

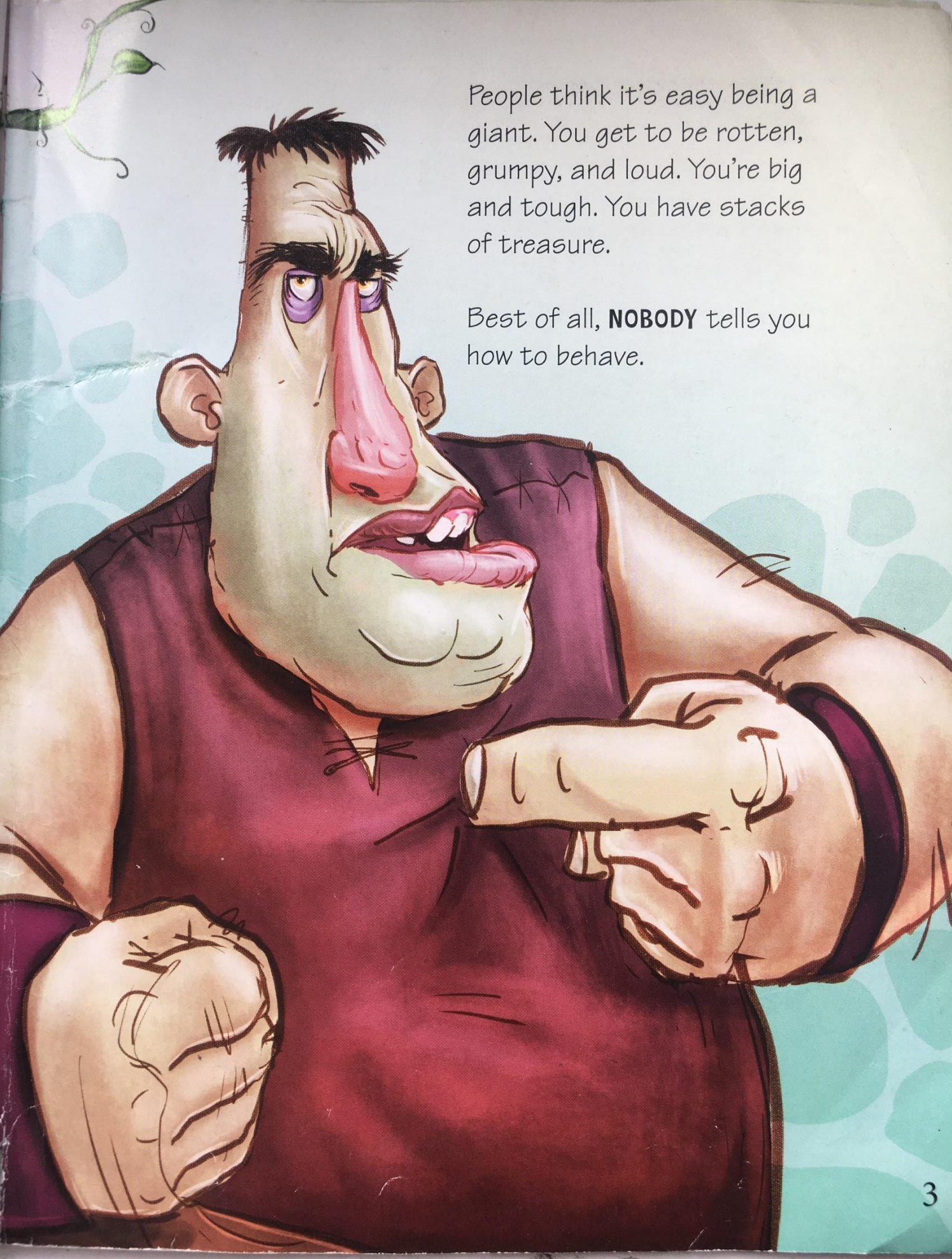
# Trust Me, JACK'S BEANSTALK STINKS!



