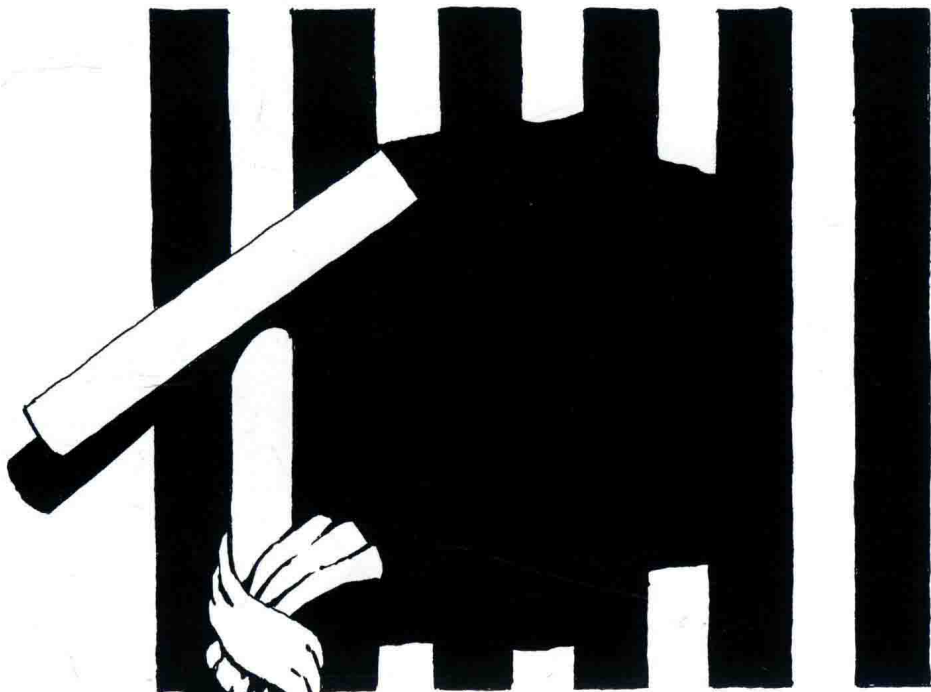


David Macaulay

Black and White



David Macaulay

WARNING

This book appears to contain a number of stories that do not necessarily occur at the same time. Then again, it may contain only one story. In any event, careful inspection of both words and pictures is recommended.

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W A R N I N G

This book appears to contain a number of stories that do not necessarily occur at the same time. But it may contain only one story. Then again, there may be four stories. Or four parts of a story. Careful inspection of both words and pictures is recommended.

There is a train. There is a boy returning to his parents. There are commuters waiting impatiently. There are some strange parents, indeed. And there are the Holstein cows that, when they get out of their field, are almost impossible to find.

David Macaulay once again displays his conceptual genius. He has created an inventive book that can be appreciated on many different levels. The reader will be entertained and challenged by the intermingling of the episodes. The perceptive reader will be rewarded with new perspectives each time the book is explored.

