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### Show Me a Story: The Creative Process of Communicating Truth through a Picture Book

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# **SENIOR THESIS APPROVAL**

This Honors thesis entitled

**Show Me a Story: The Creative Process of Communicating  
Truth through a Picture Book**

written by

**Katie Hopmann**

and submitted in partial fulfillment of  
the requirements for completion of  
the Carl Goodson Honors Program  
meets the criteria for acceptance  
and has been approved by the undersigned readers.

Dr. Amy Sonheim, thesis director

Dr. Scott Duvall, second reader

Ferris Williams, third reader

Dr. Barbara Pemberton, Honors Program director

April 14, 2014

## **Dedication**

To Dr. Amy Sonheim, whose enthusiasm fostered  
a love for telling stories through words and pictures

Thank you for your constructive criticism,  
unlimited patience, and genuine encouragement

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## **Dedication**

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- The role words and pictures play to communicate the story

## ***The Boy Who Loved the King***

## **Inspiration and Process**

## **A Call to Write and Draw**

After working at camp for six weeks during the summer of 2011, I was exhausted. I had great expectations to love the camp counselor life, but God was continuing to shape exactly how I would serve Him with my life. Driving home from camp, I was confused. I felt called to minister to children and so badly wanted to be a “camp person.” I wanted to be that awesome camp counselor, full of energy and fun, but I had discovered I was simply not. Like God often has, He spoke strongly to me when my pride was broken.

I had dreamed of writing and illustrating books for children, but at this point, the idea was still *my* dream. While I drove home to Houston, God stirred something within me that was not my own. I felt overwhelmed by His grace as I heard Him softly whisper that He wanted to use me...being me. I became excited about the fact that God would and could use my introverted, quirky, nerdy self for His glory. During my car ride home from camp, *my* dream to be a children’s author and illustrator turned into vision from the Lord to share the gospel with children through picture books.

## **Beginnings**

When I proposed my thesis as a junior, I had no idea what I would end up writing. I was driven to write and illustrate a book for children. I knew that much. My goal was to communicate the gospel in a creative, but effective way. I was determined to produce a book that looked different from the cheesy volumes that often fill the shelves of Christian bookstores. As a freshman, I took a Children’s Literature course with Dr. Amy Sonheim. In this class I gained an appreciation for the picture book as an art form. I learned how pictures can work to tell stories, stories that don’t require any words. While some illustrations simply decorate or visually restate a text, pictures can speak powerfully on their own, sharing new information that is not found in the text. Often when two stories are

told, one through text and one through pictures, the readers are invited to make a rich discovery for themselves. This practice has been brilliantly applied to the work of secular authors and illustrators. With my passion to communicate the gospel to children, and my growing appreciation for the picture book, I felt called to produce books with biblical messages that were sophisticated artistically. I saw a need to create Christian literature with the same brilliant craft secular artists are producing.

### **The Story I Put on Pause**

In my direct study with Dr. Duvall, I read about how God's big story unfolds throughout scripture. I concluded that the gospel could be known by understanding how God has worked throughout history, and how He has intervened in the lives of people from the beginning of time. I was very eager to write about this story, God's metanarrative, for children. When I began writing, I could only write in rhyming couplets. So that's how I started, and continued. Using rhyming form, I had written about God's creation, the fall, and most major episodes in the Old Testament. After all this work, I realized that this project was turning into a bigger venture than I had had in mind. I wanted to write and illustrate an entire book, and I knew I wouldn't be able to complete this project before my thesis was due.

### **An Inspirational Trip**

I was able to learn more about the picture book with the help of the Carl Goodson Honor Society's Council. I was awarded a grant and used the money to travel to the northeast. I planned out a road trip so that I could see some of the greatest illustration work in the country. I first visited New York City. I took the time to visit the major art museums such as the Museum of Modern Art, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. My focus,

however, was the work I found in Museum of the Society of Illustrators. I was able to view the work of illustration students from around the country. Here, illustration was valued and displayed as fine art. I was inspired to work with different mediums I observed. The possibilities seemed limitless.

After visiting New York, I made my way to Massachusetts. In Boston, I went to many more art museums and talked with an admissions counselor at the School of the Boston Art Museum. I explained my pursuits as an illustrator and asked him questions about how to best continue my education. His advice was refreshing. He explained that before getting another degree or taking some class or completing some certificate, the best way to illustrate is to “just do it!” He explained that the best way to illustrate is to draw...a lot! I left Boston eager to get started on my projects back home.

Perhaps the visit I enjoyed the most was the Eric Carle Museum of Picture Book Art. Eric Carle’s work was some of my favorite to read as a child, and still is today. As an author and illustrator, I respect Carle’s vision for the way his words and pictures work together to tell a story. It was incredible to see his original illustrations in person. They are much larger than they appear on the printed page. Dummy books, preliminary sketches, and thumbnails of Carle’s work were also displayed. Very early versions of the famous picture book, *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* were also displayed, revealing the rough beginnings of a major hit. I was encouraged and inspired by Carle’s work, understanding more about the creative process and the nature of the fine art that makes its way to the printed page.





## Inspiration for a New Story

Discouraged about the metanarrative, I took a break from writing couplets. I soon learned, however, that my best ideas came when I least expected them. I took a time-out from writing and decided to do some reading. I started reading *Desiring God*, by John Piper. I was not searching for writing inspiration. If I wanted to be inspired to write for children, I can assure you that I would not have turned to John Piper. I slowly read through the theologically packed book, and often read through chapters twice. His chapter on worship stuck me. My mind quickly started to connect lessons I was learning with truths I wanted to share with children. Piper explains, “Where feelings for God are dead, worship is dead.... In the end the heart longs not for God’s good gifts, but for God Himself. To see and know Him and be in His presence is the soul’s final feast.” I was not considering how this idea could be communicated to children because I was still digesting it for myself. However, the idea would come back around.

The basic idea for my story came to me very randomly. While waiting for my sister in a church lobby, I took a minute to journal. That particular day, I wrote to God, asking for guidance in my work and restating some of my goal and convictions. I was not expecting to have a brilliant revelation from the Lord that afternoon, but shortly after I had written my prayer, pieces of a story started forming in my mind. In the same journal, I quickly scrambled to write down this idea about a boy who desired to see a king, but ends up becoming distracted by a few people along the way. The story was simple, but I thought it might just be significant. In half an hour, I had the main outline for a story that I would end up revising and producing as my thesis—a picture book that would communicate truth about purely pursuing the King and delighting in His presence.

Let I have felt like my heart is not a  
piston. I really wanted it to be  
effective. I don't want to waste my time  
to working on something that is just  
a nothing. God's big thing look that  
great on an idea?

I feel like I need to complete this -  
but also feel as if there is something  
more over - more powerful.

I want to illustrate that being a child  
of God - living for you - being a  
Christian - is all about a desire to be  
with you, to have you, to give you glory  
not because you need it, but because we  
can know that you are for us because you  
are for yourself. We can find joy - knowing  
you are able to satisfy us with who you are)

I grew up with a wrong view. I had  
my dream you had yours I was to make a  
decision and commit to doing things your  
way - not mine I needed to make you  
happy - and I couldn't be. The problem  
with that is I tried to a variety of  
things that were supposed to win your  
approval and replicated the fact I needed you.  
I gave up things (made sacrifices) lost friends,  
felt guilty, ~~was~~ read books, made lists, made  
resolutions (over motivation) etc... And was left  
feeling empty when I realized I needed you.  
I WANTED you I didn't give my symbols,  
confering that I know that I needed you.  
Instead I just ran to you because I  
wanted you - because I know and  
felt that you were the only one/thing  
I needed.

① The Big Fish

- what is the meaning of the word?
- what is the story about?
- story about

→ think of the fish and the boat

② School

- what kind of school?
- how is everything about school?
- you have been coming to school since you were young and now you are going to work there.
- maybe "what have you learned?"

→ think of the school and the teacher

③ Every Morning

- how can you find the time to do what you want to do?
- There are people of this kind who are busy with their work.
- You have to find the time to do what you want to do.
- Do it every day and you will find the time to do what you want to do.

→ think of the time you spend every morning

④ The Plan

- what is the plan?
- what are you going to do?
- what are you going to do?

→ think of the plan you are making

⑤ The Plan

- what is the plan?
- what are you going to do?
- what are you going to do?

→ think of the plan you are making

What is the story about? The boy who loved the king. The king was very kind and he loved the boy. The boy was very smart and he helped the king. The king was very happy and he gave the boy a lot of money.

All these are things that you can find in the story. The boy who loved the king. The king was very kind and he loved the boy. The boy was very smart and he helped the king. The king was very happy and he gave the boy a lot of money.

You will find in the story that the boy who loved the king.

⑥ The Plan

- why do we have the plan?
- maybe of your
- because you want to do it.

Why do we have the plan? The plan is to do what you want to do. The plan is to do what you want to do. The plan is to do what you want to do.

Why do we have the plan? The plan is to do what you want to do. The plan is to do what you want to do. The plan is to do what you want to do.

- how about the plan?
- how do you do it?
- you do it every day.
- same plan for the king.
- because you want to do it.

you will find in the story that the boy who loved the king. The king was very kind and he loved the boy. The boy was very smart and he helped the king. The king was very happy and he gave the boy a lot of money.

The first notes about the idea for The Boy Who Loved the King

# THE BOY WHO LOVED THE KING - STORY BOARD



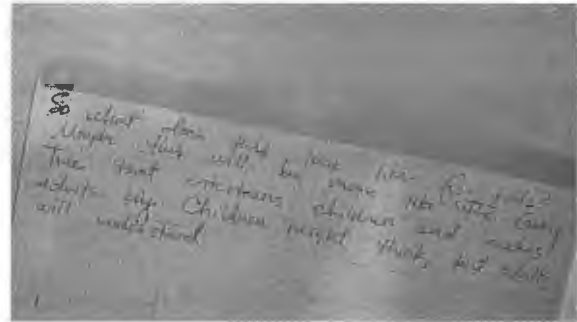
Well I can't tell you what I want the king to give me to bring to find out for yourself

you'd have to see the king for yourself



## My Audience

During the beginnings of my project, I was asked who my target audience would be. I assumed that second to fifth grade students could enjoy and understand my writing. However, as I thought more about the message I wanted to share, I realized that I had no target age. I would avoid using sophisticated vocabulary that kids would have trouble understanding, but the message of my story was for everyone. I envisioned parents reading my stories to their kids. I wanted them to hear truth and discover a rich meaning behind the pictures. I wanted to create something like *The Giving Tree*, a book that is enjoyed by children, but also deeply moves grown adults.



I have been told that the book that is only a good book for children is not a good book. Parents should love the stories they want their children to know. Children's tastes should not necessarily influence what their parents buy. Instead, it should be the other way around. Parents should be eager to share the books that they treasure.

I discovered that my goal to reach adults was successful when I displayed the book's spread in my senior art show on campus. Many students, parents and faculty expressed how they were moved by the story. Many even confessed that it made them cry. *The Boy Who Loved the King* proved to be more than just a children's book, but a picture book that was able to communicate to a wide audience.



## About the Creative Process

To some, the idea of a “creative process” may seem less sophisticated than the scientific process. However, a valid experiment still exists. Without a clear structure, the creative process requires thoughtful analysis. Unlike a scientific process, the creative experiment demands a series of attempts. Trial and error guide the artist. As I crafted my thesis, I continually reevaluated my work. In writing and illustrating *The Boy Who Loved the King*, I had to reexamine the words and pictures I included on each spread. I participated in a great balancing, experimenting with how I should rely on the text and how I should rely on the illustrations to share the story I wanted to communicate.