The story of  
**JACK** AND THE BEANSTALK as told by  
**THE GIANT**

by Eric Braun illustrated by Cristian Bernardini



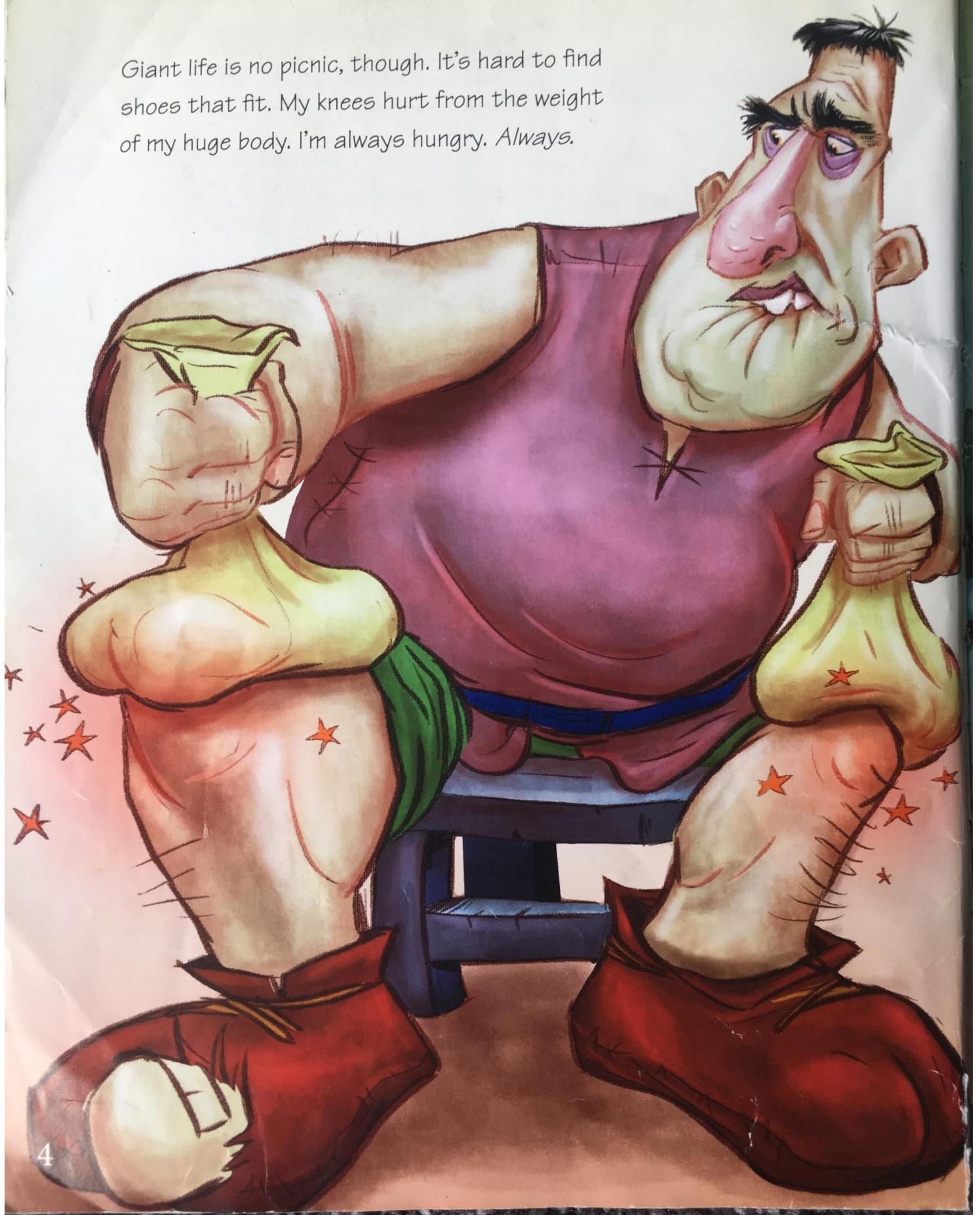
A cartoon illustration of a giant man with a very large, prominent nose and a grumpy expression. He has purple eyes and is wearing a dark red, sleeveless tunic. A smaller man, also with a large nose, is pointing his finger at the giant's nose. The background is light blue with faint green circular patterns. In the top left corner, there is a small green vine with leaves.