Black and White

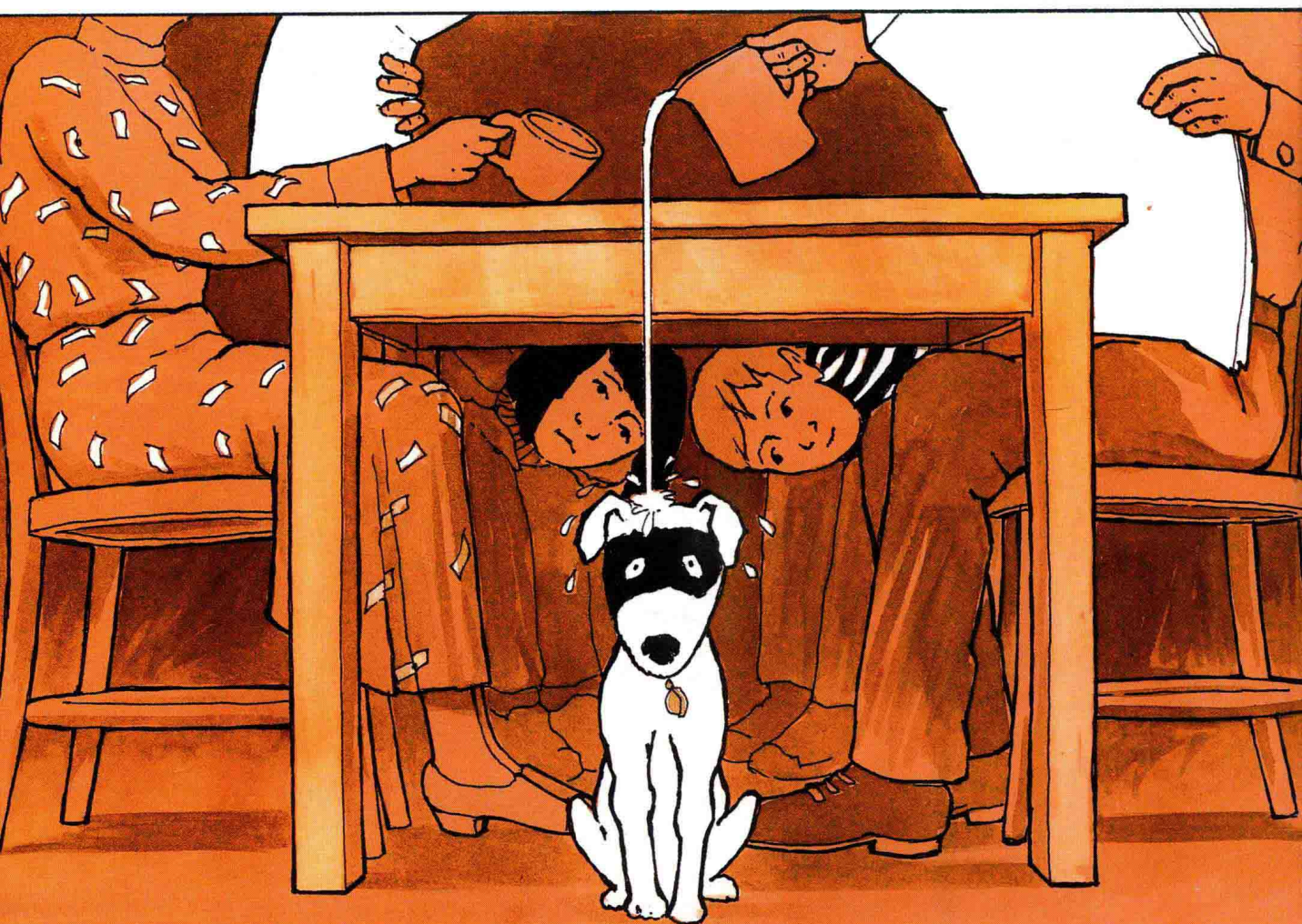


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WARNING

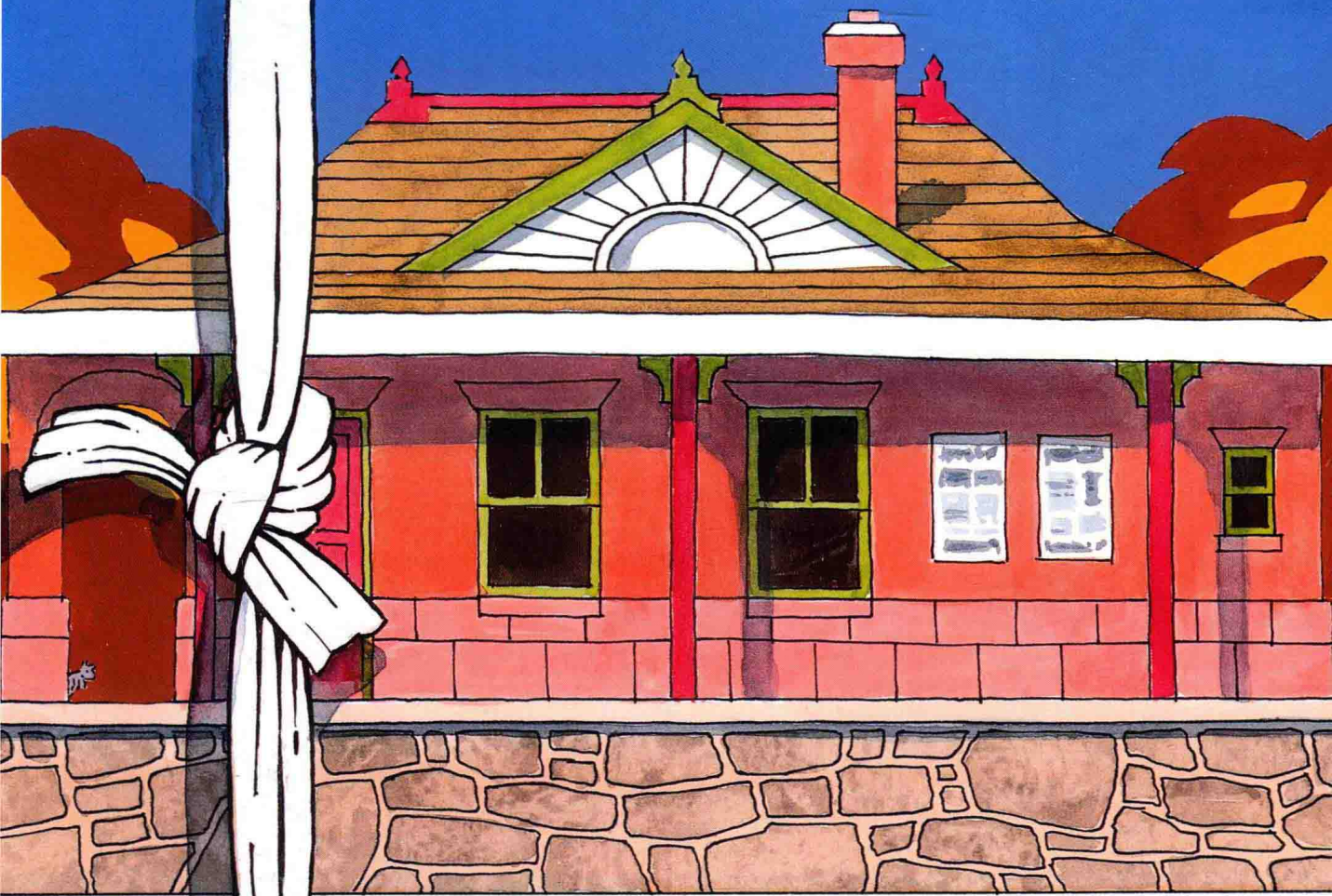
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Problem Parents