I learned a great deal about the creative process while producing a picture book. It’s a misassumption that all artists are carefree journeyers who easily go with the flow of things. I like plans and I like to stick with them. At first, I became discouraged when I rethought any piece of the production of my work. That approach quickly had to change. I had to force myself to loosen my grip on former ideas. I learned I would have to sacrifice old designs in order to produce something special, and that drafts would only be helpful to me if I tore them up with corrections and accepted suggestions. I had to think of re-working each page as progress even though it felt like I was backtracking. In order to improve my storytelling, I had to be willing to take new direction when it was appropriate.

A dramatic example of this is the process it took to produce the illustration style I ended up using. After experimenting with many different mediums, I decided to work with pen, watercolor, charcoal, and colored pencils. For my first draft, I illustrated the entire book with this mixed media approach. I was eager to finish, and was relieved when I had completed the last drawing. However, I quickly knew there was something not right about the art. I would end up producing something very different for the second draft.

While I liked the color and the texture I had produced in the first draft, the **complicated** nature of the illustrations did not match the simplicity of the story I was telling. **For** my second draft my second draft, I simplified the illustrations. I represented the boy **with** simple black line drawings and there was minimal color. In making this transition, I **was** inspired by Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree*. The powerful story is told mostly through **the** simple (but intentional) black line drawings. I felt like this style matched the weight of **my** text. In a magical sort of way, it seemed to communicate a lot with a little.

In the revision of the second draft, minor details were tweaked in order to tell a **more** visual story. For example, deciding to include an untied shoelace helped communicate **the** boy's struggle. Major ideas, however, such as the boy and prince licking the icing off the **cake**, were also imagined at this stage of revision.



Spread 1 of the first draft using the mixed media approach





As he continued on, the boy saw a man reading books about the king.

"You must really love the king!" the boy said.  
"Want to come with me to see him?"

**Draft using the mixed media approach**

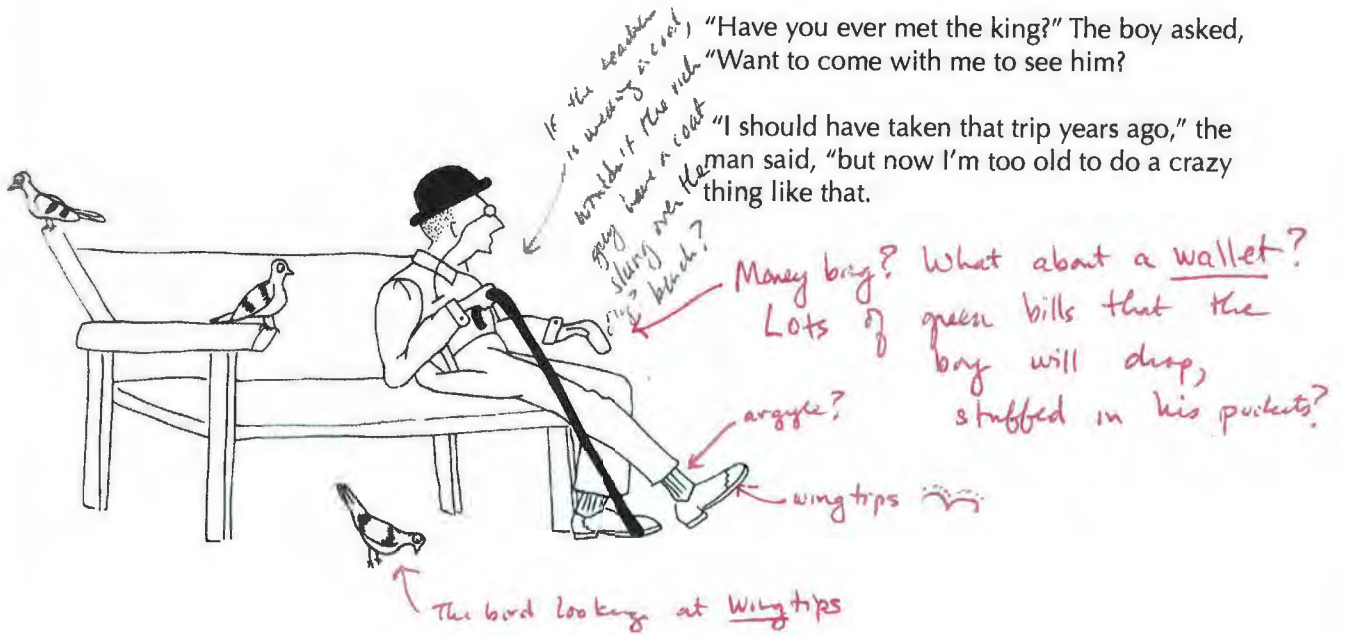


First Drawing of the First Draft 1

Feeling a little embarrassed, the boy took the cake and continued on. He spotted a man who seemed less busy than the waitress.

"Have you ever met the king?" The boy asked, "Want to come with me to see him?"

"I should have taken that trip years ago," the man said, "but now I'm too old to do a crazy thing like that."



Revisions of the Second Draft

"The what" is  
Now I more ambiguous that  
boy's eating cakes and  
reading books - getting  
M first, the boy must feel he's  
in trouble for licking icing?

What are you doing, boy?" a man asked.

"Oh, well...I wanted to see the king," the boy began, "but...but..."

"You must not know the king," the man said.

~~we never see~~ "I know!"  
"I know! I know nothing about the king!"  
the boy said in a huff.

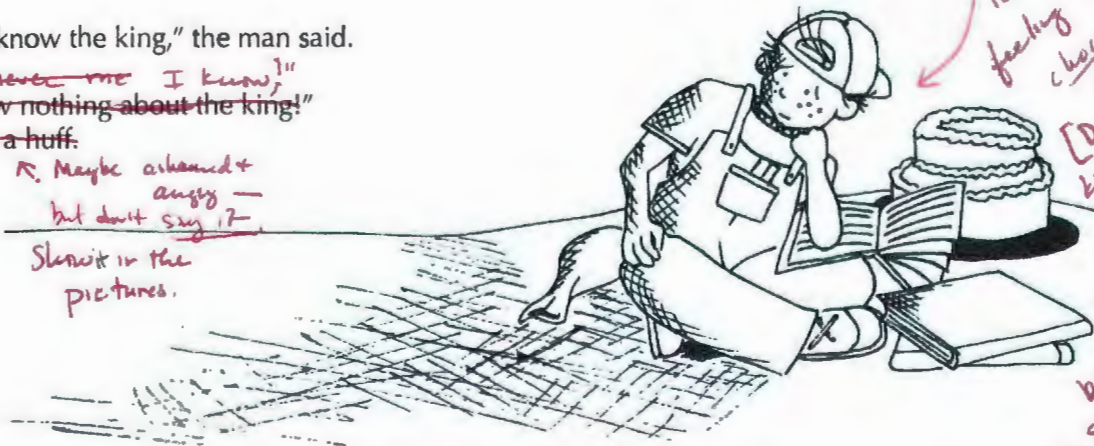
Maybe ashamed +  
angry -  
but don't say it.

Show it in the  
pictures.

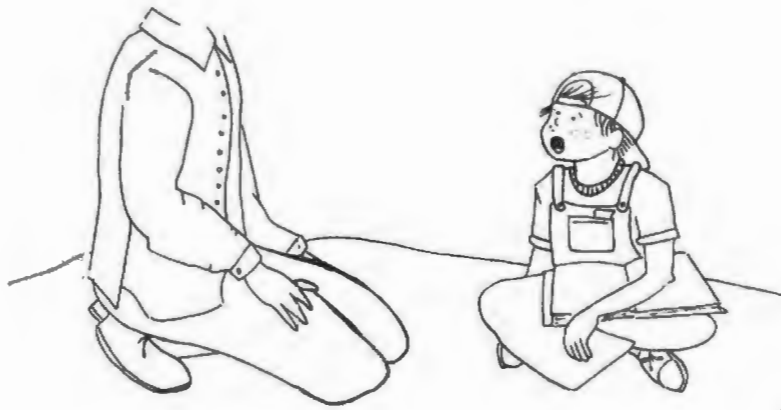
The boy's guilty from eating  
the chocolate, feeling  
deprived.....

Now, kid have  
icing on his face  
feeling guilty  
chocolate  
icing?

[Don't you see  
kids with  
dirty  
muzzles!  
It's even  
better than  
let's so unkept,  
so dirty, so  
unfoul, so  
s.







If Jesus licks icing  
 he talks, it makes  
 him kiss "penny"  
 and some computer's.

What if Jesus  
 licks the  
 chocolate icing, too?  
 [Kinds like the last  
 supper? The fish on  
 the bread? I think  
 Jesus would like chocolate  
 icing. If he "breaks bread"  
 with the boy, he's empathizing  
 communing...

When you meet the king, you'll be  
 surprised to know find, you'll be  
 "You may not know about the king, but  
 that's not the same as knowing him. If you  
 did, you'd find that he'd love nothing more  
 than being with you... being you."  
 And with a smile, the man said, "Trust me,  
 he's my dad." Andy thanks for the cakes.

It's good.   
 The iconic  
 lines of Creation  
 He's receiving the boy.

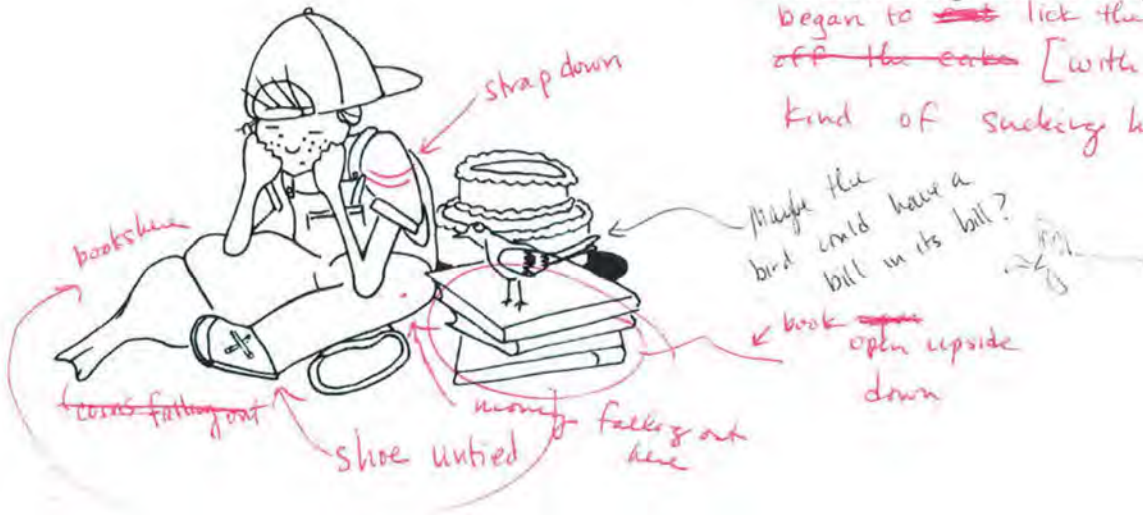
[you] is the boy. Fantasy, 200.

Revisions of the Second Draft

The boy was convinced that he would never see the king with his own two eyes and never hear the king with his own two ears.

~~Would the king notice him anyway?~~ He began to ~~lick~~ lick the icings off the cake [with his finger]

kind of sucking his finger



Revisions of the Second Draft

## **How the Book Works**

**The role words and pictures play to communicate the story**

## How the Book Works

In a picture book, illustrations do not merely reiterate the text. Instead, the pictures add to the story, suggesting ideas that are not found in the words. Uri Shulevitz, author and illustrator of numerous picture books, explains this in his book *Writing with Pictures*. The book teaches how to analyze story structure and how to show the story's action by communicating it through picture sequences. He explains, "in a picture book both the words and pictures are read."

I kept this in mind when deciding what my text should say and what my pictures needed to communicate. Two stories can be read throughout *The Boy Who Loved the King*. One story can be found in the text, and another can be found in the pictures. Together, words and pictures build meaning to the drama. While editing each draft, I continued to rethink what needed to be said in words and what I could say through pictures. After every edit, I took out many words. For example, instead of relying on words to say the boy was struggling, I relied on imagery. An untied shoelace, a stuck out tongue, or a backwards lean could express the same idea.