People think it's easy being a giant. You get to be rotten, grumpy, and loud. You're big and tough. You have stacks of treasure.

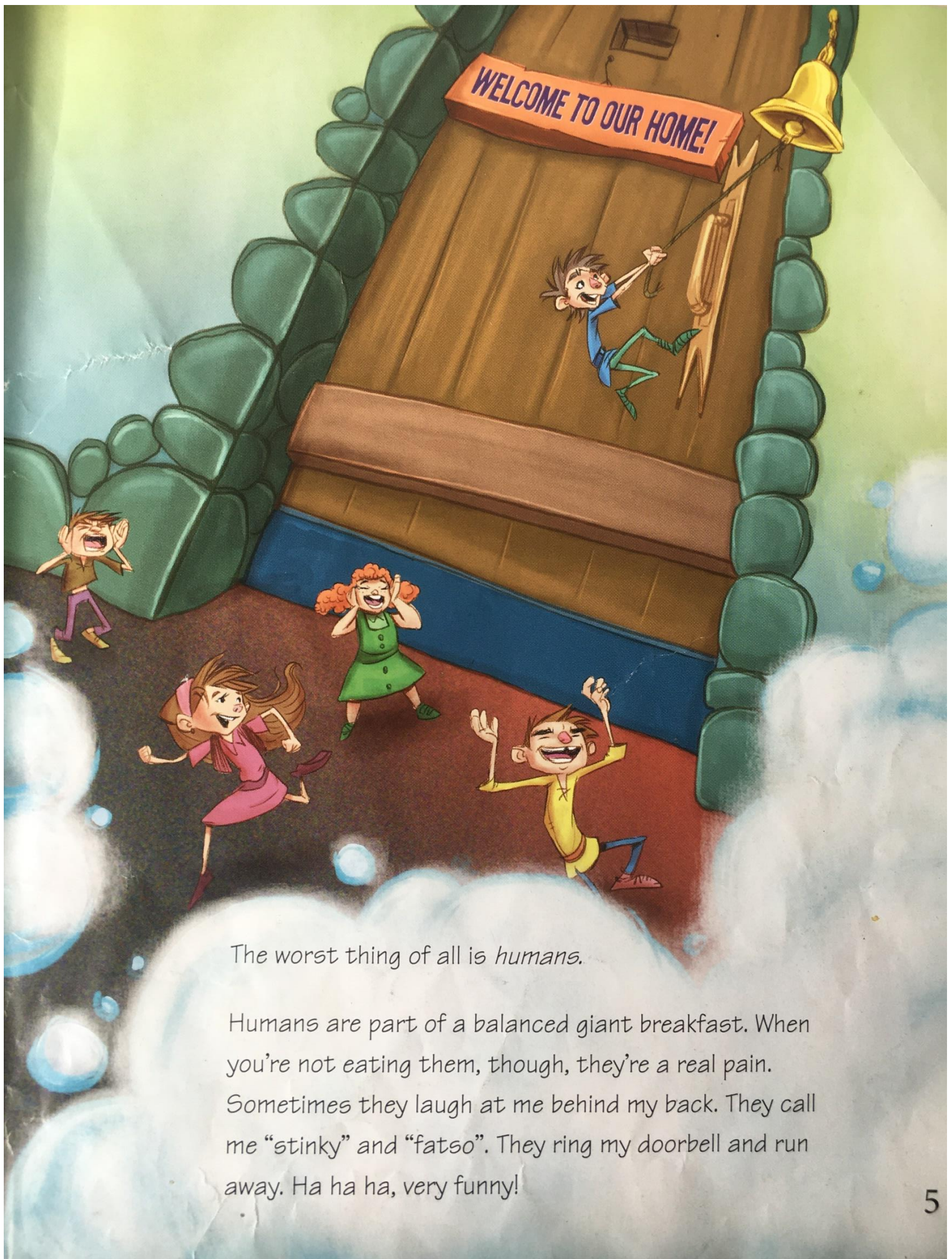
Best of all, **NOBODY** tells you how to behave.