A WAITING GAME



Udder
Chaos

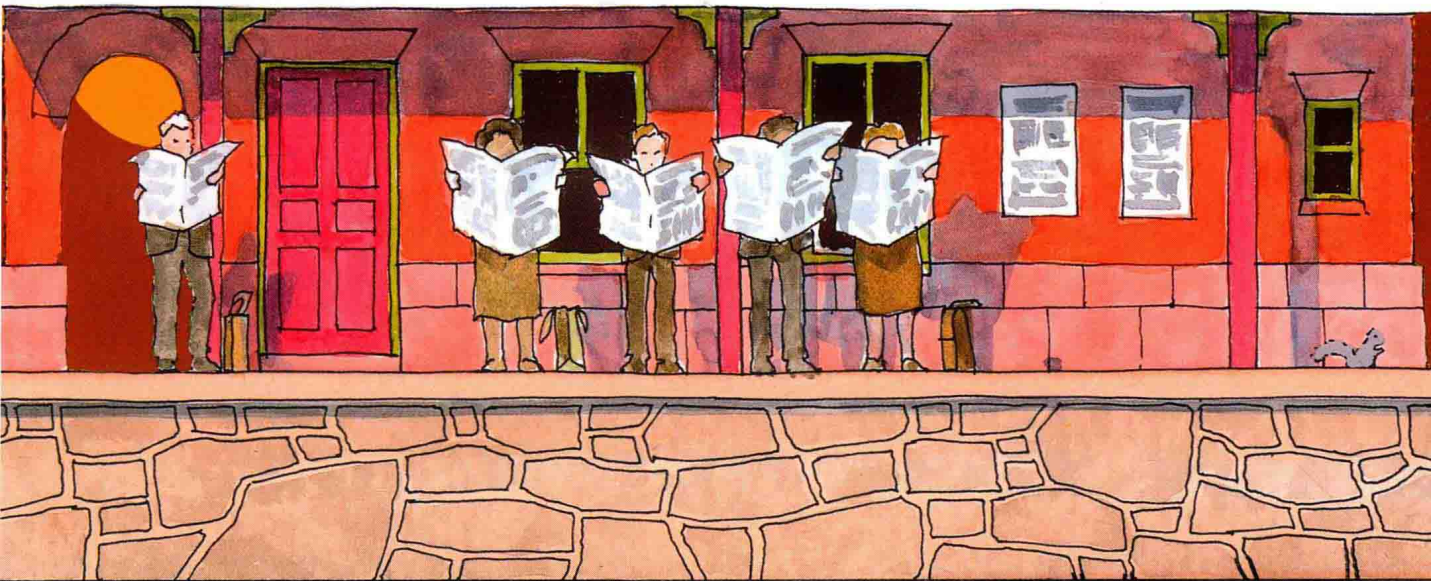
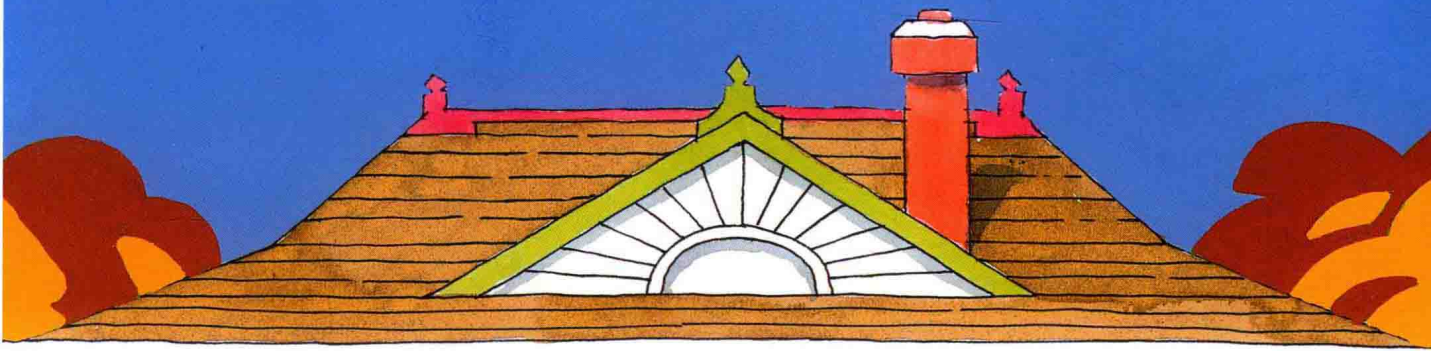




