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Opening extract from
**Judith Kerr's Creatures – A
Celebration of the Life and Work
of Judith Kerr**

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In 1992 I had a great stroke of luck, as Collins appointed the great Ian Craig as my art editor. It turned out that we thought alike on a great many things, which made working together a joy. We have now been working together for twenty years, during which he has struggled to fill the many remaining gaps in my education, due to my never having gone to illustration classes. He has designed all my books and usually thinks of what should go on the cover and he always knows the answer when I am stuck. He is now also my editor, and is an inspiration and a friend.

Right: pages from
Mog and the Granny.
Dan Snow was the model for
the war-dancing Red Indians

MOG in the Garden

Judith Kerr



MOG'S Kittens

Judith Kerr



After *Fox Night* there was a demand from Collins for two more little board books, and I produced *Mog in the Garden* and *Mog's Kittens*. Tom and I were doing quite a number of trips at that time, and we noticed that no matter when we arrived home, Posy was always waiting for us by the gate. Mog in her time had done the same thing. It was as though they had some sort of second sight which told them when we were coming, and it seemed like a good idea for a book. Part of the idea had been that Mog's family should go to Disneyland, and Mog would be horrified by visions of a giant Mickey Mouse, which would have been quite funny. However, by the time I found out that Disney of course would never allow Mickey Mouse to be used in this way, the book had gone too far to stop, and I had to make do with a Red Indian display instead. Six-year-old Dan Snow (who now makes brilliant television programmes) posed for me in his Red Indian suit, but even so, the book never felt quite right. It was called *Mog and the Granny*.



Suddenly a picture of Debbie came into her head. Debbie was smiling at a big bird. Mog knew it was a bird because it had feathers. But it had a face like a person. It was a person bird. And there were more person birds nearby. Why was Debbie smiling? Those big person birds might fly away with her and hurt her.



The person birds had not hurt her at all. Instead they had given her some of their feathers and a baby person bird as a present. She was smiling and excited, and she was coming home. Mog thought, "I must be there to meet her."



Roughs and finished pictures from Mog and the Granny

The next one, *Mog and the V. E. T.* was more solidly based. All our cats loathed being taken to the vet and always seemed to make more noise in the waiting room than any of the other animals, even though the vet was extremely nice. He allowed me to sketch his surgery and to sit in on some of his sessions with cats, which was a great help. Afterwards I gave him a copy of the book, but I am not sure how much he liked it. Perhaps it is unprofessional for a vet to let himself be bitten by one of his clients.



Illustration from Mog and the V. E. T. Note vet with bandaged finger