Giant life is no picnic, though. It's hard to find shoes that fit. My knees hurt from the weight of my huge body. I'm always hungry. *Always.*







The worst thing of all is *humans*.

Humans are part of a balanced giant breakfast. When you're not eating them, though, they're a real pain. Sometimes they laugh at me behind my back. They call me "stinky" and "fatso". They ring my doorbell and run away. Ha ha ha, very funny!



This boy named Jack was extra bold. He came up through the clouds one day while I was out gathering a small breakfast. He tricked my wife into feeding him, then hid inside my house. I mean, come on. Would he hide inside a *human's* house? That's a crime!










Well, he didn't trick me. I could smell him.  
(He smelled delicious.)



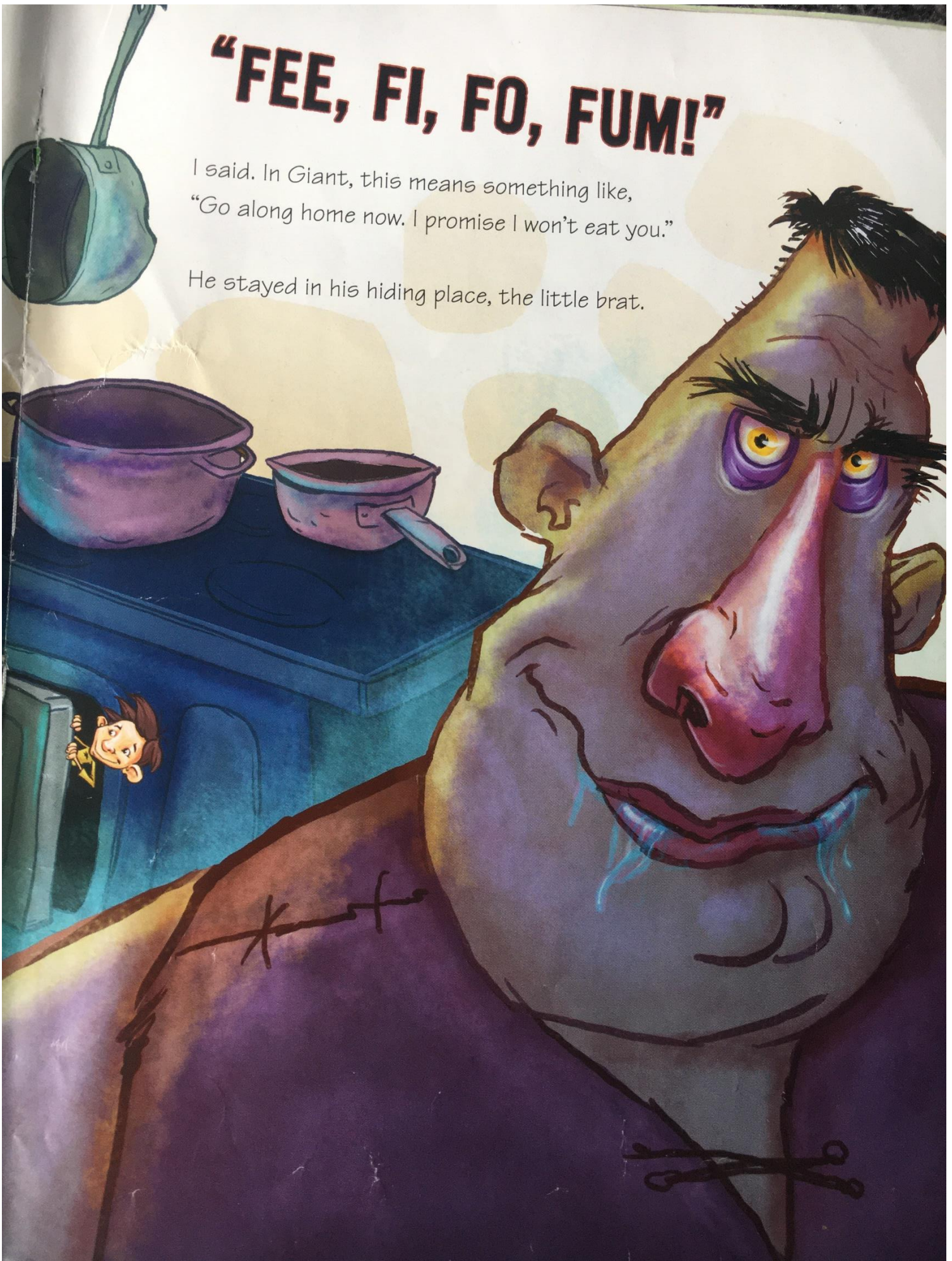
Perhaps you can still  
smell that Kiddie Kasserole  
from supper last night.