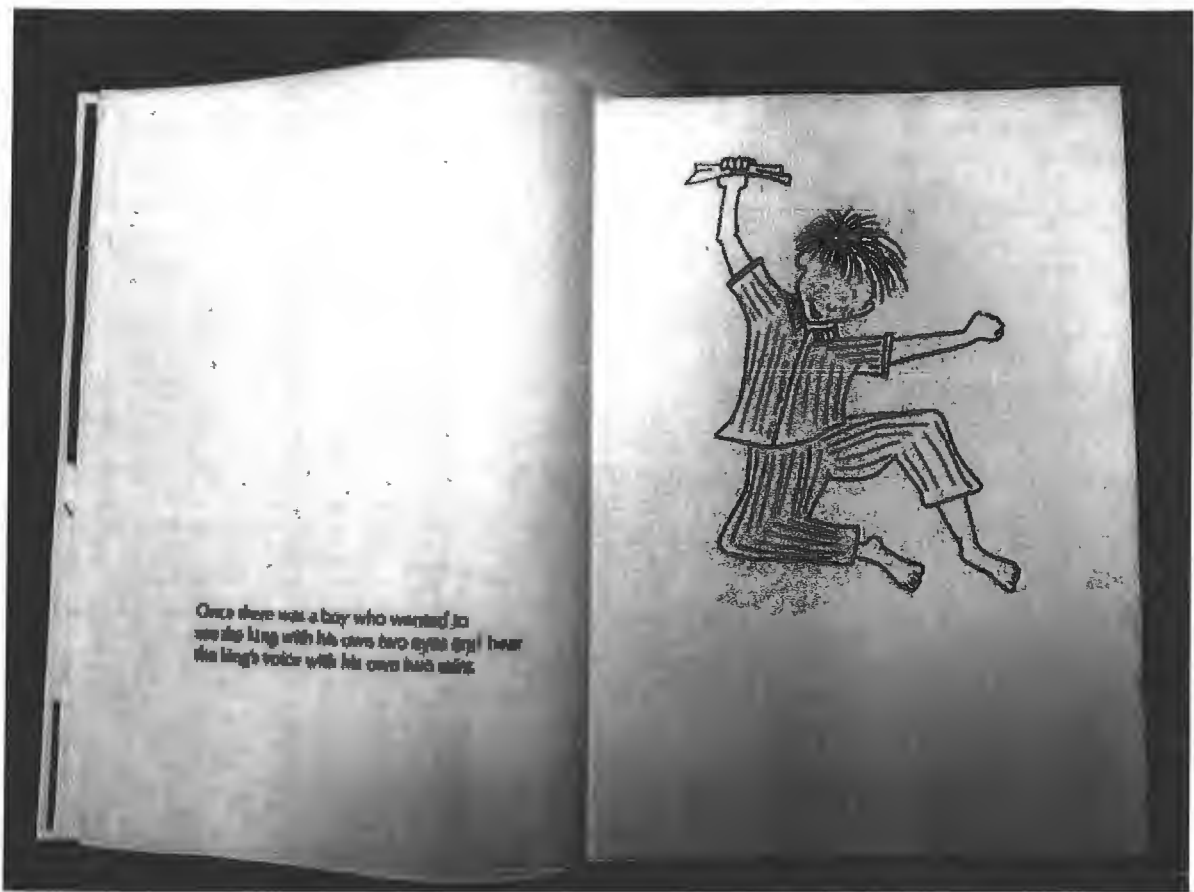




Text	Pictures
none	On the bottom right corner, an unidentified character is opening up a birdcage, releasing pigeons into a dark night sky. The three pigeons carry sealed letters. From the envelope carried by the closest pigeon, the reader can see that the seals are labeled with a crown.



Text	Pictures
<p>(written)            "You are invited to the Royal City. I hope you will come! -Your King"</p>	<p>It is now morning and light. The same pigeon from the last spread now sits on a fence post. He smiles, having successfully delivered the letter he carried. A boy in striped pajamas reads the letter. He looks sleepy, but excited. The reader now knows that the letter is from the boy's king, who is inviting him to come to the Royal City where He lives.</p>

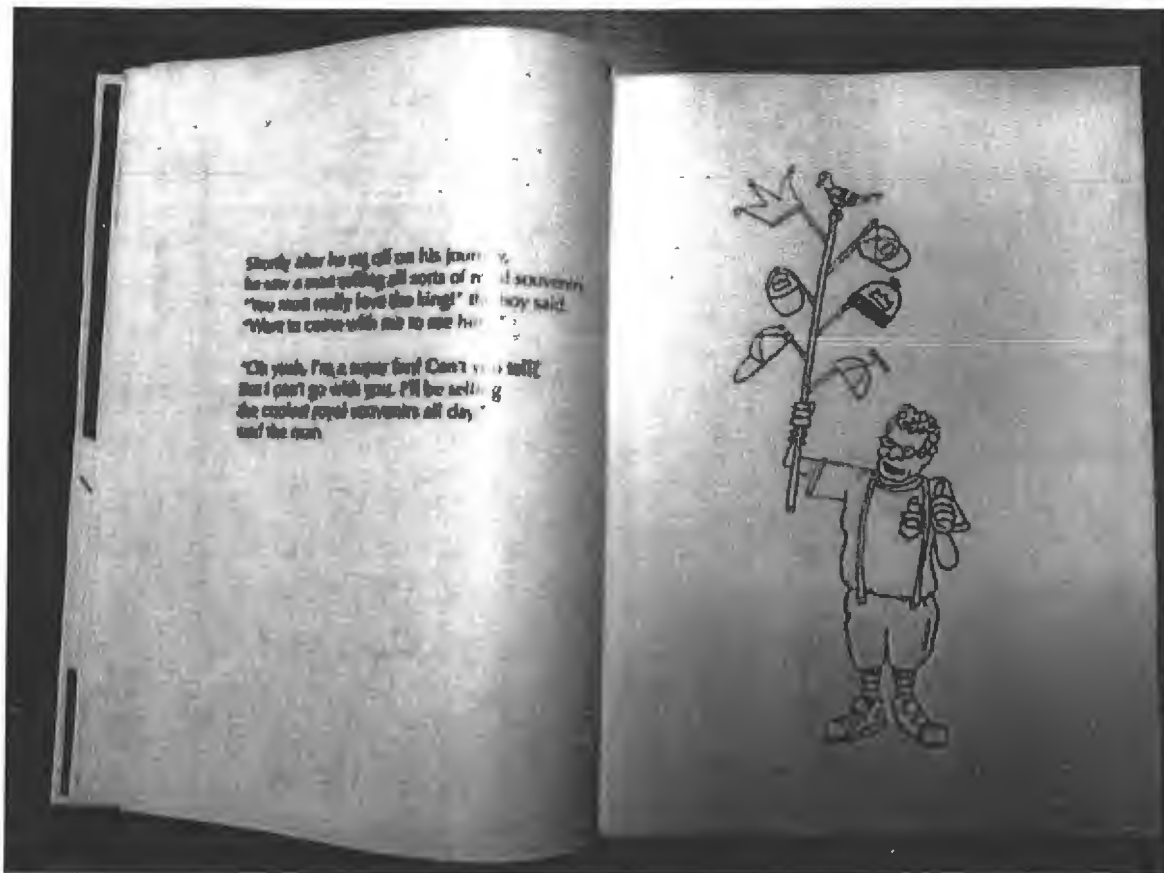


Once there was a boy who wanted to  
see the king with his own two eyes and  
hear the king's voice with his own two ears.

Text	Pictures
Once there was a boy who wanted to see the king with his own two eyes and hear the king's voices with his own two ears.	The boy, still in his pajamas, jumps for joy after reading the invitation. He clinches the king's letter tightly in his fist.



Text	Pictures
<p>He was eager to go to the Royal City and see the king for himself.</p>	<p>The boy has now changed into overalls. He holds the king's invitation in his front pocket, close to his heart. He grabs the straps of his overalls, signaling that he is ready to get going. The pigeon flies overhead.</p>



Shortly after he set off on his journey,  
 he saw a man selling all sorts of royal souvenirs.  
 "You must really love the king!" the boy said.  
 "Want to come with me to see him?"

"Oh yeah, I'm a super fan! Can't you tell?  
 But I can't go with you. I'll be selling  
 the coolest royal souvenirs all day,"  
 said the man.



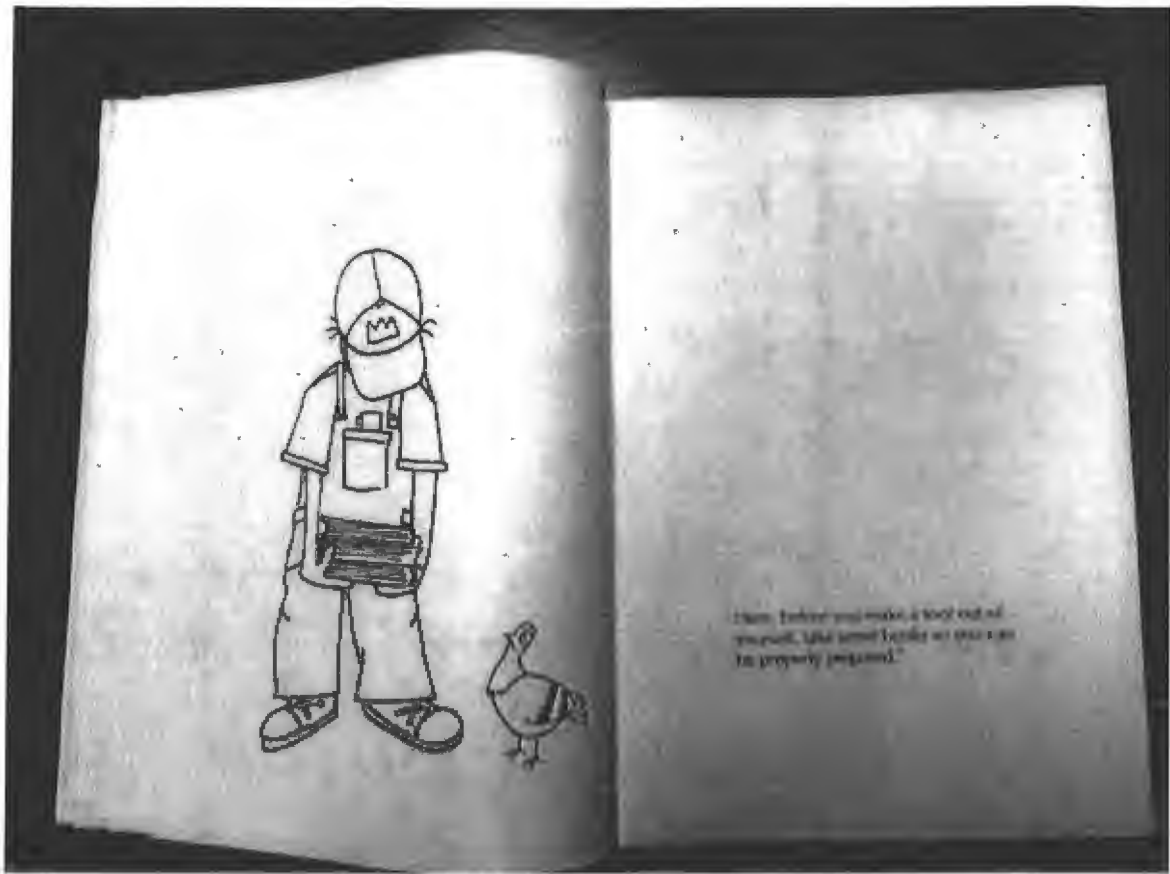
Text	Pictures
<p>Shortly after he set off on his journey, he saw a man selling all sort of royal souvenirs.</p> <p>"You must really love the king!" the boy said. "Want to come with me to see him?"</p> <p>"Oh yeah, I'm a super fan! Can't you tell? But I can't go with you. I'll be selling the coolest royal souvenirs all day," said the man.</p>	<p>A clownish man holds a stand of hats with his right hand and gives a thumbs up wit his left. The hats are decorated with the crown symbol that was found on the king's seal. Tucked into the crown-labeled front pocket of his shirt, the man holds an invitation like the boy received form the king.</p> <p>The pigeo sits on top of the hat display, looking down at the funny man.</p>



Text	Pictures
"Hey! You should at least have a cap on if the king's going to see you!"	The boy's hands are in his pockets and his head is bent down to the ground. A hat has been placed on his head. The pigeon rests on top on his head and looks down to see the boy's face.

