the existence of his employer.

Omnicat can't quite figure out how he ended up answering a call for new journalists at the well-reputed newspaper, *The Daemon Times*. But now that he's there, everything has fallen apart: his editor is clamoring for a story, his colleagues are competing with him, and the rival paper has just broken a story that has shaken the daemon world to its very foundations!

Even though Omnicat just wants to curl up for a nap, the world's demands are too pressing: their competitor has reported that the moon, whose light sustains every daemon, is fading, and its light becoming more harmful than beneficial. But while everyone is running around buying special mooncream and moonglasses (conveniently advertised below), Omnicat figuratively smells a rat. Checking his sources, he finds that the article is fake, including the "expert" it cites. So Omnicat gets off his habitually lazy behind and goes in to uncover a story, a journey that will bring him more than he bargained for.

Wang Yu-Ching's brilliant wit pairs perfectly with George Wang's exuberant style of illustration in a story that employs cleverness to teach reader about the nature of truth and the value of inquisitiveness.

THE DAEMON TIMES: MOONLIGHT TERROR

Text by Wang Yu-Ching, Illustrated by George Wang
Translated by Gigi Chang

“Welcome to *The Daemon Times*. My name is Floramist, the Editor-in-Chief. As I’m sure you are aware, we chose you for your unique capabilities and obvious potential to become journalists worth our attention.”

Omnicat was impressed. He sensed instantly that his new boss was a formidable daemon, but he couldn’t discern her true being behind the veil she wore.

“Now, writers and photographers, find your partner. Two in a team.” The editor gave her first order.

“Jessica and I are already a team,” the dog daemon drawled.

“Yes, I’m with Snowsharp,” the eyeball daemon agreed, equally cool.

So that’s her name – Snowsharp. It rings a bell, Omnicat said to himself. Then he gasped, and his eyes widened, as if he had just recalled something. But whatever the thought had been, it was chased away by the single eye staring at him: Jessica’s twin, Jack.

“Each journalist must have a partner,” the editor said again, looking pointedly at the remaining two.

“Erm, nah, I’m alright alone....” Frantically, Omnicat waved the command away. He didn’t realize he’d have to work with other daemons.

If Snowsharp and Jessica are already a team, doesn’t that leave me with Jack? He seems nice enough...but the fact of the matter was that Omnicat didn’t want a partner.

Yet before he could say another word, Jack’s

face – rather, the white of his eye – had turned pink.

A large teardrop fell.

“Erm...” Omnicat panicked. He had never imagined this eyeball daemon could be so emotionally fragile.

“Don’t – don’t cry. I’ll be your partner....” the words tumbled out before the flustered feline had time to consider their implication.

“That would be amazing!” Jack smiled, and threw himself onto Omnicat, wrapping the cat daemon in a big, wet hug. “Thank you! We’ll be a wonderful team.”

Jack’s tears were both profuse and sticky. They ran all over Omnicat’s coat and clothes, making him feel weird and awkward. Yet he knew if he pushed Jack away, the eyeball would probably squeeze out even more, so he stood stiffly and nodded.

So, from now on, I’ll have this weepy eye of a photographer stuck to my side all day long, Omnicat moaned inside. What a fuss this journalism business is! Maybe I should slip away while I can....

The editor-in-chief then explained the newspaper’s work. She spent most of her time describing how she singlehandedly completed all the text and visual editing work, and how it all relied on her exceptional taste, great flair for writing, and keen eye in art direction, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

So full of herself!

Snap. A soft explosion drew Omnicat’s

wandering mind back to the present. A purple haze faintly scented with flowers rose in front of the new recruits.

The daemons tried to refocus their eyes. One after another, small pouches materialized in the mist.

"This is the basic toolkit for journalists of *The Daemon Times*. Open it and look inside."

"Woah! That's so cool!" Curiosity had banished every thought of running off from Omnicat's head.

"I'm not keen on the color or the shape of this bag," Jessica said frostily.

Ignoring the criticism, Floramist flashed a smile. "This toolkit will transform according to its owner's personality and preferences....Oh, and, I made *every one of them* by myself. Who *wouldn't* want one?" The editor looked closely at each of the new recruits as her tone turned acerbic. Though the veil obscured her eyes, Omnicat couldn't help but shiver as a chill spread quickly through his body.