# "FEE, FI, FO, FUM!"

I said. In *Giant*, this means something like,  
"Go along home now. I promise I won't eat you."

He stayed in his hiding place, the little brat.





After breakfast, I took a nap as I always do.  
Eating makes me tired. While I was sleeping,  
Jack stole a bag of gold!

Humans: nutritious *and* sneaky.









Some time later, Jack came back. Once again, he tricked my wife into letting him inside.

When I came home from picking up a light breakfast, I could smell him. I knew who it was.



Perhaps you can still smell that Little Man Stew from supper last night.

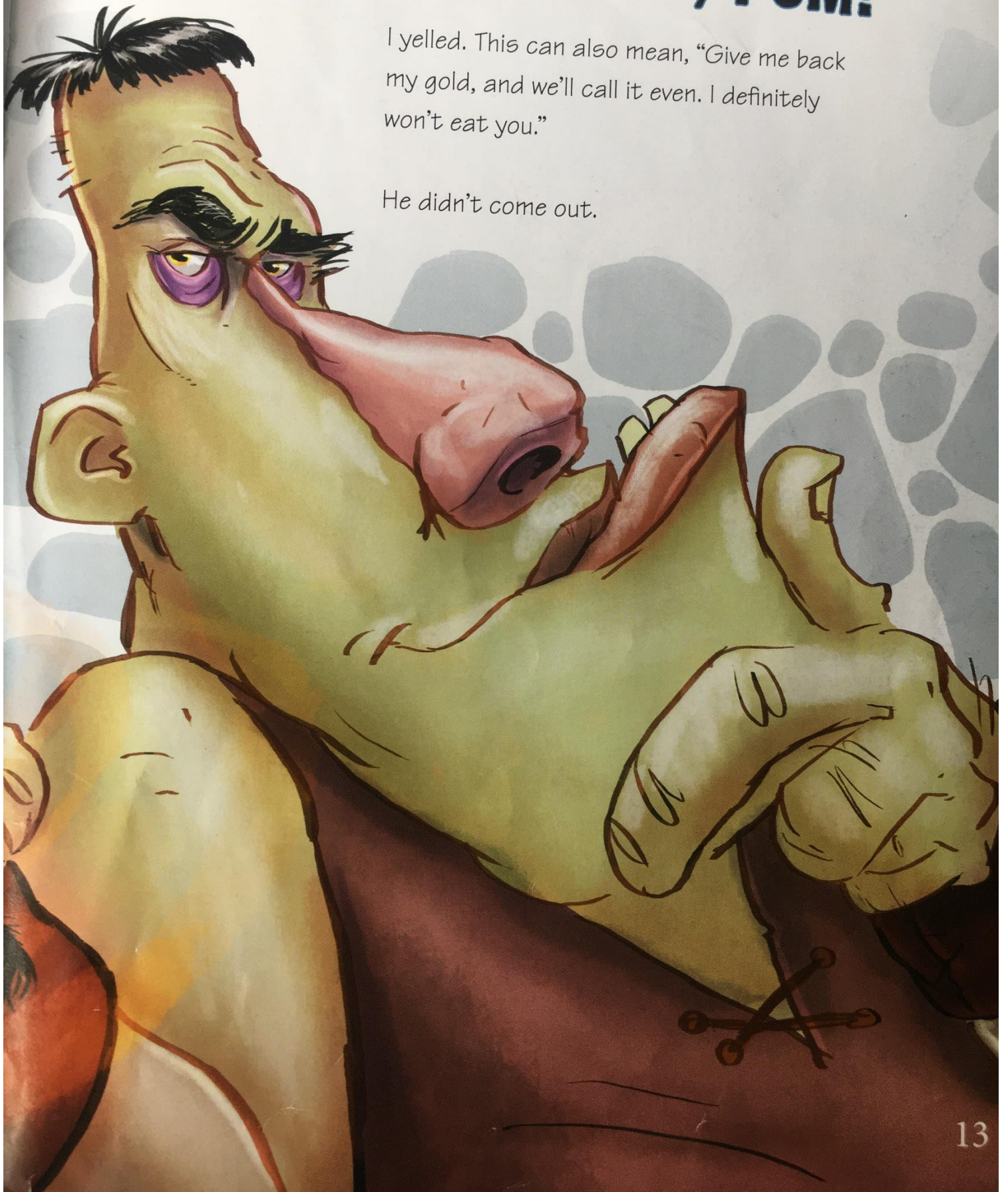




# "FEE, FI, FO, FUM!"

I yelled. This can also mean, "Give me back my gold, and we'll call it even. I definitely won't eat you."