It is the boy's first trip alone. He can hardly wait to see his parents again. Even on the fast train, the journey will take all night. He sleeps curled up at one end of the seat.

One thing about parents is that you're supposed to be able to count on them, even when they don't understand you.



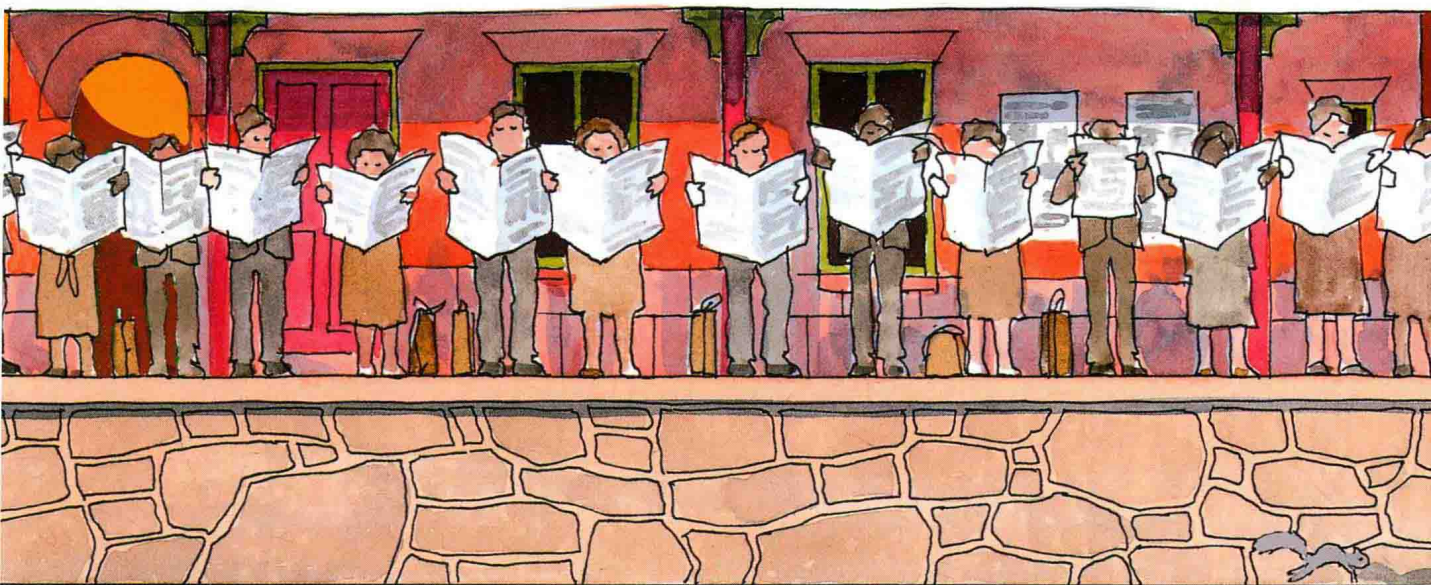
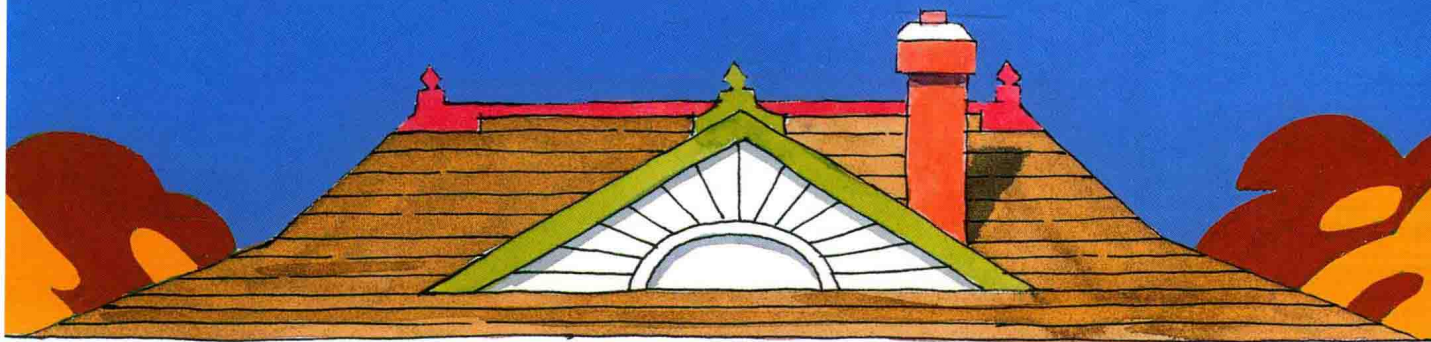