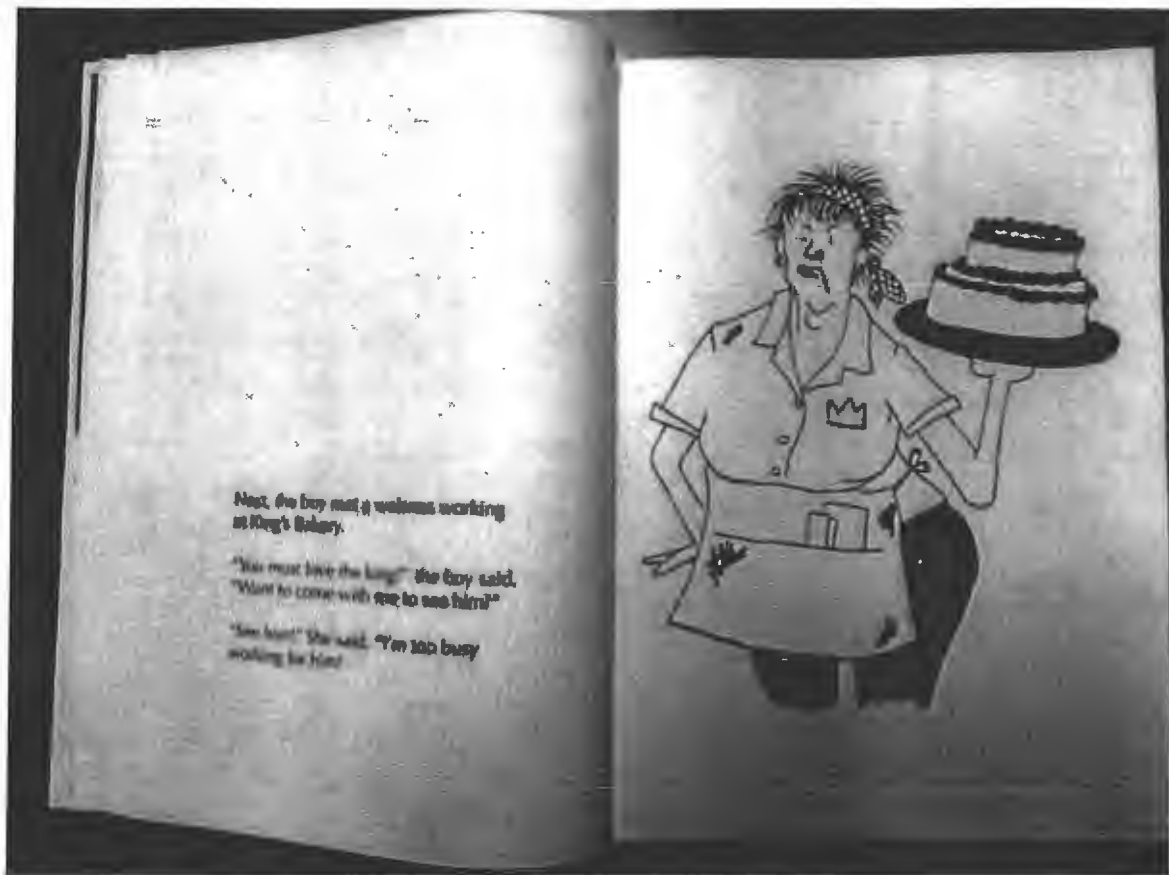


Text	Pictures
<p>As he continued on, the boy saw a man reading books about the king. "You must really love the king!" the boy said. "Want to come with me to see him?"</p> <p>"Oh yes, I know a lot about the king," the man said. "But I can't go with you. I have too much to learn before I could ever meet the king in person."</p>	<p>The boy looks over the shoulder of a studious man. He reaches his chin up to barely see the book the man is reading. The man wears a suit, vest, and tie, and is surrounded by piles of books. The man's eyes roll back at the boy and his hand rests on his face, signaling that he wants to focus on his book. His invitation is tucked into his pant's pocket.</p>



Text	Pictures
"Here before you make a fool out of yourself, take some books so you can be properly prepared"	We can't see the boy's face as he falls down with the weight of the books he holds in his hands.  The pigeon looks up at the boy, concerned





Text	Pictures
<p>Next, the boy met a waitress working at King's Bakery.</p> <p>"You must love the king!" the boy said, "Want to come with me to see him?"</p> <p>"See him! She said, "I'm too busy working for Him!"</p>	<p>The waitress has her hand on her hip and gives an intimidating scowl. Her hair is a mess, tied up by a bandana. She is visibly a hard worker, marked up by chocolate smudges. Her invitation from the king is placed in her apron along with a checkbook.</p>



Text	Pictures
<p>“Here...take a cake! You better have a gift for the king if you’re going to the Royal City!”</p>	<p>The boy’s hat falls below his eyes, making it even harder to manage carrying his load. The cake that he has been given leans to the right. The boy struggles to balance it with the three books in his right hand. The pigeon, still following the boy, eats the bakery’s crumbs.</p>



Text	Pictures
<p>Feeling a little embarrassed, the boy took the cake and continued on. He spotted a man who seemed less busy than the waitress.</p>	<p>Pigeons surround an old man on a bench. The man carries a cane and wears a bowler hat, argyle socks, a ring, and wingtips shoes.</p>
<p>“Have you ever met the king?” The boy asked, “Want to come with me to see him?”</p> <p>“I should have taken that trip years ago,” the man said, “but now I’m too old to do a crazy thing like that.”</p>	<p>The man has the king’s invitation stuck in his pant’s pocket.</p>



Text	Pictures
"Take some money for the road!"	With his hands full, the boy holds the money in his teeth. The force of the new load seems to push him backwards a bit. Discouraged, he closes his eyes.

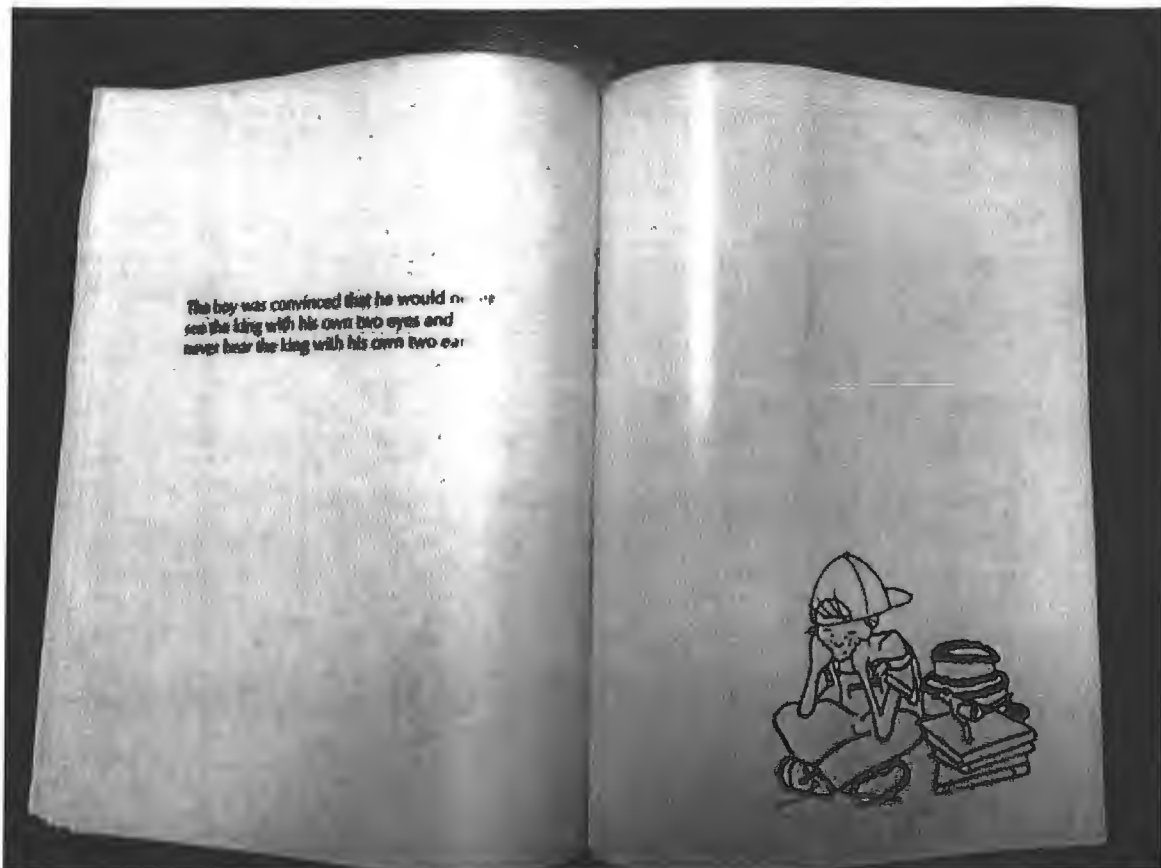


After traveling a bit further, the boy's arms  
and legs sagged.

"Why am I doing this?" He asked himself



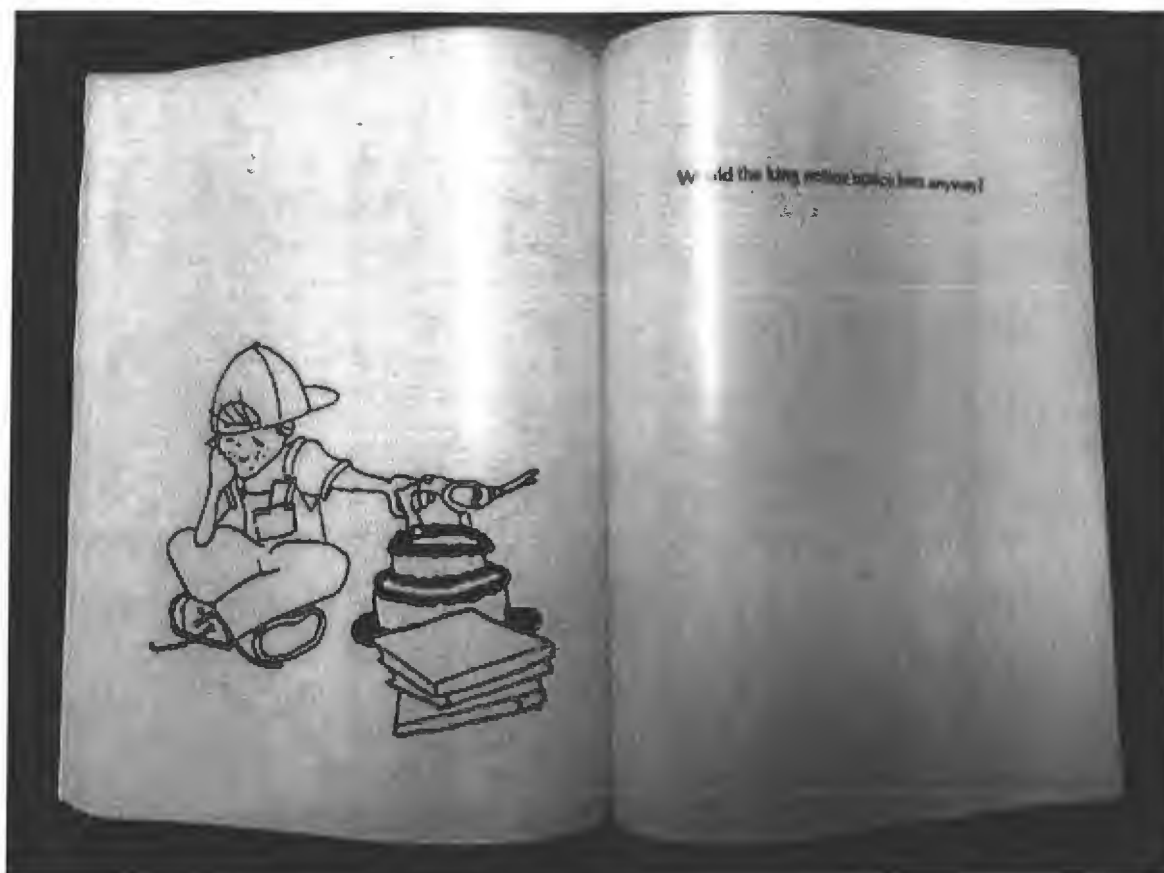
Text	Pictures
<p>After traveling a bit further, the boy's arms and legs sagged.</p> <p>"Why am I doing this?" He asked himself.</p>	<p>The boy's shoe is untied, the money is falling out of his pocket, and the cake is sliding off the plate. He sticks his tongue out as if it would help him carry the load. The pigeon flies overhead, looking concerned for the boy.</p>



The boy was convinced that he would never see the king with his own two eyes and never hear the king with his own two ears.