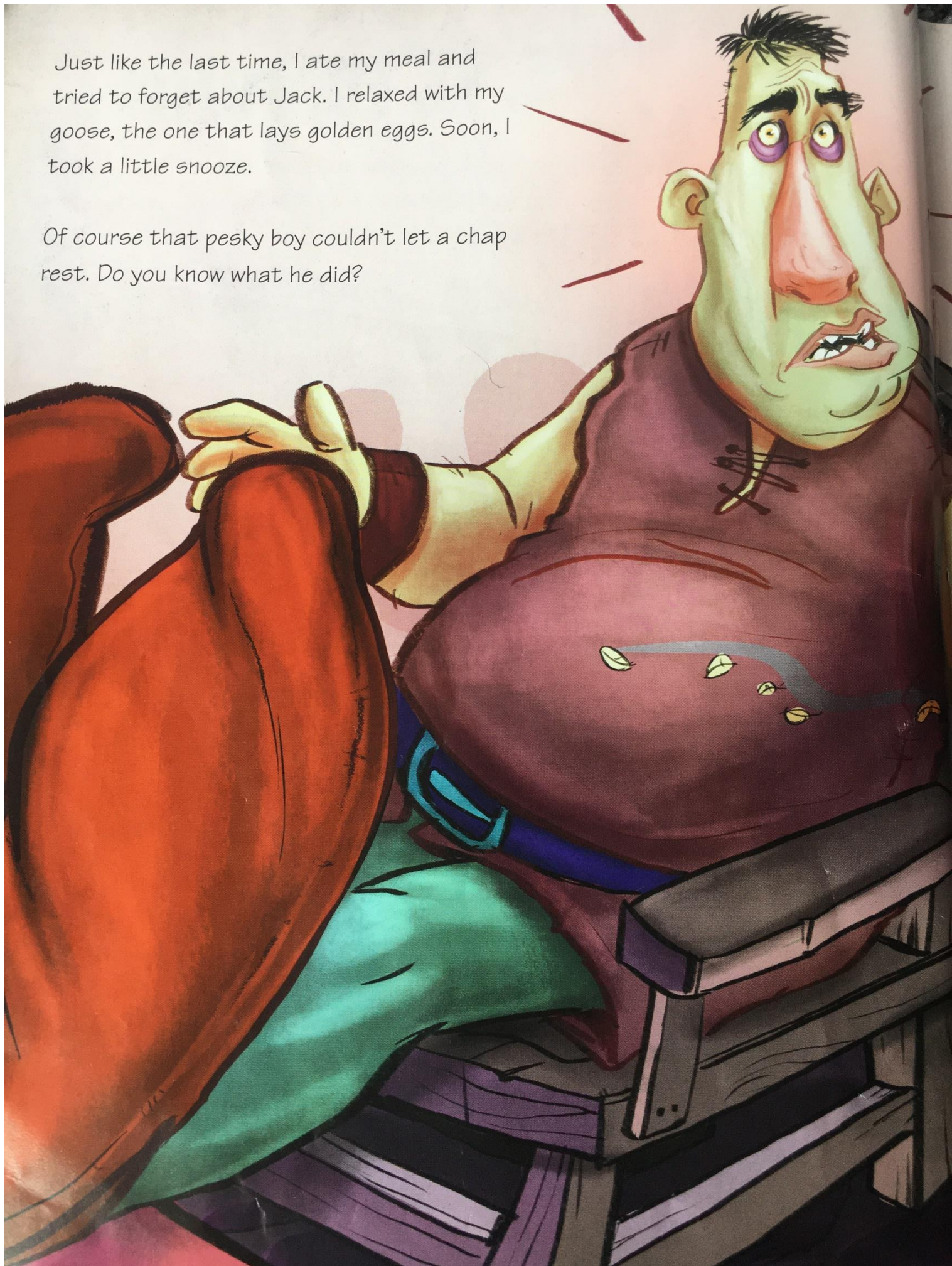
He didn't come out.





Just like the last time, I ate my meal and tried to forget about Jack. I relaxed with my goose, the one that lays golden eggs. Soon, I took a little snooze.

Of course that pesky boy couldn't let a chap rest. Do you know what he did?