Sometime in the early morning hours, the train comes to rest. All is quiet. Suddenly, the door of the compartment slides open. The conductor leans in, announces that something is blocking the tracks, and disappears. A few minutes later, an old woman enters the compartment and sits down opposite the boy. She says nothing.

Every morning at seven o'clock they leave for their offices in the city.





The worst thing
about Holstein cows
is that if they ever
get out of the field,
they're almost
impossible to find.





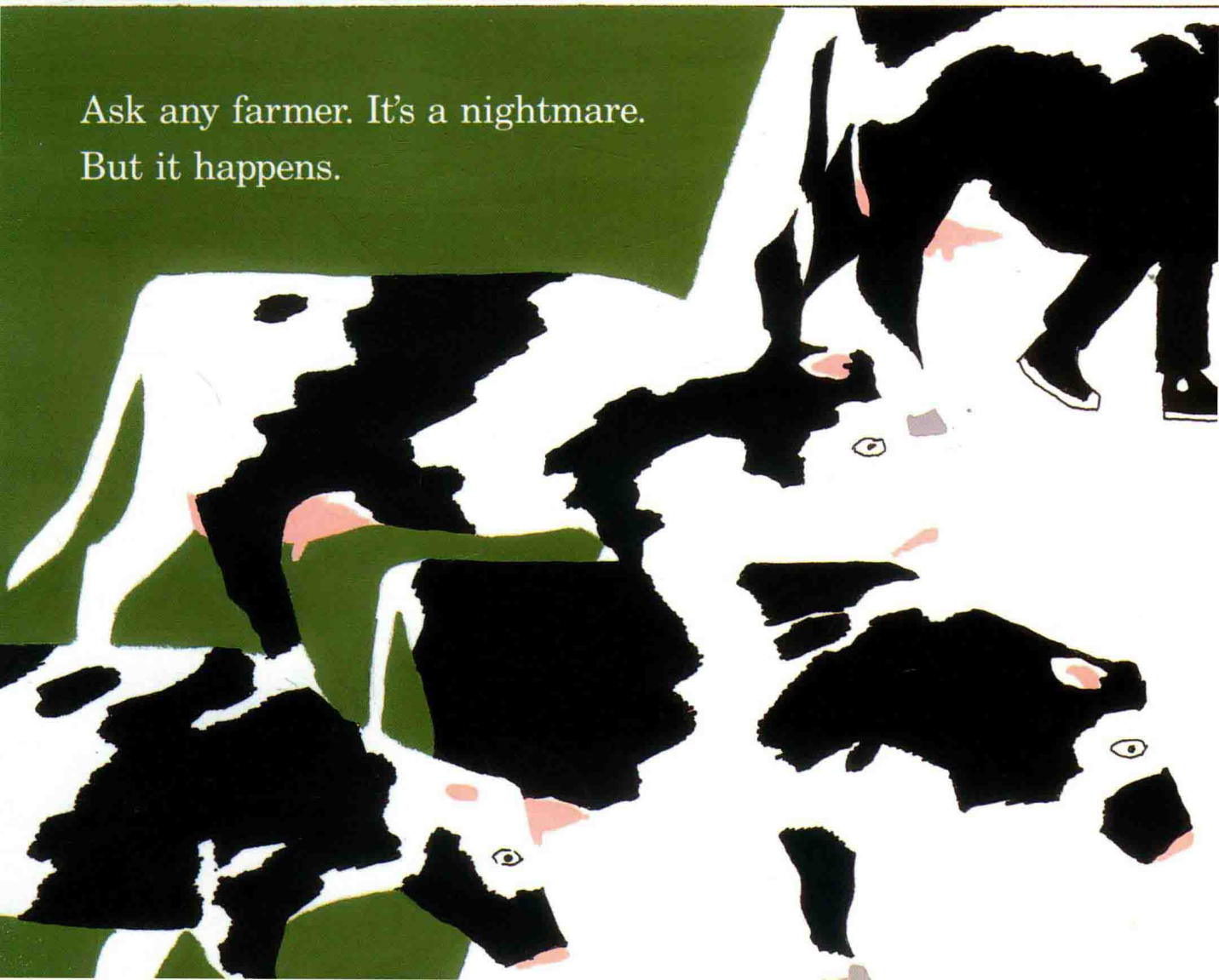
Leaning out the window, the boy can just make out what looks like a row of boulders in front of the train. He wonders if it's an avalanche. But where from? Even in the poor light, there is no sign of a mountain or even a hill.