Text	Pictures
<p>The boy was convinced that he would never see the king with his own two eyes and never hear the king with his own two ears.</p>	<p>The boy sits, resting his head on his fists. He wears his hat backwards as he pouts. His overall strap has fallen to the side. The pigeon tilts his head towards the boy as if to comfort him.</p>

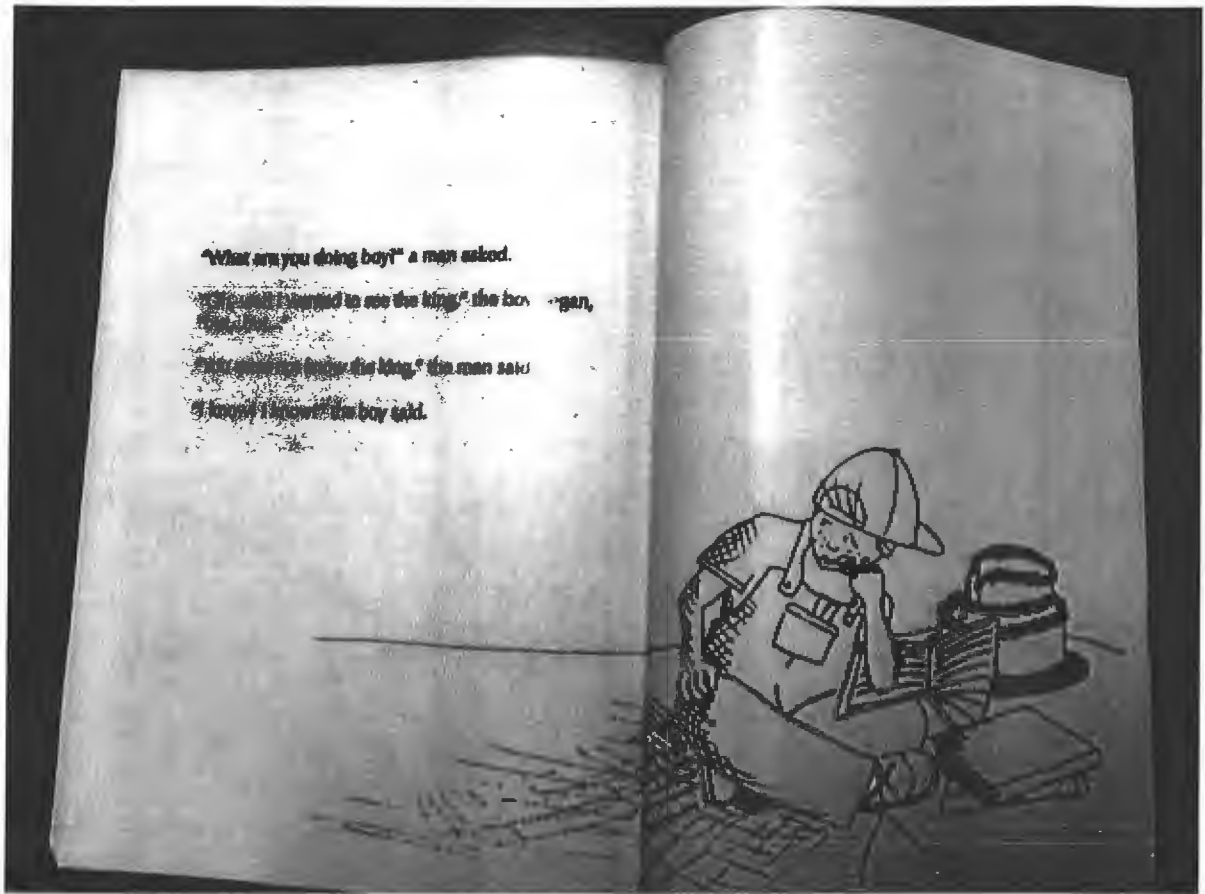


**Text**

Would the king notice him anyway?

**Pictures**

The pigeon hops onto the edge of the cake, where the boy reaches to pull icing with his finger.



Text	Pictures
"What are you doing boy?" a man asked.	The boy looks ashamed as a shadow of a man approaches. His fingers and face are covered in chocolate, and the cake is now destroyed. The boy has opened his books, but is only getting them messy too.
"Oh, well, I wanted to see the king," the boy began, but...but..."	
"You must not know the king," the man said.	
"I know! I know!" the boy said.	



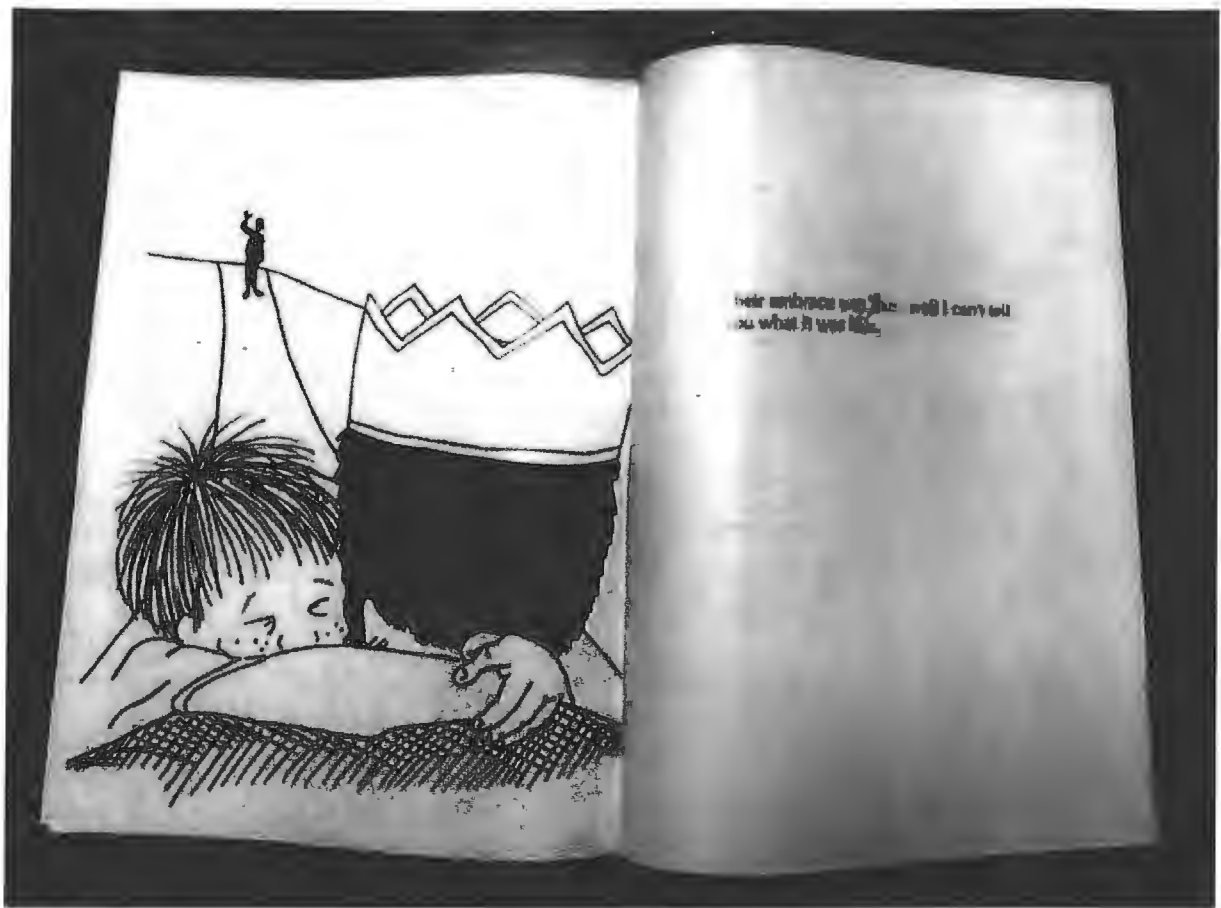


"You may not know about the king, but that's not the same as knowing him. When you meet the king, you'll be surprised to find that he'd love nothing more than knowing you...being you." And licking chocolate icing from his finger, the man said, "thanks for the cake. It's good...and so is the king. He's my dad."

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<p>"You may not know about the king, but that's not the same as knowing him. When you meet the king, you'll be surprised to find that he'd love nothing more than knowing you...being you." And licking chocolate icing from his finger, the man said, "thanks for the cake. It's good...and so is the king. He's my dad."</p>	<p>The man bends down to the boy's level and reaches for some icing for himself. The boy smiles, now unashamed of his chocolaty face.</p>



Text	Pictures
<p>Then the man stood up and held out his hand.</p> <p>"If you stick with me," the man said, "I'll take you to the king himself."</p> <p>Without anything weighing him down, the journey to the king was easy. Once they reached the Royal City, the prince pointed to his dad, and without hesitation, the boy ran. Fast.</p>	<p>The prince and the boy walk hand in hand. They walk comfortably, with their other hand in their pocket. The books and cake have been left behind. The boy looks up at the prince with a smile.</p>



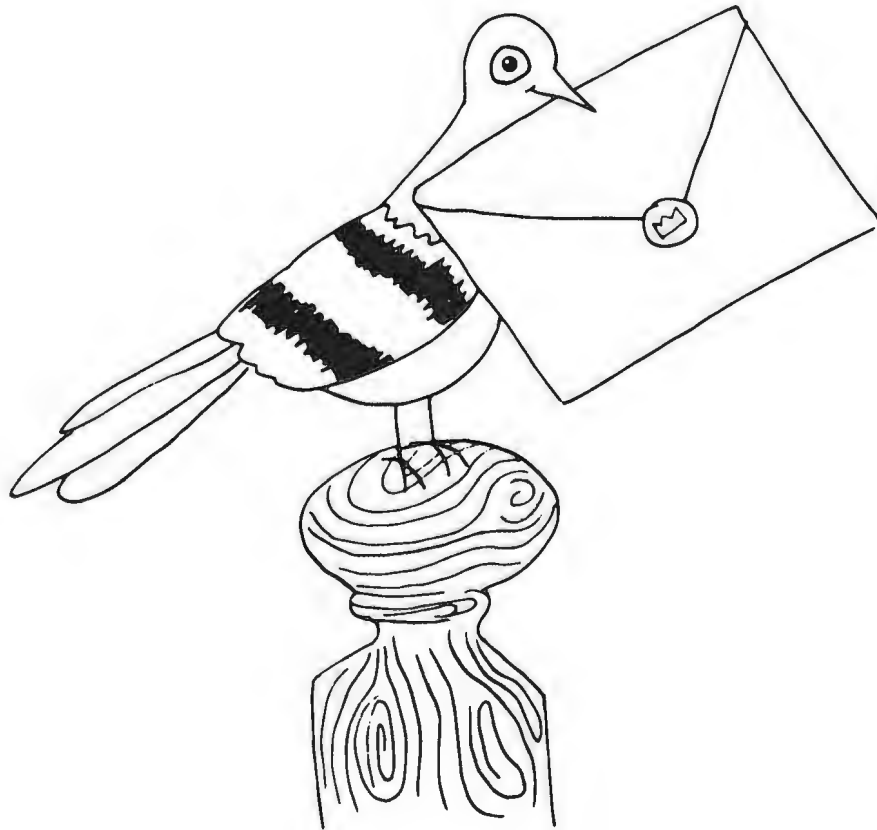
Text	Pictures
Their embrace was like...well I can't tell you what it was like...	They boy squeezes the king's neck. His eyes close as the king embraces him. From a distance, the prince waves to his dad.