**HE STOLE  
MY GOOSE,  
THE SNEAKY,  
CREEPY,  
MISERABLE THIEF!**





The next time Jack came round, I called out,

**“FEE, FI, FO, FUM!”**

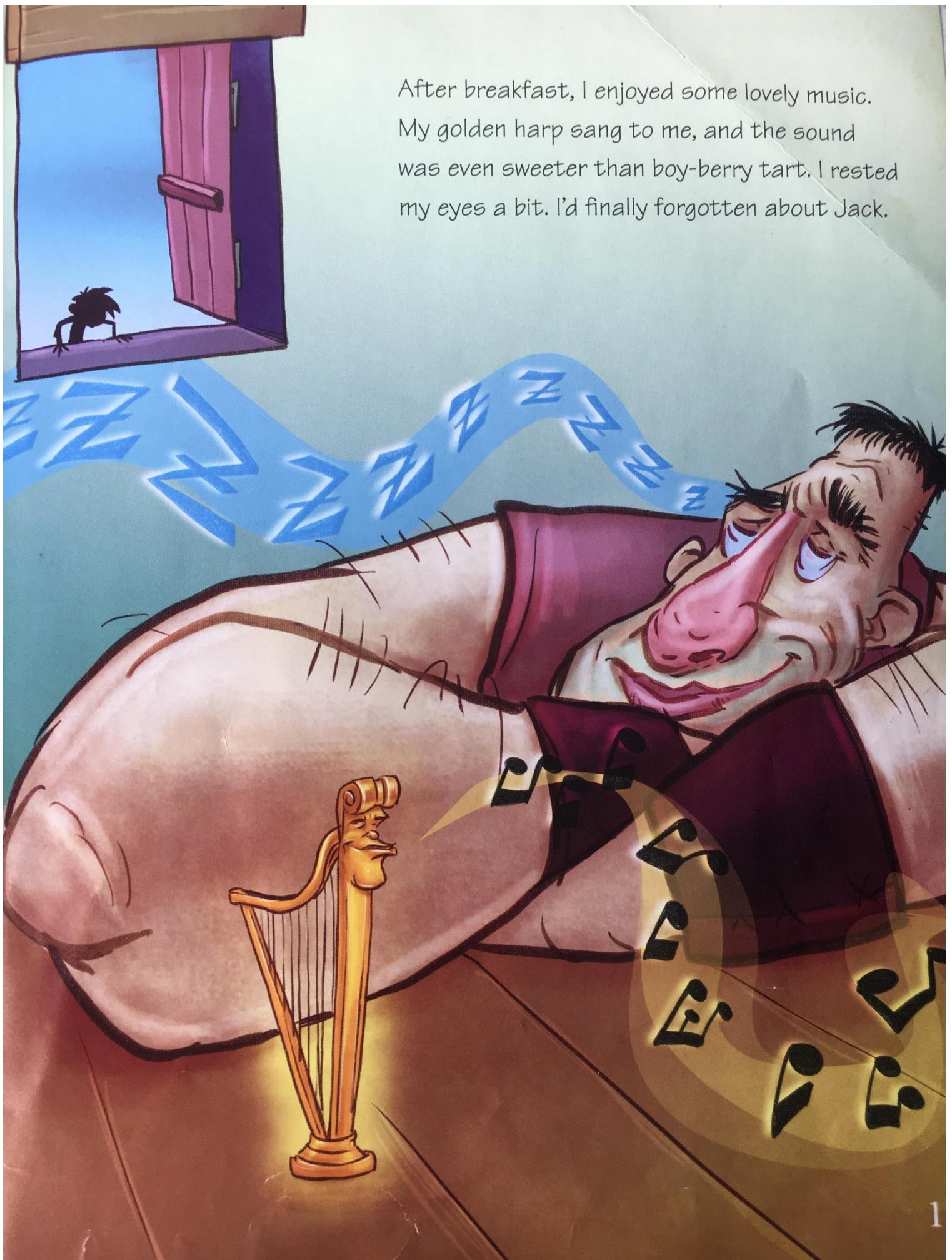
This can sometimes mean, “Gosh, I’m really angry now!”

My wife and I searched everywhere, but we couldn’t find him. I wanted to keep looking, but I got hungry. (Big surprise.)





After breakfast, I enjoyed some lovely music. My golden harp sang to me, and the sound was even sweeter than boy-berry tart. I rested my eyes a bit. I'd finally forgotten about Jack.





The next thing you know, my harp is calling, "Master! Master!" Jack was running off with it, and I thundered after them. I almost caught up to them, too, but they disappeared into the clouds.

Suddenly, there it was: a big beanstalk. Jack was climbing down it as quick as he could.

Well, I'm pretty intelligent. I know danger when I see it. I didn't want to go down there. No way! Then, my harp called out again.





So, down I went. Down, down ...  
That stalk was wobbly, but  
I kept going.





The beanstalk shook once, twice, then toppled over. Jack had chopped it down with an axe! I fell and broke my crown. That's an old-fashioned way of saying I whacked my head really hard.

Even if you're a big, tough giant, that hurts.









My wife says I should forget about Jack. Sometimes, though, I still look down through the hole in the clouds.

Jack and his mother got rich selling golden eggs. They fattened up nicely. Then, Jack got married. My golden harp sang at the wedding. It was a lovely party.

I'll tell you one thing. Some day, when my crown feels better, I'm going to go down there to get my stuff back. Perhaps I'll grab lunch while I'm at it, too.