And every evening at seven o'clock they come home, sort through the mail, ask about homework, and send us to bed.





Ask any farmer. It's a nightmare.
But it happens.



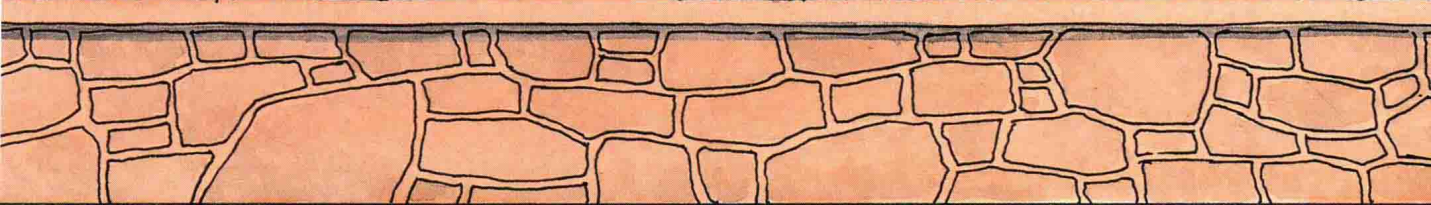
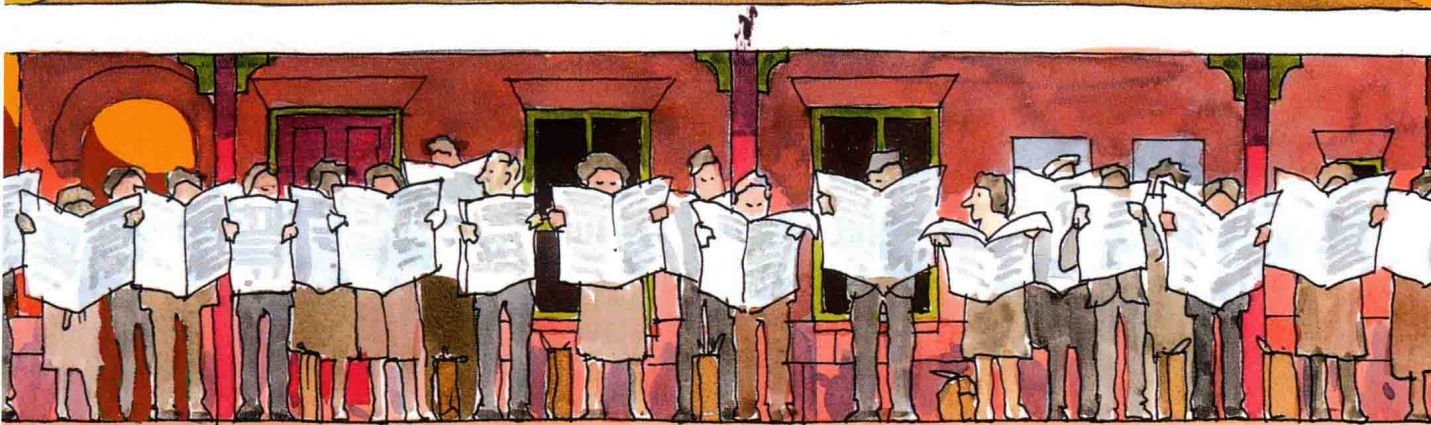
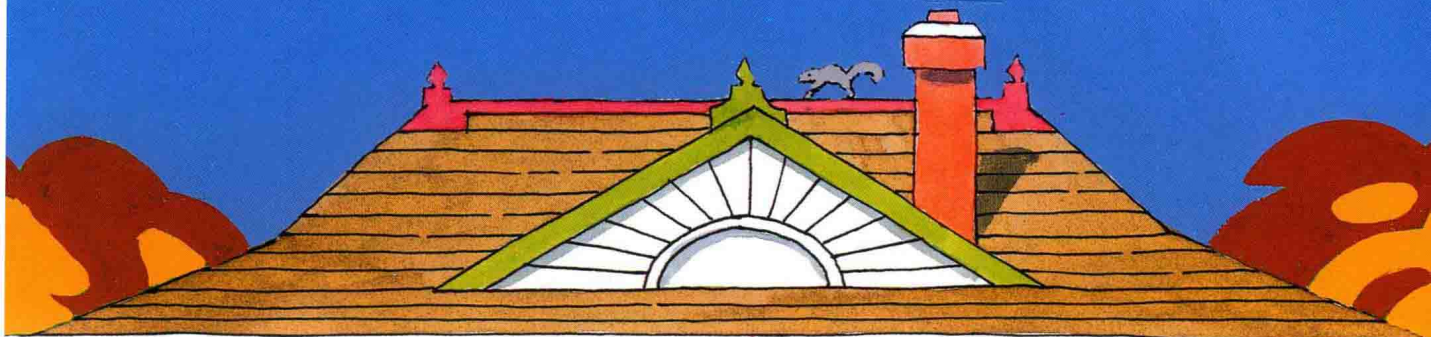