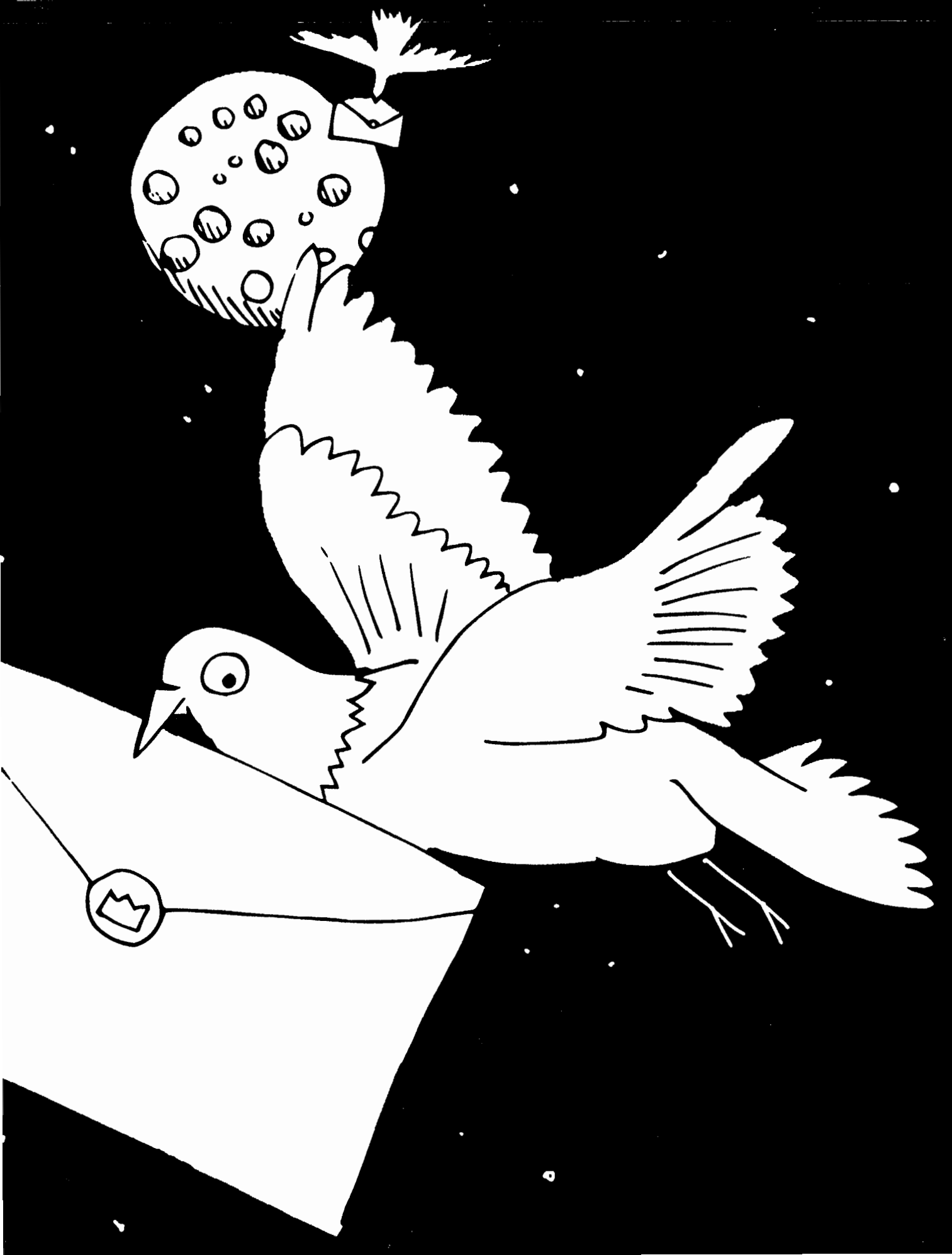
Text	Pictures
You'd have to run to the king to find out for yourself.	The pigeon that delivered the king's invitation to the boy now holds an unopened invitation for the reader.

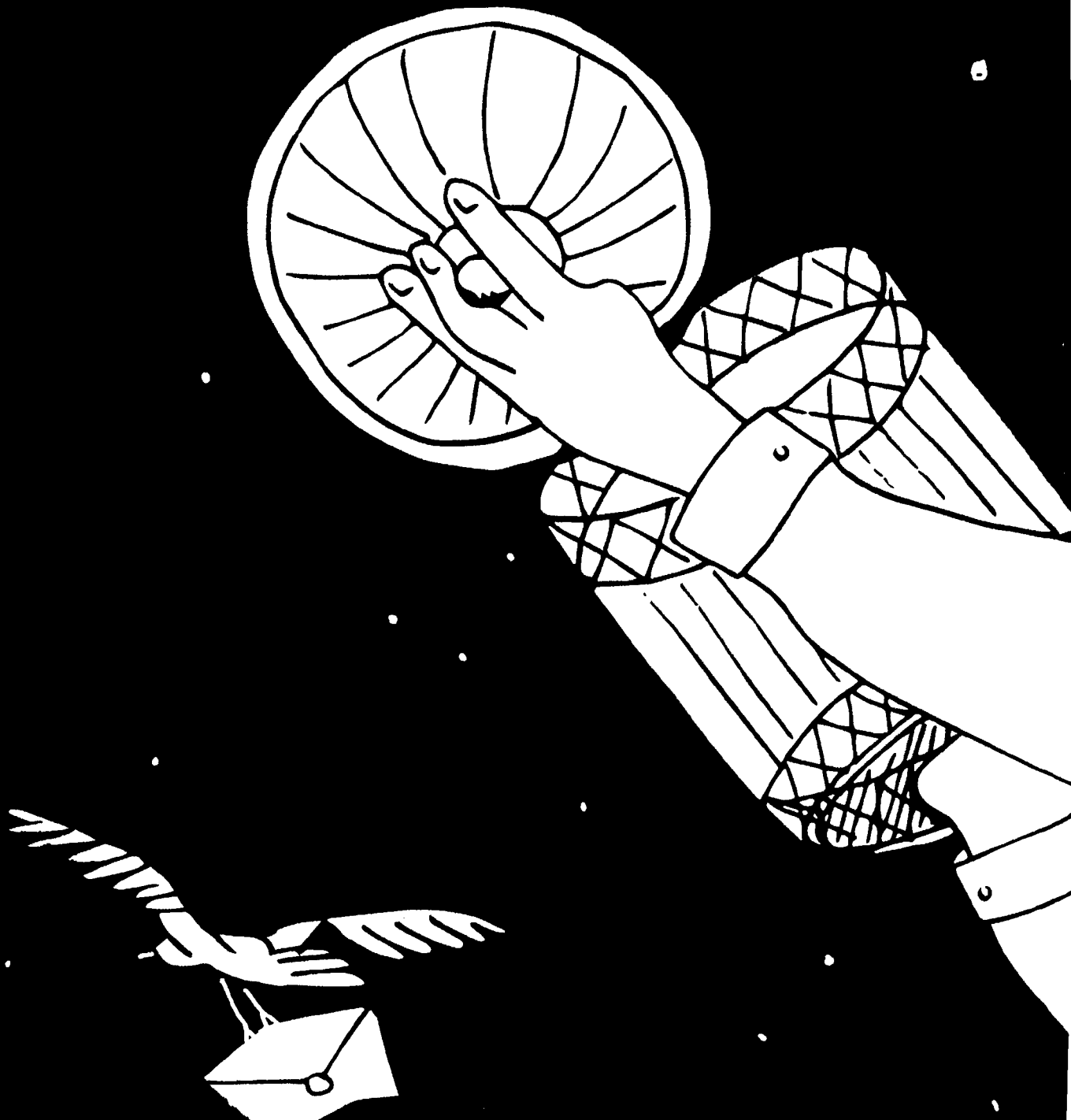
***The Boy Who Loved the King***

# THE BOY WHO LOVED THE KING



Written and Illustrated by Katie Hopmann









You are invited  
to the Royal City.

I hope you  
will come!

- Your King

Once there was a boy who wanted to see the king with his own two eyes and hear the king's voices with his own two ears.





He was eager to go to the Royal City and see the king for himself.

Shortly after he set off on his journey, he saw a man selling all sort of royal souvenirs.

“You must really love the king!” the boy said.

“Want to come with me to see him?”

“Oh yeah, I’m a super fan! Can’t you tell? But I can’t go with you. I’ll be selling the coolest royal souvenirs all day,” said the man.





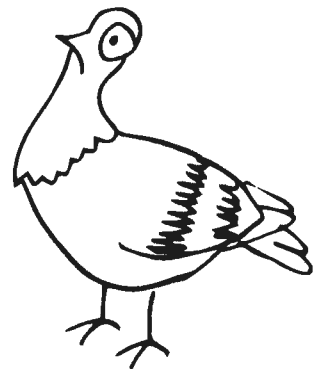


“Hey! You should at least have a cap on if the king’s going to see you!”

As he continued on, the boy saw a man reading books about the king. "You must really love the king! The boy said. "Want to come with me to see him?"

"Oh yes, I know a lot about the king," the man said. "But I can't go with you. I have too much to learn before I could ever meet the king in person."





“Here, before you make a fool out of yourself,  
take some books so you can be properly  
prepared”

Next, the boy met a waitress working at King's Bakery.

"You must love the king!" the boy said,  
"Want to come with me to see him?"