Right on cue, the pouches in the haze began to transform.

Snowsharp's toolkit turned into a messenger bag, black as the darkest night, with a sprinkle of silvery snowflakes adorning the flap. Luxurious but elegant. Jessica's transformed into a light shoulder bag, emblazoned with lightning symbols in metallic purple and gold, as practical and shrewd as its owner. Her little twin brother Jack's bag morphed into a coffee-colored backpack of sturdy canvas. It was plain and undecorated, both solid and durable.

Of course, Omnicat's pouch also changed – into a snow-white cross-body belt bag embroidered with swirling clouds embroidered in blue and gold.

"Aiya!" gasped the editor. Omnicat couldn't understand her reaction, but was too excited to ponder why. He simply squealed, "Wow! I love it!" and ripped open the bag. It contained a small notebook, a pen, and a mobile phone. He imme-

diately reached for the phone.

"Ouch!" He felt an electric shock, and heard an echo of yelps – Jack's cry was particularly exaggerated and shrill – as others got zapped too. This is clearly another brilliant invention of our editor boss, Omnicat thought. She's so much more than what she seems. I bet she's a daemontechnic expert; that boomerang of a hiring letter must have been her handiwork too!

When did daemoncraft and daemontechnic get so advanced? Omnicat thought resentfully. I'm really so out of the loop....But I can learn! I'll start now!

The thought brought him back to his happy-go-lucky self.

"The shock was part of the phone's identity authentication process. No other daemon but the phone's owner and myself can now use the device. Moreover, the phone is guaranteed to work, no matter where you are. No matter where!" Floramist said with great pride.

"So cool! The pen and the notebook must be really special too!" Omnicat whipped them out, full of excitement.

"Erm, no, they're just ordinary." Was the editor blushing behind the veil? Then the haughty voice returned: "Certain techniques can only be acquired through hard work."

The atmosphere had now grown extremely awkward, the air frosty. Omnicat feared he had already got on the wrong foot with his boss. To everyone's relief, Floramist broke the ice she had created with a dry cough. "Ahem. Let me show you around your workspace."

"This is where you sit," she announced, snapping her fingers as they arrived at an empty room.

Instantly, four wooden desks and chairs grew from the floor. Then reading lamps sprouted from the tabletop.

"Wow, the desk has drawers!" Omnicat and Jack were like two little children, running their paws over everything, purring and gasping in

awe.

“Country bumpkins,” Snowsharp cast a look of disdain and turned up her snout. She picked a seat and started arranging her things. Jessica followed and sat behind her.

Realizing the other team had claimed their desks, Omnicat and Jack scrambled to copy them.

“Cor, this is comfy!” Omnicat exclaimed as he lowered himself into the chair. It had the appearance of hard wood, but it felt cushioned, soft. He sank into the land of dreams....After all, he was a cat who had grown very used to doing very little.

“Now, come with me, I’ll show you around the office.”

Omnicat hopped on to his feet, his sleepiness scattered by Floramist’s voice.

The newspaper’s office was huge. Apart from the working area for general staff, there was a Director’s Office, an Editor-in-Chief’s Office, an archive, a newsroom, a pantry, a napping room, and...their own print shop! The newbies walked past daemons of every shape and form, who only nodded a brief hello. Not one employee stopped to chat with them. Everyone looked incredibly busy.

Omnicat noticed they all wore the same expression of stern tiredness. He gulped audibly.

This is it. He could feel a wail rising inside. I’ll never get to laze around in peace again.

“Right, let’s begin! I’m sure with your experience and skill, you won’t have any issue.”

Oh, no, no, no!

After their quick tour of the office, the editor issued her next command: it was time for the new recruits to pull up their socks and go out to hunt for their first news story.

“Heavens!” Omnicat groaned. “How?”

Yeah, how?

Omnicat had never thought of becoming a journalist, nor did he have any related experience. But he did turn up for the meeting and

tour of the office, so he couldn’t possibly say to the editor now: “I’m terribly sorry, I didn’t apply for the job in the first place. Would you mind telling me why I’m here and what’s happening?”

He couldn’t, right? So what should he do?

“*The Daemon Times* place the utmost emphasis on the truthfulness of our reports. And our unparalleled viewpoint.” A final reminder.