He sees the driver jump down from the engine and approach the boulders. The man is shouting and waving his fists. The boy grins. He's helped his parents in the garden often enough to know that you can't move rocks just by shouting at them.



But from the moment they came through the door that night, my brother and I knew something was wrong.

Your attention please. Passengers awaiting the arrival of the eight-thirteen to the city are advised that that train will be slightly delayed. Southern Rail regrets any inconvenience.

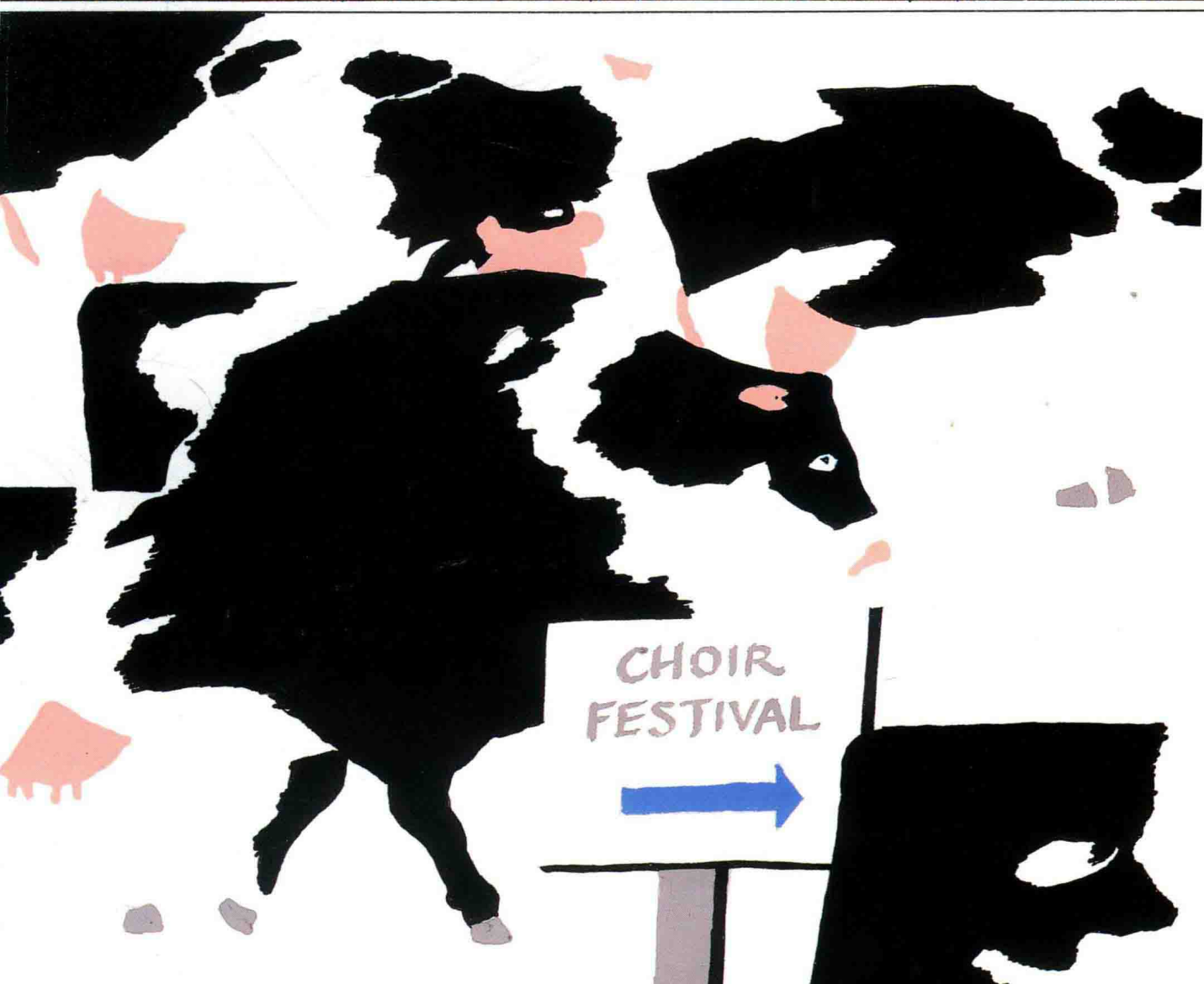
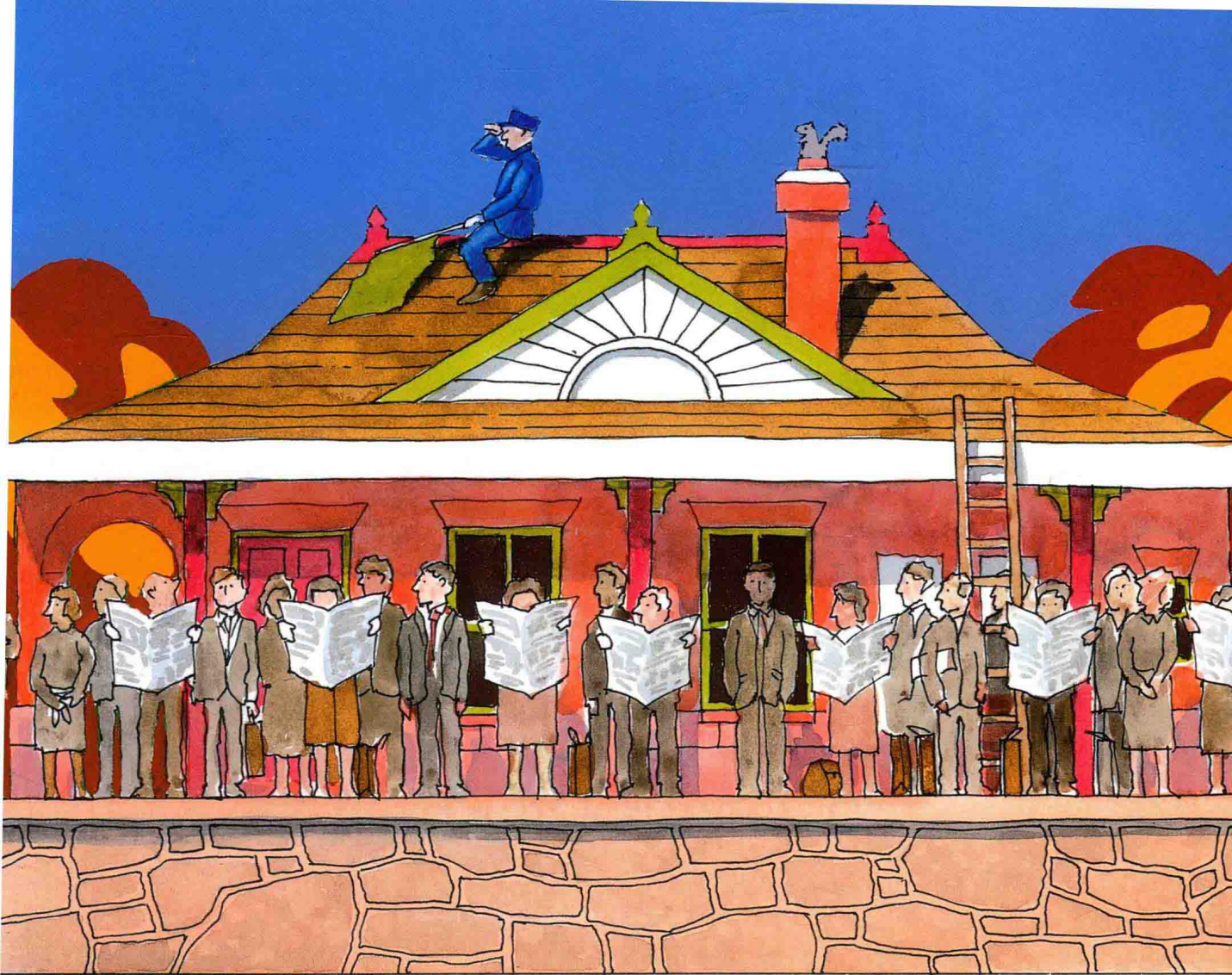




Amusement quickly turns to amazement. He rubs his eyes again and again but still can't believe what he sees. The boulders are moving.

That was the night they came home wearing newspapers. I couldn't believe it. They came in laughing, ignored the mail, and started marching around the living room singing, "She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes." I mean, you expect parents to be weird, but this was scary.







Slowly, they float off the tracks, down the embankment, and into the bushes that border the railway line.

The next thing I knew, Dad had lugged in a pile of old newspapers from the garage. He and Mom were looking us up and down and whispering.