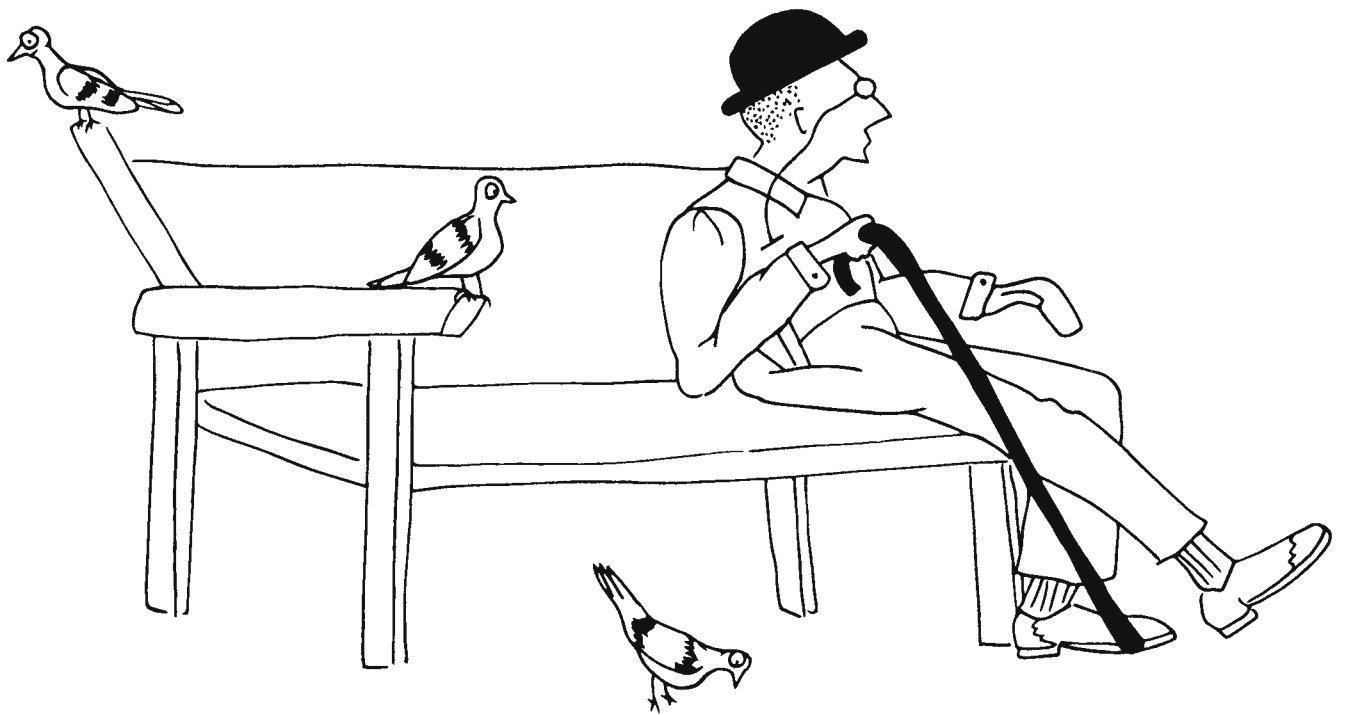
"See him! She said, "I'm too busy working  
for Him!"







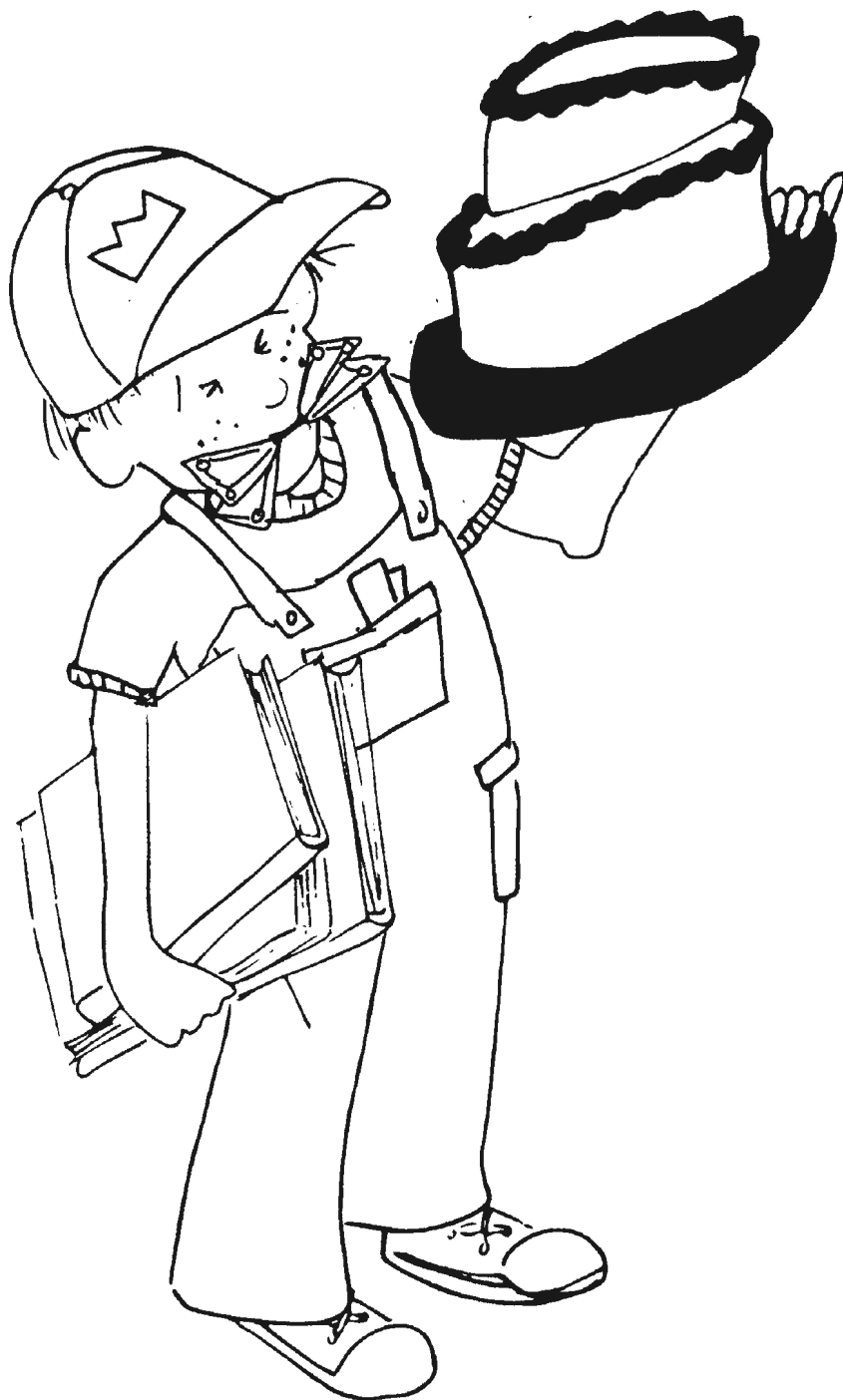
“Here...take a cake! You better have a gift for the king if you’re going to the Royal City!”



Feeling a little embarrassed, the boy took the cake and continued on. He spotted a man who seemed less busy than the waitress.

“Have you ever met the king?” The boy asked, “Want to come with me to see him?”

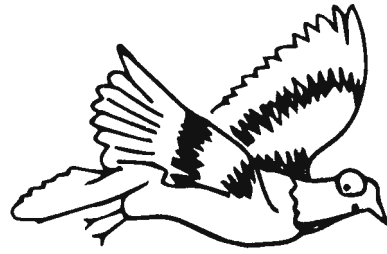
“I should have taken that trip years ago,” the man said, “but now I’m too old to do a crazy thing like that.”



“Take some money for the road!”

After traveling a bit further, the boy's arms and legs sagged.

"Why am I doing this?" He asked himself.





The boy was convinced that he would never see the king with his own two eyes and never hear the king with his own two ears.





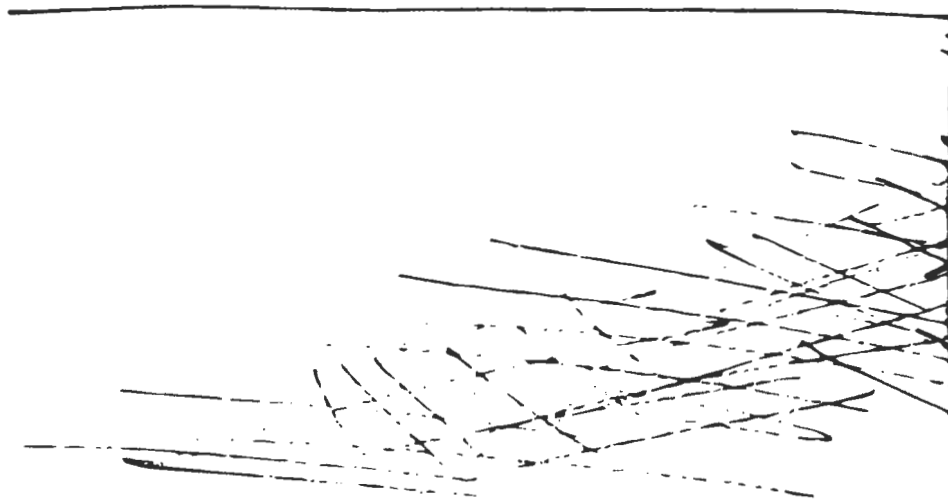
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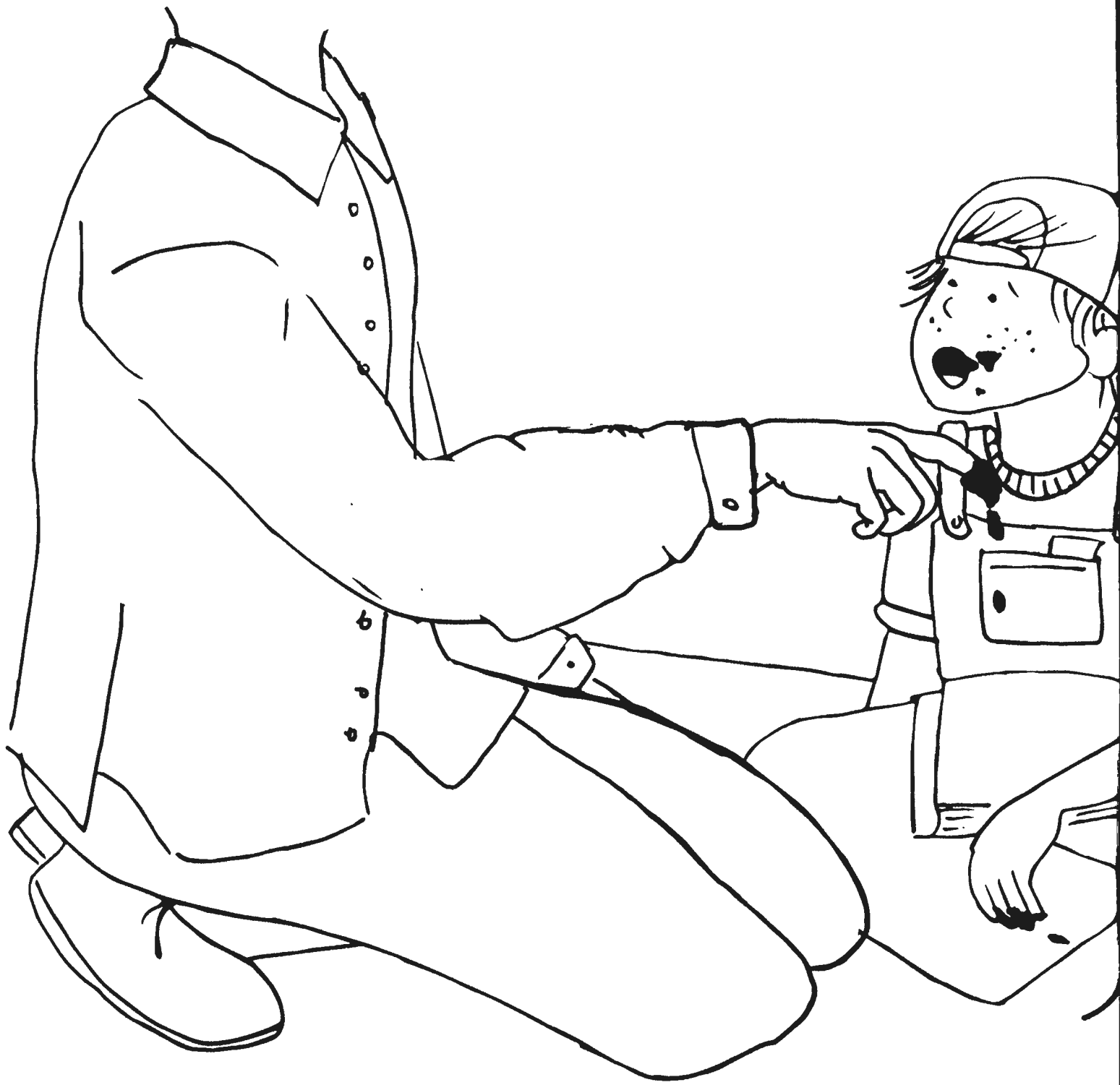
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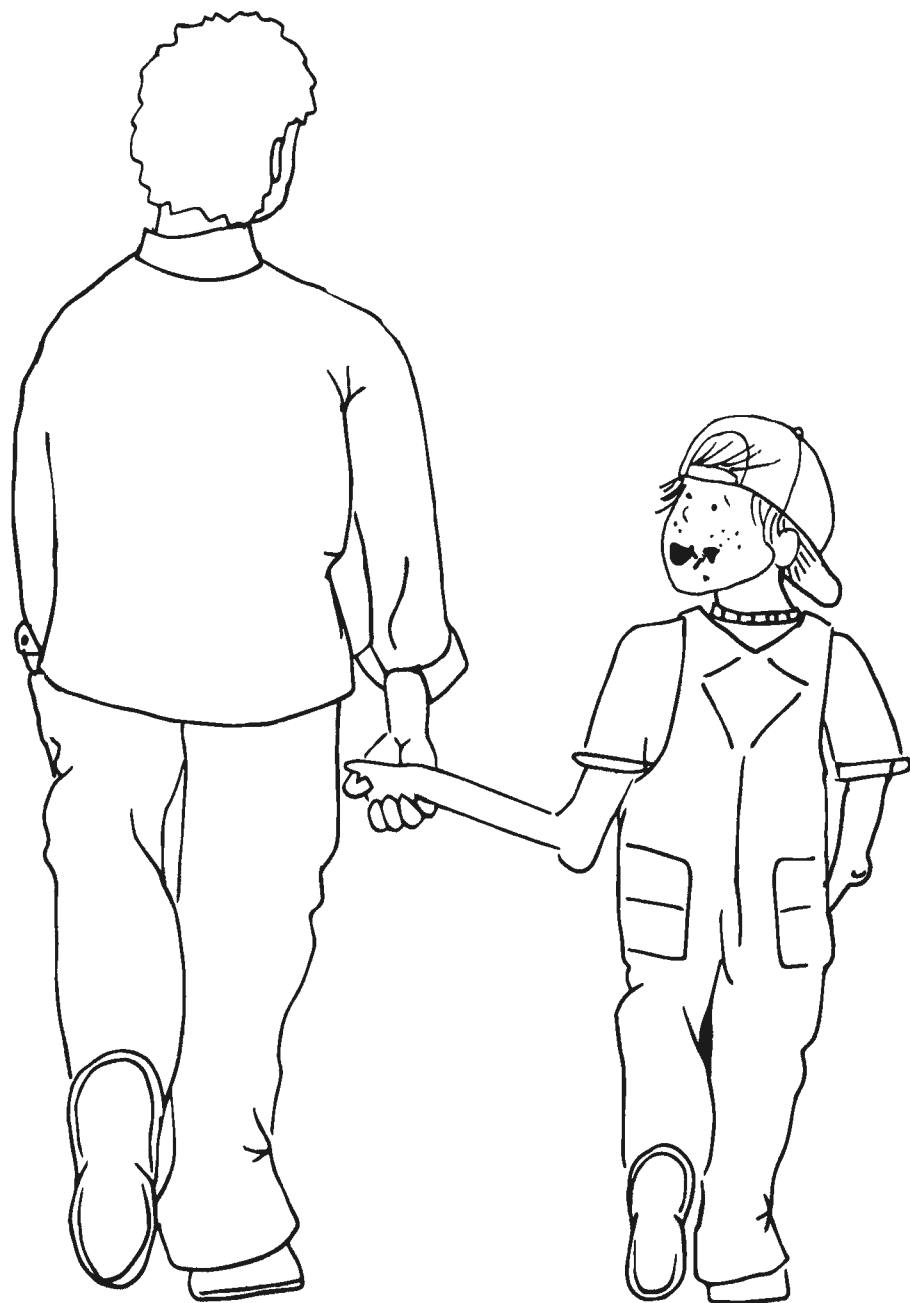