“Unparalleled viewpoint? That’s a bit abstract, no?” Omnicat mumbled aloud to himself.

The editor gave the cat daemon a death stare. “The deadline is one week from now. If you are late, there will be consequences. Dismissed!”

“Yes!” Omnicat jumped in fear and scabbled outside, his heart pounding. He couldn’t take his mind off the veil over his editor’s face. He could tell it was some powerful daemoncraft that made others “feel” the wearer’s mood change, as if the fabric could show emotions!

“Director, can we truly put our faith in this feline daemon, Omnicat?”

The editor crossed her arms over her chest and watch the sweaty, panicked Omnicat scurry away through the window of the Director’s office. “He hasn’t even read our paper. And he was almost late.”

An aged, faraway, throaty chuckle rose from somewhere behind the enormous desk that bore the label “Director,” though nothing could be seen behind it.

“Didn’t he find us in his own way? Besides, ‘almost late’ isn’t actually late.” Another laugh. “Give him a chance, Floramist.”

“Hm...” The editor turned the words over in her head. She was still baffled by the Director’s insistence on hiring Cloud Omnicat. She had been observing the cat daemon since he stepped inside the office. He appeared from every angle to be no more than two sleepy eyes’ worth of slothful lethargy. However, out of respect, she would hold her doubts back and be patient – for now.

Let’s see what this fleshy moggy with a stunted tail can do, she told herself.

Super major Challenge

The first thing Omnicat did after running from the newspaper office?

No, not dash into the streets to hunt for news. He leapt onto a nearby roof and found a nice-looking spot to lie down. He spread out in his favorite lazing position and stared at the drifting clouds in the sky.

“Deadline...I can feel the pressure already! Why did I get myself into this hassle....” he chided himself.

“Where should we go to find our story?” Jack popped out from nowhere.

“Why don’t you go by yourself?” Omnicat was startled by the eyeball daemon, but not enough to get onto his feet. Nothing to be done about it, Omnicat sighed to himself; he could tell that his first reaction to any kind of hassle was to get even lazier.

“I’ve tried already, but my legs are really short, so I run slow, and I don’t know this place or anyone here....” Jack had that tone in his voice, like he was probably going to cry again.

With that thought, Omnicat said, “Aaah, all right! I’ll go!”

Reluctantly, he got onto his feet and scooped Jack onto his shoulder.

A somersault, and they leapt off the roof together.

“Hey, watch out!”

As Omnicat landed he almost smacked into Snowsharp, who was walking past the very same street corner. She swerved away with ease, but her sharp tongue and dagger eyes lashed at the clumsy Omnicat without mercy.

“Sorry!”

“Jack, how’s your search for a story going?” Jessica looked out from behind Snowsharp.

“Nothing so far....” Jack seemed rather intimidated by his twin. “You?”

“We’ve found ours, and we’re starting work already.”

“Erm...may I ask what—”

“I fear we can’t oblige with an answer.” Snowsharp shut Jack down as she strode away, pulling Jessica with her.

“What should we do, Omnicat?”

So Jack isn’t just emotionally sensitive, he’s a nervous wreck, too! This is just great, he’s my complete opposite! Omnicat concluded as he watched Snowsharp and Jessica disappear down the lane. Those two are a perfect team, a match made in heaven. The two of us couldn’t be any more incongruous! The thought made the usually unflappable feline anxious.

“Jack, calm down, don’t panic. We’ll find a good story....I hope.”

“Really?”

“Of course!” Omnicat tried to sound certain by shouting, but his abnormal gait betrayed his insecurity.

Ugh, it doesn’t matter, the cat daemon grunted inside. One little lie is better than two fretting daemons!

Omnicat and Jack wandered around chatting without aim or purpose until the whole night was gone.

Where do I go to find news? The question had by now circled in Omnicat’s mind so many times, he felt certain his skull would burst any moment – that is, if he didn’t go crazy first.

Bling-ring-sing- bling-ring-sing-

A melodious peal of bells. Omnicat’s phone was ringing.

He looked at the phone, wondering who it could be. He picked up, and out drifted Flora-mist’s voice.

BOOKS FROM TAIWAN
(CHILDREN'S BOOKS)