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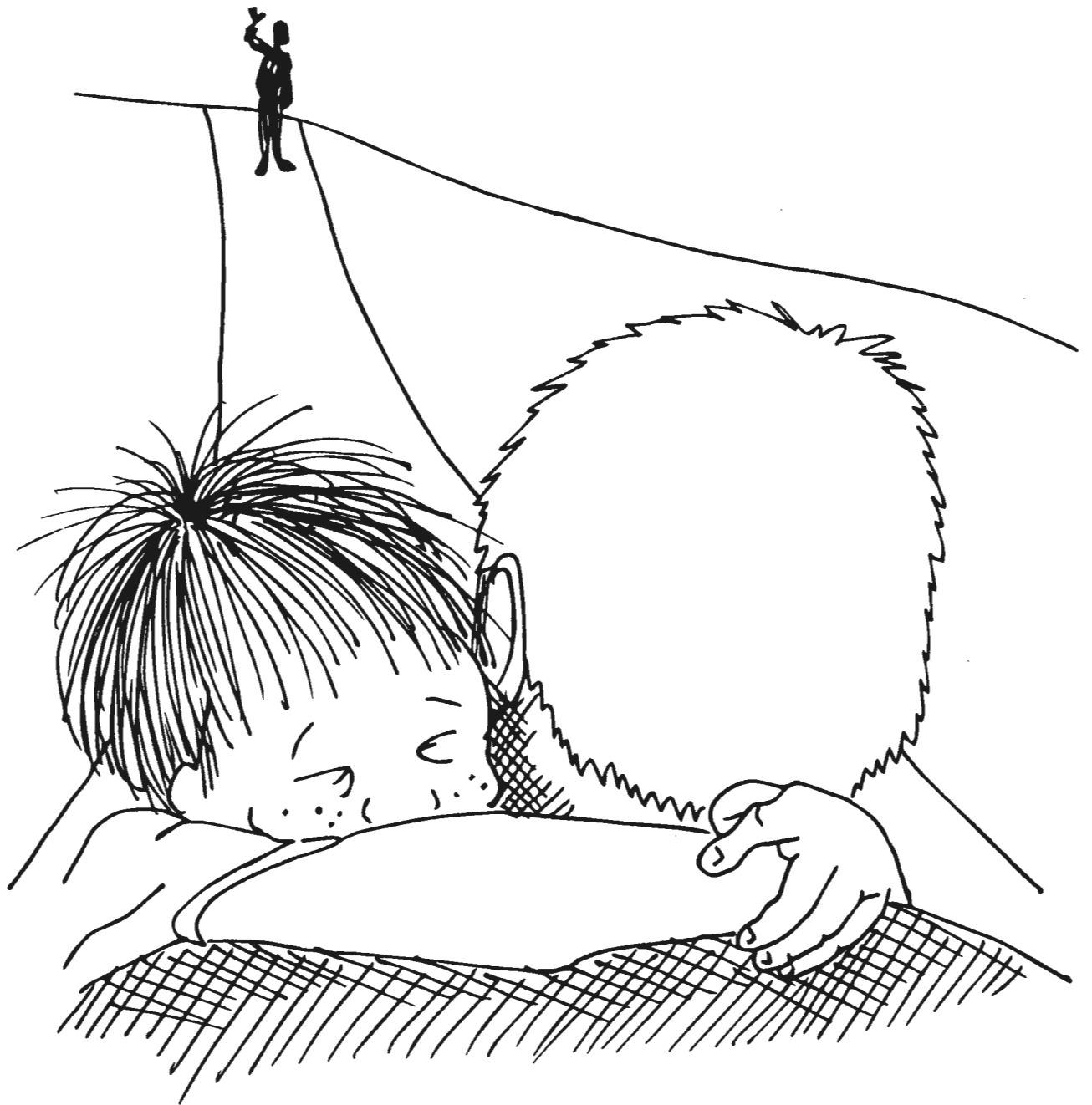




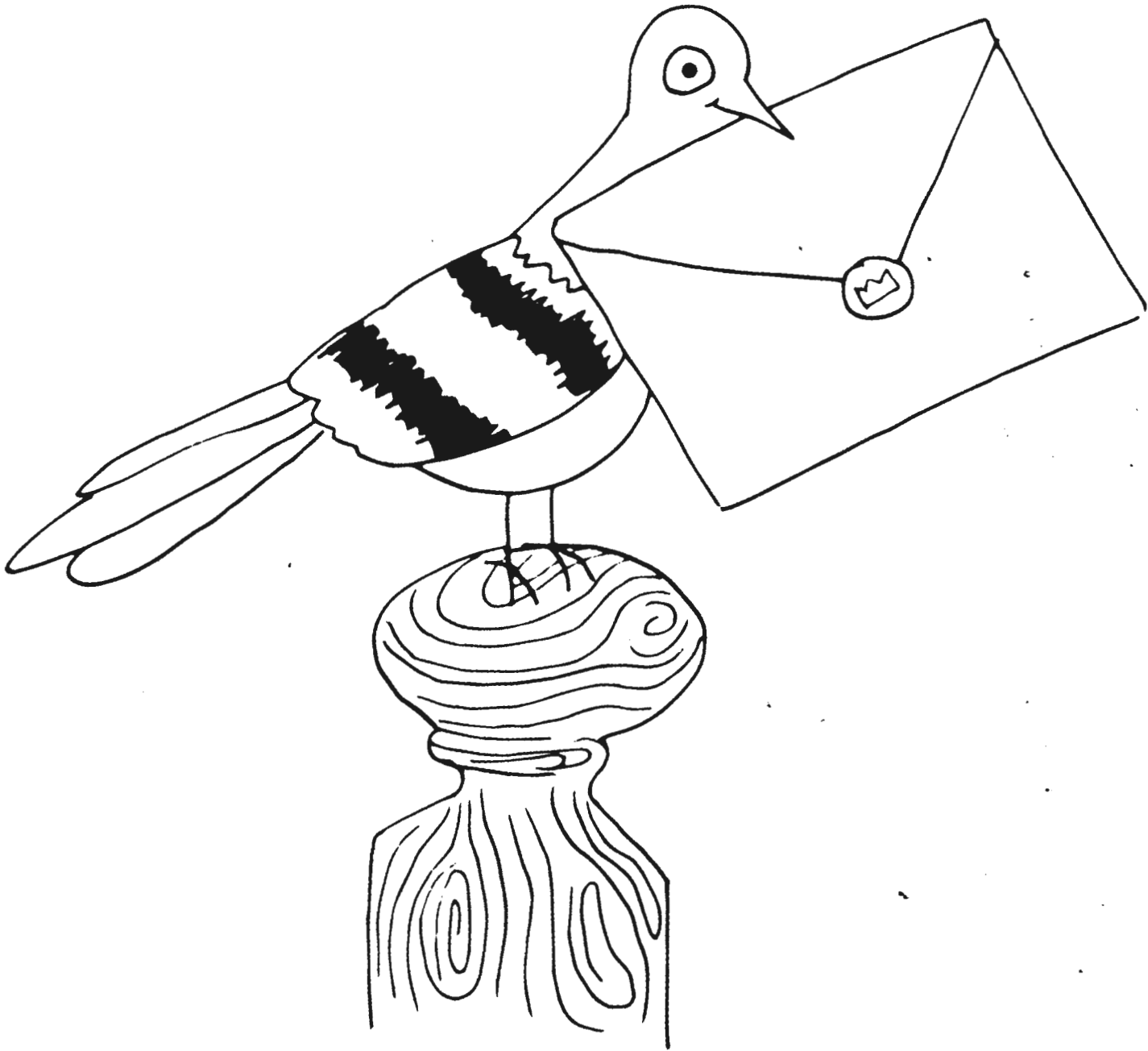
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